

THE
PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL
AND
LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

A REPOSITORY OF
Science, Literature, and General Intelligence,

DEVOTED TO
ETHNOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY, PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOGNOMY, SOCIOLOGY, PSYCHOLOGY, EDUCATION,
MECHANISM, AGRICULTURE, NATURAL HISTORY, AND TO ALL THOSE PROGRESSIVE
MEASURES WHICH ARE CALCULATED TO REFORM, ELEVATE, AND IMPROVE
MANKIND, SPIRITUALLY, INTELLECTUALLY, AND SOCIALLY.

Embellished with Numerous Portraits from Life, and other Engravings.

~~VOL. II. OLD SERIES.~~—VOL. II. NEW SERIES.

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"Quiconque a une trop haute idée de la force et de la justesse de ses raisonnemens pour se croire obligé de les soumettre a une expérience mille et mille fois répétée, ne perfectionnera jamais la physiologie du cerveau."—GALL.

"I regard Phrenology as the only system of mental philosophy which can be said to indicate, with anything like clearness and precision, man's mixed moral and intellectual nature, and as the only guide short of revelation for educating him in harmony with his faculties, as a being of power; with his wants, as a creature of necessity; and with his duties, as an agent responsible to his Maker and amenable to the laws declared by the all-wise Providence."—

JOHN BELL, M.D.

"To Phrenology may be justly conceded the grand merit of having forced the inductive method of inquiry into mental philosophy, and thus laid the permanent foundations of a true mental science."—*Encyclopædia Britannica*, 8th Edition.



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THIS popular JOURNAL is too well known to need commendation from any quarter. It has flourished for half a century, and has done its full share in elevating, instructing, and edifying generations of men and women, and still prosecutes its work with youthful vigor.—*Baptist Union.*

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL finds a hearty reception from the wide circle of readers who are familiar with its wholesome counsels and its pleasant humors. Consulted as a library of health and physical discipline, it may save the expense of a doctor's bill, and give a new freshness and vigor to the passing day.—*N. Y. Tribune.*



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CATHARINE E. BEECHER.
EDWARD BEECHER, D.D.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.
THOMAS K. BEECHER.

THE BEECHERS OF TO-DAY.

IN the "Autobiography of Lyman Beecher" it is related that when he was born he was such a puny child, being of premature birth,

that he was "actually wrapped up and laid aside," as not being fairly alive. The mother dying, the nurse thought she would look and

see if the infant did breathe, and finding that he did, concluded to wash and dress him, saying, "It's a pity he hadn't died with his mother!" And it is also told of him that he was so small he could be, and was, put into a quart pot, and the lid shut down. Yet this puny weakling lived, thrived, grew in strength of body and of mind; received from his clear-headed father, the blacksmith, the chance of getting a liberal education; lived a virtuous and useful life; achieved a grand reputation as a theologian, preacher, and reformer in God's service; and became proverbial as "the father of more brains than any man in America."

On what slender threads God hangs momentous events! Had the careless nurse not taken a second look of curiosity at that half-dead child, the immense influence of Lyman Beecher and his children upon the hearts and minds of the American people would have been an unknown element. We propose to take a brief look at what that influence has been and is, and at the mode of its exertion.

Concerning Dr. Lyman Beecher little can be said here. His fame is of the last generation; it was a part of the mighty theological controversies which convulsed New England fifty years ago, and of the beginning of the resistless wave in which the temperance reform swept over the whole country. His doctrinal contests have passed away, leaving only a reputation for him as a bold, strong, original thinker, and a brilliant, powerful writer and orator. But the beneficent effects of his great efforts in the cause of saving men from the curse of intemperance stand yet, and are every day growing and bearing fruit. It is to him and his fellow-workers that we owe the change in public opinion on that matter; whereas, in his day, even among the best and most pious men, drinking was universal, and drunkenness a pardonable error; now the general feeling and habit of Christian communities are against these brutish indulgences.

But our theme is, *the Beechers of to-day*; and at the head of this sketch we have given fair likenesses of five of them, the most prominent and influential of their present generation.

The lady at the left is Miss Catharine Esther Beecher, the eldest child of Lyman Beecher and Roxana Foote, born September 6, in the year 1800. Although Miss Beecher has been a valuable worker in the cause of education for fifty years, and a recognized authority in educational and domestic matters for nearly forty years, she is still, at the age of seventy, an

active, energetic, clear-headed, and indefatigable laborer. This very autumn, her friends, and the many thousands who have known of her long and laborious career of usefulness, were astonished to hear of her having accepted once more the position of Principal of the Hartford (Conn.) Female Seminary, an institution which she herself founded nearly fifty years ago, and which has ever since maintained a high standard and reputation for excellence. For many years a teacher, and a very successful one, she has been chiefly known perhaps by her writings on educational and domestic topics in the current periodical literature of the last forty years, and by her books, which evince a very busy, fruitful mind, a wide range of experience and of thought, and a peculiar facility for explaining and making clear the "whys and wherefores" of things, in a simple and forcible style. Some of her writings are, "Manuals of Arithmetic," and elementary instruction-books in Theology, Mental and Moral Philosophy, "Domestic Service," "Housekeeper's Receipt-Book," "Letters on Health and Happiness," "Common Sense Applied to Religion," "Domestic Economy," which has been for thirty years a standard school-book for young ladies, until within a few years the issue of "The American Woman's Home," by herself and her sister, Mrs. H. B. Stowe (through the publishing house of J. B. Ford & Co., New York), and its condensed form, arranged for schools, under the title of "Principles of Domestic Science," have naturally superseded the circulation of the older work. We understand this earnest and indefatigable authoress has in the press of the Harpers another book of a domestic character, called "The Housekeeper and Health-keeper." Like her father and all of her brothers and sisters, Miss Beecher has an inexhaustible fund of merry humor, good-nature, and quick wit, as well as good sense; and her heart is to-day as genial, as kind, and as young as it was many years ago. That she may long remain to edify the young by her cheerful and most sensible instructions, no one who knows her, or has read any of her books, can fail to wish most heartily.

The lady at the right of the group in our vignette is Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, wife of Prof. Calvin E. Stowe, D.D., a distinguished orientalist and biblical scholar. It is almost superfluous to say anything of this lady. Her career has been a just result of her natural gifts, assiduously cultivated and industriously applied. It will be noticed of all this family that they are great

workers. Genius they all have, in one direction or another; but they have regarded that as a call, not to laziness, but to labor. And young people may as well understand that the facility which the writer and the orator gain, by which they seem so easily to coin money and to mold men's minds, is acquired just as the musician's art is, by long, patient, persevering effort—by training—by hard work.

Mrs. Stowe commenced what we may call her outward life as a teacher in Miss Catharine's Hartford Seminary. Born in 1812, Harriet was about fifteen or sixteen years old at that time. The children older than she were Catharine, William (for many years a resident pastor in Brookfield, Mass.), Edward, of whom we shall have more to say presently, Mary (now the widow of the late Hon. Thomas C. Perkins, a prominent lawyer of Hartford, Conn.), and George (a minister, accidentally shot in 1848, in Chillicothe, O., where he was settled).

It is hardly necessary to rehearse the early life of Harriet Beecher: her residence in Cincinnati, O., when her father was at the head of Lane Theological Seminary, her marriage there with Professor Stowe in 1836, and her first published sketches of New England life and character (a theme of which she is regarded as the most brilliant and fascinating expositor), which were gathered in a volume of much popularity, "The Mayflower,"—these are familiar points to the reading public. After this came, in 1850, her removal with her husband to Brunswick, Maine; the writing there, in 1851-2, of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," founded very largely upon what she had herself seen and heard of the workings of slavery in Kentucky, just across the river from Cincinnati, where she had lived so many years; the subsequent removal to Andover; two trips to Europe, with "Geography for my Children," "Dred," "The Pearl of Orr's Island," "The Minister's Wooing," and "Agnes of Sorrento" interspersed; the removal to Hartford, Conn., in 1864, and the building there of a beautiful home; the strange impulse of inconsiderate generosity which led her to expose herself to the basest misconception in the Byron matter for the sake of clearing the reputation of a dear friend; her long series of felicitous and immensely popular papers in the *Atlantic Monthly*, afterward re-published and widely sold in book form—"Little Foxes," "House and Home Papers," etc.; the writing of "Old Town Folks," understood to be largely founded upon Dr. Stowe's reminiscences of his own childhood; the continuance of "Sam Lawson's Stories" in the *Atlantic*; the running

of "Pink and White Tyranny" in *Old and New*; and now the beginning of one of her most charming and delightful tales, "My Wife and I," in her brother's weekly religious paper, the *Christian Union*—all this record of activity and fertility, and hundreds of articles in the various periodicals of the times, are well known to our readers.

Mrs. Stowe in person is delicate and small, with black, curling hair and bright, gray eyes. Her sunny smile gives a singularly pleasing expression to a face not especially attractive in repose, when its look is thoughtful, inward, and reclusive. Her manner is quiet and refined; her mood variable—sometimes abstracted and unconscious of surrounding matters, sometimes gay and merry as a child, sometimes gentle and tender, often earnest, warm, and animated. But the prevailing tone of her mind and temper seems to be that of kindness and gentle consideration for others.

The picture from which our likeness is engraved was taken some years ago, and represents Mrs. Stowe as younger, stronger, more impulsive than she appears at present; but it was deemed best to present this view of her. The rather keen look of brow and eye which our artist has given is not altogether true to her gentle face, and the upright, independent air of the head has now given place to a quieter, more drooping carriage. But there is nothing depressing in her habitual look. A stranger might think her pensive and absorbed if he chanced upon her in one of her inward moods; but a few minutes' conversation with her would leave the impression of a refined intelligence, a sweetness of temper, and, if occasion served, a merry humor well seasoned with wit, that will keep her face young and bright under whatever lines advancing age may write upon it.

Mrs. Stowe writes rapidly and easily, in a delicate running hand. Sometimes when overworked she dictates to an amanuensis. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was nearly all written in that manner—though Mrs. Stowe is accustomed to say of that book that she did not write it; it was given to her; it passed before her. She but told what she saw; and long before her millions of readers (literally *millions*!) came to weep over the death-bed of little Eva, she herself, lamenting that the fair child *must* die, had to deny the entreaties of her own weeping children, who read the tale from week to week, that Eva might get well. Eva died; she *had* to tell it as it came to her, and suffered in so doing. This is a notable instance of the true

inspiration of genius, which seems often to be used as the instrument of some power or mind greater than itself, controlling and directing it. Mrs. Stowe is a rapid and fertile writer; her naturalness, simplicity, pathetic power, delicate fancy, rich humor, and keen wit being elements made effective by a style of such clearness that it is transparent to the most casual reader, and especially attractive to the critical student of the art of composition. The deep moral sense underlying all her writings is a safeguard and an element of permanent power upon the popular mind, which writers of fiction rarely attain. Never didactic or dogmatic, Mrs. Stowe always writes with a purpose, and avowedly uses fiction as a vehicle for instruction. But her "moral" generally "points" itself, and itself "adorns the tale" which she creates to serve it. She is one of the few writers of whom readers seem never to tire.

On the lower left-hand corner of our group is the broad and intellectual brow of Dr. Edward Beecher. This, the second son of Dr. Lyman Beecher, has for years been known among scholars and thinkers as a man of high scholarly attainments and great force of mind. Valedictorian of his class at Yale, he was for some time a tutor there; then for some ten years had charge of the old Park Church in Boston; then went in the true missionary spirit to the wilderness of Illinois to be President of Illinois College, founded by Sturtevant and other able young men of that day; then was again for a decade of years pastor in Boston, and for a dozen years past has been quietly settled in Galesburg, Ill., where he is much beloved and respected. Dr. Beecher has been for many years a productive writer and a forcible sermonizer, though not a natural orator. He has been especially known by his books: "The Conflict of Ages," "Baptism, its Import and Modes," "The Papal Conspiracy Exposed," etc. He is still living, working, preaching, and writing for the religious periodicals of the day, and is widely esteemed by all who know him or have come within the calm, strong influence of his mind.

Charles, for many years a minister in Massachusetts, is a man of marked musical and artistic tastes. His health compelling him to give up preaching, he is now cultivating tropical fruits in the rich lands of Florida. James, the youngest son, was, during his early manhood, a sailor; then a missionary in the East Indies; then a minister in the United States; a chaplain during the late war, before the close of which his military ardor and ability made

him first a captain and finally a lieutenant-colonel—from which position he retired at the close of the war and is again preaching, at Owego, N. Y.

Thomas K., whose face appears in the lower right-hand corner of our group, is between Charles and James in age, and, with James and Isabella (Mrs. John Hooker, of Hartford, Conn.), is a child of Dr. Beecher's second wife, Miss Porter, of Portland, Me., all the others being children of his first wife, Miss Foote; his third wife, Mrs. Jackson, of Boston, Mass., bearing him no children, but sustaining and comforting his last years. Thomas was a graduate of Illinois College, trained under the ministration of his elder brother Edward. Of a prompt, keen mind, his bent was for the natural sciences, and his originality and mechanical talent seemed to so designate him for a teacher or operator in natural philosophy that his father almost gave up the purpose which he very tenaciously held of making all his sons preachers of the Gospel. For some years he followed the profession of a teacher in Philadelphia, and afterward in Hartford, Conn., with marked success; but finally, urged by religious convictions, he went into the ministry, and is now pastor of a large and influential parish in Elmira, N. Y. His friends and parishioners claim for him a very remarkable genius. He is odd in his ways of speech, quaint in conception, and peculiar in style, both of conversation and oratory. But he, too, has the family *good sense*—which is the strongest and best foundation any man can have to build on—and his quickness, queerness, and peculiarity serve to point but not to harm his moral strength, great goodness of heart, clever reading of human nature, apt and practical preaching power. As an indication of his way of thinking, we may refer to a little book of his just published, called "Our Seven Churches," in which he gives, in the form of eight very interesting and characteristic lectures, the distinctive *good points* in the Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Methodist, Baptist, Congregationalist, Unitarian, and Universalist churches, the last two being grouped as "Liberal Christians." It is a capital little book, and contains many thoughts which Christians may well learn to think of each other. Strange! that to speak well of one's fellow-followers of Christ should be accounted "original," "odd," "queer,"—but so it has been called. Thomas K. Beecher is a man of power, and withal a comparatively young man, between forty and fifty; not yet at his prime, for he is a strong,

temperate, healthful, genial man, with a happy home and a love of God's work—all of which conditions of bodily and spiritual thrift promise him growth and expansion.

We have left to the last one who in many respects may fairly be called the foremost man of his time—Henry Ward Beecher. The characteristics of his face, the center of our group of heads, are well known. For many years a prominent man, he has been "slaughtered," as he says, in many a poor picture; and, so far as representing him in his best phase is concerned, we fear we are among his assassins! His face has as many looks as a mountain in an early November day—at one time stern and strong, cold, indeed, under the shadow of a cloud, and again warm, glowing with light, radiant with a strange high beauty. There is this difference; that the mountain reflects the moods of the surrounding atmosphere, while this man seems rather to make moods and atmospheres for others. It is singular that the marked and characteristic tone of every member of this Beecher family, as shown in the habitual look of their faces, is sunny, bright, happy, and kind; while almost every engraved portrait of them, or any of them that has appeared, is severe, strong, almost hard in expression. We must confess to the same mode of representation in our portraits—which is not a misrepresentation because it is a phase that does belong to their faces at times, and in so far is fair. And it is with the modification suggested by what we say of their inner life and the ordinary kindness of their look, that we send forth the faces above engraved as portraits of them.

Mr. Beecher being naturally a man of strong individuality and independence of character, especially as regards the public, in whose eye he, in common with all other men of official function, and particularly clergymen, must constantly live, early conceived a dislike to titles and honorary degrees, as really meaning little more than the favor of a few influential friends. Hence, except the academic and theological degrees which he earned as a student, he has never accepted or worn any titles—any "Doctorate"—either of laws or divinity or anything else, though they were in years gone by quite frequently offered him, until his friends and admirers began to appreciate that plain "Henry Ward Beecher" was title enough.

It is difficult for one with any enthusiasm in his nature to write coolly and critically of such a man, after having come under the powerful magnetism of his public ministration, or the scarcely less affecting attractiveness

of his writings; and especially after having by some good fortune chanced to meet him personally and had even a brief experience of the *genuineness*, the real human *naturalness* of the man. Mr. Beecher is not "the greatest genius that ever lived," but we honestly believe that, after he shall have passed away, and the generation upon which he exercises so powerful a control shall have become food for history, though personal enthusiasm will no longer speak and write of him with the exaggerations of affection, the more critical judgment of after-times will award him a higher niche than his cotemporaries do, as a leader of thought, as an influence in moral life, as a seer of great spiritual truths, as a wise and helpful guide of the heart of the *common people* in this nineteenth century.

The foundation principle of Mr. Beecher's public career seems to be *the worth of man, as a beloved child of God*; and he has this advantage over many men, that his public life and his private life are based upon the same rock, and are built up together on the same plan into a single noble edifice, subserving a common lofty purpose. One need only listen attentively to Mr. Beecher's sermons before his great congregation (or, if at a distance, read them, as they appear weekly in the little pamphlet, *Plymouth Pulpit*), to discover that he believes this earth, with all its human institutions, its civilizations, its states, its ecclesiastical organizations and their forms of ordinances, to have been made and developed by God *for man*, to serve as man's educators, as instruments of man's instruction and elevation—not necessarily that man may be "happy" here, but that he may be fitted to live and work for God after he has left this little school-house, which, like the lesser school-house of the boy, seems the all-important thing just now. As Jesus said: "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath," so, reverently reading in the Master's special application the general principle underlying it, Mr. Beecher has been one of the earliest and strongest and most effective of those leaders of the times who have been reversing the old established order by which the individual was sacrificed to the good of the organized institution, the citizen for the state, the man for the ordinance, the soul for the church; and who teach that the best institutions grow from noble individuals, strong states from worthy citizens, useful ordinances from earnestly pious men, pure churches from souls educated in the love of Christ. Like wise builders, they begin to

build at the bottom, they work on the masses, they labor to inspire *the people* with a love of God, of each other, of intelligence, of right living, in view of life after death.

Seeking always the best means of inspiring individual men to train themselves toward the perfect manhood set forth in the example of Jesus Christ, Mr. Beecher is peculiar among preachers for his eager following up of the scientific developments of the day, promptly accepting such portions or principles of science as seem to him fairly established by investigators, and making good use of them in his philosophy and teaching. For instance, he almost invariably uses the phrases and general systematization of mental operation invented and made intelligible by the phrenologists, because they are simple, sensible, natural, and excellent in their application to his ideas of mental growth and action. He finds no danger in the general line of reasoning based on the observations of believers in the theories of development of higher forms of life out of lower forms; because the two gaps which the materialists do not bridge,—the change from mineral to vegetable, and from vegetable to animal life, and still more notably the introduction of the soul into the highest type of animal, man,—these chasms, impassable to the careful foot of science, are crossed by him with the clear-seeing eye of faith, which discerns the Creator there. And so, using the real advances of science as steps over which he is constantly leading his people, he devotes an unusual amount of attention to expounding the intimate connection of the material and the spiritual realms as different parts of *the same universe*. The reality of spiritual truths is made a familiar thought; the naturalness of what men call "the supernatural" is constantly enforced and illustrated; the wisely designed use of the physical and material, as a training-ground for the spiritual, is the basis of much of his so-called "lecturing, instead of preaching the Gospel." And by this familiarizing of the general mind with the realities of soul-life, both in the body and out of it, men are helped to carry the future life in their thoughts, not as a Sunday mood, nor a church notion, nor a thing outside of themselves, to be taken up when they want to be "religious," but as a constant, pleasant, natural motive inciting to a spontaneous self-training here in order to a right development of the soul for its true life in the future. A favorite quotation of his is the thirteenth verse of the fourth chapter of Ephesians, which indeed seems a fair epitome of the aim of his

teaching: "Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a *perfect man*, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." To him, religion is *the science of growth unto perfect manhood*.

It is apparently with this idea in mind that Mr. Beecher gives so much time and effort to preaching about morality, how to live, how to work, how to treat one's neighbors, how to act in relation to questions of great public interest ("politics" as it is called), how to regulate and use in their proper way the passions, (which, he says, are the steam-power and effectiveness of life if rightly and naturally made use of), how to get out of bad habits and into good ones—how, in short, to apply to practical every-day life the truths of God's word and God's universe. These topics share his attention with such higher themes as prayer, "the preciousness of Christ," "the hidden life," "the power of love," "human ideas of God," "the way of coming to Christ"—titles which we find in the contents of the second series of his *Plymouth Pulpit* sermons; yet all, even of these, embrace and unfold the same characteristic central idea, that the *whole of man* is to be trained, that from the physical he may grow to the enjoyment and use successively of his affectional, social, intellectual, moral, and, lastly, spiritual manhood.

Earnestly working upon individual hearts, and studying their special needs, it happens that Mr. Beecher affects multitudes,—for human nature stands in long perspective lines, and if a gunner gets an accurate range on one man, his shot will rake a thousand—provided it goes with force enough. Both these conditions Mr. Beecher constantly fulfills; and now, at fifty-eight years of age, he can look back over a life of uninterrupted and signal usefulness, of immense labor and effectiveness—and his prospect for future work, if not opening so long a vista, does, we believe, command a wider scope of even grander features.

A sensitive, blundering, imaginative, good-natured, mischievous, unstudious boy, he represents himself to have been. But he must have been a boy whose sight was quick for nature, whether in the fields and woods, or after birds and animals, or among his fellows. His school and college days do not seem to have been notable for anything, save that when at college he paid especial attention to the arts of elocution; for however naturally a man may take to oratory, he has to *learn* clear articulation, ease of carriage, force and grace of ges-

ture, and what is strangest but, if we may say so, *truest* of all, naturalness of tone and inflection. That Mr. Beecher is an easy master of these arts is patent to every one who ever heard him speak; though we may say in passing that, favorite as he is on the lecture-platforms of the lyceums all over the land, he is never heard at his best out of Plymouth Church; his own pulpit-platform, and the lofty themes which he there treats, inspire him and fill him with a power over his three thousand auditors that he gets and gives nowhere else.

Within the past two or three years Mr. Beecher has been preaching, so say those who have heard him for the past twenty-two years, better than ever before. His early labors and an experience of severe poverty, privation, and double work of farming and preaching during ten years in the West, developed in him very fully the natural courage, toughness of backbone (both physical and moral), independence of opinion and freedom of utterance that have characterized his more eminent years. Since the day when, in 1847, he came to be pastor of the newly-formed "Plymouth Church" in Brooklyn, N. Y., he has been a living, growing power in the land. The pulpit, the press, the lecture-platform, the political arena, the social gatherings of public bodies, the focal points of all great developments of public sympathy or discussion or action, have been made not only brilliant with his genius, but hot with the ardor of his earnestness.

It is astonishing to see how universally this man's thoughts have permeated the public mind. Some Philadelphia paper in criticising a lately issued volume of his sermons said the sermons were well enough, but they were "tired of this everlasting Beecher, Beecher, Beecher. It is Beecher everywhere!"

Well, what is to be done about it? Everything he writes or says seems to be of sufficient interest for some one to take it up and talk or write or print about it, either kindly or critically. It is not extravagant to say that not a day passes over this country without some discussion, or dissection, or quotation, or condemnation of something which "Henry Ward Beecher says." If any one has a right to complain of this, it surely is the aforesaid Beecher, and no one else; for all that the rest of us have to do is to let him alone—only we don't, and apparently can't!

Unless Mr. Beecher should die suddenly (which is possible, because he is a man of full habit and an immense brain-worker, but not probable, because he knows himself, and works,

eats, and sleeps methodically and wisely), he bids fair to live many years yet, and to have at least ten more years of ripe, rich, well-matured working-power. Just now he is carrying a large load. He preaches every Sunday two sermons, which, not written out, but thought out in his study, come fresh and alive from his lips, and are phonographically reported by Mr. T. J. Ellinwood for publication week by week in *Plymouth Pulpit*. This would be a tremendous test of the fruitfulness of any man's mind in extempore talk, and yet the test is triumphantly borne—witness the thousands who hear him, and the many other thousands who read him throughout America, England, and the islands of the sea. But he also has his Friday-night church prayer-meeting to lead, at which his familiar "lecture-room talks" on themes of Christian experience bring immediate help to many; and these again are taken down as they issue from his mouth. Every week they appear in the young but already widely-known religious paper of which Mr. Beecher is the editor—the *Christian Union*. Here is another care. Of course Mr. Beecher does not specifically and in detail edit this paper of his. That work is admirably performed by the Rev. George S. Merriam, a young man of marked journalistic abilities, who has before him, if he continues as soundly and as brilliantly as he has begun, a career of eminent usefulness. Mr. Beecher follows the paper with close solicitude, marking out lines, directing, guiding, gradually shaping things to his own notions, writing, sometimes a merry "Star Article" with a thought always behind the laugh, sometimes a good-natured but complete reply to some carping critic or "heresy-hunter," sometimes an article on general religious themes, sometimes a shower of bright editorial notes—and, in some fruitful and overflowing week, all sorts together! The *Christian Union* is but a year old. It already stands on a level with the best journals of its class. It is by the secular press generally called "the best religious paper in the country," and we understand that its circulation is already extraordinary. Its general tone and temper are much like its editor's—genial, cheery, courteous, warm-hearted, and good-natured, while relishful and able always.

Mr. Beecher's works, "Lectures to Young Men," "Star Papers," "Fruits, Flowers, and Farming," "Eyes and Ears," "Views and Experiences of Religious Subjects," "Norwood," and some others, have been published at various times by different houses. We understand

that Messrs. J. B. Ford & Co., the publishers of his "Lecture-Room Talks," *Plymouth Pulpit*, and the *Christian Union*, and having in hand his "Life of Jesus, the Christ" (which is now expected to be issued next spring) are collecting his various works and mean to issue a uniform edition of them—an enterprise to be commended, and certainly one that the public will practically appreciate.

Much of Mr. Beecher's thought and time are given to his great work, "The Life of Jesus, the Christ." This will contain the ripest fruits of his studies among men, and books, and art, as well as his apt and striking expositions of the Scriptures. The ground is a familiar one to him; and yet to treat so grand a theme, and one so ably developed by scholars and writers, is no light task. Some most competent judges who have read portions of this book, affirm that it will be found to be "*the book the Christian world has been waiting for.*"

Mr. Beecher is a rapid but not easy writer. He complains that he feels the *bondage* of the pen, and never can evolve his thoughts so clearly or so well on paper as he can when "thinking on his legs." But he does a vast deal of writing for all that, and there are few men who have so large an amount of current printed matter constantly setting forth the labors of their minds. Indeed, we can think of no one man who is so voluminous in public ministrations; and even of those who are less plentiful in quantity, his equals in quality and efficiency are rare.

Such abundance can not come from any mind or any genius, however great, unless it be one stored with great wealth of material from without. This is Mr. Beecher's case, however; for in addition to his constant and careful study of mankind and the affairs of the world, he is an omnivorous reader of good books, and has an ever-growing library of the best literature in every possible direction. He is a great lover of art, and has, besides books and histories in that department, a choice collection of paintings and engravings. His love of flowers and out-door nature finds food on his little model-farm at Peekskill, N. Y. And indeed, whatever is the realm from which he draws an illustration, it will generally be found that he knows what he is talking about, and has learned it by observation or study. He is not a *superficial* talker or thinker; he goes to the roots of things.

But this theme is a tempting one: we must stop short and leave it. There are so many sides to Mr. Beecher's life, and so many roads

to be followed out if one attempts to trace his steps in all the directions of his labor, that anything like a complete sketch of him is impossible here. We must be content to have indicated what seems to us the central idea of his whole career as a public speaker and writer—the incitement of men to self-government and to the training of their whole nature, by the help of faith and love in Christ Jesus, toward the perfect manhood of immortality with God;—and to have given some brief account of the means by which he has labored for the promulgation of that idea in his teachings and writings, by pulpit, platform, newspaper and book. He is a man who, more eminently and successfully than any other man of our time, has mastered the art of using those four prime engines of modern thought, and by them moves the great masses of intelligent people wherever the English language is spoken among men.

And being thus eminent amid a whole generation, he is surely the fitting central figure in our group of an eminent family.

THE IMPORTANCE OF CHEMISTRY.

BY CHARLES A. JOY.

IF we open a dictionary, encyclopedia, or school-book, we shall find a definition of chemistry tracing the word back to the Arabs, and utterly confounding us with the wisdom of the learned scholars who have written on the subject. We are not certain that we arise from the perusal of all this erudition with any clear conception of the real scope and intent of chemistry. The popular notion is, that to produce a few unsavory smells, make loud reports, burn one's fingers, amuse little children, and break a large quantity of crockery is all that can be learned in the chemical lecture-room—and hence in the minds of many the study is one that ought not to occupy much attention in the instruction of our schools and colleges. It is time that such ignorance should be dispelled, and to this end popular information ought to be disseminated upon the true character and importance of the science.

It is the business of the chemist to investigate everything in the universe—to describe its properties and to determine its uses. Formerly this research was confined to the narrow bounds of this globe; at the present time the sun and stars are brought down to earth to be examined in the laboratory, and we are in a fair way to learn the origin of all heat and light, and eventually to apply them to our

wants. A study that includes the whole creation would appear to be sufficiently comprehensive to satisfy the most ambitious seeker after truth, and it would seem at first glance to be a hopeless task. It is not, however, so difficult as it appears upon first presentation. There are a great many compounds in nature, but they are all made up of sixty-five elements. There are many thousand words in our language, while the number of letters is only twenty-five. We can easily learn to know our letters, and soon can spell words and finally form them into sentences. The same letters are used on all occasions, some of them frequently, some rarely; we recognize them the moment we see them. The world, to the chemist, is a big book made up of sentences and words written in sixty-five characters, which he calls elements. As soon as we are able to recognize these elements on all occasions, we can read the works of nature and understand them. Many of these fundamental substances are so rare that only a few persons have ever seen them, and the number of them that may be said to be in daily use is scarcely so great as of letters in our own alphabet. It will thus be seen that the perusal of the book of nature is analogous to the study of language; but the language that we generally study is the utterance of man, while the language of the universe is the voice of God.

Man, in his ignorance and vanity, has preferred his own utterances to those of the Almighty, and hence the degradation and superstition of past ages. Those who oppose the introduction of the study of chemistry into our schools wish to make a sealed book of the world. They are too late; the progress of the science has been too great to admit of extermination, and the book is now thrown so wide open that no man can shut it.

What, then, is chemistry? It is the science of forces that act upon ponderable matter at insensible distances. Anything that has weight is a fair subject of inquiry on the part of a chemist. All of the forces of chemistry act in contact, and the result is a new body. In physics the forces operate at great distances, often without any permanent change in the body acted upon. For example, heat, light, electricity, and magnetism exert their power at great distances, without producing a permanent change in the body acted upon. A current of electricity around a piece of soft iron converts it into a magnet, but the moment the current ceases the magnetic property determines. Heat expands a piece of iron, but it

weighs no more in consequence, and when it is cold returns to its original size; but if the same bar of iron be heated in contact with sulphur, it unites with the sulphur and produces a new body very different from either of its constituents. This is called chemical action. The chemist studies contact forces. He splits up everything into its elements, and then observes the behavior of these elements when they are brought in contact with each other. By exchanging one element for another, new and different compounds are formed, just as moving letters about will give us different words and sentences. We know in advance what the effect of exchanging one letter for another will be. It is a simple exercise in spelling. But in nature we can not tell what the effect of substituting one element for another will be until we have tried the experiment. Chemistry is, therefore, an experimental science. All of the reasoning in the world could not prove to me that sugar will dissolve in water. It is only after we have tried the experiment that we know it.

Recent researches have gone far to place chemistry among the exact sciences. The forces acting in it are well understood, the results are constant, the laws capable of precise statement, and of late years higher mathematics have been made to play a conspicuous part in chemical investigation.

The faculties of the mind are admirably trained by a science that requires the closest observation, quick perception, accurate reasoning, and sound judgment. These faculties were less cultivated by the ancients, and hence the small number of discoveries made by them.

Since chemistry was applied to the study of geology and mineralogy, we have made great progress in our knowledge of the formation and composition of the crust of the earth. Physiology could hardly be called a science until chemistry was pressed into its service, and the laws of vitality are better understood; and diseases more readily healed since we have learned the action of matter in all of its relations. It is sometimes said that the child of the present day is the same as the child of two thousand years ago, and those who make the assertion mean that the school-boy nowadays must begin as low down in the scale of knowledge as the lad of the Augustan age. There is great fallacy in such a statement. When we meet a boy wending his way to school with a parcel of books under his arm, if we were to examine the pack we should find that the most elementary treatise contains sci-

entific information that was either entirely unknown at the time of Plato and Aristotle, or was only in possession of men of their advanced learning. Our boys really begin on a higher platform than was ever attained by Aristotle, and they can afford to laugh at the droll mistakes constantly made by Pliny in his *Natural History*; they ought, however, to put some check upon their merriment by the reflection that future generations will laugh quite as heartily at us for our ignorance and blunders as we now do at the ancients.

Chemistry is the science to which we are indebted for the chief progress we have made in civilization and the arts. We owe to it the comforts we enjoy in our households; our clothing and books are cheaper in consequence of it; our food has improved; our medicines have increased; we have glass for our houses, and lenses for our optical instruments; metals are obtained from ores; colors wrought from the most repulsive objects; one discovery after another accumulating has raised a vast structure of knowledge. It requires many years to prove by experiment the nature of all bodies, but as soon as the knowledge is acquired it is put aside ready for use at the proper moment. Once that we know that sugar will dissolve in water, we do not need to repeat the experiment; but if we infer from this that it will dissolve in alcohol we are mistaken, for it is not soluble in that liquid. Hence the necessity of having many experiments in the field, and the greater the number the more rapid will be the progress of our knowledge. There is no knowledge too insignificant for use. About eighty years ago some medical students in Bologna observed that when frogs' legs were suspended with copper hooks on an iron railing, they twitched as if possessed of life. This was certainly a very simple fact; but it attracted the attention of Professor Volta, who soon constructed the voltaic pile; and thus laid the foundation of all that has subsequently been accomplished in magnetism and telegraphy. In 1826 Unverdorben discovered that by distilling indigo under certain conditions he could produce aniline; it was natural to try to produce the same thing by the distillation of other substances, and soon it was found that coal would give us aniline; and then from one step to another we arrived at the discovery of the exquisite aniline colors now so largely used. The discovery of chlorine led to its application for bleaching purposes, and thus many thousand acres of land were restored to agriculture, and the price of clothing was greatly reduced.

The burning of sulphur was shown to yield us a gas that could be converted into oil of vitriol; this oily substance poured upon common salt gives us hydrochloric acid, and soda ash has done more for civilization than any other chemical compound that was ever made.

Faraday observed that some gasses could be converted into liquids in glass tubes; on this observation rests nearly all of the inventions for producing cold artificially. The action of sulphuric acid upon bleaching powders yielded a liquid called chloroform, but it was many years after its discovery before its anesthetic properties were understood.

Dr. Priestley observed that when the rays of the sun were concentrated upon red precipitates, an air was given off that ignited a glowing taper and sustained life in a remarkable manner. It was afterward found that this gas, now called oxygen, was necessary to combustion, fermentation, and respiration; many practical processes are founded upon this knowledge.

Liebig passed chlorine gas through alcohol, and produced a liquid from which the hydrate of chloral was subsequently made, and this substance now plays a most important part in medicine.

An alkali manufacturer in Paris observed a black powder in his vats. He might have thrown it away and said nothing about it, but he was wise enough to consult some chemists about it, and they declared that it was an element, and gave to it the name of iodine; afterward it was found that this substance when combined with silver would give us a picture, and upon this circumstance was founded the whole art of photography.

For thousands of years petroleum has been known to issue from the earth, but its odor was so offensive that no use could be suggested for it. We now know how to refine it, and could not easily dispense with the burning oil produced from it. It is not many years since the discovery was made that a gas could be obtained from coal suitable for illuminating purposes. The inventor could not by any possibility have anticipated the extensive uses to which this discovery would eventually be applied; that towns and cities would be lighted by it could not have entered into his imagination.

A chemist searching through numerous agricultural products found sugar in the beet, and on this discovery is founded one of the most important industries in Europe.

Sir Isaac Newton observed that when a ray of light was passed through a prism it was

split up into seven colors. Fraunhofer found that these were not only colors but dark lines, and Kirchhof showed that these lines were due to burning metals, and thus we have arrived at the spectroscope and the constitution of the atmosphere of the sun.

Bessemer announced the invention of a method by which he could burn out the carbon and other impurities from iron; but it was a good many years before he could induce any of the iron-masters to apply his invention. It is now regarded as the most important contribution to metallurgy that was ever made, and the development of the resources of all countries is largely dependent upon it.

A French chemist has recently announced the discovery of a combination of carbon with silicon. It is an observation of no apparent value, but in the hands of scientific men bids fair to solve the problem of the origin of carbon in the rocks, and possibly may lead to the artificial production of the diamond. The cheap production of oxygen and hydrogen will cause a revolution in many metallurgic arts. The uses of magnesium and aluminum are only just dawning upon us, and zinc has advanced from its former most insignificant position to the front rank among the metals.

No one can anticipate the uses to which the discovery of metallic hydrogen may eventually be applied, nor can we trace ozone into all of its applications, or foretell what may at some period be made of the peroxide of hydrogen.

A catalogue of all of the benefits conferred upon mankind by chemistry would occupy more space than we are at liberty to appropriate; but we feel that enough has been said to convince every reader that this science occupies the front rank as an element in education, and that it lies at the foundation of modern power, wealth, and civilization.

PHRENOLOGICAL INSTRUCTION.

FOR nearly forty years Phrenology has been before the American people, and has really made great progress toward general acceptance.

We have for several years past been laboring to instruct young men to become lecturers and examiners, and the success of our students encourages the hope that we have struck the right method of sending forth laborers into the field now whitening with the harvest. No man of fair talent and culture who will earnestly and honestly serve the public in this field,

will fail to obtain good pecuniary compensation, and at the same time secure the lasting gratitude of hundreds whose lives shall have been made useful and happy, if not "sublime," through his efforts and advice. These moral remunerations will not ripen in a day. The effects of these services may or may not come to the knowledge of the doer; but they shall surely work like leaven, and become to their fortunate subject a counsel and guide through all the varying phases of life. Men whom we have examined and advised to follow some special occupation, or to lay aside certain bad habits, come to us ten months or ten years afterward to thank us for having saved them from wrong ways and vicious practices. "What I am, and what I hope to be, I owe to your counsel and practical advice," is not unfrequently said to us by our grateful patrons. To those who live and labor, not alone for pecuniary results, this is the most precious reward of effort, unless the consciousness of having labored intently with good motives be a greater. Men build houses, or work to provide clothes for the comfort of the bodies of men, and their industry and skill meet just approval and recompense; but he who works for the minds and morals of men, for their growth and goodness, has a higher mission. While the former deals with the external and perishable, the latter has to do with the internal, with the essence that is eternal.

Phrenology is gradually but surely working a revolution in the views of mankind relative to man. This is evinced by the present treatment of the insane, and is beginning to throw light on the management of criminals. In schools pupils are better understood and more wisely trained and educated. Young persons are selected in the light of Phrenology for various callings or professions, according to their natural endowments. Even the pulpit has been instructed with reference to the peculiarities of mankind, and the teaching has been modified so as better to reach and properly influence every class and condition of men. This, then, is the mission of Phrenology—to teach the nature of man, and how to instruct, guide, and influence it for its highest benefit, and for the best good of all.

He who can properly handle this great subject should stand erect among the highest benefactors of the human race. The day is not distant when the faithful apostle of human science shall rank with the world's greatest benefactors, inasmuch as his field of labor is the highest, and the proper results of such

labor second to none. We therefore invite the honest and the enterprising to enter this field, for the harvest is abundant, and invites a thousand lecturers and teachers.

HORACE B. CLAFLIN,

THE EMINENT MERCHANT.

THE distinguishing characteristic of this gentleman is the quality of his organization. Standing about five feet six inches high, and weighing perhaps one hundred and forty pounds, and with a large head compared with the size of his body, he is made on a very delicate and refined model. Not one man in fifty thousand has so fine a skin. He is extremely clean and delicate; by delicate we do not mean feeble or sickly, but that quality which indicates refinement, sensitiveness, and susceptibility. As compared with the average of men, he is what silk is to tow-strings. There is nothing coarse, rude, rugged, or commonplace about him.

He is remarkable for compactness as well as for fineness. If he were devoted to physical labor in a line which did not require a great deal of strength, he would turn off more work than nine men in ten. Anything which required accuracy, rapidity, precision he would do to perfection. Moreover, his is the kind of organization to have very deep foldings or convolutions of the brain, indicating great mental intensity and activity; and since his habits are very temperate and correct, he gets the full benefit of all his natural endowments; they are not obscured by dissipation or gormandizing.

Another marked feature of his organization is the harmony or balance of his developments. The head is plump, well rounded out, not excessive in any particular, deficient absolutely in none; hence he is not erratic, does not dash off in any given direction blindly; each faculty giving an account of the surrounding

conditions, and giving its requisite vote or voice in the decision he forms. He has a very retentive memory; can attend to all the details of business, and hold all, as it were, in his fist. See how full he is across the forehead, especially through the central part of it!

His Order is amply developed. Every thing is done by system and rule. See how the head rounds out as it retreats backward from the eye, showing Constructiveness large enough to make him a splendid mechanic! He can employ these faculties in considering the complications and combinations of business. He has Caution large enough to make him watchful. His head is broad enough to give him force and earnestness, hence he is remarkable for spirit, enterprise, earnestness, and watchfulness, without timidity.

His social organs are amply developed, making him friendly and easily approached. His Self-Esteem is comparatively small, and he moves among men apart from business affairs with remarkable modesty and quietness. He carries himself in society with a simplicity and gentleness that indicate refinement and a lack of ostentation. Should any turn of the wheel of fortune make him a bankrupt, the common people would sympathize with him, because he has never conducted himself among them with arrogance and domination. As he quietly moves among crowds of men in society, he would be recognized, by those not knowing him, as a student, a thinker, a writer, one not used to the turmoil and strife and struggle of business, rather than a man of wealth and commercial power.

We venture the assertion that every poor man who knows H. B. Claflin is quite willing that he should have all the wealth and power that pertains to him. No man looks upon him as a hard, grasping, selfish character. Vain men may envy him his position, but none will say

he attained it through rudeness, or an ungentlemanly, grasping spirit.

His large Benevolence gives him a liberal spirit; his Ideality, together with his fine-grained temperament, gives him

practical business training, which he obtained in his native State, Massachusetts, and where he won success as a merchant before seeking the wider and more responsible field of business in New York.



PORTRAIT OF HORACE B. CLAFLIN.

taste and delicacy of feelings and manners.

His success in life has been doubtless the result of clearness of thought, ready and rapid intuitive judgments, sound common sense, great industry, guided by a sound moral culture, and a thorough

Among the great merchants of the city of New York, Horace B. Claflin justly merits a place in the first rank. The head of a wholesale drygoods establishment, whose annual sales exceed those of any other exclusively wholesale house in our metropolitan city, he has been the chief instrumentality in its origin, growth, and present vast proportions.

He was born at Milford, Mass., in 1812. His father was an enterprising merchant, doing business in that growing town, and gave to Horace the best opportunities for an education the place afforded. We are told that the elder Claffin was "a good specimen of the type of industrious, frugal, religious, and rather intolerant, but humorous grandfathers of the present generation of New England men and women," and doubtless destined his son to play his part in life in some useful department of industry, as we find young Horace, soon after leaving school, installed in his father's store as a clerk. There he became familiar with the routine of country store-keeping, and acquired that miscellaneous business-knowledge which a bright boy would pick up naturally in the course of several years' experience.

Having attained to his majority, he proposed to purchase the business of his father, and, with a young friend associated as partner, did so. The new firm had but little capital besides the elder Claffin's "good-will" and its own staunch probity to sustain it; but it soon commenced to prosper, and did well during the two years of its continuance in Milford. Concluding that their energy would find more scope and better returns, Mr. Claffin and his partner, Mr. Daniels, removed to Worcester, Mass., and there opened a store.

Fair dealing, unwearied enterprise, and liberal advertising early procured a large and increasing trade for the young men. Mr. Claffin was one of the few business men of that early day who appreciated the utility of judicious advertising. In the start he employed the local papers to make his firm extensively known, and as business increased he enlarged his advertising list until it contained all the leading newspapers of the Eastern States. In half a dozen years his Worcester house had become as well known throughout New England as the great New York establishment of "H. B. Claffin & Co." is now known in all parts of the Union.

Of course his credit at that time in New York was excellent, and whenever he visited that commercial center to purchase goods, he was besieged by the runners or agents of business houses, all anxious to "sell" him. On one of his visits he was bored excessively

by the attentions of a person known in business circles as "Judge," who insisted on Mr. Claffin's accompanying him to the store he represented. Finally Mr. Claffin consented, and went with him to the warehouse where "the best and cheapest stock of the kind to be found in the city was spread out." After a brief survey he selected a very valuable case of silks, which he said he would take if he were allowed a long credit. This request, taken with the great value of the case, and the haste with which it had been selected, somewhat discomposed the principals, and after a short consultation they informed Mr. Claffin that they could not accede to his terms. He thereupon courteously bid them "Good-day." Not many hours after he was waited upon by a messenger from the same parties informing him that they had reconsidered the matter, and had concluded to ship the silks. He responded that he had concluded not to buy them. He was not troubled again by any member of that particular house, they subsequently perceiving that they had been made the subjects of a practical joke.

In 1848 Mr. Claffin sold out his interest in the business at Worcester, and came to New York city. Mr. W. H. Buckley joined him in the venture he purposed to make in this great commercial center, and the new firm of Claffin & Buckley opened a store in the wholesale drygoods line in Cedar Street. In six years the business had grown so large that it was deemed necessary to find more ample accommodations. The store known as No. 57 Broadway was built and occupied in 1850, but at the end of two years that was found too small to meet the increasing patronage. Another removal was therefore determined on, and in 1853 the firm, which had been changed by the retirement of Mr. Buckley and the joining of Mr. Mellen and one or two others, formerly clerks, took possession of the large store in what is generally known as Trinity Building, which had been erected especially for its accommodation.

Mr. Claffin's comprehensive business intellect courted the remarkable extension of his trade, and seemed to exhibit the greater energy with each addition. The reputation of his establishment became widely circulated, his customers came from all parts of the

Union, and always received from him liberal consideration, no matter from what quarter they hailed

The great commercial distress of 1856, while it cramped the affairs of Clafin, Mellen & Co. to no small degree, did not prevent them from meeting their obligations promptly, and in its final results considerably strengthened their credit in public esteem. Between 1857 and 1860 the tide of business flowing to their doors was ever on the increase; the amount of goods sold the last year mentioned involved thirteen and a half millions of dollars. In fact, the warerooms in Trinity Building, large as they were, had become too small in 1860 for the still growing trade of C., M. & Co., and they were obliged to cast about for a larger place. The site fronting on West Broadway, Worth, and Church streets was selected, and the colossal building, now so well known, was erected where formerly stood old dilapidated tenements, the abodes of want and sin, from the vicinage of which respectable people turned with loathing.

With the erection of his new warehouse Mr. Clafin inaugurated a new era in that miserable quarter. The old buildings rapidly disappeared, and extensive and beautiful stores took their places, and the region became a great nucleus of wholesale traffic.

A few years after the new building was occupied some changes occurred in the firm, Mr. Mellen retiring, and a new partnership being formed under the style of H. B. Clafin & Co. But the business continued as before, with the same phenomena of growth.

The panic occasioned by the Bull Run affair, in the beginning of the late war, induced a temporary suspension of the business; but it was only temporary, not one of the creditors lost a cent by it. It is claimed by some experienced merchants that such a measure was altogether unnecessary, that Mr. Clafin then had a surplus sufficient to meet all the demands which would have been made upon him. But it can be imagined how great must have been the shock experienced by one bearing such vast responsibilities as Mr. Clafin at such a time, and by one so appreciative of honor and integrity. Afterward the business expanded wonderfully, as shown by the following figures:

In 1862 the goods sold amounted to thirty-eight millions of dollars; in 1865 to the amount of sixty-eight millions, and in 1866 seventy-two millions. The commercial depression subsequent to 1866 has somewhat reduced Mr. Clafin's sales, but his establishment maintains the lead among the wholesale houses of the city.

A glimpse of the drygoods palace in which so much business is done may interest the reader. The main building is eighty feet wide by three hundred and seventy-five feet long, seven stories in height, including basements, and is built of Nova Scotia sandstone in a style adapted to economize space as well as to afford the greatest possible strength. Besides this, the subsequent addition measures fifty by one hundred and twenty feet, and taken with the large part gives a floor area of about six acres. In this vast space are stored the products of a thousand factories, and the work of hundreds of thousands of people in every quarter of the globe. Tiers of open cases displaying the finest fabrics meet the eye of a visitor on entering the broad doorways. Long lines of counters supporting piles of foreign and domestic stuffs, each, however, in its proper department, excite the wonder of the uninitiated, and induce the question, Whence do all these come, and whither do they go?

The number of men employed in the different departments of this warehouse exceeds seven hundred, and although the discipline exercised over so many is necessarily strict, no man in the city of New York enjoys more of the confidence and esteem of his subordinates than Mr. Clafin. He is a mellow, accessible man, of large and judicious charity, and at the same time quiet and altogether unassuming. His liberality in adjusting claims against insolvent debtors is well known, many an unfortunate tradesman owing his re-establishment in business to a few words of encouragement on the part of Mr. Clafin, coupled with a liberal extension of time for the payment of liabilities due H. B. C. & Co.

Mr. Clafin is of medium height and well proportioned. His appearance is that of a younger man than fifty-eight, while his physical activity and mental energy are unimpaired, enabling him still to preside over all

the operations of his immense establishment. Having an excellent constitution, fortified by a prudent course of life, he seems likely to tread for many years longer the path of use-

fulness which in youth he marked out before him, and which he has pursued, not with the sordid ambition of the monopolist, but with an honest philanthropic aim.

Department of Psychology.

The soul, the mother of deep fears, of high hopes infinite;
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears, of sleepless inner sight.—*Mrs. Hemans.*
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.—*Shakespeare.*

DREAM-LAND.

A BREAKFAST-TABLE TALK.

"I SLEEP, but my heart waketh," said the Professor, as I was moving noiselessly from the room, lest I should disturb his morning nap; "I was dreaming of swimming in clear and brilliant water," he added, as I touched with wifely unction the lips that spake.

"Indeed," I said; "it must have been in brain-waves, or you would have lost this lead-pencil you have over your ear; it is not strange you are so profound when you sleep with the articles of your profession so near at hand; why didn't you take a quire of paper, also? then we might have had some tangible way-marks from dream-land."

He smiled, and replied, "If I am profound, you are *profoundity*, Bess; but I must away to look after my peaches and cream for the breakfast-table. We always had a *résumé* of the honey-moon during vacation days, and were in no hurry at our meals; so while we were sitting at the table I said, 'Now for the news from dream-land—what bring you?'"

"Land," he replied; "I scarcely touched the shore; I told you I was bathing."

His reply was given with such an innate consciousness of the verity of that land—"a faith that was not reason's labor but repose," that the spirit of banter left me at once, and I said, "When I am talking with you, I find my mind receives some of your confidence in spiritual things, but I fail to find the credence when not with you."

"And yet your experiences and intuitions, Bessie, are confirmations of the very points you doubt; possibly these doubts are the result of youthful training; the mind falls back into the ruts in which it has run in

youth, which are easy enough in pleasant weather; but when frozen and hard, they tear the tires from the wheels."

"Well," said I, "I ardently long for the blessed time when theology and every-day experience and perceptions shall agree; when 'righteousness and peace shall kiss each other.'"

The Professor resumed: "There has been such vague uncertainty about spiritual states and things in the past, and so many injunctions to abstain from prying into things beyond the natural senses, that we have shuddered at everything we could not touch, taste, or handle; and even now our souls linger hard bestead and fainting, though we see the manna lying like hoar frost all about us, and we wist not that it is the bread which the Lord hath given us to eat. However, this age of progression has burst some of the fetters, and the light of the Divine Word is breaking through the clouds of sense. Men are taking similar arguments and testimonies as evidences in spiritual things that they have in natural or worldly ones. For instance, they take the fact that when entirely unconscious of outward things, when all the functions of the body cease, save respiration, as in sleep, we are aware of a certain interior activity as an evidence of a spiritual state, and of the nearness of that spiritual state to the natural one. In our sleep we see, speak, hear, taste, smell, walk, ride, fly, swim, sit at meat, embrace, think, converse, start with surprise of joy or sorrow; indeed, we far transcend the powers and functions of the body, while lip and tongue, hand and foot, are impotent to act."

"Ah, Professor! we dream we do those things; we remember that we have done them; it is only an act of memory."

"Yes, we dream; but a dream is something more than memory active, for views that have never had a place in memory, 'mysteriously become visible to our internal eyes.' The fact that we dream, brought forward as evidence, goes to prove an interior or higher state. If these things are not of the body, they must be of the soul.

"Do you mean that these acts in our dreams are really acts of the soul?"

"Yes; in the inert state of the body the spirit wakes, the natural eye closes, but the spiritual one opens; the friends with whom we hold daily intercourse recede, and those whom we esteem absent, either by distance of space or by decease, draw near without disturbing the tenor of the mind, which could not possibly occur during full wakefulness."

"This is not a generally accepted explanation," I observed.

"No; yet I think it pervades many minds who when we define and give it proportion and shape ignore it. Though an eminent theologian has taught us, that 'when man dreams, his natural understanding is laid asleep and his spiritual sight is opened, which derives its all from affection;' yet when we sleep, only the spiritual mind receives impressions, only the spiritual organs act."

"Why, then, are many of our dreams so incongruous?"

"The incongruity arises from this, that we only remember that part of the scene which is tinged by the return of our natural mind to wakefulness. The things of the spirit are entirely distinct from the things of the body; and when the natural mind is entirely quiescent, our spiritual senses suffer no jar by the projections of spiritual scenery and operations: but when we pass into a state of partial wakefulness, our natural senses being too obtuse to comprehend the things of that higher state, between them and our memory of outward things arise confusion and incongruity."

"Do you think that we always dream?"

"I think the spiritual senses are always active, but I am not inclined to call a state a

dream when it does not flow into the outward thought."

"If we can not recall it, how do we know there is such a state of activity?"

"By impressions left on the mind that we can not define in waking moments; but after long intervals of time they are brought down into the natural thought. Such, I think, explains the phenomena that we occasionally hear advanced as an evidence of pre-existence; in sleep, or other suspension of the functions of the natural mind, a state has been passed that recurs at some subsequent time when the natural mind is active."

"Have you never been conscious of going into the presence of companions you had previously mingled with, yet had never known in wakefulness, when you have been aroused just as you were sinking to sleep?"

"I think I have; once when M—— was taken ill just after retiring, it seemed to me for some time afterward that I had been called away from a very congenial company; and sometimes I have been aroused with a sensation of the mind which I can not better compare than to feelings a person might be supposed to have after witnessing a beautiful mirage."

"But are we thence to infer a dual existence?"

"I think we are, Bessie, but that it is intercommunicant during our waking moments; and as the things of the body do not enter into the things of the spirit when the spirit is in its higher exaltations or withdrawals, all the bodily functions, save respiration, are dormant in sleep. 'There is,' says Upham, and others coincide with him, 'philosophically considered, an internal as well as an external intellect, a perceptive power, which reaches to invisible and intangible existences and relations, as well as a perceptivity, which is merely occupied with what is presented to touch and sight and the other senses.' Let us see——"

While the Professor was talking, I renewed his peaches, thinking, I suppose, with my external intellect, that he improved his time with them while I was saying my little says; yet, following his conversation with my internal intellect that reaches to abstractions, I said to myself, "Yes, Upham is right; there is an internal and external thought,

and that explains how two organs of the brain can act simultaneously: it is the external of one and the internal of the other."

He resumed—"Let us see if you do not entertain a similar idea. Have I not heard you say to the children, when a baby smiled in its sleep, that the angels were talking with the baby?"

"Yes," I replied; "and so my mother always said to me. It is the same sentiment that Samuel Lover has so beautifully woven into his pathetic poem, 'The Angel's Whisper.'"

"Now, then, Bessie, if the angels were talking with the baby, was it not in a spiritual condition with the angels?"

"It seems the argument is against me," I replied, but added: "we have been more accustomed to look upon sleep as restorative of the body than as instructive of the mind."

"Why not the two combined? Is it not reasonable to suppose, seeing that one-third of our time is passed in sleep, when by external things we can not be tempted, nor by external act yield to temptation, that the Divine love withdraws the spirit while the body is resting for internal refreshment and invigoration, and, it may be, instruction, is not such a state pre-eminently adapted for His holy and loving purpose of good to man?"

"You prove your position, Professor; but alas for me, I am afraid to quite trust myself upon your platform. I can not say Nay, and I fear to say Yea. It surely makes sleep desirable, so that we need not hesitate to say, 'a little more sleep, a little more slumber.' But what becomes of all the foreshadowings and prognostications by or from dreams? they must vanish as the morning cloud."

He replied: "If dreams are the action of the mind or spirit, varying according to the state of the mind or spirit, the dream of one mind can never become the rule or oracle of another mind, as no two minds can to all intents and purposes be in the same state. Let a dozen men go into the city of New York to see its sights, would any two of the twelve leave the city having followed the same course, or seen without variety the same sights, no more, no less? Let three boys start on a bird's-egg excursion; the first is strangely moved by the cries of the parent bird, and nothing would tempt him to touch her pretty treasure; the second thinks only

of the bright addition to his collections; the third, if he pays any heed to the gyrations and cries of the bird, throws a stone with such reckless accuracy that she falls quivering to the ground. Suppose these boys to sleep and dream, the first with his gentle innocence, the second with his persistent ambition, and the third with his cruel destructiveness, could the dream of one become a rule or foreshadowing of coming events to either of the others—a sequence of past events?"

"I suppose not," I replied; "yet I do not see why each could not establish a rule for himself."

"He might, if he were sure he would come into precisely the same states in future, which advancing studies and duties and years prevent."

He handed his plate to me, saying: "These peaches are very palatable—I will take a few more." As I refilled it, I said: "The question of an interior state may be confirmed by the fact that we dream, and your explanation of its character throws much light on many of our intuitions and otherwise unexplained perceptions; but where are we when they take place? Where are dream-lands and dream-waters?"

"They are here."

"Here!"

"Yes, Bessy, here! not ninety-five millions of miles beyond the sun and stars, where thought can not reach or reason resolve, but here."

"Why, Professor! do you mean to say that the deceased friends that we see in our dreams are here now while we are awake? Is the world of spirits here? Where does it begin, and upon what does it rest?"

"The earth is its base, and it, like all spheres, begins at any point. Do you remember, when a child, looking at the horizon and thinking it the boundary of the earth?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever get bewildered over that passage in Job—'He stretcheth out the north over the empty place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing?'"

"Oh, yes; and I was a steadfast Ptolemaist against all my elder brother's persuasions."

"And now that you know that the earth is round, and the horizon is your boundary of vision instead of the earth's, can you tell

where it begins? Travel a degree east or west, and your eastern horizon is also changed a degree; so of the waves standing upon the shore, you might say they begin here; but cross the Atlantic, and you find the same pulsative motion on your way, and the same surgings on the shores. Standing by rill or brook or spring among your own native hills, you may say, the waves are started here somewhere in the center of these hills; but the naturalist will tell you that the gathering drops oozing from the swampy land into a little brook, or bursting in singing cascades from cleft rocks, or boiling up through a clear gravelly bottom, were before in the ocean, and are ever going the ceaseless round of ocean, cloud, and mountain rill. Now, Bessie, you are thinking similar things with reference to spiritual lands and waves. In natural things there are apparent and real truths. We take the boundary of our vision for the extent of the earth, but natural reason or rational thought convinces us that the earth is not flat, but round, and our horizon variable. We doubt at first the flow and re-flow of the waves, but are convinced by reasons that they perform an orbicular motion through the solids of the earth, much after the manner of the blood through the veins and arteries of the body. So also there are apparent and real spiritual truths. We think the heavens are above, over our heads, but spiritual, rational thought convinces us that they are here. The waves of truth flow, starting from the Divine Intelligence, through angelic and spiritual minds to man. Saith the Divine Intelligence, 'The heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool.' 'As the rain cometh down, and the snow, from heaven, so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth.' As the rain comes down, so the waves of truth come down."

"But that is figurative language," I suggested.

"Men," the Professor resumed, "in using figurative language, aim that the figure shall glow and crystallize with the thoughts they wish to convey. Does the Divine use a figure that is not full of life, answering back in its natural form to the spiritual meaning? Again: since we have come to know that most of the planets are inhabited, is it not a rational sequence that the spiritual existences of our

earth and other planets should each circle about their own spheres?"

"Do not the Scriptures speak of heaven above?" I asked.

"Yes; but not as of space measured upward. We associate space with height in our own minds; but height, or above, with reference to spiritual things or persons, has reference to degree of state, not elevation of altitude. In common parlance we use it as of rank or grade. Zachariah speaks of 'the Lord as rising up out of his holy habitation.'* Would you then say that heaven is beneath? Isaiah speaks of Him as sitting upon the circle of the earth, which corresponds with my idea."

I did not reply; what could I say more? The breakfast was ended, the conversation closed. The Professor's voice dropped into his most devout tones as he pronounced "Our Father, which art in heaven," etc.

LET me not deem that I was made in vain,
Or that my being was an accident.
Each drop uncounted in a storm of rain
Hath its own mission, and was duly sent
To its own leaf or blade, not idly spent
Mid myriad dimples on the shipless main.
The very shadow on an insect's wing,
For which the violet cared not while it stayed,
Yet felt the lighter for its vanishing,
Proved that the sun was shining by its shade.
Coleridge.

USES OF THE IMAGINATION IN SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT.

IN a lecture before the British Association of Science, Professor Huxley treated of the very important part played by the imagination in scientific investigation and discussion. An epitome of that very interesting lecture is all we can furnish at the present time. After a few remarks on the necessity for a popular mode of presenting scientific subjects to an audience, he went on to say:

"Philosophers might be right in affirming that we could not transcend experience; but we could, at all events, carry it a long way from its origin. We could also magnify, diminish, qualify, and combine experiences so as to render them fit for purposes entirely new. We were gifted with the power of imagination, combining what the Germans call "*anschauungsgabe*" and "*einbildungs-*

Zach. ii. 13; Is. xl. 22.

kraft;" and by this power we can lighten the darkness which surrounds the world of the senses. There were Tories even in science—men who regarded imagination as a faculty to be feared and avoided rather than employed. Bounded and conditioned by co-operant reason, imagination, however, became the mightiest instrument of the physical discoverer. He desired to illustrate, by a few simple instances, the use that scientific men had already made of this power of imagination, and to indicate afterward some of the further uses that they were likely to make of it. Having, at considerable length, given examples, commencing with the rudimentary experiences, the lecturer observed that the speculative faculty, of which imagination formed so large a part, would wander into regions where the hope of certainty would seem to be entirely shut out. We thought that, though the detailed analysis might be, and might ever remain, beyond us, general notions might be attainable. At all events, it was plain that beyond the present outposts of microscopic inquiry lay an immense field for the exercise of the imagination. It was only, however, the privileged spirits who knew how to use their liberty without abusing it, who were able to surround the imagination by the firm frontiers of reason, that were likely to work with any profit here. But freedom to them was of such paramount importance that, for the sake of securing it, a good deal of wildness on the part of weaker brethren might be overlooked. Life was present potentially in matter when in the nebulous form, and was unfolded from it by the way of natural development, or it is a principle inserted into matter at a later date. With regard to the question of time, the views of men had changed remarkably in our day and generation; and he must say, as regards courage also, and a manful willingness to engage in open contest with fair weapons, a great change had also occurred. The clergy of England—at all events, the clergy of London—had nerve enough to listen to the strongest views, and they invited, if they did not challenge, men of the most decided opinions to state and stand by those opinions. In fact, the greatest cowards of the present day were not to be found among the clergy, but within the pale of science itself. Indeed,

clergymen, if he might be allowed to say so, had as strong a leaning toward scientific truth as other men, only the resistance to this bent—a resistance due to education—was generally stronger in their case than in others. They did not lack the positive element—namely, the love of truth, but the negative element—the fear of error—preponderated. Slowness of acceptance—even open hostility—might be thus accounted for. They were, for the most part, errors of judgment, and not sins against truth. The present inquiry regarding the introduction of life was—Does it belong to what we call matter? or is it an independent principle inserted into matter at some suitable epoch—say when the physical conditions became such as to permit of the development of life? There were the strongest grounds for believing that during a certain period of its history the earth was not fit to be the theater of life. Whether this was ever a nebulous period, or merely a molten period, did not much matter; and, if we reverted to the nebulous condition, it was because the probabilities were really on its side. The question was this: Did creative energy pause until the nebulous matter had condensed, until the earth had been detached, until the solar fire had so far withdrawn from the earth's vicinity as to permit a crust to gather round the planet? Did it wait until the air was isolated, until the seas were formed; until evaporation, condensation, and the descent of rain had begun; until the eroding forces of the atmosphere had weathered and decomposed the molten rocks, so as to form soils, until the sun's rays had become so tempered by distance and waste as to be chemically fit for the decomposition necessary to vegetable life? These questions defined a hypothesis not without its difficulties, but the dignity of which was demonstrated by the nobleness of the men whom it sustained. Modern scientific thought was called upon to decide between this hypothesis and another; but they might rest secure that the hypothesis just sketched could never be stormed, and that it was sure, if it yielded at all, to yield to a prolonged siege. However the convictions of individuals here and there might be influenced, the process must be slow and secular which commended the rival hypothesis of natural evolution to the

public mind. The evolution hypothesis was not to be flouted away contemptuously or denounced as wicked. Let us not fear it, but steady ourselves upon faith in the ultimate triumph of truth; for under the fierce light of scientific inquiry it would certainly be dissipated if it possessed not a core of truth. Its existence as an hypothesis in the mind was quite compatible with the simultaneous existence of all the virtues to which the term Christian has been applied. It did not solve, nor profess to solve, the ultimate mystery of this universe—in fact, it left that

mystery untouched. 'Two things,' said Immanuel Kant, 'fill me with awe—the starry heavens and the sense of moral responsibility in man.' And in his hours of health and strength and sanity, when the stroke of action had ceased and the pause of reflection had set in, the scientific investigator found himself overshadowed by the same awe. Breaking contact with the hampering details of earth, it associated him with a power which gave fullness and tone to his existence, but which he could neither analyze nor comprehend."

Department of Physiology.

The truths of Physiology should be inculcated and enforced early and earnestly, and with the emphasis of high religious duty.—*Yewmans.*

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.—WITH ILLUSTRATIONS, ETC.

ADDRESSED TO TEACHERS AND OTHERS.

[CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS NUMBER.]

THAT such causes contribute to the production of the inordinate sum of insanity which prevails in the United States, is too plain to be held in doubt. For madness is the result of cerebral excitement, rendered deleterious by the excess in quantity, or the malign qualities of the irritants that produce it. Nor can any cerebral irritant be more noxious, either in kind or degree, than the cankered and fierce religious and political passions which are constantly goading the American brain. Under such circumstances, it would be wonderful if attacks of insanity were not unusually frequent among us.*

But can the same causes prove also instrumental in the production of dyspepsia? No doubt of it. That complaint *commences*, perhaps, as often in the brain as in the stomach. Possibly oftener. That this is true of the disease in Europe will scarcely be denied, after a fair examination of the facts connected

with it. It is there, almost exclusively, a complaint of the studious and the scheming, who, overtasking their brains, injure them by toil. Among the husbandmen of England, who steadily pursue their tranquil mode of life, regardless of the fluctuations of stock, the bickerings of party, the fate of political measures, and the changes of place, dyspepsia is almost a stranger. Yet many of those men are great eaters, and far from being very choice as to the quality of their food. In the cities the same is in a great measure true of merchants, manufacturers, and mechanics, who are engaged in a regular and well-established business, which is fully understood by them, where the risk is slight, and the profits sure, and no disquieting anxiety attends it. Such individuals have a good digestion, and bears the marks of it. But with literary men, officers of state, dealers in scrip, daring adventurers, and anxious and ambitious projectors of improvements—with these, and every other brain-worn class of persons, the case is different. Dyspepsia is their torment; and they exhibit deep traces of it in their lean frames and haggard countenances. Yet are they much more select in their diet, both as respects quantity, quality, and cooking, than the classes to whom dyspepsia

* The Doctor's remarks may seem to militate against our Republican system; but when it is considered that American society is in a primitive state; that the many very diverse and antagonistic elements which go to make it up have not had time to cohere and settle into a state of comparative homogeneity; it will be a matter of surprise, rather, that it has manifested so much of the spirit of perpetuity, and accomplished so much in the way of reform in matters political and moral.

is unknown. This fact is notorious, and has been so for centuries. Nor can it be attributed, I think, to any other cause but excessive and deleterious cerebral irritation in the one case, and an exemption from it in the other. And this cause seems sufficient to solve the problem.

EXCESSIVE EATING AND DYSPEPSIA.

That it is not exclusively the labor and irritation of the stomach that produces dyspepsia, appears from innumerable other facts, a few of which I shall recite. Children not too much confined in school, or otherwise mistreated, though great and often promiscuous eaters, are rarely dyspeptic. The reason is plain: their brains are neither toilworn nor care-worn; and they enjoy the requisite amount of sleep. Their brains are not irritated and exhausted by burdensome tasks. The North American Indians eat, at times, enormously, and that after a *long fast*, which, on well-known principles, increases the danger of overloading the stomach. It is said that on these occasions the meal of a single Indian is equal to that of from four to six white men. The food, moreover, is badly cooked, and therefore nearly indigestible. Yet the savage escapes dyspepsia.

Of the Esquimaux Indians the same is true to a still greater extent. An individual of that tribe, as we are confidently assured by Captain Parry and Captain Lyon, eats with impunity from ten to twelve pounds of solid animal food in the course of a day, and swallows along with it, in the form of drink, a gallon of oil. Captain Lyon further relates that a young female Esquimaux ate a large amount of tallow candles and their wicks without experiencing either sickness or dyspepsia. These statements we are compelled to believe, on account of the high respectability of the authors.

SIBERIAN VORACITY.

Of the gluttony of the Siberians, stories are told not perhaps altogether so worthy of credit. Were not that people, however, enormous eaters, such stories would not be invented. The accounts are but exaggerations of extraordinary gormandizing. It is asserted

by travelers that a Siberian often eats in a day *forty pounds* of solid food; and Admiral Saritchaff reports that he saw one of that people eat, *immediately after breakfast*, twenty-five pounds of boiled rice and *three pounds*



A SIBERIAN.

of butter. Yet, as already stated, neither Siberians nor Esquimaux are annoyed by dyspepsia. And they no doubt owe their safety in part to their freedom from wasting cerebral irritation.

For the same reason the inferior animals have no dyspepsia, though they often gorge themselves to great excess. When they thus violate moderation, nature teaches them what to do for safety. They instinctively lie down and sleep, giving entire freedom and rest to their brains. A common black snake swallows a rabbit or a squirrel nearly as weighty as itself, and goes into a partial torpor until its meal is digested. A boa-constrictor swallows a goat or an antelope, sleeps nearly a week, and wakes without dyspepsia or uneasiness, prepared for another similar exploit. Two dogs of the same age, size, and strength having eaten the same amount of the same food, one of them goes to sleep, and the other enters on the chase. In from three to four hours the meal of the sleeper is di-

gested, while that of the runner is unchanged in his stomach—and the latter dog is probably disordered, while the former retains his health. These facts show that tranquillity of the brain is favorable at least, if not essential, to the process of easy and sound digestion.

THE BRAIN AND THE STOMACH.—NAPOLEON.

The powerful influence of a disordered brain over the digestive system is manifested in the effects of a severe blow on the head. These are vomiting, gastric inflammation, hepatic derangement, amounting at times to abscess, and again, to torpor of the liver, with other forms of abdominal disease. Seasickness, moreover, is a cerebral affection thrown on the stomach. So is the sickness produced in many persons by whirling the body, and riding in a carriage with the back toward the horses. The Emperor Napoleon died of a gastric affection in St. Helena, where such complaints are scarcely known. He was, moreover, a very temperate eater. But he had deep sensibility and powerful passions. The most probable cause of his disease, therefore, was mortification at the loss of empire, resentment and chagrin at his exile and confinement, vexation at the treatment he received from the governor of the island, and inconsolable grief at being separated from his family. These causes, goading his brain almost to madness, threw their influence sympathetically on his stomach, and destroyed him.

INFLUENCE OF GRIEF.

Nor is the whole yet told. Grief is nothing but a painful and deleterious cerebral irritation. Females experience that passion in its greatest intensity, and it is to them a very productive cause of dyspepsia. So is jealousy, a passion which they also feel with peculiar acuteness and distress. And every painful passion and emotion is but another name for excessive and hurtful irritation of the brain, which if long continued never fails to injure digestion. Even anger arrests the process of digestion. Nor are females the only sufferers from such irritation; males, also, are its victims.

A man in perfect health and with a fine appetite seats himself at table; but before he has begun his meal, a messenger communicates to him some distressing news. His appetite vanishes, and the very sight and

odor of the food becomes offensive to him. Or has he just finished his repast when the message is delivered? If he be not actually sickened by it, and forced to discharge the contents of his stomach, indigestion, sick headache, and perhaps feverishness are the result. And what student does not know that effects somewhat similar are produced by severe

INTELLECTUAL TOIL

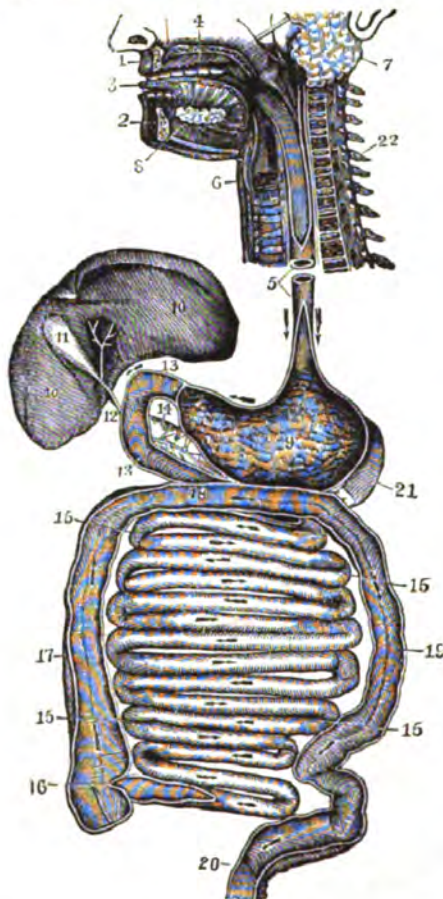
immediately after a plentiful meal? That dyspepsia, moreover, is proverbially one of the *morbi studiosorum*, one of the complaints of the studious, is a truth familiar to every one. Nor is it less notorious that men who think but little, and are exempt from care, seldom suffer from it. The cheerful and jolly do not often become dyspeptic,—the grave and care-worn very frequently. This truth has been long and familiarly known. Cæsar manifested his acquaintance with it when he spoke of the countenances of the gay and cheerful Antony, and the deeply thoughtful Brutus and Cassius; the former fresh, full, and ruddy,—the latter pale, sallow, and care-worn.

TREATMENT OF DYSPEPSIA.

But my argument is not yet closed. The most successful mode of treating dyspepsia favors the belief that it often arises from cerebral irritation, and is always perhaps connected with it. Am I asked in what this treatment consists? I reply, in regulating the passions, taking muscular exercise in the open air, abandoning intellectual toil, and retreating for a time from business and care. Unless the complaint be so inveterate and deep-rooted as to have produced some serious organic lesion, this course of treatment steadily pursued will cure it, without either the use of much medicine or confinement to a very strict diet; and it can often be cured in no other way. To him whose brain is constantly on the rack, dyspeptic medicine and diet are of little use.

How often do we find the efficacy of this mode of treatment verified! An individual deeply devoted to books and study becomes dyspeptic. Without mitigating his intellectual labors, he tries various remedies for the restoration of his health. For months, and perhaps years, he eats prescribed articles by weight, and dresses and exercises by meas-

urement and rule. During this trial of his patience tea and coffee are rejected; new milk, boiled rice, and bread, stale or made of unbolted flour, with fresh eggs, and well-prepared mutton chops being his only food



DIGESTIVE SYSTEM.

The above engraving is a representation of the organs of digestion. 1. Upper jaw. 2. Lower jaw. 3. Tongue. 4. Roof of the mouth. 5. Esophagus. 6. Trachea. 7 and 8. The parotid and sublingual glands—two of the salivary glands. 9. Stomach. 10. Liver. 11. Gall-cyst. 12. The duct conveying the bile to the duodenum (13). 14. Pancreas. 15. Small intestines. 16. Opening of small into large intestines. 17, 18, 19, 20. Large intestines. 21. Spleen. 22. Upper part of spinal column.

and water his only drink; and he walks every day, at stated hours, a given number of miles. Finding this treatment ineffectual, he resorts to daily horse-exercise, under an assurance from some very "skillful doctor," or perhaps a "knowing nurse," that that will cure him. But instead of being removed or even lightened, his complaint grows worse. During these experiments he has continued to return regularly from his meals, and his horse and foot exercise, to his books and his

pen, thus irritating and exhausting his brain by uninterrupted labor. At length, impatient of trials that have proved so unavailing, he renounces medicine and regimen, resolves to become master of himself and his movements, and takes his case into his own hands. Under this determination he shuts up his study, mounts his horse, and sets out on a journey to visit a friend a couple of hundred miles distant, riding during wet weather as well as dry, and living on the common fare of travelers. Before he has proceeded a hundred miles his health is much improved, and on reaching the dwelling of his friend he finds himself well.

THE REAL CURE.

This is no fancy case, but one that has innumerable examples in life. To what is the cure to be attributed? The dyspeptic has previously conformed most strictly to dietetic rules, and traveled on foot and on horseback some thousands of miles in fine weather and through a pure atmosphere without any benefit to health; yet he is now cured by riding two hundred miles, a part of the way in bad weather, and living, in the mean time, on indifferent food. The cause of the salutary effect of his journey is easily rendered. Having relinquished his intellectual toils, his brain is at ease, and no longer injures his digestive organs, or any other part of his system. On the contrary, by acting salutarily on them, it benefits them, and enables them to perform their respective functions. Let him immediately return to his studies with his usual intensity, and his complaint will revisit him. Instead of a man of letters, suppose the dyspeptic to be a statesman, an artist, or a man of business; the result of the specified measures will be the same. Cerebral quietude will contribute much to the restoration of his health.

Again. It is well known that individuals who, under all sorts of treatment, have been tormented by dyspepsia, from the age of twenty-five or thirty to forty or forty-five, very often recover their health, and from having been thin become fleshy about the latter period, after having abandoned medicine entirely, and relaxed not a little in the strictness of their regimen. To use their own language, they seem to have "gotten well, without any cause." A satisfactory

cause, however, is not wanting. They are less harassed and corroded by care, passion, and mental labor; in simpler and more philosophical language, they experience less cerebral irritation, for one of the two following reasons, or both united: they have attained the object for which they had previously toiled and disquieted themselves; or age and experience have somewhat blunted their sensibilities and calmed their passions; or both causes have co-operated to the same end. For similar reasons, dyspepsia rarely commences in an individual after his forty-fifth or fiftieth year. Time has diminished the susceptibility of his brain.

Such appear to be the leading causes of the alarming frequency and increase of madness and dyspepsia in the United States. The same irritation which, in some cases, produces the former complaint, in others gives rise to the latter, by not only disqualifying the brain for acting beneficially on the stomach and the other digestive organs, but by rendering its influence injurious to them. Nor can it be doubted, as already intimated, that infant schools under their present administration are calculated to increase the evil by giving a morbid growth and susceptibility to the brain. So, as heretofore mentioned, are intemperate eating, and other improprieties in diet and drink. The only effectual remedy is a well-directed physical education.

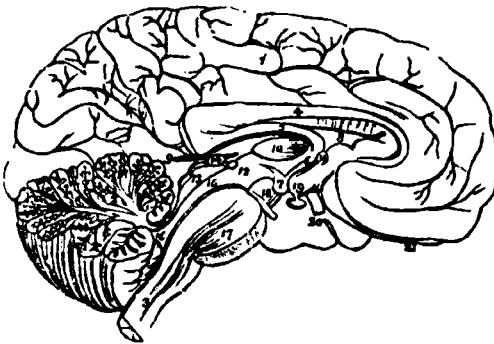
HOW THE DAMAGE IS DONE.

Were I asked how severe cerebral irritation and labor injure the stomach and other digestive organs, my reply would be: In a two-fold way—sympathetically and functionally. In the latter mode, the brain, being unfitted for its healthy action, and in some degree exhausted itself, withholds from the whole digestive system that measure of influence and aid known to be essential to the performance of its functions. In what this influence consists is not exactly known. It is probably, however, the product of a subtle and peculiar form of matter which the brain prepares from the blood, and transmits by the nerves to the other parts of the body. That a communication between the stomach and the brain is necessary to digestion, experiment proves. When that formed by the nerves is interrupted, the digestive action is

suspended; when restored, the process again goes on. Since, therefore, the entire want of the cerebral influence injures the stomach, any irregularities or bad qualities in it can scarcely fail to do the same.

MORAL INFLUENCE OF BRAIN.

Did time permit, it would be gratifying to me to revert to the consideration of the moral influence of the brain, and to speak of it more fully, and in a manner more worthy of its importance than I have heretofore done. That a sound, well-developed, and well-regulated condition of that organ is as truly the source of correct morals as a healthy condition of the heart and the lungs is of the due circulation and arterialization of the blood, is a truth admitted now by all who have thoroughly studied the subject, and which is destined at no very distant period to be without an opponent. On this ground alone can moral education and reform be rationally and successfully conducted and brought to the perfection of which they are susceptible. The moral organs of the brain, and the reflecting ones as



THE BRAIN.

The engraving represents the mesial section of the brain. 1. Inner surface of left hemisphere. 2. Divided center of the cerebellum, showing the "tree of life." 3. Medulla oblongata. 4. Corpus callosum. 5. Fornix. 6. One of the crura of the fornix. 7. One of the corpora albicantia, pea-shaped bodies between the crura of the fornix. 8. Septum lucidum. 9. Velum interpositum. 10. Section of the middle commissure in the third ventricle. 11. Section of the anterior commissure. 12. Section of the posterior commissure. 13. Corpora quadrigemina. 14. Pineal gland. 15. Aqueduct of Sylvius. 16. Fourth ventricle. 17. Pons varolii, through which are seen passing the diverging fibers of the corpora pyramidalia. 18. Crus cerebri of the left side; the third nerve arising from it. 19. Tuber cinereum, from which projects the infundibulum, having the pituitary gland appended to its extremity. 20. One of the optic nerves. 21. The left olfactory nerve terminating anteriorly in a rounded bulb.

their adjuvants, must be strengthened by regular and well-directed exercise, and thus rendered more ready in action as well as more vigorous. Immorality and crime are the product of the animal organs; and the reason of their being committed is obvious. These

organs preponderate, if not habitually, at least for the time, over the moral and reflecting organs. Instead of being subordinate, as they ought to be, they take the mastery, and by running into excess bring guilt on the individual; precisely as the crew of a vessel sometimes mutiny, break from the control of their officers, and perhaps murder them and plunder the ship.

THE SOURCE OF CRIME.

The source of every crime is the same—the preponderance of the animal portion of the brain; and the radical extinguishment must be also the same—the reduction of the strength of that portion and its being brought to a state of subordination to the higher organs. Every habitual offender has a brain in some way unsound. There is a want of balance and harmony between his cerebral organs which amounts to derangement, and calls for skillful treatment to remove it. And without such treatment his moral malady will as necessarily continue, as must a dislocated joint remain in a deranged condition if it be not reduced. To carry out the figure, except in far-gone cases, the moral disease can be remedied by judicious treatment, as certainly as the articular. The remedy, moreover, is simple. It consists in bringing the offending animal organs to a state of comparative *inaction*, which will diminish their strength, and giving constant exercise to the moral and reflecting organs, by which their power and promptitude in acting will be increased. Thus will the truly *human* portion of the brain attain an ascendancy over the *animal*, and man will advance toward the perfection of his nature.

REFORMATORY MEASURES.

Is any one inclined to request me to be more explicit in pointing out the means of moral education and reform, and in specifying the mode in which the process is to be conducted? If so, I could not answer him better than by directing his attention to several of the penitentiary establishments, and all the houses of correction for juvenile offenders in the United States. There, to a certain extent, the means are already in operation, and in some of the institutions the prospects are very flattering. In many cases vicious and criminal propensities have been extinguished, and habits of morality and vir-

tue established. In other words, the inordinate action of the animal organs has been allayed, and that of the moral and reflecting invigorated.

The means of effecting this are few and simple. By being withdrawn from the community, and in many cases by solitary confinement, the culprits are strictly guarded not only from the commission of crime, but from all temptation to it. Thus are their animal organs, which are prone to offend, reduced to a state of positive inaction, which in time deprives them of much of their strength, and weakens in a corresponding degree the appetite for vice; for the propensity to transgress is but the craving of a powerful and highly excited organ. But this alone could not be denominated moral reform. At most it would be but negatively so. To weaken one class of organs is not exactly tantamount to the strengthening of another, even though they be antagonists. Other measures, therefore, are added. The offenders are strictly practiced in some form of useful industry, which not only occupies the mind and withdraws it from thoughts of vice, but is itself a moral duty. Nor is this all. Moral and religious instruction is directly inculcated on them by reading, preaching, conversation, remonstrance, advice, example, and practice. This, by exciting and exercising their moral and reflecting organs, confers on them positive strength, and except in the worst class of cases gives them ultimately an ascendancy over the animal. Then is the permanent basis of the mind turned toward virtue, and the reformation of the offenders is complete.

When established on correct principles and skillfully administered, penitentiaries and houses of correction are *moral hospitals*, where criminal propensities are treated as diseases, consisting in unsound conditions of the brain. And in such conditions they do consist, as certainly as hepatitis does in a morbid state of the liver, or dyspepsia in a similar state of the stomach. And by judicious treatment they can be as certainly removed. Nor is it possible on any other principles to purify and strengthen our moral nature, and raise it to the height and confer on it the dignity of which it is susceptible. Yet all this amounts to nothing more than the application of physical education to the moral or-

gans of the brain. In treating of it, therefore, I have not in any degree departed from my subject. I have only brought to bear on it matter of illustration not usually employed, but not on that account the less appropriate and useful. I shall only add, that the time and treatment necessary for the removal of a malady must be apportioned and accommodated to its strength, fixity, and aggravating circumstances. And as there are cases of incurable derangement in other parts of the body, so are there in the brain, of that which creates a propensity to crime. In such instances the interests of society can be duly protected only by the confinement of the culprits for life, or their capital punishment.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MODERATION.

Be moderate in all things,
Excessive in none,
In great things and small things
The king on his throne,
The soldier, the peasant,
May learn, in a word,
To moderate the scepter,
The spade, and the sword.

Be moderate in eating,
Nor sit at the board
Like a miser bent over
His long-gathered board.
Be moderate in drinking,
Nor drain deep the bowl,
For Death's at the bottom
In wait for your soul.

Be moderate in thinking ;
The bow too long bent
Has never the shaft
To the mark with force sent.
Be moderate in friendship,
To all but a few,
And those to your bosom
Clasp, trusting and true ;
If Poverty stands at
The door, you may test
By the touch of his cold hand
Your bravest and best.

Be moderate in love
While you are ardent and young ;
But if your heart's flame
Finds a vent through the tongue,
Let it be, like an unsheathed
Patriot's sword,
Ever ready to act
In accord with your word.

Be moderate in censure,
Nor deem it unwise
To shut on the faults
Of another your eyes ;

For if through a glass
His shortcomings you view,
He may look upon yours
With a microscope too.

Be moderate in getting,
For over-much wealth
Insures not contentment,
Nor pleasure, nor health ;
But, blest with sufficient,
Give some to the poor—
Enough if you just
Keep the wolf from the door.

FLORIDA, ITS CLIMATE, FRUIT, Etc.

[We have received the following letter from an esteemed friend. It sounds truthful, though it may be too much in shadow. The name of the State gives one an idea of a "land of flowers," consequently a bright and beautiful thought always accompanies so beautiful a name. There may, however, be more truth in this view than many a brighter one.]

FERNANDINA, FLORIDA.

EDITOR PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL: In giving these notes on Florida, I wish the reader to be assured that I have no ax to grind, no land to sell ; but having been somewhat "sold" myself in the matter of fruit and vegetable growing, I wish to tell the truth plainly, that others may know what my experience and observation have taught me.

Having been engaged in the nursery and gardening business for twenty-four years, I naturally felt interested in reports which came from this land of flowers, for such, on trial, I find it really to be, though the fruit is not so abundant now as it may have been in the past, and as it may yet be in the future. I have been fifteen months in this State, and have never seen any place so scarce of fruit, if we except water-melons, of which there is a full supply only about two months in the year.

Being a valetudinarian, I naturally inquired into the health of the inhabitants, and I must say they complained as much, and are as unhealthy-looking, and die as early as in any other place I have known ; but it may be due to truth to say that the ill-health and early death of the people may be owing quite as much to their manner of living as to the climate. I have never found civilized people who pay so little regard to the laws of life in their diet and habits ; but this may be changed. I think this climate is as healthful as any for those who will live rightly ; but it

is decidedly unhealthful for those who live wrongly.

The climate here is remarkable. The surface of the entire State is so even that clouds pass over it without much change of elevation, and the great extent of water surface on both sides, and the great number of lakes and lagoons inland, and the Gulf Stream warming the ocean on the east, are circumstances which combine to give uniformity of temperature; and the average degree of heat is so high that the changes in vegetable and animal tissue must take place rapidly. Though the air is so much in motion as to require warm clothes to make one comfortable, at the same time it is impossible to keep food, of many kinds, more than twenty hours. All kinds of meat, of course, quickly decay; and this is, no doubt, the cause of so much sickness among the eaters of fresh meat.

It is generally warmer here, near the sea, at ten o'clock in the morning than at twelve o'clock noon; and as the summer is the wet season, of course it differs from most other warm countries. No cool nights follow the dry days, as in other lands, and this circumstance prevents such successful culture of the fig as to make it an article of export from Florida. I imagined the fig could be grown as an article of export, at a good profit, even though it had to be dried by the heat of the fire; but I found by experiment that it is almost impossible to dry them, even by the fire; and the moisture of the atmosphere will prevent them from ripening on the tree to that degree of perfection which is necessary to make good dried figs for commerce. They are very nice to eat fresh from the trees; but when citizens of other States wish to eat Florida figs, they will have to live in Florida, or very near it, to do so.

I was led to believe that the peach produced well in all Florida, but I found that half the State did not suit it. South of Pilatka it seldom does well; and as far south as Enterprise they do not raise one crop in five years, though the trees seem to grow well enough. At Fernandina they are said to bear not more than one year in five. One would suppose the grape would find in this State its perfect requirements; but much complaint is heard of, the fruit failing, just as it

does North, about the time of its full growth. Unfortunately, all the land which is underlain with water at less than ten or twelve feet, will not suit the grape, and it is doubtful if it will be found possible to grow to perfection those tender-skinned foreign grapes, for the excessive heat and the moisture that causes the fig to crack before ripening will somewhat affect the grape. More intelligent culture will be needed to perfect fine fruit, where the forces of nature are so powerful, than many would imagine.

As to the profitableness of growing oranges in Florida, there seems to be some contradiction. The fruit sells higher in Fernandina than in New York; and from what I have seen of efforts made to grow orange groves throughout the State, it will be a long time before a supply of fruit will be had for the consumption of the inhabitants of Florida alone. Until regular nurseries of seedling trees, well worked, are resorted to, no permanent orange groves will beautify the land of flowers. The wild trees, dug up, of various sizes and ages, and transplanted, though they may sprout vigorously for a few years, will not make durable trees in many cases, and these are the kind of trees now mostly in use. More anon.

TOO GOOD A RECOMMENDATION.—A patent-medicine vender in one of our principal cities was dilating to a large crowd upon the wonderful efficacy of his iron bitters, pronouncing them the great panacea, and all-potent in building up an "iron constitution."

"That is so—that is so," said a bystander. "What he tells you is a fact, gentlemen—every word of it."

"Hear that, will you?" cried the delighted quack; "here is living testimony right before your own eyes—a man who has used the bitters, and can recommend them."

"No; not exactly that," replied the old fellow; "I have never used the stuff myself, but, you see, Steve Jenkins did, and they jest saved his life."

"How's that?" questioned some one.

"Well, you see, Steve had taken the bitters jest one week before he was shoved in prison for murder. He was stripped of everything in the shape of iron about him, and yet he made a bar and worked his way out."

"Probably he had whisky enough in him to furnish a bar," suggested a wag.

"No, but he didn't," retorted the first. "He had been taking this man's iron bitters, d'ye mind? and what does Steve do but open a vein

in his arm, and took iron enough out of his blood to make a crowbar, and pried the gates open with it, and let himself out. Fact!"

The "medicine man" subsided, and no more was heard of him in that quarter.

Department of Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue.

WOMAN'S SPHERE AND INFLUENCE.

[Here is a stirring discourse on woman, by a woman, taken from a fashion magazine of recent date. It is entitled, "Talks with Women; or The Physical Life of Women," by Jenny June, of *Demorest's Magazine*. We regard this as one of the "signs of the times," and commend it to our lady readers, who, however, are supposed to be not of the sort described, but who will gather fresh courage from its perusal to persevere in their brave career.—ED. A. P. J.]

MUCH has been said and written of late years upon this subject, but very little that is at all satisfactory, or that bears upon those aspects of the question most vitally interesting to women.

The truth is, that the works of this class are all written by men, from a sentimental rather than a practical point of view, and not only betray ignorance of facts, from the woman's standpoint, but the direct interest they have in concealing them.

On the other hand, to women themselves the subject is one of extreme delicacy. Of their own bodies, their powers, or their needs they know little or nothing; and so strictly is the subject tabooed by common consent, that no work upon the physical wants or relations of women has ever been written by a woman, notwithstanding that it is her province—that it involves questions upon which she alone is competent to express an opinion or form a judgment, and that the welfare of the race is concerned in the result.

[In this connection we beg to state that we will cheerfully undertake to publish just such a work as is needed whenever Jenny June will write it. Can she do a more important work? —ED. A. P. J.]

The root of the whole matter undoubtedly lies in the wicked and debasing theory that woman was made for man, and must, therefore, accept his will, and his interpretation of all matters in which she herself is concerned. This subverts the whole theory and intention

of Divine Providence, which placed in the hands of men and women two forces—one physical, the other moral; the former active and assertive, the latter receptive and emotional; but both necessary—one to develop and utilize the resources of nature, the other to modify and control the tendency to arrogance and selfishness which must always exist with the exercise of merely human power.

To accomplish their proper work, however, both men and women must have free development and right discipline. If men control the moral faculty in women through the strength of their physical capacity, the Divine purpose is thwarted and the effort rendered nugatory; if, on the other hand, women yield their best instincts and convictions to the demands of the coarser and more positive masculine element, they are false to the high trust reposed in them, and must suffer the humiliating and disastrous consequences.

[Read the following stinging sentences, and confess their truth.—ED. A. P. J.]

The knowledge of the truth concerning their own physical life is of the highest importance to women themselves. Their astonishing carelessness, ignorance, and indifference has already fastened upon us a race of miserable, purposeless, imbecile creatures, powerless for good, but plastic tools in the hands of others for evil, and utterly unconscious, apparently, of the object for which they were created.

The influence of woman, if it is anything, should be saving to man. To that end she is made more beautiful in form, more pure in heart, more gentle and self-sacrificing in her life. Her body is the actual temple of the human soul—it enshrines it, it brings it forth, it stamps it with the eternal seal of humanity. Is it not, then, of the greatest importance that this temple should be worthy of its uses? that women should know, and be taught to avoid

whatever will injure, impair, or retard their influence and efforts in the province exclusively assigned them?

[There are undeniable truths in this expression of righteous indignation. Read it.—Ed.]

At present, women are actuated by the most contradictory considerations, and it is not at all surprising that they produce the most incongruous results. They depreciate their most important function by despising its duties and neglecting its most imperative obligations; they consider the evidence of health as ungentle and vulgar; the labor necessary to health, as "low;" a love of truth and natural beauty, as showing a want of polite education. Yet all their efforts are devoted to securing artificial resemblances to those natural and womanly qualities which they have deprived themselves of by their folly, ignorance, or neglect.

It is next to the angels to be a beautiful, pure woman—rich in health, strong in love, abounding in charity, large enough to bear with the shortcomings of weaker people, severe only in judgment of herself.

But if such women are to be the rule instead of the exception, they must be taught to respect their own womanhood, and exact from men the reverence that it deserves. They must be taught that they are the helpers and coadjutors of men in the great work of bringing mankind up from its lowest estate to a realization of its high destiny; and that a life of jimcrackery and gewgaws, and toils over a little more or less of puffs and pads and paint, is a sight over which angels might weep.

[Here is a sentiment true, useful, and tersely put.—Ed.]

As sad and fruitless is the other extreme which turns life into a mere charnel-house of dead hopes, selfish sighs and groans, vain wishes for impossible good. Whoever we are, and into whatever position in this world we are born, our principal honor and happiness depend upon ourselves. An individual is an epitome of the race, and it is our business to be as complete men and as complete women as any that have ever lived.

It is not our clothing, or anything outside of us, that is of real consequence—it is *ourselves*; and our first efforts should be directed to the improvement, development, and preservation of ourselves, bodily, mentally, and spiritually. The fashion of a sleeve changes every few months; but the arm is always there, and if it is round, fair, and strong in a good cause, it matters very little how it is clothed.

Beauty does not consist of magnesia pasted over a dirty skin, or rats' tails twisted into thin, straggling, unkempt hair, or of horse-hair bustles bunched over a flat, broken spine.

It shows itself in clear, honest eyes; it mantles the cheeks with natural blushes; it inspires the light, flexible frame, communicates an electric buoyancy to the limbs, flashes through the bright threads of shining hair, and lives in that perfect possession, knowledge, and control of one's self which belongs to the highest order of humanity.

What this nation, what every nation wants is mothers—mothers who were first pure, sensible, conscientious, self-perfected women. How few mothers ever think of impressing upon their daughters the fact that beauty, and particularly the personal influence and magnetism of women, depends mainly upon their personal habits! Habits of meanness, of self-indulgence, of trickery create an atmosphere which is as perceptible to a truthful person as the clouds upon a November sky. The features may be regular, the eyes of the proper color, the company manners attractive, but, if there is not truth and honesty, these will not win affection or sympathy. We are accustomed to speak of such a person as of one who is always thinking of herself; but in reality she is not thinking of herself, but of her belongings. The size of her puffs, or the length of her train, are of infinitely greater importance to her than the cleanliness of her hair or the healthful condition of her skin and body. Upon herself—that is, upon her own organism—she scarcely bestows a thought, while upon the question of whether she shall buy false curls or braids she bestows the anxious thoughts of many sleepless nights.

But it is time to speak of actual details which mar the physical lives of women, particularly in this country, where society is constituted of quite different materials from that of almost any other.

English society, and particularly French society, is composed, it may be said, of married women. They form the basis and bring together the varied elements which grow out of individual and family life. In this country, married women, as if their object had been accomplished on the consummation of that event, retire into the background, and leave the field clear for younger competitors.

The result of this is, that the race of natural young girls is almost extinct. As soon as they are out of school, and even while they are in school, they are already practiced in all the arts which, pardonable as they may be in a

woman whose attractions are on the wane, and upon whom no longer depends the welfare of children unborn, are inexcusable in young women, whose special charms of truth and modesty are impaired and overpowered by the attempt to rival the maturer attractions of older women.

[We commend the following to vain and ambitious mothers who are bringing ruin on their daughters.—ED.]

The adoption of pads by girls, in order to form an artificial bust, is an outrage upon truth and nature which no sensible mother ought to permit. In the first place, it destroys the functions of the organs, which are among the most delicate and important of the system. It impairs their beauty by depriving them of healthful air nourishment, and adds nothing to the aggregate of attractions, as they are never in harmony with the general appearance.

American girls are characterized by a peculiarly fragile, slender, delicate style of beauty, which has a charm of its own, and the protuberances which belong to the matron, or the stout, well-developed form of a sturdy German or French peasant-girl, are unnatural, and suggest only gross ideas when simulated by cotton padding, or even more artistic inventions, upon the forms of our American girls.

The climate and habits of this country are, at the best, peculiarly trying to women, and render it difficult for them to perform their natural functions in a good and conscientious manner. It is of the highest importance, therefore, that no impediments should be placed in their way—that they should be habituated to a healthful, truthful, pure life, free from nervous disorders, and from all those physical weaknesses which are the consequence of indulgence or neglect.

SHALL WOMAN VOTE?

The possibilities for American women are very great, with or without the suffrage. It is their own fault if they do not wield a powerful influence upon the laws, customs, institutions, and opinions of the future. The best men everywhere acknowledge their rights, personal, if not political, their powers, and the necessity for their co-operation in order to secure great humanitarian results.

Let American women set themselves steadfastly at work to render themselves worthy of this faith, this confidence. Let them throw aside falsities, trickeries, and deceptions of all kinds, and come up to the standard of simple truth and honesty.

With less of social demand upon husbands

and fathers, we should have less of fierce, worldly strife, less of nervous horror and business anxiety. With woman at her post, competent for her duties and willing to fulfill them, life would assume a very different and much more attractive aspect. Women appear selfish and heartless who are only suffering from the miserable folly or wickedness which defrauded them of health and strength, and the possibilities of their womanhood.

Oh, mother! whose only anxiety is to see your daughter married, to get her off your hands, do you ever think of the childless, sickly, nervous, neglected, wretched wife she will become? Do you ever consider yourself responsible in the smallest degree for the social fraud you are perpetrating? Did it not commence with neglect in her infancy? go on with the gratification of your vanity in her youth, until all that was natural and true had been crushed out, and complete itself in this thing of paint and patches, which you are trying to pass off on some man as a woman—as a good and honest wife?

For shame! Let womanhood itself protest against this desecration of its altars—let it demand for the generation to come a physical life, simple and pure, free from the dictates of vanity or the tyranny of fashion—a life which will present in the American woman the embodiment of the highest ideals of perfect womanhood—the inspiration and reward of man.

THE HUMAN HEART.

BY FRANCES L. KEELER.

ALAS! how little do we understand
The human heart, although each mortal breast
Doth feel its throbs and own its presence there!
How oft we strike its saddest chords with words
Unkind and harsh! how oft destroy its peace
By some unguarded glance, some selfish act
That vanishes like morning mist, to ne'er
Again be thought of by ourselves, yet goes
And comes forever in that other heart!
How do we wring with agony, when we,
Forsooth, would only jest! How do we crush
It by unjust remarks, and ways that speak
A lack of trust! and though we know what balm
Would soonest heal our own, we fail to find
The remedy for other hearts. We give
The fewest, faintest words of cheer when they
Are needed most, and we withhold our love
When deepest yearned for, prayed for, almost asked
Oh! if heart could only read the heart,
What unknown things, what secret sorrows would
Be then and there revealed! Mysterious, strange
It is, aye, more than strange, that hearts will not
Unto each other yield themselves and give
The contents up! Yet so it is! They ne'er
Unbar the bolted doors, and when they light

The mystic lamps within their chambers deep,
They keep the curtains closely drawn so that
The unvailed light of truth may never gleam
From out the windows.

Oh, the human heart !

None, none but God can penetrate its mask
And truly understand its life of lives ;
The soul-communings that are whispered there ;
The anguish and the woe ; the hopes in bud
And those all spoiled by blight ; the wasted love
And untold struggles that are traced upon the
The sacred tablets of its hidden cells !

R. B. WOODWARD.

THIS gentleman was born in Providence, R. I., on the 26th of January, 1824. In his organization are blended the characteristics of

two nations, his father being of English origin and his mother of French. He received such advantages or education as usually falls to the lot of children who are born and brought up in a leading New England city ; but they were not of an extended character, since at the early age of fifteen he became a clerk in his father's store. He remained in that capacity seven years. When the excitement consequent upon the discovery of gold in California was at its height, young Woodward esteemed it a favor-

able opportunity to visit the new Golconda and commence a business undertaking for himself. He left home early in the spring of 1849, and with a stock of house materials, and one thousand dollars' worth of groceries and provisions, embarked on a sailing vessel for San Francisco. After a tedious passage, which at that day was made round the coast and doubled Cape Horn, he reached the place of his destination November 19th, 1849. He did not find opportunities so favorable for business ventures in the future metropolis of the Pacific as he had anticipated. His means were much limited, so he hired a city lot of the ordinary size, agreeing to pay for its use the startling price of \$150 per month. His bus-

iness proved successful in so far as meeting his exorbitant expenses was concerned, although his actual profits were light. His accommodations for transacting business were somewhat limited, the building he occupied being but twenty by twenty-five feet, and two stories high besides the basement. The first story he used as a grocery ; in the upper part he afforded accommodations for lodgers, while in the basement he conducted a restaurant. After two years of patient industry, his business had grown sufficiently to warrant an enlargement of his facilities. He therefore erected a new building twenty feet by fifty feet, adjoining his old one. Shortly afterward, leaving his affairs in charge of another, he returned to Providence, where he intended to remain ; but his affairs in California becoming involved, he was obliged to go there again in 1852. He then leased a lot in a better location, built a substantial house upon it, and opened an hotel for the accommodation of miners, country merchants, and others. This new venture proved highly successful ; his extending business necessitated an enlargement, and the present "WHAT CHEER HOUSE" was the result.



PORTRAIT OF R. B. WOODWARD.

Having concluded to make California his home, he removed his family thither in 1857. In 1861 he visited Europe, remained there a year and a half, and made an extended tour. In 1866 he made a second visit across the Atlantic. Besides the "What Cheer House," he engaged in another enterprise of a somewhat similar nature, viz., the opening, in 1865, of what is known as Woodward's Garden, or Museum, a public resort, from the conduct of which he realized a large revenue, but which revenue was expended in extensive improvements upon the place. He also purchased a beautiful farm, or ranch, of 2,000 acres in Nappa Valley, which is called "Oak Knoll." Here he has a fine fruit orchard of 100 acres, all in bearing, and containing the best apples, pears,

peaches, plums, apricots, cherries, etc., besides a vineyard of fifteen acres of the finest grapes, a herd of 100 head of cattle, 1,500 sheep, and horses enough to work the ranch are kept upon it. This Oak Knoll is one of the most charming and home-like places in California. It is stocked with magnificent live oaks, reminding one of the grand old English parks the trees in which have stood a thousand years! Here is the palatial country residence of Mr. Woodward, where ourselves and fellow-excursionists passed a pleasant season and enjoyed the hospitality of this California pioneer and his most happy family. In person Mr. Woodward is tall and slim, standing six feet, and weighing not far from 150 pounds. He is fair and florid, with a large, keen gray eye, a joyous, hopeful countenance, yet thoughtful withal, and a systematic, care-taking, watchful mind and manner. One feels perfectly at home in his presence; and he is, in all respects, just the man to keep an hotel, a museum, or to run a railway, manage a plantation, and make himself generally useful. May his shadow never grow less! Long life to the Woodwards!

DECISION.

A GOOD THING FOR THE BOYS.

A BOY needs decision of character more than any other trait, and I can sympathize with a boy who is doing his best to cultivate this virtue. It is his sheet-anchor, which, by the help and grace of God, can hold him right when all else fails him. A boy should learn how to say "No," and not only how to say it, but how to live up to it. "When sinners entice thee, consent thou not;" that means, say "No" with an emphasis, and, after saying No, leave the place at once. It is your only safety. If you say "Get thee behind me, Satan," he won't "get." He never goes away politely and humbly when ordered—not he. He will face you, and the only way to get him behind you is to turn around and walk away, and then, of course, he is behind you. This requires decision.

If Tom and Harry tempt you to run away from school, or go where you ought not to go, and you reply in an undecided way, "I guess not—perhaps it is not best—I rather think I'd better not," you are Tom and Harry's boy. They have you, sure. If a boy

is undecided, he is lost. But if, when they make such a proposition to you, you say "No, sir," and I think you might be pardoned for saying "No, sir-ee," and turn away, why, then you are safe, and neither Tom, nor Harry, nor Satan has the least hold upon you. A boy who is undecided in his moral character, in his sports, and, when he grows up, in his business, floats, drifts along to sure destruction; for any craft which drifts is doomed.

Any of you who understand machinery know what it is when an engine is on a "dead center." Let me explain to those who do not understand. When the walking-beam of a steam-engine has lifted the crank to its highest point, or depressed it to its lowest, that point is called the "dead center." If the crank swings over as it usually does, then the rod goes down from the highest point and up from the lowest; but, sometimes, when an engine is going slowly, the crank does not swing past the center, and then, as the piston presses straight down or draws straight up, does not tend to turn the crank as it does when in any other position, the engine stops, and the crank has to be swung over the center by hand.

Now, this "dead center" is in an engine just what indecision is in a boy or man. The crank moves slowly, and without force enough to carry it over that point; it is undecided which way to go, and it stops, and, till it can be started by extraneous force, the boat is at the mercy of the winds and waves. If a boy's mind moves slowly and in an undecided manner, his moral force, his engine, gets on a "dead center," and away he floats down stream.

I was once standing on the dock in one of our seaport towns, watching a large steamer getting under weigh. The current was running swiftly by the wharf, and the river full of large shipping. The steamer cast off, and swung out into the stream, the engine made three or four revolutions, and then stopped. The pilot sounded the bell in the engine-room to go ahead, but it was not answered; the boat drifted swiftly, and in a moment crash it went against a ship, and carried away her rigging around her bowsprit; then smash into another steamboat, and made a wreck of her wheel-house, and very badly damaging herself. The pilot was

frantic with rage at what he deemed the stupidity of the engineer, the officers of the craft were loudly cursing the stupidity of the pilot, and there was a great running to and fro of all hands, when the pilot was told by the engineer that his engine was on a "dead center," and till the crank was pushed over in some way he was powerless. By this time the boat had drifted a long way, and was almost a wreck; indeed, so badly damaged that she could not go on her voyage, and in her drifting she had crippled several other craft. The only remedy was to down anchor, which the pilot did as soon as he saw that the engine was useless. But it was too late. The damage was done, and the boat was afterward hauled off for repairs.

Now, boys, make the application; don't wreck yourself and others by indecision;

don't drift and float down the swift stream of life with all your energies on a "dead center." I always think of this when I see a man who might do a great deal of good in every way, "loafing" through life, a curse to himself and to all about him.—"B," in *Churchman*.

[A phrenological "dead center" may arise from such an equal poise of all the faculties that no class or group gets the ascendancy, when propensity, sentiment, and intellect are balanced. In such a case, there is a safe appeal which must result in accordance with the highest good, namely, ask yourself what would the Saviour do under such circumstances; just what you suppose He would approve or advise, *that* you will be safe in doing. Do this, and there will be no "dead center," no indecision, no yielding to temptations.]

Department of Ethnology.

True Christianity will gain by every step which is made in the knowledge of man.—*Spruzaheim*.

THE MORMONS: WHO AND WHAT THEY ARE.

WE are principally interested in the Mormon question as sociologists, just as we are interested in all the distinctive types of society—civilized or savage—no matter where we find them. In this article we view them strictly from a scientific point of view, and are not affected by the prejudice of others against them, nor by their own faith in their particular institutions and mission. It is by the rule of science and philosophy that society and races and institutions must be judged. The time will come when thinking men generally, especially legislators and ministers of the Gospel, will, like the social philosopher, look upon all the great manifestations of society as so many sociological problems, and not as weeds to be rooted up and kicked about. Indeed, this rooting up and kicking about is not wise, for even in the case of the weeds, should they be in seed, the seeds will scatter and they in turn will spring up everywhere around. And thus with the Mormons; if they are weeds, the rooting up and the kicking about have multiplied them. They once covered a village; they now cover a Territory.

That they constitute a great social and psychological problem of the age, every student of government and society must admit; and that

they have constituted a more distinct type than any other of modern communities is equally certain, though much of that distinctiveness must pass away under the new circumstances, many signs of which we saw on our recent visit to Salt Lake City.

The Territory of Utah contains over one hundred thousand souls, and is covered by one hundred and twenty-five cities and settlements. Twenty thousand are said to be in the city of the Salt Lake. The people consist of men and women from all nations, speaking in general terms, but they are principally Americans, English, Scotch, Welsh, and Scandinavians.

THE AMERICAN

comes first. He it was who laid the foundation of the "Mormon kingdom of God." The American element found in the Church is composed of two kinds: one kind is drawn from the New England States and the State of New York, where the Book of Mormon is said to have been found; the other, from the Southern and frontier States, during the time the Mormons were settled in Illinois and Missouri. The New England States supplied nearly all the Apostles and Chief Priests of the sect, and they were wonderfully Puritanic in their type of character, with the tendency to a severe and

uncompromising religious life. The Pratts, the Woodruffs, the Kimballs, and the Youngs—Brigham has several brothers in Salt Lake City—represent this class. They are not many compared to the bulk of the community, but their first wives, however, are of the same strong stock. These together gave the impulse to the Mormon missions, both at home and abroad; and if their religious earnestness has often led them into fanaticism and extremes, it has also borne them triumphantly through their persecutions, their exodus, and in their extraordinary work of peopling the desert vales of the Rocky Mountains, when nothing but sage brush, sand, and savages were seen, and at a time when the old mountaineers, hunters, and trappers declared that no useful vegetation could ever be raised in Salt Lake valley.

The other class of Americans who have been the chief helps of these Mormon Apostles in their society-building work consisted of that peculiar type of men found most in American society, who seem to be endowed with a certain kind of empire-founding apostleship, who migrate to new countries, pioneer peoples over deserts and mountains, found States as a most commonplace affair, and then with the same practical purpose and without any of the dreaming of the idealist, roll up their sleeves and with their hands of iron go to work to lay down the foundations of cities. These were, after the apostolic class proper, principally the men who entered the Mormon Church from American society. They were, in fact, backwoodsmen and frontiersmen, who had all the instinct of American enterprise and national destiny without the mental culture of the age, who possessed all the sagacity and soundness of mind of the men in our large cities, but who had not studied, like them, nations and communities historically and sociologically. They were ready for the work of extending empire, but were more apt toward molding a primitive society in conformity with that of the ages past than one in the form and quality of modern society, more ready to attempt the pyramids of Egypt again, or to remove mountains, than to build cathedrals or set to work the complex social machinery of our Eastern cities. The blending of these two representative classes of American society principally from its lower strata will very much explain the first phases of the Mormon social problem.

EARLY SOCIAL STAGES.

The religious natures of the Apostolic Kimballs, Pratts, Woodruffs, and Youngs were

captivated first by the proclamation of a prophetic dispensation, and interpreting the Bible literally they went to work in right good earnest to build up a literal kingdom of the Saints. They soon converted the other class whom we have considered, who were also charmed with such a gospel, for it told them of the building up of cities, working out a "temporal salvation," of which the Mormons talk so much, and the obtaining of social power. These became as devoted and earnest in Mormon mission as the first elders themselves, and they also in their sphere represented a kind of apostolic mission. The result was that cities sprang up, social communities were formed, a great people carried through an exodus, and constant emigrations, and finally the Territory of Utah created, with its hundred and thirty or forty settlements. In the Mormon mission there was a quick, sharp fusion of the genius of New England and the genius of the West; but it was of New England of the seventeenth century, and not of Boston of the nineteenth; it was of the West in 1830, and not of Chicago in 1870.

THE ENGLISHMAN

comes next in importance in Mormon-society building, and in him we get something of a new type, and he gives another method of development, both in character and in social form. To apply this at once, let us state that it is chiefly the English who are now in the Utah Protestant movement against the hierarchy of President Young and his apostolic compeers. We do not think it is generally recognized as a sociological fact that the English are pre-eminently the revolutionary race, and not the French, who are rather volcanic, and so because they are so highly heroic and emotional. Sociologically speaking, it is the English who represent revolutions, or the evolutions of society, and they begin so near the primitive state, and are so long and so conservatively at their work that their progressive movements are scarcely appreciable only in the aggregate. And so now in Mormon society the English specially are the revolutionary class, and they begin their work so near the primitive state of Mormonism, so close up, as it were, to the handle of their own faith, that they affirm the genuineness of the mission of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young, maintain the Mormon problem as the great problem of the age, at the same time that they transform entirely everything which society has known as Mormonism. How truly English this is in its sociological method! The

French would have become infidel in a revolution from Mormonism, and not passed into a new state of faith and spirituality even more thorough than before.

PHASES OF MORMONISM.

The example of the English type of mind passing from under a hierarchal rule into the grander commonwealth of the state—out of the church into the nation—is seen in the revolution of our Pilgrim fathers and their brethren in the parent land, and the example of the French passing through a comparable transformation is seen in the French revolution. Now Mormon society out of the larger mixture of the English people, with their strong individualisms and dominant character, which everywhere tend to break down absolutisms, whether in church or state, must in the very course of things entirely transform the hierarchy of Utah, while their conservative training will keep intact the Mormon mission and its founder. Notwithstanding all that has been written during the past year about Mormon schisms, etc., very little upon the matter has been touched fundamentally. It is, in fact, a sociological rather than a religious problem that we have now for study in Utah; it is a transition and social transformation, and not a mere rebellion against Brigham Young. The present and future of Mormon society are easily to be understood if reduced to scientific methods of manifestation and progress. Here is the Mormon problem sociologically at a view as it now stands. The American class made an extraordinary transition from republican institutions into a theocracy, and they are the founders and apostles. They will make no reaction from themselves nor reach a transition in their lives, for they passed out of the final of human institutions—republicanism—into theocracy, which is beyond the human, and which it is our opinion never can be successfully applied to earth in the pure sense of *divine government*. The Mormon Apostles and the first American Elders will, from the necessity of their case, hold to theocracy *in form* and an absolute hierarchal rule to the very last; but they are all old and belong to the past.

The reaction must come, Society, from the beginning, has grown out of theocracy, for theocracy in reality is only a priestly form of society belonging to the primitive states of the race, and has not been found applicable to civilized nations. America going to Utah *via* the Pacific Railroad, the opening of the mines, the passing away of isolation, and similar cir-

cumstances, will be certain to bring about a great social transformation in Utah. Then, the English, who form the bulk of Mormon society, no matter whatever they might have been in England touching a theocratic faith, when they settle down on this continent near the influence of American society, will gradually become American in all their social tendencies, and not theocratic or Mormon. This is not mere abstract speculation. It is the exact exposition of society in Utah to-day, and the "New Movement" of the "Utah Reformers," as they denominate themselves, is one of the illustrations of the change.

THE SCOTCHMAN

is the next to be considered in our investigation of Mormon society. In numbers the Scotch in Utah are less than the English, but they come after the American in rank of place and rule, but not in their progressive and iconoclastic tendencies. As, for illustration, in Utah you find the Scotch very extensively in presiding places throughout the Territory. Many of them are Bishops, and nearly all the men whom President Young has gathered around him as his chief clerks and administrative men are from Scotland; but neither the English nor the Welsh are found in presiding places. We have been informed that it was very much the same in Great Britain. The Scotch always managed to get at the head, and were the chief administrative men in the European mission, holding the rank of Pastors of Districts and Presidents of Conferences. This undoubtedly is to be explained by the peculiarities of their national character, and not from any religious superiority. In Utah they continued as they began, and have already almost rivaled the Americans themselves in reaching place in the Mormon hierarchy both ecclesiastically and socially. Indeed, were there to come no transformation, the Scotch would rule the Mormon Church after the death of the first American Elders and Apostles; for, as might be expected, the children of those Americans as a rule have no strong desire for place in the Church, and are not apostolic in their character. Those very children of the Mormon Apostles and first Elders are certain by-and-by to be with the English in the return from the theocratic institutions of Mormondom to the republican institutions of America; and a large portion of those children—now numbering many thousands—are from English mothers. We can determine scientifically from their national character that the Scotch will hold on to the last to the apostolic and conservative class;

but as soon as they find the social changes practically worked out by the new class of circumstances which are fast encompassing Utah, they will promptly take all the advantages of the new state of things. They will not give up their "bird in the hand" for the "bird in the bush," but they will at once make the exchange when he is caught.

There are no men in Utah who for years have so well understood as the Scotchmen who have won place in the Utah hierarchy, that when the frontiers of the nation from every side encompassed Utah, and the railroad age succeeded the age of isolation, the hierarchal government of the Territory would certainly pass away and give place to the American *versus* the theocratic rule. Those men indeed have for years been preparing for the change by becoming railroad contractors and the like, but still they are cautious not to commit themselves, and are among the most orthodox in seeming. Of all the leading Scotchmen, Mr. T. B. H. Stenhouse is the only man of decided mark who joined the schismatics, or, as they style themselves, the "Utah Reformers;" and in doing so nearly all his old national companions are broken off from him.

THE WELSH

are among the first who entered the Mormon Church in the British mission. They were, in fact, next to the English. The Mormon movement ran through Wales "like wild-fire," and in a short time thousands were converted and organized into the "Welsh Principality." The highly inspirational and emotional children of ancient Britain were captivated by the announcement of a new dispensation of spiritual and prophetic power.

The Welsh Saints soon became famous as speakers in tongues, prophesiers, healers of the sick, and workers of miracles. There was, we are informed, an extraordinary dispensation of psychological manifestations among the Welsh Saints, such as would astonish even modern Spiritualists. And this having been induced through the ministry of Joseph Smith's Apostles, the Welsh converts became firmly grounded in the faith, and are so in Utah to this day, as far as their religion is concerned; but many are dissatisfied with the social administration. Indeed, Mormonism was almost purely a religious matter with the Welsh; whereas, alike with the Americans, the English, and the Scotch, it was a great temporal enterprise—a great State-founding mission, to be worked out, however, through prophets, apostles, and elders. But it was different with the Welsh, who

were drawn away from their native mountains to Utah by their strong faith and ardent spiritual natures, and not from any vast comprehension of the great social plan which the American Apostles had undertaken to work out in building up a "kingdom" and establishing theocratic institutions. The Welsh are scattered by thousands throughout the valleys of Utah, and are the same to-day as when amid their native hills—an earnest, spiritual-minded people, and, unlike the Scotch, they have already entered into the several new movements or schisms, believing that the temporal rule of President Young does not fulfill all their religious expectations. The Welsh in Utah as everywhere retain their nationality in their language. They also maintained their national unity as a mission, as illustrated in their assuming the organic name of the "Welsh Principality."

THE SCANDINAVIANS

next to the English have given the most converts to the Mormon Church. The "Danish Mission," which included Norway and minor places, has sent year after year its shiploads of emigrants to Utah. This mission was much younger than the British mission, but scarcely of less importance to Utah. It still thrives, and will doubtless send thousands more to people the valleys of the Rocky Mountains; for, like as with the English, the migratory instinct of the Scandinavian has been caught by the society-founding religion of the Mormon Church. Notwithstanding, therefore, the social and religious changes which may take place in Utah, the Scandinavians would emigrate, and the opening of the silver mines of the Rocky Mountains, and the future developments of gold, of which the Saints are now dreaming more than of the glories hereafter, will be another strong inducement to this industrious race. On their arrival in Utah, the Danes and Norwegians have mostly gone into the country settlements, where they have thriven as the farmers of the Territory. They are a sober, industrious, frugal people. They are not as familiar as the English and Scotch with the great world outside of them, with its bustle and commerce, and are therefore better contented with country life. For this reason they have been invaluable to their community in the building up of Utah. They are as submissive as industrious, and are not as restless and ambitious as the emigrants from Great Britain, but they are not unprogressive, and have been fairly represented in the schisms and reform movements.

THE IRISH, GERMAN, AND FRENCH are not numerous among the Mormons. Germany would not permit their missions, and even the Protestant king of Prussia forced the Mormon Apostles from his dominions the very moment they attempted to preach their new gospel to the disciples of Luther. France was better than Germany; but only in the dominions of the king of Denmark was there sufficient religious liberty to give to the Mormon elders a fair chance of success on the continent of Europe. Of course, when they reached Great Britain, Ireland was as open to them as to any other class of innovative Protestants who came to the Catholics to beat down their church of ages. The Irish, the Germans, and the French are not represented to any extent worth noting in the Mormon community, and the reasons are explained.

SOCIOLOGICALLY AND ETHNOLOGICALLY, then, we find the Mormon community made up from the best races, and they are in a state of national fusion. There are the Americans, the English, the Scotch, the Welsh, and the Scandinavians cemented together by a common faith and social destiny, and blended together very extensively by marriage relations. This is the most noticeable between the American elders and the English women, but all intermarry very freely. Though we may only account, primitively as Americans the first elders, who are now but few, when we speak of Utah society as it now stands, the children born of the emigrants, many of whom are from American fathers, will give a large proportion of native-born "to Zion." The offspring from these dominant races can not be but good, physiologically speaking. We are aware that the majority of outsiders suppose that the Mormon-born children are physically degenerate, but facts tell the reverse of this. The children of the Rocky Mountains may not have the intellectual culture of the children in Eastern cities, but they are almost as hardy as their own native mountains. It is in vain for any to attempt to deny this to obtain an anti-polygamic argument, for we believe the facts to be as we have stated.

POLYGAMY.

Our views upon this subject in the abstract are very much the views of the American people in general. We see a grand social result settling the relative states of monogamy and polygamy. Monogamy is the result of ages of progress, and is the institution of the superior races; polygamy is found in the primitive states of society, and in no case is it

found as the *result* of social progress and the elevation of the status of woman. Mormon polygamy is not a result of society, but a return to patriarchal days and institutions by the means extraordinary of a new dispensation. Yet, whatever might be our views in the abstract, we must be just and honest in dealing with the Mormons in their polygamic relations. In the first place, they do undoubtedly accept polygamy as a part of their religion, and their honesty and severe religious virtue, judged from their standpoint, can not righteously be questioned, and the very martyrdom of the feelings of their women to conform to the polygamic revelation is proof of this. They accepted polygamy as a people because they believed it to be a divine law. They deemed the Old Scriptures especially polygamic in their sanctions, and the practice of the ancients they believed was enjoined upon them by a new revelation. Lust was not the inducement. The faith that they were called to be a peculiar people, to "raise up a righteous seed to the Lord," had the weight in their minds, and not the desire to multiply wives. It was rather the multiplying of offspring, according to the patriarchal idea of the Hebrews. Offspring was the supreme blessing from God to man or woman. So with the Mormons. There is much of that peculiar religious ambition in them so essentially connected with the Abrahamic genius and promise: "In thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed." "I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth." "And I will made thee exceedingly fruitful, and I will make nations of thee." All this the Mormons literally apply to themselves. The working out of this covenant which is sealed upon them in their marriage ceremonies, belongs to their great social scheme. There is therefore a certain religious purity connected with marriage among the Mormons and their associations of the sexes which would be more intelligible to our Puritanic ancestors than this marriage - without - offspring economy of modern America, for the Puritans had also very much of the patriarchal idea of "raising up a righteous seed." Even physiologically considered, the idea is good and natural to the race, and the departure from it a great social and sexual perversion; but Mormon polygamy is not required to keep the love of offspring in society. We simply affirm that it has principally to do with this love of offspring. Is there love between the sex in the Mormon Church? it might be asked, for the companionship of the *two* and the blending of the *two*

natures sentimentally is supposed to be absolutely necessary for the existence of love between the sexes. "How can there be love, then, between the Mormon polygamist and his wives?" There is love, but love with them is in an ambitious and not a sentimental mood. The Abrahamic covenant, making them in prospective the fathers and mothers of nations, has possessed them. It may seem at first that this would only captivate the man touching polygamy, seeing that the woman is robbed of her estate by partnership; but the Mormon mother looks from her husband to her sons and their offspring, and is thus glorified by polygamy in becoming the mother of a vast race which she believes will be gathered to her in the next world. Hence we also discover in the inner views of Mormon polygamy that the mother is exalted above the wife, and the ambitious mother-sentiment satisfied, and not the wife-sentiment. Now, the mother-sentiment is always ambitious, but it sacrifices the woman for the compensations in her offspring, especially in her sons. And looking from this point of view, we can understand how Mormon polygamy has worked so well, for notwithstanding all said to the contrary, has hitherto wrought out as much domestic harmony as monogamy does in our American cities. The Mormons have not found Paradise in their marriage relations; like other people, they have found only earth, and that is as much as could be expected from an institution which none but the Mormons could have worked a day, applied to general society.

As regards offspring, it may be said that the Mormon children are not physically degenerated through polygamy, and doubtless this is to be explained by the fact that the associations of the sexes are regulated by religious motives and for the purpose of offspring. It is said that Brigham Young and the Mormon Apostles will challenge their sexual temperance with that of the best of monogamic society. Looking for the relative results of Mormon polygamy touching the birth of the sexes, we find it sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other; for instance, out of Brigham Young's fifty children we get by far the largest proportion of girls; out of Heber C. Kimball's fifty we get boys equivalent in number to Brigham's girls. But extending the view of offspring to Mormon society as a whole, it is discovered that the great bulk of offspring are from monogamic parents. It should always be borne in mind that after all the attention given to the polygamic, the vast majority of Mormon society

are practically in the monogamic state. Only about one in seven of the men are estimated as polygamists in Utah. The polygamists are also old, as well as in the minority, and it is most likely that the women of Utah will yet abolish polygamy by their female suffrage.

THE MORMON FAITH.

But this heading takes it not all in, for Mormonism is more than a faith. It means institutions even more than theology. Theocracy is the most generic definition of Mormonism, and not faith. And theocracy with the Mormons is also patriarchal and Hebraic. Mormonism has therefore its derivations as much *before* Christ as in Christ. Indeed, if we speak merely as regards quantity, nearly all its derivations are before the first Messiah advent, but as the advents of the Messiah are to the Mormons the pre-ordained culminations, all is derived from Christ. Moreover, they make the Christ a pre-existent being, personally independent of the Father, and they believe that the spirits of all men and women also had a pre-existence. Christ is the first-born, and, after the Father, is the beginning of all things, whether of human society, of covenants, or of the Gospel. Hence all is derived from Christ, but not from the date of his first advent. This view throws the Mormons back direct, not to John the Baptist, but to Abraham, the Father of the Faithful, in whom the covenants and promises begin, but they immediately bring in the revelation that "unto Abraham the Gospel was preached," thus, as it were, ante-dating the Christian dispensation. Here, then, with Abraham and in his times the Mormons commence to build theocracy, and to them it becomes patriarchal and polygamic at once. They suppose that it has been the Divine aim from the beginning to set up the actual kingdom of heaven upon earth, not merely spiritually but literally, and that God has made many attempts to this end, the first great attempt being in Abraham and his seed, and the last in Joseph Smith and his disciples. This is the "Dispensation of the fullness of times," in which they believe all things will be restored, and the Divine intentions consummated in them. These are "the Times of the Restitution," and in this dispensation they believe there will be no fail, but that the kingdom will surely be established and given to the Saints according to the prophecy of Daniel, which they specially apply to this age, and the "kingdom of God to be cut out of the mountains (the Rocky Mountains) without hands," over which Brigham Young now presides. For this purpose the "New and Ever-

lasting Covenant," as they term it, has been conferred with the priesthood of Melchisedek through Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet, and the Abrahamic promise of a numerous seed confirmed in them, and polygamy given to work out the promise and be the chief means of "building up the kingdom." It is this series of conception which has brought forth what America knows most of as Mormonism.

With the Abrahamic and patriarchal half the Mormons unite the Christian dispensation proper. In this half we get more of what the various churches recognize as the parts of Christianity. The Mormons aim to unite all the parts. First, the Church organization, for organization is the cardinal conception of the Mormon mind, and so they at once organize after the ancient pattern with apostles, evangelists, pastors, teachers, bishops, etc., making their Church directly an apostolic and prophetic institution. Revelation is the basis of their faith, and not a past but a present revelation. They believe in God the Father, and in His Son Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost, but believe the first two in the Trinity to be distinct personages literally, "Father" and "Son," and the third to be the "Infinite Spirit" of the universe. The orthodox party believe in the strict doctrine of the Atonement, but Apostle Amasa Lyman and his "Mormon Reformers" do not. With the Atonement is connected the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, according to the general Protestant interpretation. The cardinal doctrines of the Church after faith in the Godhead are, "repentance, baptism by immersion for the remission of sins, the laying on of the Elders' hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, and eternal judgment." But with this "eternal judgment" they bring in a universal salvation. There are three glories—"the glory of the sun, the glory of the moon, and the glory of the stars." Into these three glories Mormon theology locates the inhabitants of this world after death, the Saints taking the celestial or the glory of the sun. There are to be none finally lost but those who sin against the Holy Ghost; the rest of the wicked and the imperfect are to be redeemed from prison in the spirit-world after the Mormon Elders have "unlocked the prison-houses of the dead," and preached the Gospel to them again. They believe in the gathering in, the building up of a temporal Zion in the literal resurrection and in the personal coming of Christ to reign in Zion over the Saints and as king of all the earth giving to the world its millennium. They believe in all the spiritual gifts and angelic

manifestations recorded of the ancient saints, and, it is said, that the Mormon Church once possessed "spiritual gifts" in a marvelous degree. Indeed, upon this circumstance, and the decline of the spiritual part of the dispensation through the preponderance of the temporal growth, the Mormon Reformers base the necessity of the renewal of the dispensation, which they say has been done through the personal ministry of the spirit of Joseph Smith.

PHRENOLOGICAL AND PHYSIOLOGICAL CONSIDERATIONS.

Though we did not lecture or make many professional examinations on our recent visit to Salt Lake City, we have examined the heads of hundreds of the representative men and women of the Mormons, and made ourselves generally acquainted with the people.

We have said that the American Elders (and all the Americans are Elders) will divide into two types of men—the apostolic and the enterprising. The Apostles and Bishops are nearly all large men; their phrenological developments are rather powerful, but more fitted for social than intellectual manifestations, and they somewhat lack high culture, as we understand it in "civilized" society. There are a few, however, who have given to their minds much self-education, for instance, Orson Pratt. They have more of the practical and social brain than the philosophical or idealistic, though they are largely developed in the religious and moral regions. As they grow old, most of the Mormon Apostles and Bishops become very corpulent. They are not like the "lean and hungry Cassius." They can "sleep o' night," and are such men as Cæsar loved—upholders, and not conspirators like Cassius against his authority. Perhaps that is the reason why the Mormon Cæsar has chosen them.

The next are the pioneering and mountaineer class. They of course retain much of their original iron-like frame and rugged appearance, for their life-work in crossing the plains backward and forward with trains and building up new settlements keeps them from getting fat. In fine, phrenologically and physiologically, they are about like their class in any part of America.

THE CLASSIFICATION.

We classified the Americans sociologically, but we will classify the people from Europe phrenologically, as the most characteristic.

Phrenologically, the English and Scotch Mormons, who have about the same weight of brain, are both superior and inferior to the American Mormons. The masses are simple-

minded people from the working-classes, both of the cities and agricultural districts. If it were true what has so often been asserted, that the Elders are knaves and their converts dupes, the masses from Europe would be the latter; but no social philosopher would admit such a classification concerning any religious body. These have received Mormonism in the fullest faith, have been strong in bearing testimony, and like "clay in the hands of the potter," to use the constant figure of the late Heber C. Kimball. Of course they have the capacity and weight of the Anglo-Saxon head, and are wonderfully adapted for the formation of the body of a new society of a hardy, industrious, conservative people.

THE ELDERS.

But another class of the English and Scotch Mormons is phrenologically representative in a very superior degree—the Elders who built up the European mission, for it was not the Americans who did the great Mormon work abroad, but the British Elders. The Americans simply introduced their mission to Europe, and afterward presided. The tremendous results abroad were worked out by the English and Scotch by years of ministerial labor, just as the commerce of Utah has been worked out by the English Jennings, Godbe, Walkers, and others, and not by the Apostles. The case is, that from the body of the converts abroad there arose a host of young men full of ambition and much natural ability, but who were then as undeveloped as they were desirous of distinction. Their phrenological charts show that they were rough diamonds, and just the class who in any society would win the title of self-made men. They gave to the Church much native intellect, but not much intellectual culture. Their youthfulness and lack of education may be taken as explanatory of their connection with the Mormon Church, and why so many of them have since become almost entirely transformed by mental culture. They were doubtless at first captivated by being made the instruments in building up of Branches, Conferences, and Pastorates, and by constantly appearing in public as speakers and debaters. They traveled "without purse or scrip," suffered every kind of privation for years in the ministry. The "Mormon kingdom," in fact, grew out of their devotion and missionary zeal, and then they sent it home to President Young to govern. They were satisfied with their religion and themselves because they accomplished so much. And what of their heads? Why, just this: their great mis-

slonary results grew out of vigorous, youthful brains, largely developed toward ambition and love of excellence, and not out of Mormon theology. The fact stands, that a host of big-headed, inexperienced boys were caught and elevated by an empire-founding scheme which Mormon Apostles preached to Europe. They were nearly all youths who, after from twenty to twenty-five years of Mormon career, only range from forty to forty-five. The well-known T. B. H. Stenhouse, from Scotland, who was the chief missionary to Switzerland and Italy, is one of the oldest of his class, and he is only about forty-four. The famous ex-Mormon Elder John Hyde, since he left Utah, has won rank as the greatest orator of the Swedenborgian Church in England, and is now the minister of the congregation at Manchester. The British Elders were also not only the foremost men in establishing the commerce of Utah, but several of them are among the principal merchants of California. The editorial men are likewise from the old country, both on the orthodox and the heterodox sides; so also with the artists and first-class mechanics. Savage and Ottinger, of the artists, are, however, one from England, the other from Philadelphia; but Mr. Ottinger is an American artist who has settled down and cast his destiny with the Mormons rather than an original Mormon Elder. We must not by any means be understood to affirm that the class of men whom we have been considering as the representative Elders from abroad all forsake the side of the old authorities. The majority remain "faithful," but a large number of the English Elders especially have "apostatized." Before, such generally left Utah, but now they have organized themselves, assuming the name of Reformers. They are men of large heads, with the philosophical and idealistic development, and they design to publish an elaborate system of spiritual and moral philosophy, and also a complete system of social science from the standpoint of "Reformed Mormonism." They are unlike the old Mormon leaders, having the iconoclastic rather than the priestly head, and are universalian in their mental tendencies, and therefore unfit for a theocracy of "chosen people." Indeed, they were cut off from the parent church because of this, the famous American Apostle Amasa Lyman for his transcendentalism being the first. Among these reformers are also two other Americans who have held first rank in Utah, Eli B. Kelsey and the merchant Henry Laurence; but they are rather of the American type proper—republican, and not theocratic.



NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1871.

THE START!—With this January number we enter on the Fifty-second volume—old series—of the *PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL*. It is the third volume of the new—octavo—series. There seems to be perfect unanimity on the part of readers as to the merits of the matter, mode of presentation, and form of the *JOURNAL*. No one would have us go back to the quarto size; all praise the octavo as being more convenient to read, bind, and preserve. Advertisements of useful subjects are conspicuous without interfering in the least with reading matter. We propose during the present year to make each succeeding number better than the preceding. We preach “*PROGRESS and IMPROVEMENT*,” and purpose to practice, if possible, what we preach.

EDITOR'S MESSAGE.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS.

THE late agricultural State and county fairs, held in the North and in the South, in the East and in the West, reveal a healthy and growing state of things in regard to this great foundation interest of American industry, thrift, and wealth. Our soil and climate, extending over forty degrees of latitude, include an immense variety of useful productions of the tropical, temperate, and even of the frigid zones, including fruit, fish, fowl, and quadruped in abundance, with everything necessary to supply all the bodily wants of man in his highest civilization. Instead of the slavish hand-labor of former times to grow and gather crops, we now have improved implements and machinery. Plowing, planting, reaping, and threshing are to be done more and more by wind, horse, and

steam power. Windmills will pump, grind, saw, churn, and do much other light work; steam will do the rest, and human hands may thus be emancipated from wearing drudgery.

MECHANISM.—What the loom and the sewing-machine are doing to-day for woman in the way of saving tiresome hand-labor, other inventions, in the interest of every department of human toil, will ultimately perform for man. Mountains are tunneled; rivers are bridged; distant nations, states, and territories are made neighbors by rail and telegraph; and the engineer, machinist, architect, mechanic, and manufacturer are performing wonders in all the developments of latent wealth and power.

EDUCATION.—Our free institutions and self-government are based on and sustained by universal education. In former times a liberal education was the privilege of comparatively few. Popes, priests, and other potentates monopolized education and spiritual growth, as emperors, kings, and princes monopolized the civil power. Free schools and general intelligence are supposed to be inimical to arbitrary or priestly rule. Certain it is that ignorant and superstitious masses are much more easily held in subjection than those who are educated. There will be a struggle between those who favor enforced universal education, and those who wish to pervert our institutions to partisan and sectarian purposes. We warn the people that their duty and the interest of their children lie in the direction of free schools, and even a *compulsory* education. Let it be remembered that “*knowledge is power*.”

FREE LABOR.—In a true democratic republic, where every man is his own master, there can be no lasting conflict between capital and labor. It is very different in monarchical countries, where a few rich men own all the land and

hold the people tenants at will. There, capital and labor are necessarily opposed; hence the combinations, trade-unions, strikes, riots, etc. But here, where every man may sell his services at the highest price he can get, or where he may set up for himself without let or hindrance, and may buy, hold, and sell land as he pleases, it is very different. Laborers may form benefit or assurance associations for personal improvement and for mutual assistance with real advantage,—like the Father Mathew temperance societies, in which each member is provided for in case of accident or sickness; but strikes, riots, and every other species of lawlessness have no palliation or excuse in a free country like ours.

THE TARIFF VS. FREE TRADE.—It may be claimed that we Americans occupy a higher plane in the scale of civilization than those of the Old World. Here, every man—not alien, idiotic, or imbecile—is a CITIZEN, and has a voice in the choice of all our public servants, and may be eligible to any post of honor or of profit in the gift of the people. There, without regard to qualification, one is *born* to position and to rule, even though he be a knave or a Dundreary. Here, every child, in nearly all the States, is provided with the means of obtaining education at public expense, and the rule is, the great mass of Americans—be they rich or be they poor—are educated in those branches which qualify them to transact business in a regular way. Here, every manly man may justly claim to be a sovereign. We do not claim higher types for ourselves when compared only with the highest to be found in older countries; but when taken *en masse*, millions for millions, with all our foreign importations, we are to-day in advance of any other nation on the globe! Here, labor is the rule, and is counted honorable, and pauper labor is the exception. There, pauper labor

is the rule. Now we do not propose to permit European capitalists and manufacturers to place intelligent American laborers on the same low level with the half starved and poorly paid pauper laborer of Europe or Asia. Hence the tariff. When European governments conform their systems to ours—which they must do sooner or later—when emperors and kings give place to plain presidents, chosen by the people,—in short, when justice, freedom, and common sense prevail in other countries, we will open all our ports to free trade with all the world. But not till then. The question is not, “Can we compete with the manufacturers of other countries?” but, Are we willing to come down in our tastes, in our more comfortable living, in our education and higher civilization, to the slave and pauper condition of the European? *That* is the question. Politicians had better take notice. We welcome emigrants, come from whence they may, be they Christian or be they pagan. We—our institutions—are to swallow *them*,—not they *us*. The very reason they come is, to better their condition; and there is room and work enough for all. Do we believe in Christianity? Let us practice it in our treatment of those who come among us. Let us do unto others as we would that others should do unto us.

CHEAP POSTAGE.—We have an excellent postmaster-general, who is doing all he can to facilitate intercourse among the people. He favors the abolition of the franking frauds,—and so do the people. In him we have the right man in the right place. Let us keep him there, and sustain him in his efforts to improve and perfect our great postal system.

OUR MINES of gold, silver, iron, copper, and lead are constantly developing, and the indications are that California and the Rocky Mountains contain endless supplies of the precious metals, which

only await the working. Our iron mountains are simply inexhaustible; so those of coal; and as for petroleum, we have developed untold riches therein within a few years, as this important fluid was totally unknown twenty years ago! Consider what riches are ours! A soil of unsurpassed fertility; a climate of our own choice; the richest minerals of every sort; forests of the finest timber that grows; fruits in abundance, and cheap; thirty thousand miles of navigable lakes and rivers; waters, warm, hot, and cold; waters, soft, pure, hard, and sulphureous! What country on the globe surpasses ours? What nation or people have anything like the natural advantages which we enjoy? Let us thank God, and make the most of *it* and of ourselves.

WHAT CAN WOMAN DO?

SHE *can* do vastly more than she has done, is now doing, or is likely to do. She can improve! she can be educated! Discipline tells as effectually in her case as in that of man. If educated for it, she can teach school. It is believed that *children* learn more rapidly under women teachers than under men teachers. When it comes to teaching young men in colleges, universities, and in scientific schools, men may do it as well, or better. Women can learn, and teach, and compose music. They teach and practice drawing, modeling, designing, engraving, book-keeping; more, they can write for newspapers and magazines. They can write books! not only poetry, but good, sensible prose, which is better. They *can* "speak pieces," recite, lecture, practice medicine, pray, and preach! They can keep store, sell goods, cut, make, and they can invent—*vide* Miss Carpenter, of California, who has just taken out a patent in America and in Europe for the best sewing-machine

needle ever made. We could name others also who have taken out patents. They can grow fruits, flowers, and do much nursery work *besides* nursing babies. But women must be *educated* for these things. An unskilled woman is no more likely than an unskilled man to be sought or placed in responsible situations. Woman, when she marries, has specific duties devolving on her which prevent her from engaging successfully in pursuits common to men. She looks after household affairs; takes care of children and domestic concerns. But unmarried women, or married women without children or homes of their own, may engage in any pursuit they like. If educated as engineers or navigators, it is not for man to interfere or prevent them from following such vocations, provided they can practically enter upon them. Woman is entitled by nature to all the "rights" which are common to men, and it is unkind for men to place barriers in the way of her fullest freedom for improvement or profit. Whatever she may be pleased and fitted to do, it should be in the sight of Heaven her *right* to do. But she will not *seek* to fell trees, go on whaling voyages, sink shafts for mining, tunnel mountains, or unsex herself to become a soldier or a sailor. Neither will she engage in pugilistic encounters. She *may* gamble, sell tobacco, and deal out "liquid damnation" to the fools who buy. But these are pursuits not of her seeking, and from which she would readily turn did not circumstances seem to force her to continue therein. It is the perverted nature of man which drags woman down to this. Offer her a better way, and see how quickly she will accept it.

Woman makes a good missionary, both at home and abroad. Her sex protects her when men would be in danger. In India, Turkey, China, Japan, and in Africa, educated women are doing

splendidly. In San Francisco nearly all the Sunday-school teachers now teaching hundreds of Chinamen are American women. They enjoy their work, and the Chinamen taught are full of hope and thankfulness. We need not enumerate other occupations in which women can excel. Indeed, she has only to fit herself, or to be fitted, to do anything she likes for pleasure and for profit. *But she must work.* Even to get an education in any art, science, or accomplishment, she must work. This killing time by dress, dress, dressing, by fashionable flirting, and by midnight dissipation, is not the way to build up a constitution, to get an education, or fit one's self for usefulness or success.

Look at the big-headed, overdressed creatures promenading Broadway! What forms and figures they make with their high heels, crooked shin-bones, cotton breast works, curved spines, glassy eyes, tallow skins, and cadaverous complexions! What, make wives or mothers of these creatures? The first would be a sham, and the second impossible. They are failures. They are idle and indolent; they loll around the house by day, doing nothing useful, frittering away their time before the mirror instead of improving their minds. Up late at night, they rise late in the morning; when all fagged out, good for nothing, they send for the doctor, and he prescribes fashionable remedies, namely, cod-liver oil to give plumpness to the form, and bourbon to give buoyancy to the spirits. Then a good supply of condiments and narcotics completes the list, and this is what some women are now doing. How long can they live? not long, for it is written, "The wicked shall not live out half their days." But the question "what can women do?" is still open, and we leave it for each to answer for her or for himself. If, by calling attention to it, we agitate and arouse dor-

mant energy, and put misdirected ambition on the right track, we shall have accomplished our purpose.

THE STUDY OF MAN.

OF late there is a growing desire among the people to learn something of human nature besides the avoirdupois, the altitude, and the muscular dynamics of men. The questions: How strong is he? how much can he lift? how much work can he do? who can he outrun? and who can he conquer by brute force in the ring? have seemed to indicate the measure and the estimate placed upon God's human image. Tyrants on thrones, in the field, and the workshop have measured the value of men by the amount of manual labor which could be derived from them. If one in a hundred has shown sympathy for poor, struggling mortals, that one has been canonized as a good Samaritan, and his name and his simple duty-deed sent down the selfish ages as a smile from heaven.

In the present blessed year of grace great nations are wielding the engines of death to mow down the ranks of their common people, and the sole cause of this mighty slaughter must be traced to the wish of a selfish and perjured tyrant to fix his boy in possession of his usurped throne. That this useless slaughter shocks the moral sense of the world and awakens in many the inquiry how long the masses of useful common people must be ground up in the mill of war to gratify the mad "ambition and pride of kings," is almost the only healthful and hopeful aspect of the subject. It is pitiable that a million men must be slain or maimed for life, and the industry of two generations wasted in the expenses of war, and only awaken a timid qualm in the public conscience and the hesitating inquiry whether kings and emperors, pompous aristocrats, and fattening drones are not a luxury too expensive to be forever maintained? Yet this half-awaking, half-hoping spirit is an encouraging omen. Nearly a century since, America cast away in fire and blood the crown that threatened to crush it, but retained in its organic law a seed of the old despotism, which cheaply, though at a great cost, she has recently cast aside.

If the present baptism of blood shall bring a new and better life for Europe, teaching mankind the value of man, it too, may, as in our own case, be an ultimate blessing; but how hard the lesson! how bitter the medicine! and how long the delay of the cure!

What is the remedy for all these gigantic evils? Not in better laws alone, but in a wiser and better spirit among the people at large. So long as men in masses are practically ignorant of their own nature and consequent duties and destiny, so long will they be the prey and playthings of selfish demagogues in republics, and of lords and crowned tyrants in dynastic governments. The spirit of *caste* in church or state has for many ages made the earth red and the heavens black with the blood and smoke of war.

The first step in the direction of a better state of things which promises permanent benefit to mankind at large may be found in an increasing sense among the governed and their governors, that man is worth something besides his value as "a hewer of wood and a drawer of water." Even the cold and selfish "man of December," just before he entered upon his closing and disgraceful campaign, paid the tribute of enforced respect to the people by ordaining a *plébiscite*. Even he dared not venture upon a thoroughly selfish and useless war until he had acquired, by a general vote of the people, the nominal sanction of his position and purposes. The smothered indignation and self-respect of the masses burst forth in wild huzzas, "Down with Bonaparte!" "Vive la République!" so soon as the 2d of September had sealed his fate at Sedan. Let us also hope that consolidated Germany, with but a single king instead of forty to deal with, will learn a lesson of freedom by her present trial of power and patience, and look and labor confidently for a government for themselves and by themselves throughout their broad fatherland, which stretches from the Alps to the North Sea.

The shackles of precedent and prerogative are gradually rusting out in England. Every year royalty has narrower limits, fewer means of oppression and repression. The printing press and other means for the enlargement of the culture of the masses begin to tell on the present, and give glorious promise of the

future good to the down-trodden millions. Long withheld rights are slowly unclasped and grudgingly doled out to their legitimate owners. The recent enlargement of the suffrage in England will tend to bring the rough granite base of the social structure to the light, and time and culture shall chisel away the roughness and give beauty and symmetry in its stead. Men need to be studied and cultured with aims other and higher than to learn how much muscular working power they have in them, or how much profit the artful and the selfish can get out of them. The bodies of men should not be cultivated chiefly to make them enduring and powerful soldiers, sailors, or workers; nor should minds be educated simply to make them the more valuable to serve the purposes of the selfish and greedy; but the mind and body should receive the best culture for the production of individual and independent MANLINESS, intellectual, moral, and physical. Why should fifty men expend their brain-and-muscle-power mainly to enrich and ennoble a single family? Why should their families be reared in ignorance and filth, in neglect and vice, that their time, labor, and wisdom may be absorbed mainly by the lordly few? Why should the many play wet-nurse for the scions of lordlings while their own children are doomed to suffer for want of parental sustenance? If the poor child has an inherent right to the full breast of its mother, so has its brain a right to the best culture, and its body to the best clothing and shelter which the combined wisdom and labor of its parents can procure. Each father of a family, under right relations to life and business, should be able to devote the chief part of his efforts for the culture, training, and happiness of his family.

But men will not come to this just but grand and possible result until they look within, and learn the useful and sublime powers they possess. The common people have from ignorance and weakness accepted the low position accorded to them. When man comes to study himself and learn his inherent powers, he at once assumes something of his native dignity, and begins to realize the uses of his being.

How common it is for men to satisfy their hunger on rich and highly seasoned food at

the expense of nerve, and brain, and stomach! and they wonder why they suffer from gout, dyspepsia, rheumatism, or fall in a fit of apoplexy. Give them information respecting the laws of physiology, especially of digestion and nutrition, and how easily can they refrain from using things which are hurtful, even though butter, sugar, and spices have been combined by ingenious cooks to foster appetite and gratify artificial tastes.

In like manner men are tossed on the waves of passion and permit themselves to be driven by the surges of propensity like a ship under full sail without rudder or pilot. They say, if reproved, "It is in me, and it must come out. How can I help it? I do as well as I know how." In a certain sense this is true. They do in many respects as well as they know how. But they have no correct ideas of life and duty, except in the abstract; and therefore their practical knowledge is too limited to lead them in the right path. Abstract teaching of morals is somewhat like abstract teaching in music. It does not accomplish what is desired in morals to say, "Be good, and love God;" and in music to say, "Now play the piano wisely and well," does not secure the desired result. But by proper culture and training in detail the mind comes to understand and obey moral duty; in like manner by long and careful instruction the piano becomes eloquent under the brilliant touch of once boorish hands.

As Phrenology teaches mental science in a practical manner, the student learns that he has many distinct faculties, each acting under appropriate incentives according to a law of its own being. He also learns that over against each of the faculties, like opposite spokes in a wheel, he has counteracting or balancing faculties, and that it is a part of the office of each, while it enriches the character, to modify and regulate its opposite. As, in music, base and soprano are opposite and correlative, and tenor and alto in like manner oppose and supplement each other and by combination produce rich harmony, so in the human mind like opposites produce like harmonies indefinitely.

Thus, while Destructiveness—executiveness—gives severity when necessary, and decided force and weight of character in its ordinary action, there stands over against it the faculty

of Benevolence, which tends to soften the asperity of unregulated Destructiveness. And Benevolence is in turn backed up and invigorated (especially in defense of the oppressed) by a force of character borrowed from Destructiveness, which makes the character noble and powerful as well as good. Like the mingling of lemon-juice and sugar in lemonade, so Destructiveness and Benevolence may combine in forming at once strength and goodness of character. Self-Esteem is designed to impart selfness, or self-respect and self-reliance, to give the person a feeling of his value and importance, and guard him against being overborne by the arrogance of others. On the other hand, man has Veneration and Approbativeness, the former giving respect for all that is dignified, wise, powerful, and good in others, as well as all that is reverential in God and sacred subjects; and the latter imparts a desire to please others and be approved by them. Thus it will be seen that Self-Esteem gives dignity, strength, and pride, while Veneration and Approbativeness give mellowness, respect, and the desire to please and be acceptable. These opposing forces when rightly balanced give their fortunate possessor an equal remove from offensive and unjust haughtiness on the one hand, and a supine humility and unmanly sycophancy on the other. Again: Acquisitiveness blindly seeks things of value, and is concerned wholly in getting and saving. Over against this stands Conscientiousness, which says, "Be just in all things;" and we also have Benevolence watching for objects of beneficence, and when found, seeking and succeeding to modify to the yielding point the fierce grip of selfish Acquisitiveness. Thus the character is enlarged and strengthened by financial acquisition, combined with honesty in the getting, and kind liberality in the dispensing of property. Here we have Cautiousness, which warns us to watch and beware, and, acting alone, would completely block the wheels of progress through cowardice and irresolution. As its opposite and counterpart we have Combativeness, which gives force and courage, and would urge us rashly to ruin but for the modifying influences of Cautiousness and the reasoning organs.

Hope leads us to paint the picture of the future in the brightest colors, but Cautious-

ness throws the shadow of doubt and uncertainty over the magnified prospect, and sends us back to demonstration lest we embark rashly in the new and unknown. If Cautiousness becomes alarmed and broods over imaginary or magnified troubles, Hope throws a dash of sunshine upon the scene, and thus gives it relief.

All the organs of perception and most of the appetites and passions ally us to physical life; Spirituality, on the contrary, teaches us that there are measureless and immortal realities which the eye can not reach or the hand touch, and which lie beyond the scope of reason. We have many propensities which, beginning and ending with self, are given to protect the selfhood. We also have others which teach us to think of others, and to "do to others as we would that they should do unto us;" to be "kindly affectioned one to another," and to "look not every man on his own things" merely, but "also on the things of others."

Conscientiousness and Cautiousness make man earnest, prudent, sincere, careful, and burden-bearing. Mirthfulness, on the contrary, sparkles with wit and teaches us to enjoy the funny, and thus many a flash of light illumines with beauty what would otherwise seem dark, rugged, and fearful. Moreover, wit helps the reason to detect the ridiculous, and throws a rosy ray on many a frowning cloud.

Let this philosophy of mind become well instilled, thoroughly comprehended, and no phase of trouble, no vein of pleasure can be opened, no conflict of forces which can seriously disturb the man, or drift him from his proper course. If one set of feelings becomes dominant, he knows the source of the emotions, and also knows what elements of the mind stand over against them, and therefore how to comprehend the trouble as well as how to call up the antidote. If a chemist swallow by accident a corrosive acid or alkali, he instantly saves himself by swallowing a quantity of oil to neutralize it. He may treat his faculties in the same way. One needs knowledge as to his complicated mental nature in order to manage its contradictory elements, quite as much as does the chemist, the dyer, or the painter to easily manage their several vocations successfully.

Self-knowledge is the essence of all knowledge, lying as it does at the base of the faculties which know, and it aids in keeping the mind itself in harmonious relations with the field of all true knowledge. He who lacks self-knowledge carries in himself mysterious powers which act without his guidance or control, and are liable to drift him, as it were, over an unknown sea upon rocks or lee shores. If he escape these he is indebted to accident or chance, not to knowledge or forethought. Men the most learned in general science are often weak, wayward, and wicked from an utter want of knowledge of the facts and philosophy of their inner life. Men may measure the distance, bulk, and velocity of remote planets, and hold the equilibrated laws of the physical universe in their mental grasp; while the faculties and propensities of their own mental nature, through ignorance of its laws, "run lawless through the sky" in mixed and mysterious disorder. Phrenology has a charm for clear, vigorous, and earnest minds. To know human nature is to know the highest work of creative wisdom, and he who wisely deals with the laws of mind and morals, of force and affection, should not be ashamed of the rank he bears in the field of human endeavor.

HYPERCRITICISM.

HAVE WE A ZOÏLUS AMONG US?

A SCIENTIFIC cotemporary—we so designate it, not because of its peculiarly scientific title, but because we believe its field to be the consideration of scientific subjects—exhibits a somewhat captious spirit in certain allusions to a brief article published in our November number under the heading, "Accidental Discoveries." Our cotemporary is generous enough to style that article by wholesale as "a tissue of errors."

Now, in thus endeavoring to aim a severe blow at us, the learned pedant who wrote so sharply hits men whose *dictu* we have been in the habit of considering authority. If, however, he *knows* better, having obtained his information from sources which are unquestionable, we will accept the amendments, though offered somewhat ungracefully. When a boy at school, our elementary treatise on physical laws made the subject of gravitation all the more interesting to us by the story of "Newton

and the Apple," and we can not believe to-day that Comstock intended to mislead our innocent credulity. We find Biot and Pemberton and "Chambers' Encyclopedia" giving their sanction to the apple story. In "Chambers'" we read: "In the year 1665, he committed to writing his first discovery on fluxions; and it is said that in the same year the fall of an apple, as he sat in his garden at Woolsthorpe, suggested the most magnificent of his subsequent discoveries—the law of universal gravitation."

In both the "New American" and "Chambers'" encyclopedias we find that the oscillations of a hanging lamp in the cathedral of Pisa produced such an impression upon the youthful Galileo's mind, that the application of the pendulum to the measurement of time was the final result.

With reference to galvanism, we are told in "Chambers,'" "the simple fact seems to be that G.'s wife, a woman of penetrating intellect, happened one day to witness with surprise the convulsive muscular movements produced in a skinned frog by its inanimate body having been accidentally brought into contact with a scalpel which lay on the table and had become charged by contact with an adjoining electrical machine. She hastened to communicate the interesting phenomenon to her husband, who at once instituted a prolonged series of experiments." There is another or coincident account intimately related to the discovery of galvanism, which does not at all militate against the *accidental* feature of it, but which we leave to Prof. Joy to state in his terse way in another part of the JOURNAL.

With reference to Watt's improvements of the old form of the steam-engine Arago relates, that an aunt, Miss Muirhead, complained of young Watt's idle occupation in watching the boiling tea-kettle, taking off and replacing the lid, observing the exit of steam from the spout, holding a saucer or spoon over the escaping jet and counting the drops of water that were condensed upon it.

From the remarks of our critic we infer that he does not accept the general belief that the telescope was in a great measure due to the spectacle-maker's apprentice of Middleburg, whose experimental sport with some spectacle glasses revealed the principle. To be sure, we should have said "magnifying property of the lens in its application to the observation of distant objects," instead of simply "magnifying property of the lens."

We scarcely know what our cotemporary

means by "accident," whether he strains for the absolute, metaphysical abstraction so named, or uses the term as commonly received in everyday parlance. He is certainly aware that important discoveries have been made by investigators *unexpectedly* to themselves, when they were prosecuting experiments having in view those very developments. The discoveries thus startled them by appearing from a quarter to which little attention had been given, and practically anticipating their experimental labors. We believe that the public understood us when we termed certain discoveries "accidental," and will indorse the explanation just given.

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THE BEECHERS.—In the present number we give portraits and characters of one of the most conspicuous families now living. We need not further characterize the individuals composing the group. It is enough to say that one of them wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a book more extensively circulated in nearly all the languages and in all parts of the civilized world than any other work written in the present century. Another is that popular preacher who speaks through the pulpit and the press to a larger number of hearers and readers than any other in America, or indeed, in the world. Each of the others in the group is an individual power, whose influence is widely felt. The reader will seldom look on an equal number of brothers and sisters, or of heads and faces, representing an equal degree of social, moral, intellectual, and physical energy and power. Is not this single article worth the year's subscription?

THE MORMONS.—We do not entertain "prejudice" toward any body of religious people. There are to-day a thousand different religions or modes of worship in the world, and we find it pleasant and profitable to study some of them. There are nearly three hundred different creeds among Christians. We entertain a spirit of the broadest tolerance toward all, seeing that different organized minds take different views of things, and worship accordingly. God will judge all, and we do not propose to put anybody to death because they do not think as we do. The time for religious persecution among enlightened people has gone by. Freedom and the right of private judgment are now the rule. The Mormons are herein described as impartially as our limited knowledge of the facts relating to them will permit. To many of our readers the sketch will be instructive and interesting. In a future number we intend to describe some

of the leading men and women composing this singular people.

OLD CALIFORNIANS will be interested in the sketch we give of their pioneer hotel-keeper, R. B. Woodward, of the "What Cheer House," in San Francisco. Mr. W. is as clearly identified with hotel-keeping, street railways, and the museum in that city, as Mr. Hutchings is with the great Yo Semite Valley,—and who has not heard of him? In this connection we may state that it is our purpose to introduce to our readers ere long an account of Mr. Hutchings, with his portrait, and the discovery of that most wonderful valley.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.—The value and importance of this subject are appreciated by men and women of sense. The series of articles commenced in the last will be completed in the present volume.

CHEMISTRY.—Prof. Joy, of Columbia College, gives us a taste of this science, which is the basis of most of our modern improvements in art and in agriculture. Without chemistry we could not have the telegraph. Prof. Silliman will have a paper in our next.

TO BE FOUND NOWHERE ELSE.—The doctrines taught in this JOURNAL are *peculiar* to it. There is no other phrenological magazine now published. It occupies a field exclusively its own, and that field is the world. Those who read the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL regularly will learn much which others may never know. We reach the most advanced minds in this most important branch of human knowledge. We congratulate ourselves and our readers on the fact that we are, in the dissemination of moral, intellectual, social, and spiritual science, IN THE LEAD.

OUR AUTUMN CLASS, 1870.

A GREEABLY to appointment, we opened our autumn class for 1870 on the first day of November. The attendance was not as large as usual, several students at the last moment being obliged to postpone attendance till another season on account of illness of friends or disappointment in various other ways; but those in attendance were endowed with good mental development, and, what is of not less importance to the student of Phrenology, a strong and earnest purpose to master the subject, and make it not only respected by the public, but to employ it for the improvement

and happiness of the human race. With views and purposes such as these we give them a cordial welcome to the phrenological brotherhood, and take pleasure in commending them to the respect and patronage of the public. Some of them intend to enter the lecturing field at once. One or more have other views, and have studied Phrenology and Physiology as a means of better fulfilling the duties to which they are devoted—law, medicine, theology, etc.

At a meeting of the members of the class, the following resolutions were adopted and presented for publication in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL:

Resolved, That we have attended with pleasure and profit upon the course of instruction in Theoretical and Practical Phrenology at the Phrenological Institute.

Resolved, That in Mr. S. R. Wells and Mr. Nelson Sizer we recognize able and efficient instructors of this noble science.

Resolved, That we cheerfully commend to all friends of phrenological science, and to all lovers of truth everywhere, the facilities for apt illustration and ready demonstration of the truth of Phrenology, as taught at the Phrenological Institute.

Resolved, That under the instruction of the above-named masters we have obtained broader views of the moral and practical worth of Phrenology.

NEW YORK, Nov., 1870.

LUTHER C. BATEMAN,
Washington Mills, Me.

JAMES F. DANTER, M.D.,
Goderich, Ontario, Canada.

AMOS CRUM,
Scottville, Macoupin Co., Ill.

JOHN MATLEY,
Monitor, Alpine Co., Cal.

M. T. RICHARDSON,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

L. E. WATERMAN,
New York City, N. Y.

Among others who attended the class and gave us the use of their heads, but did not graduate, we may name LEE SING, of Canton, China, a very intelligent Mongolian who is now residing here. We may at some time take a phrenological tour through the Celestial Empire, with Lee Sing for interpreter, providing we can fix on time and terms. Phrenology must be taught to those hundreds of millions in the Flowery Kingdom, and why not begin soon?

The time for commencing our next class will be announced in this JOURNAL.

NEED OF WORKERS.—To-day there ought to be a thousand first-class lecturers to supply the existing demands for them. There are certainly enough young men, of honest, earnest hearts, among the millions around us, who can enter into the spirit of this work, and make it a success in every respect. They who put their shoulder to this wheel must expect to *work*.

Our Literary and Didactic Department.

In this Department Mr. S. S. PACKARD, of PACKARD'S MONTHLY, will continue his Contributions.

TEMPERANCE VS. GODLINESS.

MR. BEECHER has recently preached a sermon on "The Importance of Little Things," which everybody should read—and especially those cast-iron Christians who have yet to learn the meaning of that most potent of all Christ's sayings: "For inasmuch as ye have done it unto the *least* of these, ye have done it unto me." There is no dodging the fact that the Christian Church—by which is meant the preponderance of sentiment among church members—is opposed to the Temperance movement as a distinct moral power; and many excellent Christian men and women are to-day arraying themselves boldly against all organizations, out of the church, established in the interest of morality and a better life. There is great need of a little outpouring of God's spirit, to the end that Christian eyes and Christian hearts may be opened to Christian work; for surely whatever will lead to soberness and right living must be in the line of advancement toward God's kingdom.

Mr. Beecher very properly says:

"There is great power for good in taking one step at a time, both to those who are looking wistfully at a Christian life, and to those who are working for the good of others. When we feed children we cut food small and give them a little at a time. We should not go to men and throw the whole vast subject of religion upon them at once. Work little by little. If you try to do all in an hour you repel. Get men to take one step, only do not let them stop there. If a man uses coarse language, get him to leave it off. Appeal to his manhood. Show him what an example he sets to others. Next, get him to follow this good step by another, and finally show him, as he rises gradually to higher and higher planes, the beauty of a thoroughly consecrated life. Men may be brought to Christ in this way. Give them something to do. Let them come little by little to understand what religion means, and as soon as you have got one man safe, turn him right round and sent him back after another.

"There are those here who stand on the edge of the kingdom of God. Perhaps a single practice keeps them back. The difficulty is not doctrinal, it is some easily besetting sin—some

habit. The practical question is, Will you give it up? That point gained, all is gained. When the Prussians besieged Strasbourg they aimed at reducing the citadel. Most men put their opposition into one faculty—that is their fort. It may be pride, vanity, some bitter feud that gives up and the man is converted. There are those here within a hand's breadth of salvation who will remain so if they do not give up the sin that keeps them where they are. It may be a small sin, but if it keeps them away from God, the consequences are infinite. There are young men who drink only a little, yet enough to blunt their sensibilities, and to keep up a state in themselves adverse to sober earnest thought. You must get self-control enough to leave off these small sins. A ship that is stranded is not stranded on all the shore—men don't wreck themselves on all the sins that it is possible to commit. Good sense, your sense, if right, must compel you to make a beginning in this matter."

No greater mistake can be made by those who really desire to advance the cause of righteousness than to throw distrust and contumely upon Temperance organizations. Every young man who can be saved from the paths of intemperance is by so much the better fitted for all good work, and it should be the duty of saints and angels to unite in speeding the work. The poet of Pike County is right in his sentiment, even if he is original in style:

"And I think that saving a little child,
And bringing him to his own,
Is a durned sight better business
Than loading around the throne."

LEIGH HUNT AS AN ESSAYIST.

BY J. STANLY.

AFTER the death of Dr. Johnson, English literature was at a low ebb. When that great autocrat of Grub Street died, and his eccentricities and virtues were things of the past, to read of, to hear of, but never more to see, a "host of feeble satellites" continued the errors of his style, without adopting the beauties of his judgment.

Even those who did not so closely imitate Johnson were generally marked by a sickly sentimentality and affectation of their own, which were, perhaps, more injurious to the tone of literature than positive plagiarism. Burke, Cowper, and Gibbon, it is true, were free from the literary vices of the day; but these were solitary exceptions. The muse of Wordsworth was as yet unsung. Coleridge and Lamb were both charity boys.

Among such influences Leigh Hunt entered the literary world, and like young men similarly situated, the glitter and tinsel of the literature of the day for a time ensnared him. Though his earliest efforts were materially affected, he soon marked out a line for himself with such success that his more mature productions are distinguished not only by grace and elegance but also by thought and scholarship, characteristics which, added to his genial nature and address, have combined to render him a favorite and admired writer.

Hunt's powers were varied. Highly imaginative, sensitively just, warmly passionate, it is not at all surprising that his first attempts were poetic. His "Pegasus," however, did not wing a lofty flight. His poetry, dramatic as well as lyric, though full of feeling and passion, rhythmical and pleasing, lacked originality, and was apt to become too discursive and criticising. Hunt saw how impossible it was for him thus to successfully compete with his popular rivals, Cowper and Churchill. Wisely though reluctantly, seeing that talent was not genius, that it was the office of poetry to instruct as well as to please, he dismissed all hope of becoming a great poet. He next engaged in dramatic criticism for the London papers; but this not proving sufficiently lucrative, he edited a literary quarterly, the *Reflector*, and issued a weekly collection of essays, after the style of Addison, entitled the *Indicator*. He now wholly embarked in this field of writing, and during the succeeding ten years started or edited six more periodicals. To these essays he chiefly owes his literary fame.

In studying the essays of Leigh Hunt we are struck by the dissimilarity that exists between him and other eminent essayists. Montaigne is highly subjective. He ingratiates himself in the good graces of his readers by the egotistical character of his style; he dis-

cusses all his private views with such evident frankness and confidence, and puts himself at once on such friendly terms with us, that his egotism—a decidedly French characteristic—is as pleasing as it is attractive. Bacon as an essayist is too profound to be popular. Conciseness rather than elegance, force rather than grace, mark his style. He lacks crystallization less in his ideas than in their expression. His sentences teem with thought, but it is thought like unwrought iron, massive and unwieldy. Now Hunt far more resembles Addison, and is in fact an Addison of a later generation—a comparison no less flattering to the one than to the other. His writings have all the piquancy and sparkling wit of the *Spectator*; but how widely their audiences differed! England in Addison's time was somewhat profligate, and the tone of literature reflected necessarily in a great measure the tone of society. Addison and Steele corrected these abuses by ridiculing them. England laughed at the comical presentation of her vices, but did not forget the lesson; for the *Spectator* did much to elevate English society. England in Leigh Hunt's time was far more moral, but less appreciative. Johnson had chilled her national character by his stateliness; and her literature seemed to be swollen with all the "pomp and circumstance" of style. Leigh Hunt broke the Johnsonian bubble, and showed that earnestness was not degraded by simplicity nor truth by wit.

Hunt is essentially a graceful writer; his humor never degenerates into buffoonery, nor does his instruction ever become intolerable. There is nothing of the transcendentalist in him. He was too plain to be profound, too sincere to be shallow. His style well exemplifies Denham's oft-praised lines:

"Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full."

Rich in anecdote and illustration, startling us here with some odd etymological definition, and there with some quaint conceit; breaking out now in touching pathos, and again relapsing into the humorous, he is throughout genial and interesting. True, he does not write with his "flat," as Whipple remarks of Ben Jonson, but with his heart; for cordiality, or rather geniality, is Hunt's characteristic. His essays are the perfec-

tion of the essay, and he himself the perfection of the essayist. Less fanciful than Lamb, less imaginative than Coleridge, less eloquent than Hazlitt, where Lamb would be unintelligible in the child-like exuberance of his fancy, Coleridge delirious in the empty bubbles of the imagination, and Hazlitt fiercely carried away by some ungovernable prejudice, Hunt preserves his equanimity throughout, always sane, sound, and sensible.

It would be impossible here to quote from his essays to illustrate the characteristics of his style. His works are easily accessible, and the critical reader can there find ample proof for our statements. Hunt had Greek, Latin, Italian, and French besides his own language at his command, and he translated from each with great facility. His lengthy literary career afforded him great opportunity to cultivate the friendships of men of his day, and a rich fund of literary anecdote and pleasantry is thus scattered up and down his writings. The titles of many of his essays, not to go further into their contents, are somewhat quaint and commonplace. But however quaint and commonplace they are, the subjects are treated with the utmost gravity. "Sticks" furnish material for a most delightful essay, and "Hats" monopolize another of similar quality. The "Deaths of Little Children"—a favorite of Lamb—is touching in its pathos, while "Coaches and Their Horses" will amuse by its oddity. "A Day by the Fire"—by some attributed to Hazlitt—is written in Hunt's most inimitable vein, and is one of the cosiest pen-pictures in our language. "A Day Now" actually breathes of a hot day, while "Getting up on Cold Mornings" will make one's teeth chatter in sympathy. Ancient mythology evoked many master sketches from him. The most trite subjects, the weather, shaking hands, shops of every variety, thieves, fogs, nonsense, beds and bedrooms, books and bookbinding, etc., it was Hunt's delight to brighten up and present in an attractive form.

As is the case with most authors, Hunt's works were but the echo of his life, and we can not better illustrate the latter than by the former. Lord Lytton wrote of him: "He had that first requisite of a good critic—a good heart." Carlyle, who would not be likely to praise one without feeling his praise

merited, spoke thus of Hunt: "He is a man of the most indisputably superior worth—a man of genius in a very strict sense of the word, and in all the senses which it bears or implies; of brilliant varied gifts, of graceful fertility, of clearness, lovingness, truthfulness; of child-like, open character; also of most pure, even exemplary, private deportment; a man who can be no other than loved only by those who have not seen him, or seen him from a distance through a false medium."

Frederick W. Robertson, in a passage in one of his letters, wrote how he was "surprised at the freshness, and sweetness, and Christian, not lax, spirit of human benevolence and toleration" in the *Indicator*, which he called a "most refreshing collection of ancient stories and kind-hearted literary gossip. There is no very transcendent talent anywhere, but good taste, refinement, tolerably extensive reading, and the springiness of a kind heart, imparting a life and newness to all he says."

Hunt's popularity is due to one circumstance, perhaps, above all others. It was his own personal character and belief. He believed in the essential goodness of humanity, and had sympathy with the honest convictions of every creed. His nature was inquiring, though not skeptical. In his "Autobiography" he writes:

"I mooted points of faith with myself very early in consequence of what I heard at home. The very inconsistencies which I observed round about me in matters of belief and practice did but the more make me wish to discover in what the right spirit of religion consisted; while at the same time nobody felt more instinctively than myself that forms were necessary to preserve essence. I had the greatest respect for them wherever I thought them sincere."

Hunt's father, though at first a minister of the Church of England, after his flight from Philadelphia in our war of Independence on account of his adherence to King George, settled in England as a Unitarian, like Hazlitt's father. Perhaps this step made Hunt so firm a liberal in his judgment upon forms of religion. Humanity was the key-note of his religion. To elevate men, to sympathize with them, to promote kindlier attachment between them, to make them feel the strong

bond of fellowship which unites all mankind—this was his constant endeavor, and this his highest praise. Like Tennyson, he may be termed “the poet of the people,” for both seem to have sounded well human nature and to have appreciated its mighty struggles. A writer should be reflective; his works should be but the echo of his life. Heart and hand should be co-relative. Hunt’s essays—many of them, at least—are eminently reflective: they breathe his high views of men and things, his strong faith in the future, and his perfect contentment with his lot in life. Some books will make one morbid, dissatisfied, and gloomy—the world becomes a mass of seething wickedness, and goodness a myth; others will thrill one’s nature with peace and incite in us a purer and a nobler manhood—life becomes a glorious reality, and we are to work with zeal, to suffer with patience, and to reap with joy. Hunt’s writings belong to the latter class. Cheerfulness lights up his morality, like the sun the cold gray autumn eve.

Hunt was not perfect, but his mistakes were those of feeling rather than judgment. His child-like confidence and simplicity were often imposed upon. Still it is preferable to be deceived a thousand times through one’s implicit trust in men than to harshly stifle our heart and bolt our purse by judging our neighbor to be corrupt in life and thought. Hunt was thus made the dupe of Byron on the latter’s voluntary exile to Italy, and was for years classed in the same category with that thoughtless poet. But for truth’s sake, in politics or elsewhere, he fought defiantly, with all the ardor of his southern temperament. Imprisonment, which was courted by his staunch maintenance of principle and not repelled by any whining recantation, misconception, and enmity, which were more unbearable because unjust, he endured rather than desist from what he honestly thought to be right. And in his later years, when party spirit against him had cooled, as age began to slowly wreath chaplets of snow about his head, men heartily respected the old champion who, though often misled by his quick sympathy with others, never flinched in his faith in humanity and its goodness.

Hunt died in 1859, in his seventy-fifth

year. His career extended over the most memorable period in the history both of nations and of principles. Art, science, literature made immense strides in the interval. His friendship was courted by the most notable men of his time. He saw other schools of essayists rise and sparkle in the literary world, but none excelled his own in its peculiarly fascinating style. With him all the old essayists departed—Lamb, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Hunt, all have gone. In our day, when men worship, at least for a time, whatever is odd, and when the more fantastical an author is the more weight he has, it would be well to study carefully these essayists. Were writers now characterized by more simplicity, geniality, and grace, and did not imagine the perfection of prose coextensive with the glitter and tinsel of style, how much healthier a tone would be diffused through literature! We need simplicity, and should demand as writers, not men who rave and grow hysterical with every outburst of thought, but rather those whose wide sympathy with suffering humanity, whose deep knowledge of mankind and whose liberal views appeal at once to the popular mind, and the more readily awaken it to the impression of truth.

“WHAT SHALL I DO?”

THIS is the unanswered question which more than any or all others troubles the mind and conscience of the thinking young men of the country. The perplexity which surrounds it does not grow out of the difficulty of finding “something to do,” but to select from the multitude of employments and brilliant “opportunities” that or those which will be the most congenial and lead to the best results. It is this very profusion of opportunities that bewilders and enervates American youths, and often renders lives conspicuous failures that with a certain undeviating course laid out before them might have been in the best sense successful.

Mr. Greeley in his advice to young men—besides his perpetual exhortation to go to the country, or stay there if there already—dwells upon the importance of a “many-sidedness” in their preparatory training. To use his own words: “I want a man to have a

face for every foe, a faculty for every duty, a readiness for every opportunity that opens itself, a willingness to do what is the best thing to do for the day."

The point here is a good one, but it is very easy to misapprehend it. A very common, and in an important sense, true saying is that "a jack-at-all-trades is good at none;" and while we should not lose sight of the importance of complete and symmetrical development of mind and body, neither should we of the fact that it is much better to be a *master* of some one thing than to be a mere dabbler or trickster in many. There are very few persons so gifted of Heaven as to be able in the short span allotted to human life to become proficient in many things; and it would seem to be the dictate of wisdom founded upon the plain indications of Providence in those who are preparing to battle with life to secure proficiency in some one employment, profession, or interest before attempting to set up for universal geniuses.

The question, then, of first importance to young men who are dependent upon their own hands and brain is as to the direction which shall be given to their powers. And this is a question which, under ordinary circumstances, every one must answer for himself. And it should not be such a difficult point to settle. God, who is kind and beneficent, as well as just, has thrown no intelligent person entirely upon chance in this matter, but has wisely given, in each individual case, such positive indications of his divine purpose, that one has only to be true to himself and his inward promptings to read that purpose without the possibility of mistakes. But is it always possible to follow out these promptings? and if not, what course should be pursued?

It is a privilege accorded to every mortal to do the best he can. A man may desire a fortune of a hundred thousand dollars—aye, and may richly deserve it, too—and yet may labor all his life to that end and at last die poor. Still, it is not at all likely, if he has been true to himself, that his life will have been thrown away or barren of good results. If he has done what he could, not only in the matter of accumulation, but to make the world better for his living in it, his life will be very far from a failure, though his

name is not published in the exceptional list of heavy incomes.

The thing which should most concern the young men of the day is the use they make of *themselves*,—what they do with the body and soul which is placed at their disposal. He who cares more for the protection and well-being of that essence of individuality which may be called personal integrity than for all else, need have little solicitude for the rest. It is impossible to read God's lesson aright as written in one's own consciousness, and to act upon such knowledge and not come out right in the end. What shall I do? is a very proper query; and the inward life should be so honest and true, that the right answer will invariably and promptly follow.

S. S. P.

IN VAIN.

BY C. HENRY LEONARD.

THE wind blows wild and shrieks a dirge
That stabs the heart with secret pain;
The clouds are torn by wrathful blasts
That earthward hurl their wrath again;
The spirit moans and beats its prison walls
With cries, till echo unto echo calls.

"Lo! what is born of death hath sown
Within the seeds of quick decay;
A thread whereto men's hearts may cling
To dream the truth of life away."
The truth? What of the false, the doubly vain?
"Poor heart, ask why the night wind howls with pain."

That born of death? Yes, in the chill
Of winter's snows a year ago:
'Twas midnight; and the argand lamp
Pierced through the gloom with sickly glow.
And wrought a shadow on the whitened wall,—
(Some called it Hope)—a shadow, that was all!

The watchers at the bedside turned,
And pointed trembling fingers at the form:
The Old Year shuddered, gasped for breath,
And muttered woeful of the storm:
The clock struck twelve—the flickering flame went out;
Birth, Life, and Death there held their mimic rout.

That born was Hope—that dead, the Year;
But what was Life? a bawbee there:
Yet Hope was bright and gave us plight
To drink to joy, and banish care.
Ah, Hope, thou cheat, that bids us work to fall!
Will hearts forever trust thy pleasing tale?

Oh, dark the night with phantom shades!
Still darker broods the life within;
The hoarse winds hoarser shout and shriek,
As laden with the Old Year's sin:
And Thought, in mourning weeds, with ghostly tread
Stalks Memory's fane—that charnel of the dead.

The Shadow mocked me at its birth;
Veneered with smiles its ghastly leer;

I took up Hope (the Shadow's self),
And, laughing, heard my laugh a jeer.
Ah, well, poor heart, since Hope hath cheated me,
Wilt *thou* forsake me too?—I would not thee.

To-night the Old Year dies again,
And with him all his hopes and fears;
Let's laugh and make him merry in
His plight: he mocked *us* in our tears.
His requiem let the night winds shout and rave;
We'll drink him health though tottering in his grave.

HOW A HUMORIST USES HUMOR.

MR SAMUEL CLEMMENS, of Buffalo, usually called "Mark Twain," has written some things which have passed as humorous, and have been copied quite extensively in country newspapers—not always, it is true, for their humor, but for their entertaining and instructive qualities. Some three or more years ago he took a trip, with a few of Mr. Beecher's congregation, to the Holy Land, and after he returned to his native hearth he was impelled to write a book, in order that the fund of knowledge he had gained, and the other fund he had expended, might not go for naught. He christened his book in honor of the Brooklyn *voyageurs* and old Ireland, "Innocents Abroad; or, The New Pilgrim's Progress." The double title had its pecuniary advantages, for while one class of readers was induced to buy the book expecting to find in it a second Don Quixotte, another, and more available class for the bookseller, hastily seized upon it as an improved edition or second volume of *Bunyan's* great work. Mark is shrewd, and not only understands how to write and name a book, but also how to advertise it; and so the readers of the *Galaxy* magazine—for which the double humorist contributes monthly ten pages of minion "Memoranda"—have swallowed with an astonishing relish, constantly asking for more, regular doses of sugar-coated advertisements of the wonderful book, thereby securing for the *Galaxy* publishers a regular contributor, and helping the enterprising author to cultivate a new crop of "Innocents" for future use. But the most astounding piece of impudence of which any magazine writer has been guilty is the publication in the December *Galaxy* of an elaborate notice of the "Innocents Abroad," copied from the London *Saturday Review*. The irrepressibly funny "Twain" characteristically remarks, in introducing the notice, that he has "dearly wanted to do it" for some time, as he could not write anything half so delicious himself, and naively adds that if he had a cast-iron dog that could

read this English criticism and preserve his austerity, he would drive him off the door-step.

The "review" occupies over two pages of the *Galaxy*, which at ordinary advertising rates would amount to a snug sum; and is so neatly sandwiched and dovetailed between introduction, improvement, and marginal references, as to make a sure thing of it for the American Publishing Company. This is all very well so far, but it is not quite far enough to show the depth of humor of which a mere advertising ruse is susceptible. It is very evident to an ordinarily intelligent reader that the *Saturday Review* article was written as a gentle burlesque in Mark's own view—Mark, of course, so understood it, and could find no sufficient excuse for republishing it in the *Galaxy* until the *Boston Advertiser* caught at the bait, noticed the article as a serious review, and suggested the propriety of reproducing it in full in the next *Memoranda*. The hint was of course taken, and, as a sharp advertiser might naturally calculate, the newspapers are now discussing the question as to who are the "innocents," the people who went out in the Quaker City, the man who wrote about them, the *Saturday Review*, the *Boston Advertiser*, the publishers of the *Galaxy*, or the readers of the *Memoranda*. But as to the advertising genius of Mark Twain, there can be but one opinion.

DERIVATION OF "YANKEE."—The term "Yankee" is a modification of the French term *Anglais*, meaning English. It is stated that the English settlements were called by the aborigines *Ingæe* or *Yengæe*, and in after years, especially during the struggle between the colonists and the mother country, *Yengæe* became modified into "Yankee," and was used by the British soldiery as an opprobrious epithet. According to Thiery, "Yankee" is a corruption of Yankin, diminutive of John, a nickname given to the English colonists in Connecticut by the Dutch settlers in New York. Dr. Gordon, in his "History of the American War," says it was a cant word in Cambridge, Mass., as early as 1713, and that it means excellent—as a yankee good horse, or yankee good cider. He supposes that it was adopted by the students as a by-word, and being carried by them from the college obtained currency in other colonies, and so was subsequently applied to the New Englanders.

In the late war between the North and South the soldiers of the Union army were called Yankees, or "Yanks," by Confederate soldiers.

ADVENTURES OF A NON-COMBATANT.

"John Redan, 20th Mass., 1st Brig., 2d Div., 2nd Corps, Dying in the Woods."

LOOKING on my note-book of the campaign of 1864, my eye accidentally fell upon this memorandum, under the date of May 23d. I copy it as a sample of the notes with which a soft-hearted Army correspondent would fill his diary, and because, as it met my eye to-night, it reminded me of two days' experience of peril and adventure. Let me premise my story by saying that it is strictly true. The main facts are copied from my note-book, and the incidents are too indelibly impressed upon my memory ever to be effaced.

On the afternoon of Friday, the 20th of May, I left General Grant's headquarters, near Spottsylvania, and rode to Fredericksburg, to attend to some business and spend the night. The army had occupied its present position for several days, reinforcing its ranks and replenishing its supplies. We all knew that a movement might be expected at any time, but I had heard or seen nothing to cause me to suppose one to be imminent. The next morning, however, I was aroused from my sleep by heavy cannonading at the front. I dressed hastily, and saddling my horse was soon galloping toward the scene of battle, twelve miles away. I was provoked at myself for being caught away from my post, and my vexation was increased by the fear that I was the only *Tribune* "chap" that side of Washington. I was mounted upon a thorough-bred Virginian racer—a horse that had never yet failed me in any emergency—the fleetest, the bravest, the most intelligent, and the most enduring one that I ever bestrode. Urged by the fear that a representative of some rival journal might outstrip me in getting out a report of the action, I raised the bridle on Jesse's neck and pressed him into his best gait. The morning was cool, the road unencumbered by passing trains, and the roar of the distant battle seemed to inspire him with unnatural ambition. He swept through woods, past open fields, and over bridges with a long, rapid, and unfaltering stride. I leaned forward in the saddle and patted his beautiful neck with my hand, and he turned his eye upon me in affectionate recognition.

We soon neared the scene of action, and I checked his gait as we ascended a hill the brow of which would give us our first view of the struggle. On reaching the summit a sight presented itself that might well fill me with alarm. A mile before me, on the open plain, the two armies were contending for the very

road upon which I was approaching. I had been a witness of so many battles that I formed an immediate opinion of the situation. I judged that the enemy had massed upon our right flank and obliged it to yield. This opinion was probably inspired by the fact that only a few days before our troops on the extreme right had been surprised in this manner, and had offered a fierce but successful resistance on this very spot. I decided to ride leisurely down the road till I got under fire (thus saving my horse's wind for an emergency), and then leap the fence on the left-hand side and rush round into the rear of the Union lines. I had hardly started to execute this design, however, when a new development of the situation led me to instantly abandon it. Swinging around from the rebel rear a troop of gray cavalry was advancing at a brisk trot. Their intention was, no doubt, to turn our right flank or reach our rear. They were but little over half the distance that I was from our lines, but were advancing over fields encumbered by ditches and fences, while a straight, open road lay before me.

But two courses were open to me: one to return to Fredericksburg, an idea that I did not entertain for a second, and the other to run the gauntlet of death. Before the decision was hardly formed I was rushing down the road with the speed of the wind. A minute later, as I came in full view, the rebels saw me and pressed forward, with a shout, to intercept my passage. I gave my noble horse his head, and leaned forward in the saddle, inspired with an involuntary thought that I could push him into a still higher speed. How the road stretched out before me! How long the seconds were! How slowly we seemed to move! And yet our speed was that of a railroad train. Nearer and still nearer we approached, till I seemed to be rushing into a vortex filled with glittering sabers. I placed my face against my horse's neck and whispered, "Jesse, my brave boy, you are the only earthly friend I have to help me." No look of recognition now! No turning of his eye upon his master! He knew his duty, and I could teach him nothing. With long, low, steady stride, with neck outstretched until his nostrils snuffed the dust, he flew down past the rebel troop. I gently pulled the rein, and without a pause in his wild flight he leaped the fence and bore me to the Union lines.

I dismounted and led my noble horse to a place of safety. I threw my arms about his

neck and kissed his long, bony face. We had been in peril together before; had passed together through the ordeal of fire, had faced the tempest and stemmed the flood in company, had shared each other's food and shelter, until I can not but think he would willingly have laid down his life in my defense. I loved him too. I looked into his bright, tender eyes, and told him he should some day be repaid for all this; that I would take him to my New England home, and give him food, and rest, and care, and shelter; that he would be loved by my wife, petted by the little ones, and coveted by all my neighbors. How little I then knew what two short days would bring forth!

I shall probably never know why I was not fired upon, in which case I could hardly have escaped capture or death; but I think the enemy hoped to surprise our troops, and withheld their fire on that account. It is a matter of history that the attempt failed, a section of a light battery having previously been posted upon our flank to prevent such a disaster.

On inquiry I found my theory of the situation could not well have been more erroneous. The whole army had moved, except the Sixth Corps, which was left to cover the movement, and was soon to follow. I could get no feed for my horse, the trains all having started, so I immediately remounted and proceeded in search of the general headquarters. My progress was necessarily slow, the roads and fields on either side being filled with troops and trains. At last, however, I struggled passed the Ninth Corps and into the Fifth, where I found Grant, Mead, and Warren together. I here obtained my first reliable information regarding affairs. The Second Corps had been started, about midnight, for Bowling Green, with the Fifth Corps immediately behind. Grant was quite reticent, but the apparent design was to force a passage of the Mattaponi at that point, before Lee could strengthen its defenses. I could see no prospect of a general engagement above that place, and as I feared that Hancock would end the "little affair" before I reached him, I pushed forward. I soon passed the van of the Fifth Corps, and again found myself alone. All about me were the footprints of Hancock's army, but not a soldier was in sight. Expecting, at every turn, to overtake his trains, I sent Jesse into an easy lope, thinking to take advantage of the open road. The broad, fertile valley that stretched out before me, clothed in the beauties of spring verdure, watered by placid streams, and covered with an atmosphere of Sabbath stillness, presented, to me, the added

charm of novelty. I should have enjoyed the ride exceedingly, but I was annoyed at the thought of being again outside the Union lines. I was certain that the Second Corps had passed that way, but how far they were in advance of me I did not know, and as Jesse's steady pace added mile unto mile to the open road behind, I knew my situation was not a safe one. I met no one on the road, and saw only women and children at the houses. On the roof of one a woman waved a signal flag, and her message was replied to from a station on the mountains. Beyond this range of hills, that overlooked the valley on the west, a cloud of dust, that rolled above their summits, marked the progress of the rebel army in its race to outstrip ours. At last I met a member of Hancock's staff riding back to "hunt up" Warren. From him I learned that the Second Corps had reached Bowling Green, and was intrenching itself upon a hill that overlooked the town.

I have no hesitancy in saying that this corps could outmarch any other of the army of the Potomac, except, possibly, the Sixth. At the beginning of the campaign, on the evening of the first day's march from Brandy Station, they found themselves at Chancellorsville, with the Fifth Corps, the next behind them, at Wilderness. They then came near being cut off from the rest of the army; and in this case, finding himself in a similar situation, Hancock wisely determined to go no farther, but seek a position that he could defend against any force that could possibly be brought against him, and wait for his companions.

Encouraged by these tidings I urged Jesse onward, and in a few minutes was at the Second Corps headquarters. Here I met two companions, Coffin, of the *Boston Journal*, and Peters, of the *Philadelphia Enquirer*, the first reporters I had seen that day. It was now two o'clock in the afternoon, and the Fifth and Ninth Corps could not possibly be got up before night. There was little prospect of any further movements of importance before morning, and, in the mean time, by rough riding, I could take dispatches to Belle Plain and return. Mr. Peters kindly offered Jesse a lunch out of his feed-bag, but the poor, tired horse refused to touch it. I sat down on the grass to sketch a brief account of the day's doings for my paper, and my pet came up and daintily plucked the ripe strawberries from out the grass at my feet. I was amused, and leaving my writing spent half an hour in culling the delicious fruit and feeding him. After an hour's rest, as he still refused his feed, I decided to try to get a

relay and leave him behind me, but I found this impossible, as every horse was jaded with the forced march from Spottsylvania. I was sorry for his sake, but glad for my own. I felt that I was going on a lonely ride, and perhaps a perilous one, and there was no companion that I preferred to him. There was a dumb communion between us that was society to me, and there was an inspiration in his spirit that made me feel that there was no feat of speed or endurance that I could not execute with his assistance. So I laid the saddle softly on his broad shoulders, fastened a little bundle of oats behind, and, lifting myself lightly into the stirrups, started on my return.

My ride to Fredericksburg was not interrupted by any accident or adventure. A negro guided me on to the turnpike leading from Richmond to that city, a broad, hard road, passing through a rich but monotonous country. Jesse was in his usual good spirits, notwithstanding he had been under the saddle all day without food. I rode leisurely, and it was dark long before I reached the city.

I had promised Jesse that I would ask him to go no farther, so I rode directly to the stables of the Sanitary Commission to find him comfortable quarters, and procure a fresh horse for the journey to Belle Plain and back. As I passed into the light, I carelessly took out my watch. The pointers were on the hour of nine. Nine o'clock, and no person, be he soldier or citizen, could cross the river after that hour! I wheeled my horse in an instant, and galloped to the bridge. The guard examined my pass, and I rode on. I had hardly left him before the sergeant cried out, "Nine o'clock. Let no one pass." I was just in time. Of the sentry at the east end of the bridge I learned that Belle Plain was being evacuated, and that there were no troops on this side of the river. He gave me one crumb of comfort, however, in the fact that I was the only "quill driver" who had crossed that day, except the Associated Press messenger. He had gone on in the forenoon, and of course had no news from Bowling Green. I dismounted, and walked by the side of my faithful friend up the Falmouth hills. This last information made me more than ever anxious to reach the Potomac as speedily as possible, as it might be my last opportunity, for several days, of getting tidings to the North.

On reaching the summit of the hills I remounted and gave Jesse the reins. I had not the heart to urge him, and he settled into a quick, cheerful walk. It was a clear, warm,

moonlight night. The road, as many of my readers will remember, passed over a hilly country. On the hilltops the eye swept over a broad landscape, upon which, even to its extreme margin, every object seemed lifted, by the mellow moonlight, into bold relief. The valleys were draped in mysterious shadows, and filled with a silence that a whisper would startle. Jesse walked briskly forward, his quick ears in constant motion, and his eyes peering at every object that we passed. He seemed to understand that we were in a country that had been abandoned by our troops and that was known to be infested by roving bands of guerrillas. I had been so accustomed to these displays of vigilance and alertness, in our solitary journeys, that I thought but little of it then, but now, in recalling it, I believe I had never known him to appear so nervous before. I was haunted, myself, with a painful apprehension of evil. This section of Virginia had a reputation for murder and pillage only equaled by that about Fairfax; my horse, whose fleetness had saved me more than once from capture, was too completely exhausted to be relied upon, and I was, myself, almost overcome with hunger and weariness. I confess that my surroundings, my solitude, and my defenseless condition had worked upon my imagination till I was conscious that my fortitude and self-control had been disturbed and weakened.

While in this unfortunate frame of mind, as we were descending into a narrow, dark ravine, I was startled by a sudden movement by the roadside. I involuntarily snatched the rein from my horse's neck, but before I could turn him, a strong hand had seized the bridle. I think he would have trampled down the man and fled with me had I given him the command to go, but I thought it useless to attempt to escape. My captor presented a pistol and commanded me to give up my arms. I had none. "Get down!" I obeyed without hesitation, and stood before him. He was a firmly-built man, of middle height, and was dressed in dark cavalry uniform, a type of that class of marauders who were a terror and scourge to the country, waging an unrelenting war upon helpless loyal citizens and sick and straggling patriot soldiers, mounting themselves upon the horses, and clothing themselves in the garments of their victims. Had I not been certain that he had companions near at hand, I think I should have clinched him, and tried to wring the pistol from his grasp, and kill him on the spot, but when he ordered me to march

ahead of him, down into the black gorge, I obeyed without remonstrance. Our progress was slow, the road being badly worn, and the darkness, under the shadow of high, steep bluffs, almost impenetrable. Not a solitary camp-fire pierced the gloom, not a voice broke the silence, and yet I was sure from the boldness of my captor's manner that he had associates in the immediate vicinity. He followed close behind, so near that I could feel my Jesse's breath against my neck. I turned my head, and the muzzle of his pistol touched my ear. We had proceeded but a few paces when he asked my name and business. I told him truly. His answer was the most diabolical, sneering laugh that I ever heard. At the sound all the evil passions of my nature were at once aroused. I felt the hot blood boiling in my heart. The devil should not drive me another step! I would tear him in pieces, and throw the fragments into the open pit before me! I turned, and struck his arm so suddenly that the pistol dropped from his grasp. I then closed in upon him with the fury of a madman; but he was heavier than I, and I could not throw him. He got his arm about my neck, and squeezed me till the bones began to crack. I struggled fiercely, and at last we both went down. I remember but little more; a vain attempt to get my pocket-knife, a cry from him for help, a rush of voices, a clangor of sabers, the release of his arm from my neck. I breathed again. I opened my eyes and found myself surrounded by armed men. I was lifted to my feet, and taken, by two stalwart men, to the place of bivouac, and dragged into the tent of the officer in command. A single candle, screened to emit no light outside, shone full into the brave, calm face of Lieutenant F——, of New York—a face the light of which turned the fierce drama of the moment into a most provoking farce. He and his company of about thirty dismounted cavalymen had failed to receive the proper orders to evacuate, and found themselves, at last, alone in this wild country. He knew that he was surrounded by bushwhackers, and therefore had taken every precaution to guard against discovery, if possible, and at least against surprise. He tried to dissuade me from proceeding farther, declaring that there was no possibility of my getting through, as five men, whom he had sent that afternoon to escort a straggling ambulance to the Potomac, had not been heard from since, and had doubtless fallen into the hands of the enemy. But, after feeding Jesse his oats, which he now ate with great relish,

and drinking the health of my captor in a cup of hot coffee, I started on my journey.

Over the summits of the hills and down through the slumbering valleys, our eyes piercing every shade and our ears drinking in every rustle of the trembling leaves, mile after mile we wended our weary way. The moon had driven her silver car up to the zenith, and her eye swept every hillside and searched every glen. I think we had been on our way for an hour, through an absolute solitude, when we began to ascend a steep and rugged hill. The road was narrow, being cut through the heavy clay, and had been badly washed by recent heavy rains; and as Jesse picked his way among the ruts and gullies, my attention was attracted by his sagacity and skill. Presently he lifted his head, and, giving a quick snort of alarm, stopped abruptly. A most horrible and sickening sight presented itself as I lifted my eyes from the ground. An ambulance, from which the wheels had been removed, lay in the middle of the road. The pole had been fastened into an upright position by lashing it to the footboard, and from the end hung the lifeless body of a patriot soldier. Four more ghastly corpses lay upon the ground, and three within the wagon. I dismounted and led my horse past the revolting scene. Every man had been shot through the head—surprised and captured first, no doubt, and murdered afterward. They had not been stripped of their clothing, and I could identify the guard—one sergeant (whom they had hung) and four privates of cavalry, two lieutenants of infantry, within the ambulance, and the driver. The full moon, swinging like an urn of incense in the sky, sprinkled their tranquil features with its hallowed light—a sweet baptism of beauty and peace. I uncovered my head—it was holy ground.

My ride from this place to the river was without adventure, and with but one episode. About three miles from Belle Plain, and on the right-hand side of the road as I approached that place, was a large frame building, built, I presume, for a barn or a tobacco storehouse. It stood near the highway, and as I approached it I heard loud voices within, and could soon see twelve or fifteen horses fastened about the yard. I think that Jesse detected them first, for he assumed the stealthy air and silent, cat-like tread for which I so highly prized him. He crept by without the faintest click of his hoof on the hard road bed, and the revels of the band were undisturbed.

I reached the landing at one and a half

o'clock in the morning, and found I was none too early, as the last steamer was just ready to leave. I consigned my dispatches to the care of her clerk, and in twenty minutes she swung out into the stream. I think I never before felt so utterly forsaken as when I stood upon the pier that night, alone. Behind me was a country full of blood and cruelty, before me a raging river, bearing away my last chance of protection and escape. I walked gloomily to the shore. Jesse stood where I had left him, and greeted me with an affectionate whinner. I put my hands upon his cheeks and looked into his brave face. He pushed his nose under my arm, and turned his bright, happy eye toward mine. Do not think me sentimental when I tell you that my heart was comforted and strengthened. I found a bale of fresh hay, and throwing some into the corner of a dilapidated stable, slipped out Jesse's bit and led him in. I dare not unsaddle him, lest I might be surprised and have to mount in an instant. I then lay down near the entrance, and fell immediately into a refreshing slumber.

At four o'clock I awoke, and started for Fredericksburg without delay. Jesse was in excellent spirits, and so, in fact, was I. The scenes of the night before were like "a vision when it is passed." The return of the light had restored my accustomed hopefulness and self-reliance. My horse needed no urging, and we were well on our way when the sun threw its first ray of light across the Potomac, and opened another Christian Sabbath day. I approached the barn upon the hills with unnecessary caution, for it had been abandoned. On a strong, sturdy gallop I swept over the road. The ambulance had been visited, the corpses stripped, and the wagon burned, and the camp of Lieutenant F. was deserted. The country was covered with the traces of murder and pillage, but not a human being crossed our path.

At six o'clock we were back within the "Hospital City." I drove again to the stables, and handing the dusky hostler a "greenback," gave him orders for my horse: a hearty breakfast, a thorough grooming, and a light dinner." I got my breakfast and found a quiet room. Before I fell asleep I reckoned my one day's ride seventy-three Virginia miles.

At half-past two my horse was brought around. He was himself again, and I was pleased to see him look so fresh and bright. I swung into the saddle in a cheerful, careless way, and little thought it was my last mounting. He pranced gallily down the Richmond

turnpike and we were soon again alone. The afternoon was warm, and I did not want him to get overheated. I pulled the curb and brought him into a childish amble, but he fretted under the restraint. I patted him on the neck and breast, and talked to him, but I could not pacify his restless spirit. He had never displayed such a will before, and I determined to subdue it. I jerked him down into a walk, and told him he should keep that gait until he could behave himself. He turned an eye full of deadly hate upon me. Mile after mile was traversed in a sulky, silent mood. At last my thoughts wandered to my Northern home. I saw my loved ones in their accustomed haunts. With them this was a Sabbath day. They had been to the sanctuary and heard God's servant talk of Him who came to bring "Peace on earth, good-will to men." They had renewed their vows of love and charity—the fulfilling of the law. Silently they had wended their way homeward, filled with a cheerful, holy inspiration. "Peace" and "good-will" had fallen like a heavenly benediction upon their hearts. As this picture passed before my mind my heart relented. Shall I, who am instructed to love my enemies and bless them that curse me, quarrel with a brute? I gently pulled my horse's rein and stopped him. I leaned forward and stroked his neck. "Jesse, we have been friends too long to treat each other so!" He turned his head and looked me full in the face with his soft, loving eyes. I patted him on the nose, and we were friends again. It was a foolish quarrel, and an expensive one to me—it cost me my horse. We had loitered so much on the way, that although we pressed forward now at a cheerful pace, it was after six o'clock when we reached Bowling Green. Here I was surprised and disappointed at not overtaking the army. I rode cautiously down into the little village to reconnoiter for information. The only person visible was a "poor white," who could, I should judge, lay undisputed claim to being the veritable "oldest inhabitant." He was the most ignorant man I think I ever met, but he displayed a laudable ambition to learn. He wanted to know my name, age, business, politics, place of residence, and destination. I gave as little information as I could, and got quite as little as I gave. He acknowledged he had seen *some* Lincoln soldiers pass. Some went one way and some another. Most went toward Milford. The last went by that morning.

I was not in a very cheerful mood when I

left the old man and hurried off on the road to the river. If the rear guard had passed Bowling Green before noon, it was doubtless miles away, for I could not believe Grant would tarry at the Mattaponi; night was coming on, and I was in a strange and unfriendly country. In half an hour I was at Milford. The place was utterly deserted. I crossed the stream and ascended the steep hills. The defenses of the enemy, that crowned their summits, were formidable, and their capture must have cost a fierce struggle, but a mute and dreary desolation now rested upon the scene. Turning to the southward I galloped on for another hour, over a road strewn with the *debris* of the pursued and pursuing armies. I knew that the nearer I approached our lines, the more perilous my position became, for the enemy's cavalry were always hanging upon our rear, and yet my desire to overtake our troops before nightfall overcame my usual caution. I at last overtook a negro. There was a fork in the road a few rods ahead, and I inquired the way. He directed me to turn to the right, and said the last troop of cavalry had passed but twenty minutes or half an hour before. Only half an hour, and I had wasted thrice that time in a silly quarrel with my faithful horse! It was now past sunset, but I had strong hopes of overtaking the troop before dusk. I followed the negro's directions, along a narrow road, through a lonely, level, wooded country. I was certain I was off the route of the main army, but the tracks of horses were abundant, and I had enough confidence in the negro to believe our cavalry had passed this way.

I think I had proceeded, on a steady gallop, for half an hour, when I approached a clear, quiet stream, and I stopped my horse to let him drink; but I had no sooner brought him to a stand than I was startled by the report of a rifle, and the singing of a bullet past my head. I looked up, and saw a line of earthworks, along the base of a slight elevation in the road in front. It was a picket line, for behind it, on the brow of the hill, I could distinguish a well-built breastwork, mounted with guns that commanded the road. I had no doubt it was a Union camp, and I waved my handkerchief in token of peace and good fellowship. But my friendly sentiments were not reciprocated; another shot, and still another being fired, with an apparent evil intent. I hurried Jesse through the brook and urged him forward, waving my handkerchief, and shouting that I was a Union man and a friend. How foolish my blind confidence in that negro seems to me

now! He had directed me upon a road that my reason, at any moment, would have told me was wrong, and I was now rushing headlong into the camp of the enemy. My delusion was dispelled, none too early, by a volley from the picket line, followed by the immediate retreat of a dozen graybacks up the hillside. I instantly wheeled my horse and commenced a rapid retreat. Another volley from the hill-top followed us, but we escaped unharmed.

I settled myself in the saddle and gave Jesse his head. I expected to be pursued, but not overtaken. My only fear was of being intercepted by some roving band of rebel cavalry. These fears were soon realized. We had scarcely gone a mile before Jesse's quick ear detected their approach. He slackened his pace. I could hear nothing, and yet I knew the crisis had come. I searched along the roadside for some place of escape into the thick woods, but an impenetrable morass lined the path on either side. Jesse's tread was as noiseless as a panther's, and his quick eyes pierced forward into the dusky twilight. Turning a gentle curve we met them, hardly fifty paces from us. He did not wait to feel the bridle, but turned, quicker than a weaver's shuttle, and flew back down the road. I knew it was a hopeless race. No feat of speed could save us both. My only hope of escape was in abandoning my most faithful friend. I leaned forward and kissed his princely neck, and then loosening my feet from the stirrups I prepared to spring. We were descending toward the stream, and the time had come to part. I looked back, the pursuers were not in sight. I checked the gait of my faithful steed and listened—they were just behind. I leaped to the ground, and, waving my hand, spoke the farewell word—the one word “Go.” He bounded forward, and I sprang into the thick woods. A moment later the rebel troop came dashing by.

All night long I wandered in the swamps, working my way slowly eastward, guided by the light of the moon. With the dawn of day I climbed a tree and looked out toward the rising morning. A mile away the trees looked larger and the land seemed higher. Weary, wet, and hungry, I crept along, much of the time to my waist in the water, and never on dry land. I had no guide but the opening day, all about me being an unbroken wilderness. In an hour I reached a grassy knoll. I crawled to the top, and lying down I fell asleep. I could have slept but a few minutes when the rising sun, shining full in my face, awoke me.

I again climbed a tree and looked about. Before me was a rolling, fertile country. I could see no road, but a half-mile to the southeast was a large house that must be near some highway. I descended and started with joyful steps toward the place. A few rods brought me into a neglected farm road, leading due east. I walked rapidly down this path, my heart filled with hope of deliverance.

A cheerful stream crossed the way, and I stopped to drink and to bathe. As I was rising to resume my journey, a stifled groan, proceeding from behind a neighboring tree, startled me. I hastened to the spot, and there, lying upon his side, his head resting upon his knapsack, was John Redan. The hand of death was already upon his heart. He looked at me entreatingly, but could not speak. I unbuttoned his coat, that he might breathe more easily, and discovered a slip of paper bearing this memorandum: "John Redan, 20th Mass., died with cramp in the bowels." I ran to the house to try to get some stimulant to revive the brave boy and restore him, if possible, to life; but the inmates, if there were any, refused to admit me. In a neighboring hovel I found a negro, who accompanied me back. When we arrived, John Redan was dead. A silver half dollar, placed in the hands of my newly found friend, procured for him a rude but decent burial.

And here my story ends. Ten minutes later I was in the bivouac of the Second Maine Cavalry, the rear-guard of the Grand Army. Did any of the many thousand readers of that morning's *Tribune*, as they glanced at the dispatch from Bowling Green, dream that it had cost two such days of labor, peril, and privation?

THE CONDOR.

THE Condor, or Great Vulture of America, is regarded as the largest of known birds belonging to the family of the *vulturidae*. It is a bird of prey, and very many marvelous tales have been related by travelers with reference to its great strength and voracity. Its character and size, however, have been much exaggerated. Its average size is about three feet six inches from beak to the tip of the tail, and its expanse of wing averages about nine feet. These dimensions are often considerably exceeded, specimens having been captured whose expanse of wings reached fourteen feet, and even over that. The wings are long and extremely powerful, and in the male adorned with a white spot. The general color of the plumage is

brownish-black, being brightest in the old birds. Around the lower part of the neck there is a broad white ruff of downy feathers. The skin is bare, the head, neck, and breast are bare, but hard, dry, and wrinkled, and here and there a few short, dark-colored hairs project. This skin is folded or corrugated about the neck, in a way similar to the neck of a turkey, and it may be puffed out or contracted at pleasure. The beak is thick and strong; straight at the base and strongly curved at the extremity, and covered for about one-third of its length with a tough membrane. The head of the male is crowned with a large cartilaginous comb; and the neck, too, is furnished with a comb extending over the posterior part of the beak, and sloped in the forward part so as not to cover it. The nostrils are large and exposed, and impress the observer with an idea of superior powers of smell and respiration. The claws are strong and slightly curved; the toes are moderate in size and united by a slight membrane; while the legs are plumed below the knee and covered with scales. The feathers are not very thick on the under parts of the body, but on the back and wings are so closely set and firm that the bird is killed with difficulty at a distance by a rifle shot. The food of this bird is chiefly carrion, and its voracity is enormous. One was kept caged at Valparaiso which daily ate upward of eighteen pounds of meat. In the wild state, when it has the opportunity, it gorges itself with meat to such excess that it can not fly, and in that state has been taken alive. Travelers have been witnesses of condors' habits of feeding, and state that experiments have been made in the Andes' region for the purpose. An animal being killed, and placed in an open place, the condors soon made their appearance and attacked the carcass, and not being disturbed continued to eat until they were scarcely able to fly. It is their habit when gorged to retire to their rocky ledges and remain until the heavy meal has been digested.

The range of these birds appears to be confined to the chain of the Andes from the Straits of Magellan to a few degrees north of the equator. They live in pairs, in the most elevated and solitary mountain localities, and from these they descend into the valleys to seek their food. Their customary habitat in the mountains is from ten to fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. They seek the most inaccessible crags upon which to rear their young, and there the eggs, which are two

in number and about four inches long, are deposited, not in a nest, but upon the bare rock. They frequently hunt in pairs, and two will not hesitate to attack large animals, pursuing and tearing them with beak and claws until killed. In the province of Quito the inhabitants suffer much loss on account of the mischief done to their cattle and sheep by these birds.

The condor is endowed with extraordinary powers of vision, and it is thought by some naturalists that it detects its prey chiefly by the sense of sight. When stimulated by hunger it soars to a great height, there commanding a very broad expanse of country, and having descried its prey, with arrow-like rapidity darts down upon it. The height to which the condor flies exceeds that of the flight of any other bird, and is said to be equal to six vertical miles above the level of the sea, far above the ordinary region of clouds. This bird is remarkable for having no voice otherwise than a weak snorting; there being no muscles attached to the trachea, they are as a necessary consequence deprived of voice.

To the same *genus* with the condor belong the King Vulture, which inhabits the warm parts of America, and also the Californian Vulture. The King Vulture is about the size of a goose, and derives its name from driving away other vultures from prey at its pleasure. Its plumage is much brighter than the Andes bird.

It has been thought by some that the old accounts of these powerful and ferocious birds gave rise to the exaggerated description of the Roc of the "Arabian Nights;" but this is im-

probable, as there is no satisfactory evidence of the condor having been ever found in Europe. The lammer-geyer or vulture of the



THE CONDOR.

Alps, a variety of the bearded eagle, quite different in its appearance from the condor, is occasionally seen among the mountains of the East, and to it Sinbad's Roc may be traced with more propriety.

FOOD FOR MIRTH.

It has been suggested that we should furnish food for Mirthfulness as well as for other organs of the mind. Three of our contributors supply the following selections as a first installment, promising something more at another time. We beg to give notice to all our correspondents that this department is now open for contributions. Let us have, not stale jokes, but real wit.

A cool specimen of humanity in the West stepped into a printing-office to beg a newspaper, saying, "We like to read the news very much, but our neighbors are too stingy to take one."

A verdant youth in the country after a visit to the city was discoursing upon the many wonderful things he had seen there. He said he saw a very large house with an awful high chimney, and supposed the owner must have a very big family. He had his name above the door, on the gable end, in great letters—it was M. E. Church.

A young man, in the rural districts of the West, went one evening to see his darling, and after making love to her some time, ventured to pop the question. She seemed very much agitated, and said, "You *skeer* me." He apologized, saying he did not mean to scare her. Feeling much depressed, he took his hat to go home. She said, "Mister, don't be in a hurry—I wish you would *skeer* me again."

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.—A candidate for the post of teacher in a rural school district was asked by one of the examining committee if he was acquainted with mathematics. He replied, "I am not acquainted with Matthew Mattox, but am well acquainted with his brother Joe."

PROGRESS.—"What have you been doing all day?" said a father to his boy, who had been set husking corn in the barn, and had husked only half a basketful. "I am catching rats, sir." "Catching rats! How many have you caught?" "When I get the one I am now after, and two more, it will make three."

SLANG PHRASES.—Mistress of a boarding-house to a seven-year-old boy: "Johnny, is the beef good?"

Hungry boy: "Yithum. It's bully."

In a Western newspaper office the following notice was lately posted up: "Lost.—A valuable new silk umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a curiously carved head."

An angry boarder at the dinner-table the other day exclaimed: "I won't pay for steaks as tough as these; no law can compel me to—they're not legal tender."

Billings insists: "It is a statistikal fakt that the wicked work harder to reach hell than the righteous do tew git tew heaven."

POETICAL PROVERBS.

BY SERENO EDWARDS TODD.

Where fuel is wanting, no fire can burn;
Where backbiter prayeth, no one can feel harm.

When ear never heareth, no gossipers stay;
And backbiters also turn quickly away.

Who's deafer than servants that never will hear?
And who is more reckless than he who don't care?
Put ashes and embers in boxes and palls,
And sooner or later thy domicile fails.

The poor is denied when he cometh to borrow;
But when the rich asketh, there is no to-morrow.

Old men to death goeth, as ox to his stall;
To young men death cometh with terrible pall.

Good husband with scoop shovel gathers amain;
Ill housewife with teaspoon ontheaveth again.

Ill housewife and haughty with open back door,
Will make husband naughty and often grow poor.

Sew buttons and close up loose stitches in time;
One stitch in the morning, ere night, saveth nine.

One minute with needle and thread and two stitches,
Oft sootheth the patience and saveth the breeches.

When full of good gingerbread, lessons go well;
But hungry and thirsty, lads stupidly spell.

Good bread and rich milk, with a maternal plan,
Instead of a dullard, develops the man.

Two ears are provided, that rumors about
May enter at one, and the other flit out.

Two eyes and one tongue every honest man has,
In order to see twice as much as he says.

Two eyes are provided in front of his ears,
To credit what's seen and reject what he hears.

A ninny more questions can stupidly ask
Than science can answer in fifty weeks' task.

No unfinished product of pen or of tools
Should ever be witnessed by women or fools.

Quit jesting and follow when all are at ease,
Lest too much of pleasure forever displease.

When rainbow in splendor appeareth at eve,
The lightning, the thunder, and rain will soon leave.

But oft on the morrow a rainbow in morn
Appeareth in rain-clouds the farmer to warn.

Who panteth for greatness, for renown and fame,
Should first possess all that he would be in name.

Who governs his temper 'mid discord and strife,
Exults o'er the most fearful foe of his life.

As cool hammers fashion the red glowing bar,
So calmness of temper shall triumph in war.

—♦♦♦—
We learn to live by living to learn.

He who never changed an opinion never corrected an error.

He who will not reason is a bigot. He who dare not reason is a coward.

Look not mournfully into the past, but wisely improve the present, and you will meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart.

False happiness makes men stern and proud, and that happiness is never communicated. True happiness renders them kind and sensible, and that happiness is always shared.

Thy fances, thy temples to the surface bow,
Commingling slowly with heroic earth,
Broke by the share of every rustic plow;
So perish monuments of mortal birth,
So perish all in turn, save well-recorded worth.

Byron.

It is better for parents to instruct their children and seek to make them happy at home, than it is to charm strangers or amuse friends.

A quaint old writer says: "We have need of grit as well as grace," which, although a rather gritty way of putting a point, has more than the average amount of truth in it.

Our Mentorial Bureau.

[In this Department will be noticed such matters as are of interest to correspondents and to the general reader. Contributions for "What They Say" should be brief, pointed, and creamy, to secure publication.]

To Our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" ONLY will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify idle curiosity. One question only at a time, and that clearly stated, must be propounded, if a correspondent shall expect us to give him the benefit of its early consideration. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter, if a stamp be inclosed for the return postage.

THE SIZE OF ORGANS—DESTRUCTIVENESS.—1. How long will it take me by special practice, two hours a day, to increase the size of an organ marked "small" to "large?" 2. Is whittling adapted to exercising and strengthening Destructiveness?

Ans. 1. The difference between "small" and "large," in speaking of the size of phrenological organs, is very considerable, and although an organ will increase in size under the influence of efforts specially directed to that object, yet to expect that such increase will be so marked as to transform a small organ into a large one, would be unreasonable and unrealizable. The effect of cultivation and exercise upon faculties is to render them more active and efficient rather than to increase the size of the organs of the brain through which those faculties operate. It is a fact, however, that men exercise organs in groups; as for instance, that of the perceptive faculties of the intellect, or the reflective faculties of the intellect, and the aggregate increase of the organs constituting a group produces an actual change in the contour of the cranium. 2. Destructiveness grows, or is rendered more active, by its owner indulging in those avocations which Destructiveness ministers to. We are of the opinion that whittling, unless it be for the mere purpose of wasting odd bits of wood, which might be used for kindling the morning fire, or defacing furniture, would go to exercise Constructiveness and some of the faculties allied to Constructiveness. Did you indulge frequently in the pastime so much appreciated by the Emperor Nero, killing flies; did you goad now and then with a sharp stick or a piece of pointed iron such of those domestic animals as you are accustomed to meet in your daily walks, and take pleasure in their irritation and suffering; did you get into the habit of puncturing your friends with pins and needles, watching your opportunity to do so slyly in order that you might enjoy their sudden starts and ex-

clamations of surprised pain, we think that you would be in a fair way of cultivating your Destructiveness, and at the same time getting up a considerable reputation for brutality. But Destructiveness can be exercised and strengthened in legitimate and useful ways. The earnest and energetic prosecution of some business undertaking, felling trees, performing surgical operations, etc., will exercise Destructiveness, and will also bring into co-operative activity other organs which will thus prevent an excessive or unhappy predominance of that organ.

WEAKENING OF THE BRAIN.—I have a friend whose brain troubles him; it is becoming weak. What is the cause of brain weakness, and its remedy? He can not enjoy his books as well as he used to, especially at night.

Ans. There are many reasons why the brain may become disturbed and weakened. Too much reading, and too little exercise; over-eating, or living on food that does not support the brain properly, are sufficient cause for brain weakness. If one were to eat rice or superfine flour bread and butter as the principal diet, his brain would get so little phosphorus from such food as to become weak. The use of tobacco might produce the result in question; too little sleep, or bad habits in connection with his social nature, might produce it. Let him eat plain, nourishing food, and not over-eat; take active exercise in pure air, and not over-work; stop reading and study for a month or two; throw away coffee, tobacco, and novel-reading, if he is guilty of such habits, and he will be likely to find a way out of his troubles.

MAY I MARRY MY COUSIN?—I have sent for your work on "Wedlock," but will state especially to you my peculiar circumstances. My cousin from Wisconsin, a handsome and amiable young damsel of twenty years, is visiting at our house. Though related closely, her winning manners suggest to me a tie more tender, a relation more sublime. She is my mother's brother's daughter. Her mother is a native of Norway, in Europe; she (her mother) speaks fluently the Norwegian tongue, and inherits much the customs of that people. All say that the daughter (this one) is in looks and ways wholly like her mother. Please answer this by private letter: whether or not I shall banish all thoughts of a closer relationship, knowing full well the public sentiment upon the marriage of cousins.

Ans. In view of the fact, that consanguineous marriages are productive of weakness, imbecility, insanity, and idiocy, and of other infirmities, we must answer the above and all similar cases in the negative. Full reasons are given in our work on "Wedlock."

IS CHRISTIANITY PEACE?—How do you explain "I came not to send peace, but a sword?"—Matt. x. 34.

Ans. Christ came to a people who had prejudices and selfish practices, to introduce a new system of religion, or a new phase of an old religion, and he here teaches that his pure doctrine would at first produce disturbance. His doctrines demanded "self-denial," a crucifixion of base appetites and lusts. "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it," illustrates the idea. The physician and surgeon often inflict temporary pain for the sake of ultimate ease and rest; as storms clear a murky sky. Will that do?

BALDNESS IN CHURCHES.—Will the JOURNAL please explain why we see baldness so prevalent among the frequenters of places of worship?

Ans. In this instance, the JOURNAL answers by implication, rather than categorically. Is it a fact that we see more baldness in churches than among an equal number of persons of like ages elsewhere? Where else do we meet bodies of old and middle-aged men with hats off so frequently as in churches? Are women as often met with bald heads as men? If not, why not? Has the wearing of those huge air-tight, hot, stovepipe hats—which causes the head to sweat, and which causes the scalp to soften and to swell—anything to do with baldness? Women do not wear tight hats—though they are now piling on lots of hemp, jute, flax, or dead hair, which makes them look so hideous—and one seldom meets with a bald-headed lady. Or, is it excessive devotional exercises, causing a feverish state of the brain, in churches, which causes baldness? To this question we may safely say, "We guess not." There may be instances in which a high state of cerebral excitement long continued has caused both the hair to turn prematurely gray and then to fall off.

We beg our readers not to resort to poisonous hair-dyes, tonics, washes, or other vile compounds, hoping thereby to prevent the hair from turning gray, or from falling off. They will only aggravate rather than mend the matter. To keep the hair clean, use a little fine toilet soap, wash in soft water, and rub dry with towels. If grease *must* be used, let it be a little—very little—inodorous sweet oil. All other compounds are "barberous," unclean, and unhealthful. Wear a soft, light, ventilated hat; brush the hair daily, and live in all respects as a good Christian ought, and let nature take her course.

AMBITION, DISCONTENT.—What is the difference between ambition and discontent? Will there be any improvement without ambition? and can a person be ambitious and not be discontented?

Ans. Ambition is the desire to accomplish great things and gain renown. If one has an open field for the outworking of his desires he will be contented or satisfied if he is making proper progress toward his goal. It is when the stream, which has started for the sea, is dammed up that it

foams and fights and is discontented. The pupil in his primary studies hopes to gain the honors of college, and as long as he gets as good lessons as the best of his associates he is contented. "In due season ye shall reap if ye faint not," has kept many a farmer in heart and hope. A tireless energy which dislikes hindrance is not discontented when it can make suitable progress toward the object of its effort. The traveler, so long as the vehicle goes seven, fifteen, or thirty miles an hour according to its nature and ability, is satisfied, contented. It is when the stage, the steamer, or the railcar needlessly or protractedly stops or loiters that he frets and is discontented. Ambition is consistent with satisfaction or contentment, on the same principle that energy is satisfied with appropriate progress.

"THE THERAPEUTICS OF MENTAL DISEASE," which we referred to in our article in the September number of last year, entitled "Objections to Phrenology Considered," was written by the celebrated J. L. C. Schroeder Van der Kolk, and translated from the German by James T. Rexdall, published by Churchill, London, 1870.

NEAR-SIGHTEDNESS.—What shall I do for my eyesight? My sight is falling. I can not recognize personal friends thirty feet away, and am conscious that my vision is daily becoming weaker. What is the remedy?

Ans. You should pay special attention to your general health. Live as much as possible out of doors; avoid night work, especially using the eyes by gas or lamp-lights. Remain in well-ventilated rooms only. Engage in some light manual labor a part of your time, ride a horse, or climb the hills, and thus keep the bodily organs in healthy action. By renovating, strengthening, and building up the whole system you may hope for improved vision.

What They Say.

ASTROLOGY.—*Sir:* I write you in confidence, and at the request of a friend who has been consulting me, who styles himself the great seer, astrologer, and is the seventh son of the seventh son, with a natural gift or vail of sight. Here is a part of the description he has given her.

"The planets which govern your fate in this world are Saturn, Herschel, and Neptune. A total eclipse occurring in Herschel and Neptune at the moment of your birth, exerts an evil influence upon the earlier years of your life, but not so powerful as the second and last quarter; but whenever the evil influence caused by this event occurs with you, it can be removed by my watching, casting nativities, and horoscopes, and taking advantage of the times when the planet is in full conjunction with its colleague. But for this eclipse your whole life would be one of sunshine, prosperity, and happiness. What you have already passed through is nothing compared to what you will go through in the future, for after your twenty-fifth year this evil influence will almost wholly be at its darkest pitch, and the balance of your life, with only a few exceptions, will be a distressing one. But this can be overcome by having the

evil influence removed. Your planet shines brightly, but the evil influence is before you, and becomes dim and obscured whenever you undertake to succeed in business, and happiness in domestic affairs. Your life can be made to shine with prosperity, so that you will have many friends, and accumulate in business; the influence must first be removed, so that planet Saturn can shine in full brilliancy in the heavens upon you."

I declined at first sending you such a piece of absurdity as this, and referred her to an article in the August number of the JOURNAL on astrology, but nothing would be satisfactory but to have your special opinion on the subject. Please let me hear from you at your earliest convenience. I inclose stamp for private answer.

[The person is simply an impostor who ought to be drummed out of town. "The seventh son of"—Beelzebub more likely, and playing on the credulity and superstition of the ignorant.]

USE AND VALUE OF THE HAIR.—Mr. R. Bissell says on this subject: "As shaving and hair cutting have their origin in doing penance and in ignorance, both should end in intelligence. Any man who shaves throws away a very important part of himself, for one organ can not afford to do without the use of its fellows, for all are parts of one harmonious whole. Nature alone proves, beyond successful contradiction, that the hair on the head and face should be worn where it grows, like other organs, as the ears, the eyes, and nose, not only for ornament, but for its use in promoting health and longevity, by the functions hair performs in the animal economy. By shaving, the cuticle glands and nerves of the face become irritated, in sympathy with the mutilated and inflamed surface, and the irritation spreads to the eyes, ears, nose, teeth, throat, and lungs, and results in debility to those organs, and frequently in inflammation to some one of them. Every man who shaves violates a law of his nature, to which is attached a penalty which must be paid with interest, sooner or later, by weak eyes, by deafness, by neuralgia in the face and head, by bronchitis, by lung disease, by general debility, by nervousness, and premature old age. But some one may say, "There is an old, white-headed man without any beard!" Or it may be urged that some authors, statesmen, and renowned men in science shaved; but how much greater and longer-lived they might have been had they not thrown away this important part of themselves can not be known. Byron only lived to be about thirty-six, and other authors died comparatively young. But all general rules have their exceptions. Those long-lived men had iron constitutions, and might have added to their ages respectively twenty or thirty years if they had never shaved; and what if Byron had never drank whisky? Hair, being a non-conductor of heat and electricity, preserves the natural temperature of the body, both in summer and in winter, thus preventing nervousness."

FEMALE SUFFRAGE IN WYOMING TERRITORY.—A correspondent writes us from that distant region requesting a correction of the statement, in our November number, with reference to Utah's taking the precedence in

according the right of suffrage to women. He sends us a copy of the statute passed by the Territorial Legislature, which reads as follows:

Chapter XXXI., Wyoming Statute, Sec. 1: "That every woman of the age of twenty-one years, residing in this Territory, may, at every election to be holden under the laws thereof, cast her vote. And her rights to the elective franchise and to hold office shall be the same under the election laws of the Territory, as those of electors.

Sec. 2. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage. Approved, December 10th, 1869."

Thus it appears that Wyoming Territory is the leader in the movement for the enfranchisement of women, and so quietly was the measure consummated, that it seems very few of those who interest themselves in the political affairs of the nation at large were aware of it. Hence the oversight of the author of the sketch of Utah's delegate to Congress. The text of the act passed by Utah is as follows:

"An Act giving Women the Elective Franchise in the Territory of Utah.

Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the Governor and Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Utah, that every woman of the age of twenty-one years, who has resided in this Territory six months next preceding any general or special election, born or naturalized in the United States, or who is the wife, or widow, or the daughter of a naturalized citizen of the United States, shall be entitled to vote at any election in this Territory.

Sec. 2. All laws or parts of laws conflicting with this Act are hereby repealed.

Approved February 12th, 1870."

Literary Notices.

There is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books no less than in the faces of men, by which a skillful observer will know as well what to expect from the one as the other.—BUTLER.

AUTUMN DREAMS. By Chiquita. One vol., 12mo; pp. 108; cloth. Price, \$1 50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The author says "a woman must be 'lifted out of herself' to write in a manner that will charm;" and in order to aid our readers in forming a conclusion respecting these poems, we give the titles of some of them: We Two; Angels' Flowers; Homage I do not Seek; To a Beautiful Young Friend; Come Back; Sweep, O Sea; The Southern Forest Flower; Rain at Night; One of These Days; In Dreams; O Leaves; Sighing for Thee; Is it a Sin to Love Thee; To Chiquita, etc. The book contains nearly seventy poems. Effie Bowdre Castlen (Chiquita) writes with the influence of Southern skies around her, and the titles fail to convey the warmth and ardor breathing through the verses; hence we copy—

A PETITION, with this prefix: "My little boy, six years of age, brought me yesterday a 'reward of merit' from his teacher, and said, 'Little mamma, keep my ticket for me; and if I ask God every night to make me good, I'll get another next week,—won't I?'"

"Oh, mamma!" (and he gently came and nestled at my side).

"Dear mamma, keep my ticket, and be very sure you hide it, please, where naughty fingers cannot find it to destroy." And his arms were clasped around me, my gentle, noble boy.

"And, mamma,—little mamma," (and his voice to whispers grew.)

"If I'll be good to Johnnie, to my papa, and to you,—
"If I'll notice little sister," and 'member 'bout my hat,
Will I get another ticket, *say*, mamma, just like that?"

"And say my 'Now I lay me,' very slow, and always let
My brother have the nicest place, and kiss you 'fore I get
in my trundle near the cradle, where little sister lies,
I'll get another ticket if I'm good? You know I *tries*."

As I clasped him to my bosom, the tears my eyelids wet;
I told my boy of Jesus, and I bade him ne'er forget
That He loved good little children. "Pray, darling,
while He's near;
Ask Him to make you 'good,' my child; He turns no
deafening ear."

Father, I tremble often as I meet these earnest eyes;
Though the burden's sweet, 'tis heavy; to nurture such
a prize

As this fair, pure, spotless child, I must pure and spotless be;

Help, Father, that I bring it unpolluted unto Thee.

Thou, "who gavest to my guiding hand this wand'rer"
to lead

Through paths that oft are lone and dark, where feet so
often bleed.

Bruised and pierced by cruel thorns, oh, leave me not
alone.

To guide him to those gates of pearl, *Thou* he must lean
upon.

TO THE YOUNG MEN OF THE WEST; or,
A Few Words of Practical Advice to those Born
in Poverty and Destined to be Reared in Orphan-
age. By L. U. Reavis. 12mo pamphlet. Price, 25
cents. New York: S. R. Wells.

After urging the importance of Education—and
self-improvement—possible to all, the author con-
siders the subject of Business—how to conduct it;
wages; different pursuits: Marriage—should it be
early or late in life? reasons; views of wise men
on the point are given: Politics, or the duty of
every citizen in the support and defense of his
government is explained.

RELIGION. Under this head the author gives
such a code of morals and such a mode of wor-
ship as will meet the views of advanced minds;
concluding with such counsels and advice as a fa-
ther would wish to impress upon his son. The
spirit of this little book may be found in the fol-
lowing lines, quoted as a motto, from Horace
Greely:

"Young men, I would have you believe that
success in life is within the reach of every one
who will truly and nobly seek it—that there is
scope for all—that the universe is not bankrupt—
that there is abundance of work for those who are
wise enough to look for it where it is—and that
with sound morality and careful adaptation of
means to ends, there are in this land of ours larger
opportunities, more just and well-grounded hopes,
than in any other land whereon the sun ever shone.

"There is work for all; and this great country,
whereof we are citizens, is destined, in spite of her

temporary embarrassments, to bound forward on
a career of prosperous activity such as the world
has not known.

"That you may be a part of that movement—
that you may help to inspire it, is my hope."

THE THEOLOGY OF CHRIST from His Own
Words. By Joseph P. Thompson, D.D., LL.D.
One vol., 12mo; pp. 295; cloth. Price, \$2.
New York: Scribner & Co.

The author of "Man in Genesis and in Geology"
has given us a new and convenient commentary.
There is no dogmatizing, no cant, but a plain, def-
inite description of Christ's preaching and teach-
ing; mysteries are explained, seeming contradic-
tions reconciled, and the whole made plain to un-
biased minds. The work is divided into chapters
under the following headings: Christ a Preacher;
Quality of His Preaching; The Kingdom of God;
The New Birth; Salvation made Through the
Death of Christ; Salvation Limited only by Unbe-
lief; The Nature of Religion; The Spirituality of
Worship; A Living Providence; Of Prayer;
Christ's Oneness with the Father; The Comforter;
The Holy Ghost; Paradise; The Resurrection of
the Dead; The Final Judgment; The Blessedness
of the Saints; Future Punishment; Christ's Doc-
trine our Spiritual Sacrament; The Doctrine of
Christ Complete as a Revelation from God; Gen-
uineness of the Gospel of John; Dr. Van Ooster-
zee's Theology of the New Testament; Dr. Weiss
on Future Punishment; The Intermediate State."

Both clergy and laity should read this work. It
will instruct and enlarge their minds.

WHY AND HOW. Why the Chinese
Emigrate, and the Means they Adopt for the
Purpose of Reaching America. With Sketches
of Travel, Amusing Incidents, Social Customs,
etc. By Russell H. Conwell. With illustrations
by Hammatt Billings. One vol., 12mo; pp. 233;
cloth. Price, \$1 50. Lee & Shepard.

We have chapters on the Chinese Government;
Chinese Superstition; Chinese Character; Thirst
for Gold; Early Emigration; A New Chapter of
Horror; America and China; The New God,
"Ward;" What For; First Emigration; The
Coolie's Dwelling; The Coolie's Resolve; Con-
sulting the Gods; The Loan; Packing Up; Burial
Insurance; The Ship; Sold for Debt; Queries;
with illustrations of a Chinese School upon an
American Plan; Joking Chinaman; Scene at a
Joss-House; Chinese Amusements; Our Wheel-
barrow Ride. A spley, funny book, with much
real information given in a lively, gossipy style.

THE LIVING WRITERS OF THE SOUTH.
By James Wood Davidson, A.M. One vol.,
12mo; pp. 635; cloth. Price, \$2. New York:
Carleton.

Mr. Davidson performed a "labor of love"
when, with great care and perseverance, he pre-
pared this work for the press. Every author of
repute in the South is described, and copious ex-
tracts are given, especially from the poets. The
names of 241 writers—166 males and 75 females—
are given.

THE COMMERCIAL LAWS OF THE STATES :

A Summary of the Laws Relating to Arrest—Assessments—Attachment—Collections—Commercial Paper—Corporations—Depositions—Dower—Deeds—Damages on Bills—Execution—Exemption—Factors and Consignees—False Pretenses—Homesteads—Imprisonment for Debt—Interest—Usury—Liens—Statutes of Limitation—Receivers—Redemption—Stay Laws—Partnership—The Rights of Married Women, etc. One vol., octavo; pp. 205; cloth. Price, \$3. New York: Baker, Voorhis & Company.

• This work has been prepared by competent legal counsel, and will be found to contain a summary of the laws of each State on the subjects named.

NATURE'S ARISTOCRACY; or, Battles and Wounds in Time of Peace. A Plea for the Oppressed. By Miss Jennie Collins. Edited by Russell H. Conwell. One vol., 12mo; pp. 322; cloth. Price, \$1 50. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The author divides her subjects into chapters under the following headings, which will give the reader an idea of the work:

Nature's Aristocracy; the Beggars; One Grade Above the Beggars; Crime and Nobility; Newsboys and Bootblacks; Shop Girls; Journeymen Tailors; Servant Girls; Then and Now of Factory Life; How Cotton is Manufactured; Factory Friendships; Among the Strikers; Charitable Institutions; Natural and Unnatural Aristocrats; Labor Reform; Woman's Suffrage, etc., making altogether a very interesting work.

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How much of fact and how much of fiction there may be here is best known to the author; but as he has been an extensive traveler in Africa, there must be much truth in his statements. In any case Paul is immensely amusing, and children never tire of his gorilla and other African stories.

WONDERFUL BALLOON ASCENTS; or, The Conquest of the Skies. A History of Balloons and Balloon Voyages. From the French of F. Marion. With Illustrations. One vol., 12mo; pp. 218; cloth. Price, \$1 50. Scribner & Co.

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USES OF WINES, in Health and Disease.

By Francis E. Austin, M.D., F.R.C.P., editor of the London *Practitioner*, assisted by the Editorial Staff. 12mo; pp. 84. Price, 50 cents. New York: J. S. Redfield.

Those who believe in the use of alcoholic stimulants as medicinal agents—and there are many such—will agree with this author. But every hydropathic physician will pronounce the theory entirely fallacious. Bourbon-drinking doctors

will recommend bourbon to their patients,—so of tobacco-using doctors. We think the world would be better without them.

MAN AND WOMAN, Considered in their Relations to Each Other and to the World. By Henry C. Pedder. One vol., 12mo; pp. 116; cloth. Price, \$1. New York: S. R. Wells, Publisher.

After a preliminary examination of the subject, the author discourses on the Adaptability of the Sexes on a Spiritual Plane of Life; Connubial Attachment—Its Potency and Design; Marriage the True Order of Life; Equality of the Sexes, the Necessary Result of a Well-ordered Civilization; Necessity for a Well-defined Relationship, etc. It is a fresh discussion of the great social question in the interest of a more advanced civilization. In other works we have treated the subject of Wedlock, or the Right Relations of the Sexes. In this, the ethics of our social relations are given. It is kindly, considerate, suggestive.

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BRAIN IN THE SKULL.

pellent, constructive, and economical powers; the top-head, of the moral, spiritual, and religious



BRAIN EXPOSED.

Sentiments. And all these are subdivided, as seen in the pictorial head.

Between these skulls a marked difference in form will be observed. The male skull is broad and heavy at the sides, showing force; and high at the crown, indicating



FEMALE SKULL.

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MALE SKULL.

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No. 2, Philoprogenitiveness—the parental feeling. Disposes one to give due attention to offspring. *Excess*:

LARGE.

SMALL.



VICTORIA.



JOHNSON.

idolizing children; spotting them by improper indulgence. *Deficiency*: neglect of the young and enfeebled.

No. 3, Friendship—the social feeling—desire for companionship, attachment, devotion to individuals. *Excess*: undue fondness for friends and company. *Deficiency*: indifference to friendly or social interests.

No. 4, Inhabitiveness—It gives a desire for a home,



GEN. SCOTT.



CROMWELL.

place of abode, or haven of rest. It also gives rise to love of country, and combined with the other social feelings leads to clannishness and offensive nationalism. *Excess*:

undue exalting of one's own country and home, and prejudice against others. *Deficiency*: a roving, unsettled disposition; disregard for national ties.

No. 5, Continuity—Gives undivided and continued attention to one subject until it is finished. Some have this organ small, and get "too many irons in the fire." *Excess*: prolixity; absence of mind or preoccupation. *Deficiency*: excessive fondness for variety; restlessness, vacillation.

SELFISH PROPENSITIES.

LARGE.



SULLIVAN.

SMALL.



DR. BOND.

E, Vitativeness—the love of life—a desire to exist. *Excess*: great love of life; dread of death. *Deficiency*: indifference to life or the care of it.

No. 6, Combativeness—defense, courage, force of character, energy, and indignation. It gives belligerency. *Excess*: a quick, fault-finding, contentious disposition. *Deficiency*: cowardice, tameness.

No. 7, Destructiveness—Executiveness, resolution, promptness, hardness, and severity. It is a pioneer. *Excess*: maliciousness, cruelty, vindictiveness. *Deficiency*: passiveness, inefficiency.

No. 8, Alimentiveness—desire for food, appetite. The captain of the commissariat department rejoices at the sight of a good dinner, and in the eating of it. *Excess*: gluttony, intemperance. *Deficiency*: want of appetite; indifference to food.



SAYERS.



HEENAN.

No. 9, Acquisitiveness—desire for property—is the principal element in industry, economy, and that providential forethought which "lays up for a rainy day." *Excess*: selfishness, avarice, covetousness. *Deficiency*: wastefulness, prodigality.

No. 10, Secretiveness—concealment, policy—the conservative principle—aids acquisitiveness in the retention of wealth. Misdirected, or in *Excess*, it is a prime element in hypocrisy, double-dealing, evasion, and that equivocating spirit which is scarcely compatible with honesty and candor. Foxy. *Deficient*, it shows a want of reserve, tact, or policy.

No. 11, Cautiousness—fear, prudence—apprehends danger—is anxious, and sometimes timid and irresolute. *Excess*: cowardice, timidity. *Deficiency*: heedlessness, recklessness, imprudent haste.

ASPIRING GROUP.

No. 12, Approbativeness—the desire to please, to gain admiration and popularity. This faculty is of great importance in social life. It gives to the person a desire to cultivate the amenities of social intercourse. *Excess*: vanity, undue sensitiveness to praise or blame. *Deficiency*: disregard to the opinion of others.

SMALL.



SUBMISSION.

LARGE.



AUTHORITY.

No. 13, Self-Esteem—dignity, governing power, independence, the manly and commanding spirit. *Excess*: arrogance; imperiousness. *Deficiency*: self-distrust and depreciation.

No. 14, Firmness—perseverance, stability, decision, tenacity of purpose, determination, capacity to endure. *Excess*: stubbornness, obstinacy. *Deficiency*: instability, unsteadiness.

MORAL SENTIMENTS.

No. 15, Conscientiousness.—Justice—moral sentiment, self-examination, integrity, scrupulousness in matters of duty, and obligation. It inclines one to hold to his convictions, to be "just, though the heavens fall." *Excess*: great scrupulousity; self-condemnation, and undue censure. *Deficiency*: indifference to right or wrong; equivocation.

No. 16, Hope—looks to the future, buoy the mind with enthusiastic expectations of the yet-to-be. It has a most happy influence on the individual, and is too generally found low in development. Let it be encouraged. In *Excess*, renders one visionary and extravagant in expectations. *Deficient*, gives the tendency to despondency and gloom.

LARGE.



BISHOP WHITE.

SMALL.



MALEFACTOR.

No. 17, Spirituality.—Faith, trust, and a satisfied state of mind, arising from a settled dependence or reliance on the nature of things, is the happy result of this faculty. It is an intuitive religious element, and gives rise to the belief in a superintending Providence. *Excess*: superstition, fanaticism. *Deficiency*: skepticism, incredulity.

No. 18, Veneration—has a high moral influence upon the character, giving an intense aspiration for that which is supreme in holiness, purity, and merit. It inspires the mind with awe and regard for sacred subjects, for the aged or worthy. It "hungers and thirsts" for higher moral conditions, which is universally expressed in the

act of devout and sincere prayer to God. *Excess*: idolatry, undue deference for persons. *Deficiency*: disregard for things sacred and for the aged and venerable.



EDWARDS.



CHALMERS.

No. 19, Benevolence—the distributive moral feeling—has among its definitions the desire to do good, tenderness, sympathy, charity, liberality, and philanthropy. *Excess*: morbid generosity, indiscreet philanthropy. *Deficiency*: indifference to the wants of others, lack of kindness and sympathy.

PERFECTIVE GROUP.

LARGE.



CORREGGIO.



RAPHAEL.

No. 20, Constructiveness—the mechanical, planning, and tool-using faculty. It aids in the construction of pictures, poetry, orations, lectures, books, garments, houses, ships, schemes, and all employments demanding manual or mental dexterity, and aids the inventor. *Excess*: attempting impossibilities, impractical contrivances. *Deficiency*: inability to use tools, no mechanical skill or aptitude.

No. 21, Ideality—the esthetic faculty, or love of the beautiful and perfect. It is essential in poetry, in literature, the arts, and all that is refining and pure. *Excess*: fastidiousness; romantic conceptions. *Deficiency*: lack of taste, coarseness and vulgarity.

B, Sublimity—may also be called an organ of the imagination. The stupendous in nature or art excites this faculty highly. In *Excess*, it leads to exaggeration. *Deficient*, it shows inability to appreciate the grand.



CARNOCHAN.



COOPER.

No. 22, Imitation, or Aptitude—The copying instinct. It enables us to adapt ourselves to society by copying manners. It helps the actor in representing character, and is one of the chief channels by which we

obtain knowledge and benefit by surrounding influences. *Excess*: mimicry; servile imitation. *Deficiency*: oddity, eccentricity in ways and usages.



DAGUERRE.



MORSE.

No. 23, Mirthfulness—wit, humor, love of fun. It aids reason by ridiculing the absurd and incongruous. *Excess*: ridicule of improper subjects. *Deficiency*: great gravity, indifference to wit and humor.

PERCEPTIVE ORGANS.

No. 24, Individuality, Curiosity—The inquisitive, knowledge-gathering disposition, indispensable in the acquisition of physical knowledge or distinctness of thought. The child says "Let me see!—let me see!" *Excess*: prying curiosity and inquisitiveness. *Deficiency*: dullness of observation.

No. 25, Form—gives width between the eyes, and enables us to remember the outline shapes of things. A child with it large can learn the alphabet more readily than one having it small. It has to do with drawing. *Excess*: undue sensitiveness to irregularity and want of harmony in shapes. *Deficiency*: a poor memory of faces and forms, and inability to represent them.

No. 26, Size—enables us to measure distances and quantities with the eye, and is represented by two apples of different sizes. It judges between large and small. *Excess*: annoying appreciation of size and proportion. *Deficiency*: inability to estimate size and distance.

LARGE.



MORRIS.

SMALL.



MEDITATIVE.

No. 27, Weight—adapts man to the laws of gravity, whereby he balances and judges of the weight of things. *Excess*: disposition to climb and attempt hazardous feats of balancing. *Deficiency*: inability to judge of weight, or to keep the center of gravity.

No. 28, Color—This faculty is symbolized by the rainbow. Its development enables us to discriminate, and discern hues and tints, and remember colors. *Excess*: great fondness for colors, fastidious criticism of tints. *Deficiency*: inability to distinguish colors.

No. 29, Order—method, arrangement, system, neatness; is indicated on the picture by a housewife sweeping. When large, it makes one very neat and tidy. *Excess*: undue neatness. *Deficiency*: slovenliness, disorder, and general irregularity.

No. 30, Calculation—the power to enumerate, reckon, etc., shown by a sum in long division. *Excess*:

disposition to count and "reckon" everything. *Deficiency*: lack of comprehension in relations of numbers.



CAPT. COOK.



DR. KANE.

No. 31, Locality—the exploring faculty—love of travel and ability to remember places; is very well illustrated by a traveler on horseback near a guideboard. *Excess*: an unsettled, roving disposition. *Deficiency*: poor memory of places, liability to lose the way.

LITERARY FACULTIES.

LARGE.

SMALL.



LONGFELLOW.



INDIAN.

No. 32, Eventuality—the historic faculty. Some people "talk like a book;" are full of anecdotal lore, and can relate occurrences, and have a good memory. A book of history illustrates this organ. *Excess*: tedious relation of facts and stories. *Deficiency*: poor memory of events.

No. 33, Time—gives a consciousness of duration, tells the time of day, helps the memory with dates, and music. It is represented by an hour-glass and watch. *Excess*: undue particularity in matters relating to time; drumming with foot or fingers in company to mark time of music, etc. *Deficiency*: inability to remember dates or keep time.

No. 34, Tune—the musical instinct. Ability to compose, remember and distinguish musical sounds; is pictorially defined by a lady playing on a harp or lyre. *Excess*: disposition to sing, whistle, or play at improper times and places. *Deficiency*: inability to distinguish or appreciate music.

No. 35, Language—located in the brain above and



MILTON.



SHAKESPEARE.

behind the eye, and, when very large, forces the eye forward and downward, forming a sack as it were under it; when the organ of Language is small, the eye appears

to be sunken more deeply in the head, and this fullness or sack-like appearance does not exist. *Excess*: redundancy of words, garrulity. *Deficiency*: lack of verbal expression.

REASONING ORGANS.

LARGE.

SMALL.



GALILEO.



IDIOT.

No. 36, Causality—the ability to comprehend principles and to think abstractly, to understand the why-and-wherefore of things, and to synthesize. It is represented by a picture of Newton observing a falling apple. His endeavor to explain the cause of that simple fact is said to have led to the discovery of the law of gravitation. *Excess*: too much theorizing and impracticable philosophy. *Deficiency*: inability to think, plan, or reason.

No. 37, Comparison—the analyzing, criticising, illustrating, comparing, inquisitive, adapting faculty, is represented by a chemist experimenting in his laboratory. *Excess*: captious criticism, unnecessary or improper contrasts. *Deficiency*: inability to reason by analogy or illustration.

C, Human Nature—the power to discern motives, character, and qualities. This intuitive faculty is shown by two men in conversation, one of whom is devoid of it, while the other, who has it large, reads his motives.



PEEL.



WEBSTER.

Excess: violent personal prejudice, offensive criticism of character. *Deficiency*: easy, indiscriminating confidence in everybody.

D, Suavity—Agreeableness, tendency to speak and act in a mellow, persuasive manner—to put a smooth surface on rough affairs, and say disagreeable things



POE.



MOORE.

agreeably, and without giving offense. *Excess*: affectation, blarney. *Deficiency*: want of smoothness and ease of manner.

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E. W. STOUGHTON, THE EMINENT LAWYER.

HERE is a remarkably sharp, clear, earnest, practical, positive intellect; one which gathers knowledge with great rapidity; seizes upon facts with readiness and certainty; arranges them according to their nature and adaptation to the subjects in hand,

and never forgets the results of its own labor. This gentleman's thoughts and facts seem to be crystallized and fixed; hence his reading results in sharply outlined opinions,—the book is left behind, the opinion is retained. He has excellent mathematical talent, which

gives a certain severity to his investigations and utterances. He has critical ability, power of analysis, and unusual comprehension of human nature. He reads mind like a book, and will get acquainted with a genial, good-hearted man who means well, as quickly as anybody in his circle; and he will read one villainously disposed as quickly. His prejudices are strong, and his preferences are equally well marked. He is a good friend, a strong opponent, and a sturdy foe. He has no little ambition, but is respectful and sympathetic. He may be regarded as unique. His language is clear, pertinent, and decisive. In fine, he is a thorough-going, courageous, and remarkably efficient man.

He was born in the town of Springfield, Windsor County, Vermont, May 1st, 1818, and is the youngest child of the late Thomas P. Stoughton, and a lineal descendant of the brother of William Stoughton, who was Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts Bay, and the first Chief Justice of that Province under the last royal charter, and presided at the Special Court whereat the celebrated Salem witchcraft trials took place. The mother of our subject was a Bradley, of New England.

He came to New York city in May, 1837, at the age of nineteen, and commenced studying law in the office of Hon. Philo T. Ruggles. Finding himself obliged to rely solely upon his own resources for support, after a few weeks he went into the office of Messrs. Seely & Glover, where he received a salary only sufficient to support himself in the strictest economy. In 1839, when the publication of *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine* was begun, he commenced writing for it, and received in that way additional pecuniary help toward supporting himself while he was pursuing his studies. The articles contributed by him extend over a period of about two years, and many of them were extensively copied in the leading publications of that day.

He was admitted to practice in the Federal Courts, and in the Superior Court of New York in the fall of 1840, and in the Supreme Court in May, 1841; on such admission he was credited about four years for classical studies, as a part of the seven years preparation required by the rules then of that Court. He immediately commenced the practice of

his profession in New York city, and has devoted himself strictly to it ever since; during which time no other lawyer in the United States has had a more responsible, laborious, or varied practice than he.

On the trial of Captain Mackenzie by court-martial, in 1843, for the hanging of three mutineers of the United States brig *Somers*, young Stoughton wrote a review of it fourteen columns long, which appeared in the *New World* newspaper, at that time published by the late Park Benjamin, Esq.; John C. Spencer, ex-Secretary of War, the father of one of the victims, wrote a letter to Freeman Hunt, in which he said that the author of that review deserved the thanks of the country for his able treatment of the matter.

Without being confined to any particular class of cases, or to any particular court, he has been engaged in State and Federal Courts in various parts of the United States, in cases involving all kinds of questions. He has appeared in nearly all the important patent causes in the United States for the last twenty years, this branch of litigation having been very important and fruitful during that period. This class of causes has involved an inquiry into the most difficult and complicated questions arising in mechanics, natural philosophy, and chemistry, and he has tried lengthy and important causes in Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, Cincinnati, Boston, Providence, Hartford, Philadelphia, Annapolis, and many other cities in various parts of the United States, and attended every session of the U. S. Supreme Court at Washington.

There is no pursuit which brings an individual before the public more prominently and yet shows to the public so little of his great and noble parts and powers as the practice of law. Those who come in direct contact with such a man can be the only true judges of his real character. But it is good standing before the bar that makes this profession the great avenue to political honor and distinction in this country and in England, and those who have been eminent lawyers have shone with the brightest luster as statesmen and upright judges. An eminent lawyer, and even one of medium reputation, can excel in almost any other occupation; but success in other occupations is not a precursory of success or even mediocrity in

this peculiar profession. Judge Story said, "I know not if among human sciences there is any one which requires such various qualifications and extensive attainments as the law."

Few persons know or can understand the labor, care, mental training, and endurance which one has to experience in order to become eminent. Many a person may live honored, and leave a brilliant record of his successes, which he may have attained in, as it were, some royal road; but a great lawyer, who confines himself to his profession, though justly regarded with the greatest respect by his cotemporaries of the bench and bar, rarely leaves any record of the great work to which he has been devoting his life and energies.

Many lawyers, justly eminent as such in their day, are now forgotten, when if the same energy, and mental training, and industry had been applied in other directions, they would have become immortal in the history of politics, science, or literature. A successful lawyer seems to have a passionate love for his profession, and to take delight in solving doubts and in disentangling the nicest webs, and even takes a pleasure in an occasional defeat, for it gives new zeal for success in future. It is this passionate devotion to their profession that has led many lawyers to refuse the highest political positions of honor and power, preferring to live honored in their profession and be forgotten when they pass off the stage of action.

It is well known that kings and rulers of nations have, besides the regular law officers of the government, their own personal legal advisers on all important questions of state, and the latter are more often the "power behind the throne" than the people think. Such for many years was the late Jean Mocard to Napoleon III.; and much of the legislation in this country and England is directed by lawyers employed by interested private persons to present the questions *pro* and *contra* before legislative committees; yet what is said and done on such occasions is seldom known to the public.

IMPORTANT AND LABORIOUS CAUSES.

A glance at some of the causes in which Mr. Stoughton has been engaged may give some idea of the nature and extent of his professional labor.

In 1846, while quite a young man, he was engaged as associate counsel for the defendants in what are known as the Woodworth Planing Machine Patent cases. Governor Seward was for the patentee, the plaintiff. In 1849 Mr. Stoughton became the senior counsel, and argued these cases in Philadelphia, opposed to Mr. Seward, and the defendants succeeded. In a suit brought by Horace H. Day in 1856 against Judson and others, to ascertain the rights of Day under the Goodyear patent, Mr. Stoughton was for the plaintiff, and Messrs. Charles O'Connor, James T. Brady, and J. W. Gerard for the defendant. The trial continued before Judge Betts and a jury for forty-one days, when a juryman died; the defendant's counsel declined to proceed before the remaining eleven, and the trial was never proceeded with. In 1856, in a partnership case, involving about \$72,000, he as counsel for the plaintiff tried the case before Governor Haines, of New Jersey, then serving as judge of the Supreme Court of that State, and a jury. The trial lasted sixteen days, and the verdict, rendered in favor of the plaintiff, was far the largest sum ever recovered in that State.

In 1860, in the case of Ross Winans *versus* the Erie Railroad, involving the eight-wheel car patent, the trial was before Judge Hall and a jury in Buffalo, and lasted five weeks. The judge directed a verdict for the defendant. The case was appealed to the U. S. Supreme Court, and the judgment affirmed. Winans' recovery in the suit, if successful, would have been over one million of dollars. The trial cost \$40,000. Mr. Stoughton was also counsel for the Erie Railroad Company in the notorious Receiver cases in the U. S. Courts in 1868.

In the case of the Cumberland Coal Co. against the Hoffman Coal Co., the action was brought in a State Court in Maryland in 1861, to rescind a contract, on the ground that the board of directors of the plaintiffs had no power to make the contract; the amount involved was \$750,000. Judgment was rendered for the defendants, but on appeal to the Court of Appeals the judgment was reversed. Mr. Stoughton was counsel for the defendant assisted by the Hon. Reverdy Johnson.

He was also counsel for the patentee in the Wheeler and Wilson sewing-machine case

against Sloc and others, in the litigation that continued for many years. He was counsel for the patentee in the suit for the infringement of the Corliss' patent for combining the governor of steam-engines with cut-off valves, invented in 1819, and now in use by all the large factories and manufacturing in the world. He tried the cause four times in Rhode Island before a jury, and a disagreement resulted each time. It was then tried in equity before the court, and a judgment obtained in favor of the patentee, which was subsequently affirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States. It was for this patent that George H. Corliss was awarded the Rumford medal by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in January, 1870.

He was counsel for the bondholders of a railroad company in Vermont in a suit heard before all the judges in that State; the amount involved was \$500,000. The bondholders succeeded. On the trial and conviction of Callicott for corruption as collector of Internal Revenue, Mr. Stoughton acted as counsel for the Government. He acted as counsel for all the accused in the Rosenburgh naturalization election fraud cases in 1868, which implicated a large number of lawyers, clerks, and judges of the State Courts in New York. The case was argued in the U. S. Circuit Court in New York, and appealed to the U. S. Supreme Court, and argued in January, 1869, by Mr. Stoughton, and the appeals were dismissed, for the reason that the U. S. Supreme Court had no jurisdiction.

He has been counsel for the patentee in all the trials growing out of the Goodyear rubber patents; among them is the case of Goodyear's executors *versus* the Providence Rubber Co., involving the question of the extension of Goodyear's rubber patent. This was tried in Providence, and a judgment obtained for the plaintiffs for the largest sum ever rendered by any court in a patent claim. It was taken by appeal to the U. S. Supreme Court, and argued, in January last, by Hon. Caleb Cushing and Hon. J. S. Black for the appellants and Mr. Stoughton and Hon. W. M. Evart for the respondent, and the judgment was affirmed. The printed papers used in the appeal made 1,400 closely-printed pages, and the arguments lasted several days.

In a very important case now pending in the U. S. Courts involving the question of the validity, force, and effect of the law regulating the national banks, Mr. Stoughton appears as counsel for the United States' Treasury and for the Comptroller of the Currency.

The cases mentioned are only a few of the many similar in which he has been engaged. A casual observer can see that great labor and skill must necessarily be exercised in the trial and argument of such cases on account of the important questions involved and the legal ability in opposition, the length of time occupied in court, and the great amounts of money involved. But none but a skilled and experienced lawyer can have any proper idea of the labor really necessary to be performed in such suits.

From the practical knowledge, skill, and experience of Mr. Stoughton in the trial and argument of patent causes he is regarded as not having any superior, and in any cause where there is to be a long and close contest and great labor and voluminous evidence are to be taken, his equal can not be found. His memory and industry are marvelous in such cases.

Though he is not regarded as a sensational jury lawyer, there is no man who can more successfully manage a cause before a modern court or jury than Mr. Stoughton. He never deceives any person, nor is he petulant or captious. He never censures any person unless they deserve it. All his energies are directed to the true issues in the cause. He takes the facts and circumstances as they are and makes the best use of them possible. It may be said of him in trying a cause as Dr. Johnson said of Burke, "he winds himself into it like a great serpent." He does not take a single view of it, nor becomes discouraged when it begins to fail. He throws himself into all its windings, and struggles in it while it has life. He proceeds in a calm yet earnest and respectful manner, without bustle, and in all that is said or done has one object in view—success. No unnecessary words are used, and nothing is done for outside effect, but any person can see and feel he is in earnest. His arguments before the courts are clear, terse, logical, and convincing, without being unnecessarily long, though

often continuing many days, and he never unnecessarily multiplies labor or the appearance of labor for the purpose of making a client pay for it.

Mr. Stoughton's mode of trying and arguing causes is very much like that of Lord Erskine, the most eminent of English barristers, as described by Lord Talfourd, who said that he was the most consummate advocate of whom there was any trace. Mr. Stoughton is unquestionably the Erskine of the American bar, and is so regarded by those most competent to judge.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND HABITS.

He is *distingué* in appearance, being a strong, powerfully-built man, beyond the medium size, and as "straight as an arrow." He has a very large head, covered with thick, white curling hair, which resembles the "judicial wig" often seen in old portraits. His face is a finely-cut specimen of the Grecian type, is smoothly shaven, and of a florid complexion. His voice is clear, distinct, and impressive. In his walk he takes long strides, and plants his foot firmly down; and though graceful in all his movements, they indicate great energy and force of character. There is no waste material or false motion about him, and his whole make shows him capable of great mental and physical power. If once seen he is never forgotten. In his manners he is frank, cordial, kind-hearted, and generous to a fault.

He is temperate in eating and drinking, uses no tobacco, is an early riser, and keeps up the equilibrium between mind and body by much physical exercise. He may be often seen riding on horseback in Central Park before breakfast, and he always walks from his house to his office (about three miles), and again in returning, in all kinds of weather.

PERSONAL LIFE, ETC.

Mr. Stoughton has taken no active part in politics, never attending meetings of that kind, though often invited to preside or to speak. He was married at the age of thirty-seven. His home hospitality is notorious among his associates of the bench and bar, among whom he seeks to introduce a warmer spirit of cordial sociality.

In the summer of 1867 he visited Europe, and made the usual tour on the Conti-

nent, and again in 1869; and while last there visited the studio of Powers in Florence, and purchased from him at a large sum the "Greek Slave" (lately on exhibition at the Academy of Design), being one of the few which the artist has made, the others in this country being in the hands of W. W. Corcoran, Esq., the Washington banker, and A. T. Stewart, Esq., respectively. He has a large library of English and American law books, and many miscellaneous books.

Besides his residence on Fifth Avenue, he has a country seat at Windsor, Vt., and entertains largely, giving princely dinners to the judges of our highest State and national courts and other prominent persons, and often entertains distinguished foreigners who visit this country. The dinner and reception given by him to Prince Arthur was one of the few which the Prince accepted while in this country.

CLEAR THE WAY!

MEN of thought, be up and stirring
Night and day.
Sow the seed,—withdraw the curtain,—
Clear the way!
Men of action, aid and cheer them
As ye may!
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow,
There's a midnight darkness changing
Into gray;
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper,—aid it, type;
Aid it, for the hour is ripe;
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
From the day;
And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay.
Lo! the Right's about to conquer;
Clear the way!
With the Right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;

With the giant Wrong shall fall
 Many others, great and small,
 That for ages long have held us
 For their prey.
 Men of thought and men of action,
 Clear the way !

KNOWING ; OR, MAN AND THE WORLD.

THE NEED OF KNOWING MORE.

BY A. P. SPRAGUE.

THAT was a most commendable precept which was inscribed over the entrance to the famous temple at Delphi in the language of the most learned and elegant people of antiquity ; but the knowledge of the self in any respect is augmented and better defined by a thorough acquaintance with the not-self. And in the present condition of the human soul, if not in every condition in future, the chief object of its existence is to perceive the truth—divine, human, eternal, temporal, spiritual, material truth. Truth is in the relation of things ; and we will better understand the relation when we comprehend both members, the not-self as well as the self. In order that the mind should operate, it must have something outside of itself to operate upon. It can not operate effectually with intuitions simply, which are the mere expressions of the law of its conscious action when it has something to act upon. The order of all mental activity is first knowing, then feeling, then desiring and willing. And all truth, excepting what comes through the senses, is abstracted from the results of sensation. We take a view of a cathedral, and the idea of the beautiful and then that of the good and useful in its design arise by the natural operation of the mental functions. These ideas are abstractions from the concrete perceptions, and never ensue originally without the like process of knowing. They may be recalled, held up before the mind, revolved, modified, and combined, but they never are originated or created. And how numerous are the charities in which truth and beauty, love and duty ride into our souls ! Out of every vehicle we take something that will do us good or harm ; from every perception we gather something beneficial or harmful, something pleasurable or painful, attractive or repulsive.

And it is very desirable that we should possess sufficient power to perceive the utmost beauty and harmony in nature and art, as well as the greatest goodness and truthfulness in the actions of men, or the power and beneficence of Deity. But the fact is that these objects of knowledge, nature, man, and Deity are so related, connected, and interlaced among each other, that a thorough knowledge of one can not be obtained without a consummate insight into each of the others. It is impossible to know all we may know of the Creator without knowing nature, without investigating its properties and the adaptation of its constituent parts so as to be able to see the workings of the Divine Mind mirrored there, and to understand the expression of the thought of Deity in the creation of the world. To know the Divinity broadly and profoundly, we must also know man, the chief of his works, in whom is manifest the consequence of causes that had their origin in the remoteness of the beginning. Then, to know man well, we must know nature ; for his body is material and he is subject to physical influences, while the modifications of matter are the means of revealing to us the intellect and heart that reside in this earthly dwelling ; through the air we hear him speak ; by the light we see his form and moving ; by the touch we feel his friendly hand or soft warm cheek, all full of meaning and spirituality. An accurate and comprehensive knowledge of the artificial modifications of matter is essential to our appreciation of the intelligence and consequent power of man, his love for the beautiful and the useful in the development of science and art, and even his love for God which expresses itself largely in outward forms in the erection of temples, cathedrals, and churches for the assembling of the people to worship. The connection is perfect. The relations between the knowing and the knowable, between self and God, nature and man, are intertwined among themselves ; they lie over and under each the others, and within each the others ; they contain each the others and illustrate each the others. As the colors whose separate existence the prism discloses are naturally combined to make one pure ray of light to the eye, so these three elements of great truths are united to produce one

beam of knowledge to the mind. Or, as this same solar beam of light contains both the caloric and the coloric elements, the heat-rays and the color-rays, so one act of knowing any of the classes of objects comprehends necessarily and invariably something of the others. We can not know God without knowing man and nature; we can not know man without knowing God and nature; we can not know nature without knowing God and man. With these premises it is easy to deduce the need of thorough cultivation of sense-perception, as well as the consummation of physical science and constructive art. How then should these things we see environing our lives affect us? As they were made for us, we should know more than we do know of them. The majority of mankind spend their lives in learning again and again what they once knew in a sort of mechanical way, never going into new realms or new fields of investigation—simply comprehending what is necessary for the accomplishment of a few meagre desires and the satisfaction of a few little wants. Little are they affected by the wonders around them, in them, above them, beneath them. They see them, perhaps, that is, they pass before their eyes, but they obtain no definite, enlarged, noble views of them. They hear them, that is, the ever-varying manifold sounds of creation float into their ears, but they get no soul-inspiring, softening, elevating, and beautifying perceptions of the wonderful harmony that is unfolded in those beating waves of air. Every art is only a part of the complete combination and arrangement which the material nature has provided or is capable of undergoing so as to produce effects for the enlightenment and pleasure of sentient beings. So far as a science operates to bring facts and properties, causes and relations before the mind, in so far is it properly a science. And so far as an art serves to present the materials and forces of nature in new, useful, and beautiful relations, in so far is it truly an art. What an exquisite yet grand system, artificial yet real and true, and open to sense-perception, does music, in which science and art are inseparably blended in nearly equal proportions, open to our knowing!

The sublime chastening effect of harmony and melody upon the soul can be intelligibly

and fully realized only by applying the mind thoroughly to the science of music, and by training the ear, the organ by which we receive it, to the keen perception of its recondite beauties. One may experience great pleasure in viewing a painting; but how much more definite and intelligent and accountable would his enjoyment of this work of art be if he were versed in the delicate details of it! The mere physical sensational effect which at first seized upon his mind would, on further and critical inspection, be transformed into a pure and lofty admiration for the work and the artist. An individual may be pleasurably affected at the sight of a well-wrought statue; he may experience a gross feeling of pleasure and with greater intensity than the sculptor himself; but vastly superior is his appreciation of the piece when he has learned something of art and educated his esthetic sensibilities by constant well-directed use. But there is not only this individual need of larger attainments; there is a prophecy in the human soul that will be fulfilled because it must be fulfilled. That prophecy is gathered from the innate desire of the soul for the constant discovering of truth, and from its unceasing tendencies toward expansion. Greater knowledge is needful for the complete development of our being. There is need of knowing more, because man will go on and be going on in conscious existence forever; nor will he be compelled to go over the same ground again and again. If there should be no more knowing absolutely, no enlargement of the sphere known, there would be no further development; there would be a repetition, for the knowing subject can not be consciously existent without having cognizant acts, but there would be no growth. The physical frame ceases to enlarge when it has reached the realization of its germ. There is then a simple repetition of functional activities, a constant appropriating, digesting, and converting into blood the support of functional activity, a continued supplying of demands of the same nature. There is no longer growth, expansion, increase. When the soul has reached the perfection of its powers and has realized the germ of its existence, it *may* then stop growing, cease expanding. But when shall this limit be reached? when shall perfection

be attained? Even when this symmetrical existence and enlargement of the soul has been attained, we have no reason to think it will cease to grow and know more forever. It will not be compelled to repeat simply,—it will be allowed to appropriate other and different possessions; the demand will be ever increasing, and there will be a constant filling out and rounding out into the fullness of a completeness that always is at hand and yet far away. The desire of knowing more will always be satisfied, and always need re-satisfying. The human soul will and must proceed with cognizant acts of the mighty illimitable world; it will ever be threading in all directions the awfully intricate labyrinth of being. It must expand and become great with the deposition of truth. It will traverse creation,—listen to its harmonies,—witness its glories,—feel its mysterious powers, and then, for its further and different gratification, out of its possessions it will create a grander world in the bosom of its own thoughts. But there is no such need of greater and more certain knowledge of physical truth as to warrant the expectation of a revelation. The needs in this direction are not so imperative as were the necessities for a revelation of spiritual truth. It will make very little difference with the future happiness of the individual whether he is very wise and learned or very simple and ignorant. The difference will be in the capacities for enjoyment. Not so if the individual neglect the acquirement of religious truth and does not become inspired by divine teachings; that is fatal to his future happiness and to his opportunities for the satisfaction

of the intense cravings of the soul in coming ages. Besides, the defect in our nature, if there were any, had reference to our spiritual perception, or rather to our spiritual abstraction, of truth, and not to our sense-perception. We do not know physical truth wrong; we know aright as far as we do know, and our knowledge needs only to be enlarged and extended in the same line. We do not need to unlearn anything that we have learned in this direction. Revealed religion mainly set right the mode of seeking its center, namely, God; it revealed a simple and only way of leading out the heart of man toward Divinity, the object of religious knowledge and experience. But as we are on the right path in the pursuit of physical truth it will not be necessary or consistent with the harmony of things to take us up and set us down many leagues beyond where we are now in the investigation of this truth. It would deprive the mind of the true pleasure of knowing, the tracing of the successive processes, and the triumphing over obstacles. It would abstract sweetness from intelligence and strip investigation of its fascination. As it is, and will be, however, the fires of existence glow on myriad mountain tops in the land of knowable being, signaling the knowing subject to come and kindle its enthusiasm by their sympathetic burnings. Those lurid flames leaping into the unknown heights above, with winning recklessness and brilliant fascination send their alluring light to the center of the ambitious soul, arousing the spirit of ceaseless inquiry, and demonstrating to this human soul its need of knowing more and more.

WHAT CAN I DO BEST?

THE REPORTER.

IN former ages—indeed, in the early part of our own age—the orator, if he would have his speech read by others, was obliged to write it out, either before it was delivered or from memory afterward. The speech might be stately and polished, but it lacked that electrical force which the excitement of the moment brings out in extemporaneous debate. It is interesting to see the difference between a speech that is prepared in advance

of its delivery and given to the papers to be put in type for the use of some favorite morning paper, and the real speech as uttered under the impulse and inspiration of a large and interested audience, and reported on the spot *verbatim* for other papers. Though the speech were the same in general substance and drift, its real spirit could be obtained only by reading the shorthand reporter's version of it as it fell from the lips of the excited orator.

The world does not consider, and in the main does not know, how much it is to-day indebted to the reporter for its knowledge of affairs. Fifty years ago Congressional reports, and the reports of all legislative bodies, and of religious conventions, synods, etc., were meagre—mere abstracts; hardly the dry bones, indeed, were presented to the public.

Now, by the aid of shorthand and its twin brother, telegraphy, speeches made at ten o'clock at night in the Senate or in Parliament are presented fresh and full, in the very words of the speaker. The man intoxicated by passion or by strong drink is reported *verbatim* to his disgusted constituents and an astonished public. Burns uttered the immortalized words:

"O wad some power the gifle gie us,
To see oursel as ithers see us,
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion;"

but the reporter makes a man's constituents see him as his colleagues in the legislature and convention are compelled to see him; and though the reporter gives to the world a deal of chaff which is uttered in public assemblies, he gives also, fortunately, the wheat as well. If the public is disgusted by the report of the speech of the Honorable Bombastes Furioso, it is favored with the sound, eloquent, and statesmanlike views of those who do not misrepresent constituencies; thus a man is able to have the reputation to which he is entitled. If he is a braggart and a fool, a wise constituency will wisely elect him to stay at home; if he have real merit, talent, and worth in him, the world is made aware of it. The sayings and doings, then, of the world—those that are worth transmitting—are presented to us by the aid of the reporter, telegrapher, and printer, upon our breakfast-tables every morning. This triune fraternity (the most important member of which is the reporter, for how could it be transmitted unless it were reported, or printed except it were reported and transmitted?) deserves well in public esteem.

A bustling crowd of people who attend upon legislative debates, courts, or public lectures, and witness the entrance of the modest young men who quietly glide to their places in front of the speaker's stand, may, if they please, look upon them with indiffer-

ence; but if they knew their worth, if they considered the service rendered by them to the public, and the element of reform and progress which grows out of their labor, they would see a diamond on the brow of every one of those pale, quiet reporters. One of them having taken ten minutes of the great speech, another takes it up, and with his quick pencil continues the report of the discourse, while the first quietly retiring hurries to the printing-office or telegraph-office to copy and transmit his part to the waiting type-setters; and in like manner eight or ten reporters in succession may carry their part away. Four, six, eight, or more long columns of closely printed matter show at daylight the next morning the result of their labor.

This is only an outward view of the reporter's life. The last one in the line may get the close of the speech at half-past ten; two hours may be required to reach the printing-office and copy out his report, and two hours more before he can inspect the proof; and at two or three o'clock in the morning he is permitted to hurry home to repose. At ten next morning he repairs to the newspaper office, and is assigned to duty for that day or night. This may be called the simplicity of reporting.

If the reporter be engaged in court, all the questions and answers of counsel and witnesses, all the remarks of judges, all the conflicts of counsel must generally be taken *verbatim*. Formerly it was a slow process to take testimony, when the attorneys themselves must write down every word in long-hand; but now the court proceedings march onward as if no delay were needed, for the nimble fingers of the quick-eared "stenographer" get every word, so that he can swear to it if necessary. Imagine a noisy session of a legislative body; appeals to the chair are being thrust in, and calls to order, and there is the struggle of the member who has the floor, or thinks he has it, to thrust his heavy speech upon unwilling ears, etc. The reporter, one would suppose, needs more than his single set of senses to get all that is said, to know who says it, the order in which it occurs, and have it put down in black and white.

Another kind of reporting is that which

is done in an office such as a phrenological cabinet, where "character" from dictation is taken down at length and carefully copied out in longhand. Lawyers also employ reporters in their offices, to whom they dictate letters, contracts, depositions, and other legal documents. Commerce is having its eyes opened, and is employing shorthand writers to take dictations of letters and other business matters which are written. In our own office we sometimes dictate seventy letters in a day to shorthand writers, the phonographic notes being all the copy that is needed; thus a man who understands the intricacies of important business can talk to his customers as if they were present; and a young man or a young woman just out of school can take these dictations and give a fair copy to be sent by post. Thus an important man can virtually do in an hour's time as much letter-writing as he could accomplish by working hard all day. This saves his time, besides making the letter more mellow and fresh than a hurried business man can afford the time and patience to make it with his own hand. Instead of the hard, stereotyped phrase, "Yours received, contents noted," he can, through a reporter, be as pliant, polite, and extended in his communication as he would be if he had only three letters a day to write. It may be affirmed that literary labor in general might be lessened three-fourths or seventy-five per cent. by the aid of shorthand writers.

Clergymen are learning that having read and imbued themselves with the subject-matter of a sermon, one can, some bright morning, when the mind is strong, sharp, and vigorous, dictate a sermon in the quiet of his study, and do as much in an hour as he would be able to do in two or three days of hard labor. Having thus emptied his mind on his subject, he can ride, visit, work in his garden, recreate or rest, and thus maintain his health, and do a world of good to himself, his family, or parishioners; and the next morning, when his mind is again clear and fresh, his amanuensis lays before him a fair copy of his yesterday morning's dictation, and he may erase or interline, or, with his amanuensis at hand, add a page here and there to round out and embellish his thought. The next morning there is a handsome copy of his amended dictation

ready for use in the pulpit. He may then dictate another discourse, and his week's labor, so far as the drudgery of sermon-writing is concerned, is done. It is safe to say that with a little practice a clergyman can do in one day's work all the labor required to write in full two sermons; and we venture the assertion that a year's practice in this way would place a man in such relations to sermon-writing that he could produce results better by fifty per cent. than in the weary, nerve-wearing process of longhand writing. When the mind is on fire with a theme, how it burns out the life to hold that burning thought till the slow hand can copy it! It is this that kills the sermon-writer. If the hot thought could be uttered as it would be in extemporaneous discourse, and the nimble fingers of the amanuensis could receive it and record it, and then at his leisure write it out, the minister would save his health to back up talent, and do double the work, and acquire twice the reputation, and live usefully twice as long, as by the old method. There is no more reason why the architect of a poem, an oration, or a sermon should submit to the tediousness of copying out his composition than that the architect of a bridge or a church should be obliged, after the plans are drawn, to do all the work with his own hands. The architect sketches, while the laborers execute, and thus his brain furnishes work for a hundred hands.

Well, what of reporters, the talents required, and the prospect of advancement presented? We have considered already the value of reporting, and the questions come up, what talent is required? what culture? and what opening is made for success and achievement to the reporter himself? We may remark first, that the more talent and culture the reporter has, the better. Charles Dickens was a reporter for a newspaper, and for many years had his seat in the reporters' gallery of the British House of Commons. Starting with excellent ability and with only fair scholastic culture, he not only became a capital reporter, but grew out of mere reporting to be one of the first novel-writers of the world. He won fame and fortune. Fair success, however, may be obtained by a young man of average ability and good English education.

It may not be news to our readers to say that some speakers are not good scholars; their speeches are ungrammatical, and need working into shape by the reporter so far as grammar is concerned, therefore the reporter should be a good grammarian, a good speller, and a clear, rapid penman. He ought to have an excellent memory, so as to forget nothing he learns. He should have large perceptive organs, to make his mind quick and sharp. He should have keen hearing, and a quick eye, and a wide-awake temperament—not too nervous—so that he may be on the alert to hear, and quick of hand to write.

In our office we have trained over fifty young phonographers, and, if we may use the term, they have *graduated*, some at the end of one year, some at the end of five, from our establishment, competent reporters to take positions in the gallery of Congress, in courts, State Legislatures, or as amanuenses for clergymen, lawyers, physicians, literary men, generals, or members of the President's Cabinet, or the heads of State departments. At this time Chief Justice Chase, Secretary of State, Mr. Fish, Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Boutwell, and we think one or more of the others, besides the Governors of several States, employ reporters who commenced with us or have been employed by us at some time.

It gives us pleasure also to mention Mr. T. J. Ellinwood—the reporter of Mr. Beecher's sermons, a task most difficult, yet most successfully performed by him for the last twelve years—was formerly a reporter in our office; another, Mr. William Anderson, is one of the first reporters in New York in a court of justice, and has been connected many years with one of the leading journals of New York as reporter. Mr. Barrow is with Secretary Fish; Mr. Hayes is in the Treasury Department; Mr. Wilson is in a public capacity at Atlanta, Georgia; Mr. Steward is with the Governor of North Carolina; Mr. Bishop with an eminent law firm, as a general law reporter, in New York; Mr. Davis in a similar capacity. Some have studied for other professions, using reporting as a channel through which to enter them. One is a clergyman, one a lawyer and tutor in the law school at Yale, Prof. Platt; another, C. J. Hambleton, is a lawyer in Chicago; Mr. Burnham, also in Chicago, is the official State reporter. Two are employed in

insurance offices in Hartford, Conn., at handsome salaries; few clergymen, indeed, are better paid, even in cities. Another of our reporters, Mr. Finley Anderson, brother of one previously named, has been employed by the New York *Herald* as correspondent in Europe, and in this country before, during, and since the war, and is regarded a brilliant writer; and when it is remembered that phonography was the door through which all these young men have secured position and success, most of whom started with us at small salaries because they were beginners, it must be admitted that we have been exceedingly fortunate in the timber we have had to deal with, and that phonography furnishes not only an excellent profession for the right kind of person, but that it is a stepping-stone to eminent position.

To be a good phonographer, there are required in the person close attention, quickness of apprehension, faithfulness, integrity, rapidity, and, as we have said, a fair education. If a reporter be favored with high culture, brilliant talent, and constitutional vigor, he may ultimately become in legislation or law a speech-maker instead of speech-reporter.

It is rather remarkable that so many of the young men who have gone out from us into the various exciting positions of reportorial life have been so correct in their habits, so upright in morals, as to become an honor to their friends and to those who have been instrumental in their entrance upon public life. With scarce an exception we could mention the names of all our reporters with pleasure, pride, and affection. They have done nobly; they have succeeded admirably; they are reaping their reward.

It may be asked, How long a time, and how much study is required for a person of the right talent to become a reporter? We think two hours a day for one year, with perhaps ten or twenty dollars' worth of instruction, would qualify a man to begin with a salary sufficient to support him in a plain, temperate way. Once started, time and practice does the rest, and he will rise with a rapidity proportioned to his skill. It is a better business than teaching, so far as pay is concerned; and with the same culture to start with, it opens a far wider field for mental growth and manly development.



S. E. SHEPARD.
C. C. FOOTE.

J. S. LAMAR.
W. K. PENDLETON.

CHARLES L. LOOS.
ISAAC ERRETT.

THE "CHRISTIAN" CHURCH AND ITS EMINENT PREACHERS.

DISCIPLES.

WE here present the portraits of twelve representative men of the religious community known as "Disciples," or "Christians."

In the lists from which we have selected, in addition to those here presented, we find the names of the following clergymen of distinction in that denomination, viz.:

Rev. Benjamin Franklin, editor of the *American Christian Review*, Cincinnati, O.; Rev. Moses E. Lard, senior editor of the *Apostolic Times*, Lexington, Ky.; Pres. H. W. Everest, of Eureka College, Ill.; Pres. Allen R. Benton, of Alliance College, Alliance, O.; and Rever-

ends James Challen, Cincinnati, O.; Winthrop H. Hopson, Louisville, Ky.; J. W. McGarvey, Lexington, Ky.; L. B. Wilkes, Ky.; John A. Gano, Centerville, Ky.; D. P. Henderson, Canton, Mo.; John S. Sweeny, Chicago, Ill.; Daniel R. Vanbuskirk, Bloomington, Ill.; William Baxter, New Lisbon, O.; Urban C. Brewer, Danville, Ind.; William J. Pettigrew, St. Louis, Mo.; and Joseph King, Allegany, Penn.

With some of these we have held correspondence on the subject of their presentation in our columns, and at some future time may meet the wishes of many readers by so doing.

HISTORY AND DOCTRINE.

The religious movement of which these are



O. A. BURGESS.
L. L. PINKERTON.

ROBERT MILLIGAN
W. T. MOORE.

ROBERT GRAHAM.
H. T. ANDERSON.

living representatives, had its origin very early in the present century, in the United States, in a very prevalent desire among the various Protestant sects to find a basis on which a re-union could be formed. It was believed by many, that human written creeds and formulas of faith, as bonds of union, were a virtual repudiation of the right of private judgment; and, per consequence, there were many small societies in various parts of this country and Great Britain which had broken loose from the various creed-bound parties, and were endeavoring to worship according to the primitive model, with no creed but the Bible.

A co-operative movement in this direction was organized in Kentucky under the management of Rev. Barton W. Stone and others,

clergymen in the Presbyterian Church. The work thus commenced increased rapidly, and the converts from the various parties came in by thousands, and great success attended the movement in Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri.

Nearly coincident with this was a movement in Western Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Ohio, under the supervision of Rev. Thomas Campbell and his son, Alexander Campbell, clergymen of the Presbyterian Church from the north of Ireland, aided largely by the labors of a distinguished minister from Scotland, Walter Scott, who had also been educated in his native country for the Presbyterian pulpit.

Like the Kentucky brethren, their plea was, the union of Christians, by the repudiation of

human creeds and the acceptance of the Bible alone as the bond of union. The reasonableness of this plea was so obvious that it met with great success wherever it was presented. The course pursued necessarily led to a reinvestigation of the teachings of Christ and his Apostles with respect to all the characteristics of the primitive Christian Church. Formulas and creeds having been laid aside, they were out on the sea of discovery. In regard to the practical result of the work on the customs and sentiments of the religious world, the whole matter seemed for a while to assume vague and indefinite forms. "The Organization of the Church," "The Call to the Ministry," "The Influence of the Holy Spirit," "The Ordinance of Baptism—its Action, Subject, and Design," and "The Lord's Supper," were all yet to be passed through the crucible of investigation.

The powerful genius of Mr. Alexander Campbell soon pointed him out as the leader of this movement, and it became evident to him and his immediate associates that a return to primitive Christianity would necessitate the repudiation of all infant church membership, and the practice of immersion as the one only apostolic and Christian baptism. This discovery led them to Elder Matthias Luse, of the Baptist Church, for admission to the ordinance of baptism; and they were accordingly immersed by him in the usual form on the 2d of June, 1812. These were seven in all, including Thomas Campbell and wife, Alexander Campbell and wife, Mrs. Bryant, and James and Sarah Henon.

Although immersed by a Baptist, they did not immediately unite with any Baptist association, not intending to take any step by which they should acknowledge the validity of any human creed, and thus invalidate the steps already taken.

Down to the year 1815 six churches had been formed in the vicinity of the residence of the Campbells, in Western Virginia, and a connection was formed with the Red Stone Baptist Association, with the Bible alone as the bond of union. Difficulties soon arose, and the connection was severed, and a union formed with the Mahoning Association, in Ohio. This Association accepted the teaching of the reformers, and surrendered their sectarian peculiarities, thus giving a great impetus to the work in Ohio and Western Pennsylvania.

Until the year 1823 the success of the cause must be considered as almost entirely local. All thus far had been done by the personal and

direct influence of the preacher. The press had not yet been brought into requisition to sow the seed broadcast over the land, and to bring the hitherto incoherent mass together into one fraternity. Appreciating this necessity, Alexander Campbell commenced a monthly periodical entitled *The Christian Baptist*, issuing the first number August 3, 1823, and continued its publication through seven volumes, after which it was succeeded by the *Millennial Harbinger*, which still continues, under the editorial management of his son-in-law, Pres. William K. Pendleton.

The influence of this step was immediate and extensive. In Western Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, and Kentucky it seemed as though the religious world was being turned upside down. Friends and foes were eager for the new document,—the former for instruction, the latter for opposition.

In the year 1832, through the efforts of Elder John T. Johnson (a brother of the former Vice-President, R. M. Johnson) and Barton W. Stone, a union was formed in Kentucky between the two bodies which had been up to this time laboring separately for similar results, and with the same principles. This gave a new impetus to the work, and the success of the Disciples has been and still is very great throughout the Western States, and in Great Britain and Australia, so that they now number not less than 500,000 communicants. The greatest success has been attained in the State of Kentucky, where the Disciples claim a larger membership than any other religious denomination.

In the progress of Bible investigation among the Disciples, the following principles and practices have been developed:

I. That the purity of the Church of Christ depends largely on purity of speech among its members, and hence Bible things should be called by Bible names only. "Christians," "Disciples," "Saints," "Holy Brethren," etc., are proper designations for the followers of Christ.

II. That Jesus Christ is the only begotten Son of God, is the capital proposition of the Christian Religion, faith in which is a necessary condition to Discipleship. Indeed, this is generally regarded as the creed of the Christian Church, all else having value only as it relates to this.

III. That Immersion in water, of a proper subject, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, is the one only Apostolic and Christian Baptism.

IV. That Christian Baptism is for remission of sins.

V. That the Holy Spirit operates in conversion and sanctification *only* through the word of truth.

VI. That the Lord's Supper is a commemorative institution, and primitive example requires that it be celebrated every first day of the week.

VII. The preaching of the Apostles has been urged as the model style; hence, in the public ministrations of the Word it is, and has been, common from the first to refrain from all human expedients, such as anxious seats, mourning benches, and long catechetical private examinations, to test the sincerity of the candidate and to obtain divine aid; but to urge on those who believe in Christ to move in immediate obedience to his commands.

VIII. That the government of the Church is congregational, and generally with a plurality of elders.

The Disciples have established and sustain the following institutions of learning, viz.:

Bethany College, Bethany, W. Va.; Kentucky University, Lexington, Ky.; Northwestern Christian University, Indianapolis, Ind.; Hiram College, Hiram, O.; Eureka College, Eureka, Ill.; Alliance College, Alliance, O.; Abingdon College, Abingdon, Ill.; Christian College, Canton, Mo.; Oskaloosa College, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

SILAS EATON SHEPARD.

The subject of this sketch is of medium stature, being about five feet nine inches high, and weighing about one hundred and eighty pounds, thus showing a heavy-built, compact organization, somewhat like that of the late ex-President Martin Van Buren, whom in personal appearance he has been said to resemble. Dr. Shepard's paternal ancestry is traceable back to the year 1603, in England, where they were Independents. Every generation, from that date, furnished several clergymen to that denomination. Several of these emigrated to the colony of Massachusetts at an early day, and were among the founders of the Congregationalists of New England. Others of the family emigrated to Virginia, and from these two points they have spread through the States of the American Union. The lineage meets the maternal line of the late ex-President John Quincy Adams in the person of Thomas Shepard, a Puritan minister of the seventeenth century. His paternal grandmother was a relative of General Eaton, of the American Revolution, hence his name, Silas Eaton. His maternal ancestry were of German blood and Protestant faith. Though in the full strength of his mental and physical powers, he is far advanced in life, having been born in the first decade of the present century in Utica, N. Y. His early life was spent on a farm, but his intense natural desire for mental improvement has enabled him to surmount numerous obstacles, and carried him with honor through a course of classical, medical, and theological studies. He commenced preaching when he was

but nineteen years of age, and has been known and recognized as an able minister of the Gospel ever since. As an adjunct means of support, he became a highly successful physician for many years in the city of New York and elsewhere. He disented from the views of his Congregational ancestry on baptism when only sixteen years of age, and joined a Baptist church, and was soon afterward licensed and ordained to the ministry. His evangelical labors in New York and Pennsylvania, the principal fields of his operations, have been crowned with great success. The converts under his preaching have amounted to not less than three thousand. His great repugnance to the publication of the results of his preaching in past years has made a false impression on some minds in regard to his power as a preacher. But those who are familiar with his presence, and who are acquainted with the history of the cause where he has labored, willingly concede that a more powerful pulpit orator does not live among us. For logical acumen, abundant fruitfulness of thought, and sound Scriptural exposition he is unsurpassed.

Doctor Shepard was pastor of the congregation of Disciples in the city of New York from 1850 to 1856, during which time the church, which had been in comparative obscurity, was brought into public notice.

During these years he became prominently identified with the work of the American Bible Union in the revision of the English Scriptures. He has at different times sustained to that organization the relations of vice-president, member of the board of managers, and translator. He rendered efficient aid to the final committee on the New Testament.

In the years 1857 and '58 he made a tour through the Eastern World, embracing England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France, Belgium, Prussia, the German States, Switzerland, Italy, Egypt, and Syria. Since his return he has lectured somewhat on Egypt and Syria. In the earlier part of his religious career he conducted, quite successfully, a monthly periodical called the *Primitive Christian*, and in 1854 a monthly called *The Reviser*, the former being rather miscellaneous; the latter, critical.

The Doctor has frequently been urged to accept responsible positions over institutions of learning, but has declined all but the presidency of Hiram College, Ohio, of which he was the first president. At the close of the first year he resigned his position, and is at present engaged as pastor of a church in Cleveland.

LEWIS L. PINKERTON.

Dr. Pinkerton was born in Baltimore County, Maryland, January 28, 1812. His grandparents on the father's side were Irish, on the mother's German. The family settled in Brooke County, Va., in 1821. Here in the hill country for ten years his life was one of incessant, hard, ill-requited toil. He was employed sometimes in the ordinary labors of the farm, sometimes in coal-digging, sometimes in cutting wood for distilleries, then very numerous in Western Virginia; sometimes in wool-carding. In the winter of 1830-31 he spent a few weeks at school, and obtained some knowledge of English grammar and arithmetic. Meanwhile he had read a few books that chance had thrown in his way, and with this small stock of knowledge, and a view to further improvement, he commenced teaching school not far from Bethany, in the spring of 1831. The same year he left Virginia, and, after visiting several localities, settled in Trenton, Ohio. Here he engaged in teaching a common school, and in the study and practice of medicine. He was married in 1833, and in 1835 attended a course of lectures in the Medical College of Ohio, at Cincinnati.

In 1836 he removed to Carthage, Ohio, where he continued to study and practice medicine till May, 1838, when he gave up the profession, in which he had been quite successful, and began to preach the Gospel.

Dr. Pinkerton's early religious training was Presbyterian. After a long-continued examination of the Word of God, he was, in 1830, baptized under the personal ministry of Alexander Campbell. From this time until his location in Carthage he was improving his knowledge of the Scriptures, and, as opportunity offered, increasing his general stock of knowledge.

During the years 1838, 1839, and 1840 he traveled almost constantly, preaching the glad tidings to thousands, and witnessing the baptism of a great number of converts. In 1841 he removed to Lexington, Kentucky, and took charge of the church in that city. During the winter of the same year he attended a course of lectures in the Medical Department of Transylvania University, and received the degree of M.D. He resigned his connection with the church in Lexington in the fall of 1843, and spent the remainder of that year and the greater part of the next in preaching and soliciting subscriptions for Bacon College, located at Harrodsburg, Ky. He removed to Midway, Ky., in the spring of 1845, where he taught a successful female academy, with only occasional assistance, until the summer of 1851. Meanwhile he conceived the idea of a female orphan school, and communicated his plans to Mr. J. Ware Parish, a noble Christian gentleman, who at once took hold of the enterprise with the warmest zeal. In the winter of 1846-47 a charter was obtained from the Legislature of Kentucky, and the orphan school located at Midway was put into successful operation. The establishment of this school may be regarded as one of the most important events in Dr. Pinkerton's career. It was his own conception; and to him, more than to any other man, are the Disciples in Kentucky indebted for this magnificent monument of Christian liberality.

In the year 1862 Dr. Pinkerton entered the army of the United States, as Surgeon of the Eleventh Regiment Kentucky Cavalry, and some time in September of that year was sunstruck while on duty. This accident not only rendered him unfit for military duty, but greatly enfeebled him for four or five years; indeed, it can hardly be said that he has yet fully recovered.

From the beginning of the great struggle for the preservation of the national existence to the present day, Dr. Pinkerton has been an earnest and unflinching loyalist. He gave to the Government for the suppression of the rebellion a steady and an enthusiastic support.

Since the war he has, at great personal inconvenience and loss, braved the intense hostile opinion of his State, and done what he could to shelter defenseless negroes from persecution, and to secure to them their rights as men. Kentucky contains no Unionist with a more unspotted character, nor any braver advocate of the rights and claims of a once despised and outcast race.

Besides being a successful preacher and teacher, the Doctor is one of the most accomplished writers in the ranks of the Disciples. In 1848 he edited and published the *Christian Mirror*. In 1851 he was senior editor of the *Ecclesiastical Reformer*. In 1853-54 he edited the Kentucky department of the *Christian Age*, and in 1844-45 the *New Era*, a weekly newspaper, the organ of the Sons of Temperance in Kentucky.

The Doctor's scholarship is quite respectable, and would, doubtless, have been considered by less modest men than he equal to the position of College President, which has several times been tendered him, and which he has declined.

Dr. Pinkerton may justly be regarded as one of the most original and independent men among the Disciples. His logical powers are above mediocrity, and he has a fine imagination. He exposes himself to the most searching criticism, and his course through life shows that he feels invincible in the integrity of his purposes, however he may err in judgment. He is fearless in his exposures of what he regards inconsistency, whether in high places or low, in the church or out of it. There is little of the politician in his conduct. The only popularity he seeks is such as may result from a bold and fearless advocacy of truth and righteousness for their own sake. Withal, he is thoroughly conscientious, and possesses in a high degree a generous, sympathetic, and forgiving nature.

ROBERT MILLIGAN.

Robert Milligan was born in the County of Tyrone, Ireland, on the twenty-fifth of July, 1814, and came to America in 1818, where he lived with his parents, in Trumbull County, O., until the spring of 1832. He entered Zellenople Academy in Beaver County, Pennsylvania, in 1833; and after spending several years in academic and classical studies, he finally graduated in Washington College, which is located in Washington, Pa., in 1840.

In the same year he was elected to the Chair of English Literature in his Alma Mater, in which department he taught for nine years, and also conducted a portion of the Latin and Greek classics. In 1849 he accepted the Chair of Natural Science in the same institution, and labored two years therein. He was then elected to the Chair of Mathematics in the State University of Indiana, but after two sessions he accepted the Chair of Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, and Astronomy, in the same institution. In 1851 he was elected to the Chair of Mathematics in Bethany College, Brooke County, Va., and in 1856 became co-editor of the *Millennial Harbinger*. He labored in this two-fold capacity until July 4, 1859, and in the September following entered on his duties as President of Kentucky University, to which he had been elected. This position he held until the establishment of the various colleges in the University, when he was elected to the Presidency of the College of the Bible, which position he still occupies.

Mr. Milligan's early religious training was in the Associate Presbyterian Church. In 1844 he was ordained to the work of the Christian ministry by Elder Thomas Campbell, with the concurrence of the churches at Williamsburg, Pigeon Creek, and Pleasant Valley, in Washington County, Pa. His name, however, is better known among the Disciples in connection with educational institutions and periodical literature than in the ministry of the Word. Teaching has been the great business of his life, and he has taught nearly every branch in the college curriculum. He is, nevertheless, an earnest, instructive, and efficient preacher, devoting his abilities rather to the edification of the church than to the more aggressive and arduous work of the direct conversion of the world.

President Milligan is a ripe scholar, and as a teacher has no superior in all the land. He has written much for the periodicals of the Disciples, and has recently published two valuable works, the first entitled "Reason and Revelation; or, the Province of Reason in Matters pertaining to Divine Revelation;" the second, "The Scheme of Redemption." These works are intended for schools, colleges, and private families, and are destined to have an extensive circulation, and will certainly do much good in giving the public proper views concerning

the origin, character, and interpretation of the Word of God.

Mr. Milligan is about five feet nine inches high, slightly built, and has a medium-sized brain, large in the intellectual and moral regions. He has a thin visage, fine, silky brown hair, peculiarly sharp, light gray eye, and has, taken altogether, an exceedingly fine-grained temperament, susceptible of high intellectual action, but not sufficiently supported by the vital and motive elements. The above statement of facts, however, fully shows that he has been, and still is, the proper man in the proper place, in all the positions of usefulness to which, in the providence of God, he has been called.

HENRY T. ANDERSON.

Henry T. Anderson is a native of the "Old Dominion." He was born in Caroline County, Va., on the 27th of January, 1812. His parents—natives also of Virginia—were Baptists, though but little under the sectarian influences of the times. His father was immersed, simply, on confessing his faith in Christ as the Son of God, without the intervention of any human creed. He often said his creed was summed up in two words—faith and obedience. This was before his son Henry was born; hence the early religious training of the son was mostly unshackled by the humanisms of the times. The Bible was the text-book, and its unfettered teaching was permitted to have its full power over his youthful mind. Under these influences he continued until he was about twenty-one years of age, when he made confession of his faith, and was immersed by his elder brother, who had left the Baptists and united with the Disciples. This occurred in July, 1832, and was not the result of any special effort by others; but as his brother had preached that "Baptism was for remission of sins," he investigated for himself and found it Scriptural, and hence demanded immersion. In his youth Mr. Anderson enjoyed the advantage of a good classical education, which was very soon made available in the study of the Greek Scriptures, with reference to the better understanding of the revelations of God, and the correction of the numerous errors discovered in the common version.

He began to preach in the month of May, 1833, and his first discourse was delivered in Spotsylvania County, Virginia, at a meeting-house called Berea. From that time until 1837 he preached in Caroline, Hanover, and some other counties, but was not employed by any church. His time was devoted mainly to the study of the Scriptures.

In 1837 Mr. Anderson came to Kentucky, and taught school and preached in the southern part of the State until November, 1847, when he removed to Louisville, and took charge of the church on the corner of Fourth and Walnut streets, and remained there six years. From November, 1853, to December, 1861, he was engaged at various points in Kentucky, preaching the Gospel and teaching classical schools.

In the latter part of the year 1861, while residing in Flemingsburgh, he began to translate the New Testament, shortly after which he removed to Harrodsburg. He writes:

"I was engaged by the church here and at Cane Run at a salary of \$360. I mention this that it may be known what means I have had. I had firm faith that God had called me to make a translation, and my faith has not failed me. The Lord raised me up friends. Some from a distance sent me a few dollars. Two worthy sisters paid \$120 each, last year. Those near me have, some of them, remembered my wants, and generously supplied me with food and clothing. Though the war swept away

what little I had, God has never forsaken me. I have a Father in heaven, a Redeemer at His right hand. My prayers have been heard. Friends are near me, and I live a monument of the truth that God will not forsake those who trust in him."

The above-mentioned translation, which was published in 1864, is very popular among the Disciples, and has had an extensive sale. Since its publication the revised and improved Greek text of Tischendorf has come prominently before the world, and our translator is again at his favorite work, rendering that text into our vernacular.

Mr. Anderson is tall and handsomely built; has black eyes and a somewhat ruddy complexion, and is spare in flesh. He has a fine, silvery-toned voice, well modulated, and hence, with his cultured, analytical mind, he appears before an intelligent audience as a very attractive and instructive speaker. His manner is easy, graceful, and perfectly self-possessed. His preaching partakes largely of Scripture exposition. For many years he has ranked as a thorough student, and as an able thinker and highly instructive speaker. His reputation has not heralded him so much as a proselyter of the masses, as an efficient instructor of the studious and thoughtful. His has been the work of laying deep the foundation on which others have reared the structure.

WILLIAM KIMBROUGH PENDLETON.

President Pendleton is five feet eight and a half inches high, and weighs about one hundred and fifty pounds. He has, to the casual observer, a delicate physical organization, but his history demonstrates that although the mental tendencies greatly predominate over the muscular and vital systems, yet the latter are of a tough and elastic nature and fully able to sustain all the intensity and activity which have characterized the former. He was born in Louisa County, Va., September 8, 1817. He is of English descent, and his ancestors, both paternal and maternal, have from the earliest history of this country occupied distinguished positions in the state and the church. His mother was brought up under Episcopal influences, but his father, Colonel Edmund Pendleton, was not a member of any church until William was about sixteen years of age, when he became a reader of the *Christian Baptist* and *Millennial Harbinger*, and after a full and free investigation of the plea presented by the advocates of primitive Christianity he determined to be immersed. The celebrated Mount Gilboa church had its origin in efforts put forth by this gentleman.

From his earliest boyhood his education was carefully provided for. After attending for several years the best schools in that part of the State, he entered the University of Virginia, where, besides the academical course, he studied law two years, and was licensed to practice. During most of this time he had been a regular reader of the religious papers mentioned, and a constant and earnest student of the Word of God. For years he frequently heard the preaching of some of the most distinguished men among the Disciples, and above all he was carefully trained from his infancy by a pious mother. Under these influences, having come to a full understanding of his duty, he was in June, 1840, immersed by Alexander Campbell at the Mount Gilboa church, Louisa County, Va. In the fall of the same year he married Levinia M., daughter of Alexander Campbell, who died in the spring of 1846.

He was appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy in Bethany College in May, 1841 (the year the college was founded), and has been connected with it ever since as Professor, and much of the time as Vice-President, and

now as President. In 1844 he was united to the editorial corps of the *Millennial Harbinger*, and has continued in that relation ever since, being at this time its proprietor and senior editor.

In August, 1848, Mr. Pendleton was married to Clarinda, another daughter of Alexander Campbell, to whom Mr. Campbell addressed his celebrated letters from Europe. She also soon passed away, January, 1851. His third wife, Catherine H., daughter of Judge King, of Warren, O., still lives, ably and gracefully contributing as helpmeet in the duties of his vocation. She is a lady of superior attainments, and greatly lightens the labors of his study by her assistance.

On the death of Mr. Campbell, Professor Pendleton was unanimously elected President by the curators of Bethany College.

As a disciplinarian he compels obedience more from principle and respect for the law than from the fear of punishment. Respecting others, he is respected, and by precept and example inspires such admiration and love for all that is noble and manly, and such contempt for all that is mean and ungentlemanly, that all who come under his influence almost unconsciously become more gentlemanly.

As a companion, Pres. P. is cheerful and social, pleasantly and easily adapting himself and his conversation to the character of his company. In hospitality he is profuse and unbounded, and conspicuous in Christian generosity and liberality. In no place are the exhibitions of his character more delightful than in his domestic relations.

As a speaker he is unimpassioned but elegant, deeply engaging and impressive, his voice clear, his enunciation distinct, and his language chaste, faultlessly accurate, and the very picture of his thoughts. A close, logical reasoner, capable of bringing out the minutest details of his subject, and at the same time preserving the unbroken unity of his discourse, he progresses with strictest method with his subject, yet with a rare suggestiveness that opens rich avenues of thought, which give a freshness and charm to every subject he touches. As a writer, he composes rapidly, and while the same characteristics as a speaker prevail in his composition, there is a much greater tendency to metaphor and analogy. His views on any religious question have a weight with the Disciples unsurpassed by those of any other minister of the church.

ROBERT GRAHAM.

This distinguished preacher and teacher was born on the 14th of August, 1822, in the city of Liverpool, England. His parents were members of the Church of England. The mother, however, having been a member of the Methodist Church previous to her marriage, gave to the family a strong liking for that church. In the winter of 1836-37, being then only fourteen years of age, he was deeply impressed with the importance of religion at a protracted meeting among the Methodist Protestants in Alleghany City, Pa., under the ministry of Rev. John Brown; and having joined the church on probation, he was admitted to full fellowship at the expiration of six months.

In the fall of 1838 Mr. Graham was made acquainted with the congregation of Disciples in Alleghany City, Pa., through his friend William Baxter, who had left the church of which he was a member and had united with the Disciples. He was thus brought to review the grounds of his religious belief. He examined the Scriptures with special reference to the baptismal controversy and kindred subjects; and after much discussion with

Mr. Baxter, and a candid hearing of Elder Samuel Church, then the public teacher of the Christian Congregation in Alleghany City, he became persuaded to embrace the views as held by the Disciples. Accordingly, on the 17th of February, 1839, he was publicly immersed, on a profession of faith in Christ, in the Alleghany River by Elder Church, and the same day received into its communion.

At this time he was an apprentice, learning the honest carpenter's trade in the city of Pittsburgh, Pa. He was deficient in education, but had a great passion for books; and to acquire an education he attended night-school during the winter, and by industry and economy collected quite a library of useful and entertaining books. He applied himself with great assiduity to lay the foundation for a good education.

On the 1st of January, 1843, at the suggestion of Mr. Campbell, he entered Bethany College as a student, having been previously employed as carpenter on the college building. In the following year he began to preach for the church at Dutch Fork, some miles from Bethany, and continued to labor for them on the Lord's day for three years. He supported himself at college by the sale of his library and carpenter's tools, the small salary he received for preaching, and advances made by Mr. Campbell. These last were liberal and generous, and were refunded in full, with interest, in May, 1854. While a student at Bethany, he was married to Miss Maria Thornley, of Alleghany City, Pa.

Mr. Graham was graduated on the 4th of July, 1847, sharing the first honors of his class with Allen R. Benton, now President of Alliance College, Ohio. Soon after he graduated, and while on a collecting and preaching tour in the Southwest he met Elder John T. Johnson, of Kentucky, at Fayetteville, Ark., where he labored in a protracted meeting of great interest, resulting in the establishment of a fine church, and laying a broad foundation for future influence in that part of the State. Soon after this meeting he was invited to become pastor of the church, and accepted. Here he eventually established Arkansas College.

In 1859 Mr. Graham resigned his position as President of Arkansas College, and spent one session as Professor of Belles-Lettres and History in Kentucky University. In 1860 a plan was matured by which a Southern Missionary Society was to be formed, and Robert Graham was proposed as the chosen agent to manage its affairs and devote his energies to its establishment; but the whole arrangement failed by the breaking out of the war.

In 1862, having lost all his accumulations in the South, he arrived in Cincinnati, and was invited to take charge of the church at the corner of Eighth and Walnut streets, and remained there until 1864, when he resigned and went to Santa Rosa, Cal., where he spent one year as teacher and pastor. He then spent one year in San Francisco, and succeeded in establishing a promising church in that city. In January, 1866, he was elected presiding officer of the College of Arts and Professor of the School of English Language and Literature in Kentucky University. He accepted, and entered upon his work in the following October. In 1867 he resigned this position, and accepted the Presidency of "Hocker Female College," Lexington, Ky., which position he now occupies. He is also associate editor of the *Apostolic Times*.

Mr. Graham is a heavy-set man, inclined to corpulency, and while of low stature weighs about one hundred and eighty pounds. He has all the external indications of a fine, healthy physical temperament. With a bright florid complexion, a brain largely developed in the in-

lectual and moral region—the more striking by his premature baldness—large, prominent light blue eyes, and the orator's mouth, he is able and exceedingly fluent in speech on almost every topic, whether before an audience or in the private circle. His language and style are highly finished, yet he is altogether an extemporaneous speaker.

CHARLES LOUIS LOOS.

Charles Louis Loos was born December 22, 1823, at Woerth-sur-Saier, Department of the Lower Rhine, France. His father was a native of France; his mother a native of Bavaria. The early life of Charles was spent, after his fourth year, in attending the academy in his native place until his departure for the United States in 1834. His father, who was an enthusiastic republican, left France for America in 1832, to find a home. The family followed in the fall of 1834, and when they reached the United States found the father sick at New Franklin, Starke County, O., where shortly afterward he died.

While he was in France, Charles had been educated in both the French and German languages, and his knowledge of these enabled him soon to become acquainted with the English. His family belonged to the Lutheran Church, and he was trained religiously by a pious grandmother, in whose family he was reared. He has never ceased to recognize the blessed influence of his early religious training, and thinks he is largely indebted to it for becoming a preacher of the Gospel.

In the fall of 1837 he was confirmed in the Lutheran Church; in a few months afterward he became acquainted with the Disciples, of whom there was a congregation at Minerva, five miles from his home. He at once began to examine their religious position, and having become satisfied that it was in accordance with the teaching of the Word of God, he was immersed in 1838 by John Whitacre. This caused great bitterness and opposition among his Lutheran relatives; but he had taken the step under an earnest conviction of duty, and did not stop to consult with flesh and blood.

He taught school at sixteen years of age, and at seventeen began to preach in the vicinity of his home, and gave great promise of future usefulness. In September, 1842, he entered Bethany College, where he graduated in 1846, and remained in the college three years as a teacher in the primary department.

In 1849 he was ordained to the work of the ministry, and removed to Welleburg, Va., and preached for the church at that place one year. In October, 1850, he removed to Somerset, Penn., where he remained five years, and while there, in addition to his pastoral labors, edited a monthly periodical, called *The Disciple*, for two years, and was principal of an academy for the same length of time. In January, 1856, he took charge of the church corner of Eighth and Walnut streets, Cincinnati, also assisting in editing the *Christian Age*. Having been elected President of Eureka College, Illinois, he moved there in January, 1857, and remained till September, 1858, when he returned to Bethany College, having been elected to the Chair of Ancient Languages and Literature in that institution. He still occupies that position.

Professor Loos is just five feet ten inches high, has dark hair, hazel eyes, and weighs about one hundred and forty pounds. His personal appearance and manners indicate his French origin, while his tongue is decidedly German; and, in mental combinations, the fire and ardor and enthusiasm of the former are happily blended with the studious thoughtfulness of the latter.

As a preacher, Mr. Loos is philosophical, and yet highly

eloquent, persuasive, and impressive. He enters with all his energy into the theme under consideration, and becomes for the time being entirely absorbed in its deep importance. "Christ, and Him crucified," in its moral power and magnitude, is with him the basis of every sound spiritual thought. All else must bend to this, whether it be in the intellectual, moral, or passionate nature of man.

JAMES S. LAMAR.

The subject of this sketch was born in Gwinnett County, Ga., May 18, 1829. He was soon after removed to Muscogee County (then newly settled), where he was brought up amid the surroundings and under the educational disadvantages peculiar to a new country. He acquired, however, an early fondness for learning, and managed, at the age of seventeen, to enter an academy, where was laid the foundation of a good education. In 1850 he was admitted to the bar in the city of Columbus; but being providentially introduced about that time to a knowledge of the primitive Gospel, and baptized upon a profession of his faith by an enlightened Baptist preacher, who did not require him to go before the church, or to narrate an experience, and who considered the example of Philip and the eunuch as a sufficient authority, he was so deeply impressed that he was earnestly desirous of devoting his life to the ministry. But he was alone, having no church, no fellowship, no Christian sympathy in his community. Besides, he was not willing to assume the responsibility of preaching without a finished education and a regular appointment to the work. But all these obstacles were happily removed. By the kindness of friends he was enabled to enter Bethany College in January, 1853, where he was graduated in July, 1854, and ordained about the same time in the Bethany church as an evangelist. Soon afterward he was called to the church in Augusta, where, with one brief intermission, he has been ever since. In 1850 he published a work entitled "The Organon of Scripture; or, the Inductive Method of Biblical Interpretation." This work is written in an easy and graceful style, and is a very creditable production for one so young to write. If, however, he had spent several more years in perfecting it, the work would doubtless have been of much greater value. As it is, it is worthy of careful study, and certainly encourages us to hope that the author will not let his pen remain idle. Mr. Lamar has a superior mind. He is incapable of anything uncouth or vulgar. His thoughts are chaste and fresh, and always expressed in a polished, forcible style. He is a hard student, and seeks for perfection in everything, and consequently his literary labors are always carefully performed. As a speaker he is clear, pointed, earnest, and impressive. He is very choice in his selection of words, and generally says the right thing in the right way. He has scarcely enough passion for an orator, and his voice, though well modulated and perfectly under his control, has not sufficient volume for fine effect. His gesticulation is graceful, and his manner pleasing, but his preaching is better adapted to a select audience than the masses.

ISAAC ERRETT.

The subject of this notice presents a commanding and attractive personal appearance; he stands about six feet one inch high, with a well-developed muscular organization sustaining a large, active, and powerful brain, which is well developed in the frontal and coronal regions. He has light gray eyes, and dark brown hair with a slightly auburn tinge, and usually weighs nearly two hundred pounds. Under favorable circumstances he inclines to

corpulency, but the constant tax on his nervous system generally suffices to prevent this. His immediate ancestry were from the British dominions, his father, Henry Errett, being a native of Arklow, Ireland, and his mother a native of Portsmouth, England. They were both of Protestant families, and were identified with the church in the city of New York as early as the year 1811.

Isaac Errett was born in the city of New York, January 2, 1820, and was trained from infancy in the principles he now cherishes. His father died in 1826, soon after which the family removed to Pittsburgh, Pa. Here, in the spring of 1832, Isaac, being but twelve years of age, at a time when the church was without regular preaching, in company with an older brother, went forward and asked the privilege of baptism. He was baptized by Robert McLaren, one of the elders of the church.

He immediately turned his attention to the study of the Bible, and, as the result has shown, was highly successful in the understanding and application of its teachings. From the tenth year of his age he has been dependent on his own exertions for support. Hence the ordinary advantages of high school and college training have been denied him. Yet, while laboring as farmer, miller, lumberman, bookseller, printer, editor, and school-teacher, he has by persevering industry so far overcome these disadvantages, that he occupies a position equal, if not in many respects superior, to many more highly favored than he. Mr. Errett commenced preaching in the city of Pittsburgh, Pa., in the spring of 1840, and at once displayed superior ability. In his earlier years he enjoyed the advantages of intimate and frequent association with Walter Scott, Thomas Campbell, Alexander Campbell, and most of the early advocates of reformation in the West.

His pastoral labors have been: with the church in Pittsburgh, three years; at New Lisbon, O., five years; North Bloomfield, O., two years; Warren, O., five years; Muir and Ionia, Mich., seven years; and Detroit, two years. He was three years Corresponding Secretary of the Ohio State Missionary Society, and for three years occupied the same position in the American Christian Missionary Society. Having resigned as Secretary, he was elected first Vice-President, by virtue of which he was presiding officer until the death of Mr. Campbell in 1866, when he was elected President, which office, however, he immediately declined.

In the spring of 1866 he removed to Cleveland, O., where he became editor of the *Christian Standard*, a weekly religious paper published in that city. In August, 1868, having been elected President of Alliance College, Alliance, O., he removed the *Christian Standard* to that place. The college prospered, but the circulation of the *Standard* suffered; and at the close of the first year he resigned the Presidency and removed the *Standard* to Cincinnati, with the purpose of devoting his entire attention to its interests. Immediately on his resignation of the Presidency of Alliance College he was, without his knowledge, elected President of the College of Agriculture and Mechanics, of Kentucky University at Lexington, and also to the Chair of Biblical Literature in Bethany College, Bethany, W. Va. Having determined to devote his main labors to the *Standard*, these positions were declined, as well as new inducements held out by Alliance College. He has, however, engaged for one half of the next college year, to fill the Chair of Hermeneutics, Homiletics, and Church History, in the Bible College, Kentucky University. Since the removal of the *Standard* to Cincinnati it has more than doubled its circulation.

In the pulpit, notwithstanding a quality which, in or-

inary men, would be an insurmountable obstacle to success, Mr. Errett sways a wondrous power. His voice lacks the volume we desire; but there is a peculiar magnetism in the management of its tones and a pathos in its modulations which counterbalance its weakness, and carry the living thoughts of the speaker to the hearts of the hearer, enchainning the attention for hours. He is regarded as among the ablest of our pulpit orators.

O. A. BURGESS.

The subject of this sketch was born August 26, 1839, in the town of Thompson, Windham County, Conn. He received the benefit of common schools in that State until he was seven years of age.

From Connecticut he went to Chenango County, N. Y., where he worked on a rocky and sterile farm, going to school three months in a year until he was sixteen years of age. He then spent one half term in Norwich Academy, and in the winter of 1846 thus equipped he taught school for \$10 per month, and—to use his own words—“went boarding ‘round.” In the spring of 1847 he attended a full term at Norwich Academy. In the fall of 1847 he removed to Woodford County, Ill., where he continued school-teaching as a profession until the spring of 1851. About this time he heard “Old Father Palmer,” as he was familiarly known, preach the Gospel as now held by his church. Previous to this he had failed to “get religion” according to the systems of the day. When he was only twelve years old his mother died, but left so strong a religious impression upon him, that he made several more attempts to “get religion,” always with similar results. Failing in all his efforts he finally accepted either fatality or Universalism as the best solution of moral questions; but when he heard the Gospel, as above stated, he at once accepted it.

In the fall of 1851 he entered “Bethany College,” then presided over by Alexander Campbell, with a view to the “ministry of the Word.” He graduated from this institution in 1854, making his way by his own labors. His entire stock in money on the day he entered college was “four dollars and fifty cents.” After graduating he returned to Illinois, where he was pastor of churches in Metamora and Washington. For one year he was acting President of Eureka College. He was at one time the Corresponding Secretary of the American Christian Missionary Society, working for its interests at an unfavorable time with commendable zeal and distinguished ability. Shortly after this he became pastor of the First Christian Church at Indianapolis, Indiana. Over this church he presided for six years; and to him, probably, more than to any other man, is that church, at present, indebted for its commanding and influential position. His indomitable energy gave to it an impetus which no circumstances since then have been able to control. Two years he occupied the chair of President of the Northwestern Christian University at Indianapolis.

At present he is the beloved pastor of the church at the corner of Indiana Avenue and Twenty-fifth Street, Chicago. In this great city of churches almost innumerable and so many diverse from his own, his power is already felt, and in the right direction. It is impossible in a brief space to fully analyze his character.

His personal appearance is commanding, and his strongly-marked features always insist that you shall recognize them. His height is just six feet. In walking there is a slight stoop to his body, but this is scarcely noticed when he stands up before the people to plead for the truth he so well loves. His hair is black, his beard full and long, and his eyes, the “windows of a soul,” full of character and expression. His will is indomitable.

His words, when under the excitement of a great occasion, are like shots from a cumbiad; and they may be tender, sympathizing, withering, full of biting sarcasm, cutting wit, uttered with an impetuosity amounting almost to vehemence.

As a debater he has few if any superiors among his brethren. About the only objection urged against him in debate is that he "kills his opponent *too dead*." He has held public debates with several of the religious denominations, with Universalists, Spiritualists, Infidels, and Atheists. It is generally acknowledged that on the "Evidences of Christianity," in public debate, he has no superior. Himself fully under the conviction that the Bible is God's word to man, he convinces men always in his addresses of his entire sincerity in this belief. Though naturally of a combative turn of mind, he does not debate because he is partial to discussion, but because he believes that the truth will be advanced by it.

His style of address is not always graceful, but it is always forcible. When he has anything to say he *says it*. There is no circumlocution in his speech; hence he is always understood and scarcely ever misunderstood. His bravery and boldness are never checked by any sympathy or good-will he may possess for friends or brethren. What he thinks ought to be said he says.

His face is indicative of great power as an organizer, and he will bring order out of chaos in an almost incredibly short time. Realizing that each member of his church must do his whole duty in order that the whole body may reach the full measure of its stature and power, he is constantly on the alert to find the work for which each member is adapted, and to see that it is accomplished. Thus is his church a working body continually.

Mr. Burgess is now in the very prime of his active life; and with the many honors so nobly won and so gracefully awarded to him by his brethren and friends, he has before him a rich and abundant harvest of those riches and blessings esteemed by men and honored of God.

CHARLES COOLMAN FOOTE.

This eloquent minister of the Gospel was born in Massillon, Stark County, O., March 19, 1831. His father was a native of Connecticut, and a descendant of the Puritans. German, Scotch, and French are elements in the maternal ancestry. He spent the years of his minority almost entirely in Northeastern Ohio, residing until he was fourteen years of age in Shalersville, Portage County, and afterward in various places, as domestic necessities and educational facilities demanded. His mother being left a widow soon after his birth, it fell to his lot to be at the expense of educating himself. This was accomplished at various district schools and seminaries in Ohio, among which may be mentioned the classical school of Professor Henry Childs, Cleveland, O., and the "Western Reserve Eclectic Institute" (now Hiram College), at Hiram, O. During the second year of the three he spent in the latter institution he taught several classes. In 1855, having fully prepared himself in these various schools for a final year in which to prepare for the honors of a graduate, he went to Bethany College, Virginia, then under the presidency of Alexander Campbell, expecting in a few months to be graduated. In a few weeks, however, the unfortunate difficulty between the faculty and certain students from the North occurred, which resulted in ten of the latter leaving the institution never to return. Mr. Foote was one of the ten; and whatever may be the decision in regard to the justice of the course pursued, the adherence to principle which has

ever characterized his course through life was evinced on this occasion. We might mention, in passing, that H. W. Everest, the distinguished President of Eureka College, Ill., and Daniel R. Vanbuskirk and John Ensell, the well-known and able ministers, were also of the number.

Mr. Foote's education was entirely at his own expense. From his sixteenth year he supported himself by clerking in a drygoods store, surveying, and preaching and teaching, as circumstances seemed to suggest. His religious education was entirely according to the teaching of the "Disciples," so that at the early age of thirteen years he made a profession of Christianity under the preaching of Harvey Brockett, and was immersed by him in Shalersville, January, 1845. Even at this early age his characteristic decision was thus manifest; for this step was taken unsolicited, and attended by the gibes and sneers of boyish companions.

Mr. Foote delivered his first regular sermon in Garrettsville, Portage County, O., September, 1852, since which time the Gospel ministry has been the main business of his life, in which he has been eminently successful. From 1853 to 1857 inclusive he ministered steadily to the following churches in the Western Reserve, Ohio, and Western Pennsylvania, viz.: Mantua, Shalersville, Ravenna, Hartford, North Eaton, and North Bloomfield, and other churches in Ohio, and Sharon, Pa. While ministering in North Bloomfield, Trumbull County, in 1867, he was married to Miss Matilda J. Welch.

For three years and a half, beginning April, 1858, Mr. Foote was pastor of the church in Ravenna. The engagement was closed on account of failing health. The year following he was in South Butler, N. Y., but on account of continued ill-health he was unable to preach much. In January, 1863, he took pastoral charge of the Franklin Street church, Cleveland O., and was connected with that pulpit six years. Two years and a half, however, of that time he was away for his health. The year 1869 he spent with the church in East Cleveland, O. In January, 1870, he commenced his present labors with the congregation of Disciples on Twenty-eighth Street, in the city of New York.

Mr. Foote is about five feet seven inches high, and weighs about one hundred and thirty pounds. He is therefore rather slightly built, and possesses a delicate physical organization. He has a large, full, blue eye, thin lips, and angular nose, surmounted by an ample forehead, the whole visage being of that cast which invariably accompanies a predominant mental temperament. The brain is of medium size, the mental and moral regions predominating over the selfish and animal; and the fiber is of that delicate and superior quality which gives to its possessor eminent susceptibility of culture and refinement. Indeed, this nature is one of those self-refiners that would have found an elevated intellectual and moral level in any circumstances in which it might have been thrown.

In the pulpit, Mr. Foote is very fluent, and speaks rapidly, and there is no hesitancy in expressing his ideas in just the terms he desires. His elevated thoughts are clothed in the finest artistic elegance, and delivered in a fine-toned voice, well under control in all its inflections. He has a vivid imagination, and his power of description is such, both in word and gesture, that one almost feels as though the picture in the speaker's mind were before him. His talents are suited to every department of pulpit labor, whether it be in the doctrinal or practical, metaphysical or ideal. Though he has the sentiments of a reformer, his reviews of the sentiments of others, while firm and decided, are modestly suggestive rather than boldly aggressive. Hence he makes but few enemies,

while the elevated and affectionate tone of his discourses wins the listener to the truth he inculcates. These qualities in his character have given him much influence in neutralizing the bitterness and strife that sometimes thrust themselves on the preacher's attention in times of controversy. The recent preliminary movement in Ohio having for its ultimate purpose a union of the Baptists and Disciples, has felt his influence and receives his ardent sympathy. While residing in Ohio, his intercourse with some of the Baptists leaders in that movement, in the interchange of Christian courtesies, was most cordial and fraternal. He believes in the power of love and forbearance, and hopes for the success of his principles by clothing them with the garb of charity. In his present position in New York city he seems to have found a proper field for the exercise of his varied tastes and talents. Large congregations are in attendance on his ministry, constant additions are being made to the membership, and the spirituality and devotion of his private intercourse are infusing new vigor into the spiritual life of the church.

WILLIAM THOMAS MOORE.

William Thomas Moore was born in Henry County, Ky., August 27, 1832. His paternal ancestors were Irish; his maternal, Scotch. His immediate parents were from Virginia. When nine years of age his father died, leaving a widow and six children, and for a number of years William was the chief dependence of the bereaved family. Thus early were the boy's energy of body and mind called to grapple with toil and care; but doubtless it was during these years that the foundation of his subsequent successes was laid. From the necessities of his position his education was neglected, and at eighteen years of age his scholastic attainments comprehended reading and writing—no more; but having an innate thirst for knowledge, he had read whatever books had come in his way—especially had he read the Bible.

At eighteen Mr. Moore entered an academy at Newcastle, Ky.; and having passed through a preparatory course of study there, and having improved his financial affairs by teaching for a season, he entered Bethany College, Va., in the autumn of 1855. In July, 1858, having been chosen from a class of twenty-four to deliver the valedictory address, he was graduated Bachelor of Arts. In October of the same year he was chosen pastor of the Church of Christ in Frankfort, Ky., and remained its pastor till the spring of 1864, when he resigned, on account of failing health. In June, 1864, he was married to Miss Mary A. Bishop, second daughter of R. M. Bishop, of Cincinnati, Ohio. On the 1st of January, 1865, his health having greatly improved, Mr. Moore accepted a call to the pastoral work in the Church of Christ in Detroit, Mich. Although his labors there were attended by the most encouraging success, yet having been elected to a Professorship in Kentucky University, he left Detroit in February, 1866, and entered at once on the labors appointed to him. Meanwhile he had received a call from the congregation corner of Eighth and Walnut streets, Cincinnati; and having ascertained that for the present the duties of his University chair could be met by a brief course of lectures in each session, he accepted the call of the church, and has to the present time very successfully performed the labors of its pastorate.

Besides his almost continuous labors as pastor and evangelist, Mr. Moore has prepared and delivered a number of public addresses on a variety of topics, some of which have been published and widely circulated. He has also edited a portion of Alexander Campbell's "Lec-

tures on the Pentateuch," and a volume of Discourses and Biographical Sketches, illustrated with twenty-eight steel engravings of representative men among the Disciples, entitled "The Living Pulpit of the Christian Church." His love and taste for the poetic have exhibited themselves in several short poems, chiefly lyric and elegiac, which have found their way into print and into public favor. His appreciation of poetical and musical excellence rendered his services invaluable in the compilation of the new "Christian Hymn-Book," the excellence of which is unsurpassed by any other English collection.

Mr. Moore is the editor of the *Christian Quarterly*, and the encomiums passed upon that periodical by American and European journals of high repute evince their high appreciation of the ability both of the editor and contributors. Mr. Moore is also connected with one or more of our weeklies.

He believes in progress, from the high even to the still higher, and illustrates his faith by his works. Withal, he never seems to be busy; in fact, does not seem to be doing anything when out of the pulpit, nor *intending* to do anything; and yet he can be seldom, if ever, idle, as his brief record abundantly attests. With no bustle or apparent motion, there is execution—progress. Few men have accomplished more in the same time and under similar circumstances than has W. T. Moore. In personal proportions Mr. Moore is not less than six feet high, and weighs about one hundred and seventy-five pounds. He has a very large brain, and a well-formed physical organization; but there is a certain air of carelessness, and perhaps of clumsiness, in his appearance which would make it exceedingly out of place in the realm of Terpsichore. His manner in the pulpit, however, whether of action or of utterance, indicates that deep earnestness which sometimes borders on the vehement; so that all criticism of his manner and motion are silenced by the force of his arguments, the clearness of his illustrations, and the wonderful power with which he enforces whatever may be practical in his subject. But his success as a minister is owing much less to his logic than to the warm and wide sympathy that vivifies it. His is heart-power—a power without which the logic of Paul and the eloquence of Apollos combined would fail to awaken the conscience of the impenitent sinner or arouse the energies of the careless believer.

With whatever is beautiful and good and true; with everything that is pitiable, or distressed, or down-fallen, or oppressed; with all that is elevating, ennobling, hopeful, God has given to W. T. Moore a quick, a deep, an irresistible sympathy, so that he is ready to rejoice with the happy and to weep with those that weep. He is ever forward to engage in whatever promises true advancement, and to share his last resources with those he esteems worthy, but who have grown weary and lame, and have thus fallen or faltered in the struggle of life.

The foregoing is the eleventh in the series of American religious societies or denominations, which we commenced to publish two or three years ago. We have thus far, as we proposed in the beginning, given a sketch of each from its own point of view, deeming it best to permit a church through some eminent member to make its own representations with regard to the faith held and the ceremonials observed. The plan has worked most satisfactorily. We purpose, as we have opportunity, to continue

these presentations in the same liberal and impartial manner until we have included all sects or societies which have a substantial existence among us.

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ALBERT BARNES.



THIS distinguished orator and writer of the Presbyterian Church died suddenly in Philadelphia on the 24th of December last; and although of that ripe age when we are accustomed to accept death as a most likely occurrence, his departure to the other world has awakened a strong expression of regret in all religious circles.

Mr. Barnes was born near the village of Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y., on the 1st of December, 1798. He graduated at Hamilton College in 1820, studied theology at Princeton, was ordained in the work of the ministry, and in 1825 was installed pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Morristown, N. J. From this place he was transferred in 1830 to the ministerial charge of the Washington Square Church, the office which he continued to hold until compelled to relinquish it by a permanent disorder of the eyes in 1867.

He, however, continued to preach and attend to other ministerial duties when not prevented by his distressing malady. On the Sunday before his death he preached to his old congregation in the morning, and in the afternoon he delivered an address at the House of Refuge.

Mr. Barnes contributed to the press a variety of sermons, essays, reviews, etc. He was also the author of a treatise on the "Evidences of Christianity in the Nineteenth Century." His commentary on the Book of Psalms appeared last year, and he since wrote a *Life of St. Paul*.

It is a singular circumstance that all the "notes" referred to, amounting to some twenty volumes, and requiring of necessity a vast degree of research and patient industry, were written before nine o'clock in the morning, to avoid trespassing upon the regular parochial duties of their author.

♦ ♦ ♦

INSPIRATION.

"Did God a special creed require,
Would he not with that creed each soul inspire?"

GOD does inspire the earnest soul who humbly seeks for knowledge. Not with a creed, for to Him sects and creeds are not known. Yet, the "still, small voice" speaks of inspiration that comes with healing on its wings to the soul faint with waiting and sick with hope deferred.

The bustle of life, the multiplicity of earthly cares too often drown the spiritual life within; the little voice is unheeded and inspiration uncultivated, hence its growth is dwarfed—its spirit quenched.

Did earth's children give the time and thought to the cultivation of a spiritual life that they do to that of a temporal one, they would be both richer and wiser.

Knowledge pertaining to a spiritual life is the essence of happiness, and is imperishable; it clings to the spirit, and immortality reaps the harvest planted by mortality. Short-sighted mortals! those who live only for to-day, and care mostly to gather the fleeting riches of earth, can not *sense* the beauties of inspiration; to them it is as a land unexplored, a region unthought of. But will there not come a day of awakening? Yes, oh, yes, when such will find a punishment in regret, regret at time misspent, at golden opportunities slighted.

With inspiration comes *love*,—love of the beautiful, in nature and art,—*love of humanity*. Let us desire to be bound by this attribute of Deity, for those thus bound are welded as with iron, though the chain is light as ether. Charity, generosity, and sympathy

are its links. Love is heaven, and in heaven this power alone will reign. No bands so strong as those of love. No *lasting* bands without it.

C. I. GODBE.

GOING TO CHURCH.

BY PAUL BLOUNT.

PREPARE your toilet for church with extreme care; wear your very gayest. It is more important to do so at church than at operas and balls, because there are more poor people at the former than at the latter, people less accustomed to seeing splendid garments, and who will appreciate such a display.

2. By all means anoint your head with oil. Did not the ancient saints do so? Any grease is better than none; if very rancid and pungent, so much the better, it will make some weak woman sick, and perhaps she will faint, and that will inure to the glory of the clergyman, and the reporter will put in the papers that he preached so entrancingly that a lady fainted, etc.

3. Use perfumes. Some people like them; some do not. The former will be gratified; the latter will have something by which to remember the service.

N. B. Gentlemen should always smoke after dressing, just before going to church. The reason is obvious.

4. Shoes that "creek" are the things to wear. They announce your coming, like a chamberlain at a grand reception. The pastor then knows that his congregation is increasing.

5. Take the seat at the end of a pew, and fasten the door. When it becomes necessary for another to enter, you will rise, fumble at the latch of the pew, drop your cane—(always carry a cane to church)—pick it up, "gather" up your hat, keep things in interesting suspense, accumulate a group in the aisle, and generally increase the delightful excitement of the occasion. Always insist upon keeping the end of the pew next the door. Why should that selfish man who wants to lounge against the end of the pew have his selfishness gratified? You must teach him self-denial.

6. Next to a cane, the most necessary thing to carry to church is a watch. It must be a gold watch, with a long chain. You must wear it in the fob of your pantaloons, so that you will have greater opportunity of display in pulling it out. It must be a hunting-watch, which shall "click" when you shut it. You

must hold it in several positions conspicuously, so as to see it. Also put on your glasses for that purpose. All this will remind the congregation that "time flies," and the preacher will have the comfort of seeing that if you don't pray, you at least *watch*. This politeness is due the pastor.

7. When the ushers come on with the plate or basket for the collection, do not touch it, do not pass it. Let him stretch over to push it down the pew. Is it not a holy thing, containing the offerings of the people? Why should your profane touch be on it? But if you touch it, do it deftly, and upset it; it will spill the contents. The usher has probably been sleeping through the sermon—it will wake him up. It makes a lively little incident.

8. Never enter until the service has begun. As it approaches a conclusion, begin to put on your overshoes. You can put on your overcoat during the doxology or benediction.

There's nothing like being ready.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REST.

"But let the day be never so long,
It weareth at length to Even-song."

THE wearied laborer waits the setting sun,
That brings the hour for home and sweet repose;
So man rejoiceth when his work is done,
And the still shades of death around him close.
It may be hard to die in life's full noon,
When earth and all its joys before us lie;
But ah! when age is come, death is a boon,
And the pained head lies down in peace to die.

How sweetly sounds at eve the softened chime,
Telling the passing of life's toilsome day;
Calling the soul to where "there is no time,"—
To home and rest that passeth not away!

And so man entereth in, at Even-song,
His Father's house, the promised rest to take,
Adding his praise to all the blessed throng,
Admitted for the dear Redeemer's sake. R.

WORK with a zeal and a purpose. Let the soul go forth in a full tide of love to all mankind, counting all men as brothers whom God appoints to walk in and about our paths.

Labor diligently; grasp every thought that will enlarge the soul and prepare us for the eternal kingdom.

Let no rust of selfishness corrode our lives away. If the temptation is great to turn aside, let the prayer be mighty, that our feet may be kept from the ways of error. Call largely on God, and he will largely descend and fill our cup to overflowing. Action and earnest effort are the steps to heaven.

Physiognomy, or Signs of Character.

Of the soul, the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.—*Spenser.*

TEMPERAMENT.

[For more than thirty years we have studied the subject of temperament and its relation to mind and character, and we have endeavored, also, by tongue and pen, to impress upon the people the importance of the subject. Any contribution to this subject which proposes to throw light on it, we gladly welcome and cheerfully study. There is need of an extended work on the temperaments with, at least, a hundred engravings to illustrate the peculiarities of the primary temperaments and their great variety of combinations. We herewith publish an abridgment of an interesting article on this subject from a late number of the *Galaxy*, from the pen of Titus Munson Coan, M.D.]

IS there a science of temperaments? Hippocrates thought so, and Galen, the prince of theorists; and since their time a hundred writers have endeavored to establish it as an accurate science. Many writers have given us a variety of classifications; yet the upshot of their labors seems to be the demonstration that the study of temperament is the study of the most intricate phenomena of organization, and that the subject is at once the most important and the least understood in the whole domain of anthropology.

Fortunately, however, we have attained, if not the final theory of temperaments, a sufficient number of data upon which to base valid and important conclusions. Some of these practical aspects of temperament I purpose to state in this paper; premising a brief account of the better-established points in the theory of the subject.

Suppose that the whole company of the human race were gathered on a plain for the purpose of scientific classification. What is the most obvious basis of classification that would present itself to an intelligent observer? Not the stature, not the shape of the skull, or the quality of the teeth or hair; but the different *colors* of this multitude of men, which would divide them with a considerable degree of sharpness into the following four classes:

- I. White men.
- II. Yellow men.
- III. Brown men (tawny and red).
- IV. Black men.

This classification is rude; yet it is much more than a merely superficial one. It underlies, as Professor Huxley has shown, the most elaborate scientific distributions, and is based upon deep characteristics. Each of these four great classes of men has taken the very form and quality of its tissues from the influence of climate and soil, the bath of actinic and thermal influences in which, for countless generations, it has been steeped. These subtle climatic dyes, cosmical mordants, have tinged alike the bodies and the minds of nations. Not merely the dyer's hand, but his entire nature has been subdued to what he works in. Nothing in man is more intrinsic than color; it is the expression of the profoundest influences. Ramsay holds that the black or carbon man is the product of the carboniferous era. The same causes which have blanched the Caucasian have made his race intellectual and dominant; and in all races there is a quite constant relation of color with character.

It would be interesting to inquire how far this division of the human family may correspond to the less obvious, yet even more important classification of which I am to speak—the classification founded on temperaments. By way of illustrating the latter, I may assume a general correspondence of the four colors with the four temperaments as follows—the white races, however, representing all of the temperaments in the order of predominance named:

White men correspond to the nervous, sanguine, bilious, and lymphatic temperaments.

Yellow men correspond to the lymphatic temperament.

Brown men correspond to the sanguine temperament.

Black men correspond to the bilious temperament.

Each temperament is often found, indeed, among each one of the races. But we know little of the temperaments of the darker races; and it is not my intention to enter upon so

broad an aspect of ethnology as these branches of the subject present. It is of the white man's temperament that I purpose to speak

Of these there are primarily four; and these are distinct, though not absolutely definite types of physical and mental constitution.

* * * * *

CLASSIFICATION OF TEMPERAMENTS OR TYPES OF HUMAN ORGANIZATION.

I. TEMPERAMENT PROPER.

Mental.

Sanguine, related with or accompanying the Thoracic.

Bilious, " " Basic.

Lymphatic, " " Abdominal.

Nervous, " " Cerebral.

II. CONSTITUTION.

Physical.

Thoracic.

Basic.

Abdominal.

Cerebral.

The above may be called the Primary Temperaments; and a clear definition and understanding of them gives the key to the whole subject, and makes the intricacies of their combinations a comparatively simple affair.

* * * * *

And first, of the sanguine temperament. "Sanguine people," says Dr. Powell, from whose treatise on the Human Temperaments I quote, "rarely know or perceive the things and the relations that exist within the sphere of their pursuits, and the results that may grow out of them. They appear never to reason; and yet their judgments will compare favorably with the best that the race produces. They are less adapted to the inductive sciences, and to sedentary and studious pursuits, than to the active. They are better adapted than any other class to occasions that require fortitude and submission. None are more brave, and none less revengeful. They are well constituted to enjoy all the amenities of life; but they rarely indulge to intemperance." This is the eminently *practical* temperament.

The corresponding physical organization, which I have called the thoracic, is characterized by the perfect development of the organs of the chest, and by the purity and abundance of the blood, and its thorough distribution to all the tissues. It may be usually recognized by its light hair, blue or gray eyes, fair skin, a nose commonly large and frequently convex on the bridge, well-defined lips, having the superior one the more prominent; the limbs and all parts of the body are round, well-turned, and more adapted to strong, dignified, and graceful movements than to such as are remarkable for

activity or suppleness. In consequence of large perceptive or small reflective powers, the forehead recedes. The occiput is tolerably large; and there is high physical vitality. As illustrations of this temperament, Washington, Petrarch, and General Scott may be cited.

II. The bilious temperament gives adaptation to the active and ambitious pursuits of life for domination among men, and for the study of the physical sciences; it is less adapted to sedentary habits and philosophical investigations. It is not so elastic as the sanguine. It does not cease to feel or to act when the exciting cause is removed; and hence it is liable to become morbid, even to insanity. Great men of this temperament are men who have been impelled by will and purpose of their own to great achievements; great men of the sanguine temperament are men who have discharged with distinguished ability and faithfulness the obligations bestowed upon them. The latter never usurp the power intrusted to them; the former never surrender it without reluctance. Dante, Mohammed, Cortes, Charlemagne, Charles XII., and Lady Huntington were of this temperament.

In the corresponding physical constitution, which I have called the basic, the bony structures of the frame are especially well developed and powerful. The spinal column is long, the bones are dense and large. Every feature of the system is angular and abrupt. There are two varieties of this constitution: one has black hair, dark eyes, and a brown skin; the other, which may be called the *xantho-bilious* constitution, has red hair, bluish-gray eyes, and a florid complexion. Unlike as these two varieties externally are, they are yet structurally the same. In each the muscles are less developed than in the sanguine, but are more dense and firm; the nose is rather large, and often aquiline, but perhaps more frequently in America long, slender, and pointed, with very thin *ala* and well-developed nostrils; the lips are well-defined, and, as in the sanguine temperament, the superior one is more prominent than the inferior, and the forehead, as in the sanguine, recedes, and for the same reason. The brain is usually smaller, but more dense and active, than in the sanguine; the hemispheres are less ele-

vated, but the posterior lobes are much developed, and the whole head is poised more obliquely upon the cervical column. This organization manifests as much intrinsic force as does the sanguine, and a higher degree of persistent energy; in it perceptions, conclusions, and actions follow each other in quick succession. Men who possess it are liable to the imputation of being rash and visionary, yet their impressions last longer, and lead to a greater persistence of action, than those of any other primary temperament.

III. The lymphatic temperament is easy-going and conservative, yet irritable. Infirmary of temper is its frequent accompaniment. High mental development in it is rare, yet not entirely wanting.

In the accompanying abdominal constitution, "the proportion of fluids," says Duglison, "is conceived to be too great for the solids." The lymphatic development is frequently postponed until a late period of life in persons who have from childhood displayed the characteristic marks of this constitution. In them the hair is light, the nose *retroussé*; the eyes are somewhat heavy and of a dull blue color; the lips are thickish and their cleft is straight—"no arc of Cupid" here; the forehead is rather square and perpendicular, and the entire head approximates toward a quadrangular outline. The learned Dr. Samuel Parr was a good instance of this constitution and temperament. Dr. Powell considers Socrates to have been a fine specimen of this constitution, and thinks that the excellence of his character is sufficient to redeem the serious faults of the class to which he belongs. S. T. Coleridge possessed much of this temperament, though in him it was combined with the sanguine. Occurring alone, it is, like the temperament yet to be described, an insufficient and unfortunate one; but in combination with others it has much value, its physical element giving calmness and equability to the character, and acting as a sort of *buffer* between the susceptibilities and the harsh shocks of life.

IV. In the nervous temperament there is great activity and susceptibility of the intellect, coupled with an irritability which is due to insufficient physical *stamina*. Persons of this temperament crowd the scholastic walks of life. They are sedate in manner and spar-

ing of words; they often write with eloquence, but they have none of the orator's personal magnetism, and never utter the moving eloquence which is necessary to influence masses of men. Their pen is more effective than their presence, and their sword is seldom mighty. It may be surmised that Paul the Apostle belonged in part to this temperament, for he declares that his "bodily presence was weak and his speech contemptible;" but the vital power of the sanguine and bilious temperaments is evident in the record of his active life.

This temperament is compatible with profound discrimination and great learning; but in it all the mental functions, though accurate, are feeble, and great achievements can not be expected from it alone.

The cerebral constitution accompanying the nervous temperament may be known by its large front and upper brain, its light, lank, and fine hair, its blue or greenish eyes, a thin and rather small nose, sometimes inclining upward at the extremity, thin lips, and cheekbones that are prominent on account of the thinness of the facial muscles. The forehead projects; the head is large, often flattened at the sides, and somewhat quadrangular; the cerebellum, however, is small, and the thorax and abdomen are contracted. The skin is pale and opaque; the countenance is serious, bordering upon gloom, and the motions of the body are slow and dragging. In this constitution the insufficient vital forces easily succumb; cold, privation, reverses, poverty, extinguish its feeble flame; and in the struggle for success which among civilized men has taken the place of the struggle for life that goes on among the lower beings, the nervous constitution "goes to the wall" sooner than any other. Yet, as it possesses but moderate functional activity, it escapes much of the liability to the acute diseases which attack the heartier temperaments; and under favoring circumstances often enjoys the best of health and attains old age.

The faults of this temperament and constitution are negative. It lacks protoplasm; it is wanting in the physical basis of life. Men with small heads and large chests have achieved the greatest things, but the record of men with large heads and small chests is almost void. Neither in practical affairs nor

in speculation have they often impressed themselves powerfully upon the world. However fine their intellects may be, they are never able to use them effectively. They are steamboats with hulls too weak for their engines. "Natural superiority of the intellect," said Thomas Beddoes, "can arise only from a happy organization of the senses." And hear a later author, who is a better authority: "There is a prevalent belief," says Galton, "that men of genius are unhealthy, puny beings—all brain and no muscle—weak-sighted, and generally of poor constitutions. I think most of my readers would be surprised at the stature and physical frames of the heroes of history who fill my pages, if they could be assembled together in a hall. I would undertake to pick out of any group of them, even out of that of divines, an 'eleven' who should compete, in any physical feats whatever, against similar selections from groups of twice or thrice their numbers, taken at haphazard from equally well-fed classes. . . . It is the second and third-rate students who are weakly. A collection of living magnates in various branches of intellectual achievement is always a feast to my eyes, being, as they are, such massive, vigorous, capable-looking animals."*

To be a great man, it seems almost absolutely necessary to have a great body. The exceptions to this rule are only apparent. There is almost always fine vital force in the first rank of men—a constitution which, though it may be marred by disease or broken by depressing conditions, yet tends to express itself in a superior physique. Take a thousand average men from the street; weigh them and measure their chests and their stature; then compare them with a thousand superior or distinguished men; the latter will weigh more and stand higher than the average. The very word eminent at first meant "tall." Napoleon was short, but he had an iron frame, and more endurance than a giant. Mrs. Browning was a delicate invalid, yet so intense was her physical vitality that she battled with disease for years, and maintained an ever-flowing current of literary production. A superior mind, heart, or will properly belongs to a superior body; as a

rule, it is developed in and by it, and it favors physical growth. Spenser says:

"The soul is form, and doth the body make."

I have known many professional men who had fine heads and fine educations, who yet could apply them to no useful purpose. Their vital forces were too feeble to follow up the leadership of the brain.

For such men physical culture is indispensable. The only salvation of the nervous temperaments is to be found in the practice of muscular Christianity. Fencing, rowing, dancing, and the lifting-cure enable them to increase that bodily endowment, which is indispensable for the greatest achievement.

Such are, in brief, the outlines of the four classes of human organization. The reader will not, I think, find it difficult to recognize their counterparts in actual life.

But these types rarely occur, as I have already said, in a simple or unmixed form. In the large majority of cases a combination of two or more of these types exists, as the sanguine-bilious, the bilious-nervous-lymphatic; not more than two or three persons in a hundred present an unmixed temperament. The study of the combinations, therefore, of the temperaments and constitutions is of the greatest importance. There are six binary combinations, four ternary, and one quaternary combination of the four original forms—making fifteen in all. These are easily discriminable, and after a little study easily recognizable. Given the portrait of any person, or even his record in literature or in affairs, and two persons who are moderately expert in temperaments will agree surprisingly in their estimate of his constitution; or, conversely, knowing the temperament, will announce the character. Nine-tenths of a stranger's character may thus be read beyond speaking distance and at first sight, though the other tenth, his mysterious personality, may baffle the student of human nature for a lifetime. But a knowledge of temperament conveys a critical power of the highest value. To recognize it clearly in any instance is to seize at a glance all the border outlines and more salient points of character, and to interpret these under a single class and name, instead of being forced to dwell upon the complete detail of description. Thus the temperaments determine, in the

* "Hereditary Genius," p. 331.

main, the tone or temper of a man's life. Whether he shall arrange with forethought the programme of his career, and shall be a planner, a long-headed man, or shall habitually "take short views," as Sydney Smith recommended; whether he shall be sunny or gloomy, active or indolent, excitable or serene, efficient by impulses or capable of sustained efforts; these and a hundred other alternatives of character depend, more intimately than any one but the student of temperament can understand, upon the physical and mental peculiarities which we classify under these different types. Temperaments are the surest key to character.

A knowledge of the temperaments is, therefore, of the highest value in the criticism of character. Ignorance of their domination constantly leads to serious mistakes alike in the relations of business, friendship, and love. Thus, women too often judge each act as the direct expression of an individual preference or dislike, as purely an affair of choice. They do not discover that whatever part the will may play in character, it is subordinate to the border forces which come of race, of organization, and of circumstance, and that character is the necessary result of these. They are trained to live in the personal, and judge of words, actions, emotions with reference to their individual standard. We hear much, and much that is true, of the profound intuitions of women. Respecting most affairs—at least whenever they have sufficient knowledge of the data—their intuitions are wonderfully accurate and just. But when sentiment or love is concerned, they are apt to be as remarkably untrustworthy. Witness the mistaken marriages they constantly make! For every man that marries a worthless woman, two or three women give themselves to worthless men. Nor is it a sufficient answer to say that there are twice as many bad men as bad women in the world. Women lack knowledge—I do not say by their own fault, for they are by nature more practical than men, and quite as well adapted to management as they. Give them equal knowledge of the case, and they will often deal with it more shrewdly and successfully than men. What talent they often manifest in business matters! Many a fortune has been missed or lost by neglecting a wife's

advice. But the education of women seldom gives them the subtler data of life and character; and in consequence their intuitions of persons are too often mere guess-work, vague impression. They need a more definite knowledge of the keys of character. Of their own sex, indeed, they read the nature with more acuteness than they read that of men; for their critical perceptions of each other are at least undisturbed by the glamour of sentiment. But for women, women have an incredible lack of charity. They visit the sins of men upon each other. Why we notice and blame their mutual injustice, while we do not reprehend the disagreements of men, is a question which I suppose may be answered by saying that the former offend the masculine spirit of gallantry in speech, while no tradition is contradicted when men abuse each other. At any rate, so rare is the woman whom women cordially praise, that she might be thought perfection were not their standards, estimation so different from those of men. In each other women admire sincerity, intelligence, manners that are unconscious, and personal beauty, and they despise their besetting sin of affectation. Men, on the contrary, care less for intelligence and sincerity than for sympathetic attraction and personal magnetism. They admire the charming coquetties, the feminine consciousness of women; and their admiration of beauty more frequently inclines toward its physical than its intellectual element. Women enjoy delicate and refined beauty; men prefer the "snow and rosebloom" of health and high animal spirits. So different, indeed, are the preferences of the two sexes, that when one woman praises another to me, I answer: "I believe that I ought to admire her, but I am sure that I shall not." Each sex, in short, admires in the other the qualities that are most distinctive. But women too often extend this law to their own sex, and admire their sisters who are rather masculine than feminine. In city society you shall see cultivated and delicate ladies crowding around a sharpened-tongued woman who is clever and heartless, destitute of any "sweet attractive kind of grace," given to a species of sarcasm quite in vogue in America, and which consists, not in saying sarcastic things, but in saying things that are rude to the point of insult. Not

irony, but polite brutality, is their forte. To men these sexless and shrewish women are intolerable. Yet they are attractive to not a few of the loveliest women, who find in their unfeminine natures a certain masculine quality which they can enjoy without constraint. They like these ogresses as a certain spinster was said to enjoy the odor of a cigar, "because it made her feel as though there was a man about the house;" and the virago finds, in their consideration, a substitute for the flat-teries that are generally denied her by men.

The irrational likings of women find a counterpart in their irrational dislikes. But the latter, more easily than the former, are explained by influences of constitution and of temperament. How seldom, for instance, is the nervous woman, the slight, cerebral, intellectual woman of culture, just or even tolerant to a woman of abounding physical nature, to the dark, passionate temperaments of the typical South! The nervous woman can admire the shrew I have described; and, on the other hand, she is ready to fall in love with the dark and passionate man, nor will any fine intuitions stand in the way of her marrying such a man, who may yet prove utterly selfish, sensual, and unworthy of her. Upon such a man the nervous man would pass an equally generous judgment, admiring, even without the eloquent advocacy of that passionate magnetism which inclines each sex to be mutually lenient, the ardent qualities which are so opposed to his own. And the cerebral man would lay down his life for the ardent woman. The bilious and sanguine women, the Cleopatras and Zenobias, are the born queens of men. But the nervous, intellectual woman never does justice to these richer and more sensuous types of her own sex. For the ardent woman the nervous woman seldom has charity, kindness, or tolerance. Her grace and desire to please she calls affectation; her repose, sluggishness; her languor, indolence; her affability, assurance; she considers her independence impudence; and, perceiving her sensuous nature, believes that she is sensual.

In all these repugnances there is without doubt a germ of reason. Persons of slight and sensitive organization shrink from these powerful natures that move so easily in the world, suggesting the lithe strength, the

prowling freedom of wild animals, that, if provoked, would retaliate with prompt injury, and that could easily become such powerful enemies. One feels that in these tawny people great crimes as well as great virtues are latent. Their companionship has apprehensions in it. In their society we remember Machiavelli's maxim: "Treat your friend as though some day he may become your enemy." But we are apt to forget the power of circumstance and culture over these rich natures, which, by means of an ample physical basis for thought and action, and through abundant passion, constantly perform the best achievements of the world; we forget that equal sincerity, equal intellectual and moral earnestness, may be found in all the temperaments. From no healthy variety of the human animal need we shrink. Terence was right with his maxim. We should avoid brutal individuals, but cherish no prejudices against temperaments. Thus, the bilious-lymphatic men form an estimable class; yet among them are the individuals who trample upon the nervous-sanguine ones—the Gradgrinds who crush or slight approaches of fancy, feeling, intuition.

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The larger part, indeed, of the dislikings and misconceptions in the world proceed from these oppositions of temperament. The susceptible nervous person looks upon the self-poised, determined man of the bilious temperament as hardly less alien to himself than a foreigner or even an enemy. He shrinks from his cool pertinacity, his ruthless self-seeking, his bitter and determined dogmatism, that is never open to conviction, even though an angel should come down from heaven. To the sensitive man he seems a sort of Christian Fate or Mephistopheles. Yet this antagonism may be mainly a matter of temperament; both parties are, very likely, most estimable persons. Of this sort was the celebrated antipathy in the case of Doctor Fell—

I do not like you, Doctor Fell;
The reason why . . . I can not tell.

But the reason is not obscure to the expert. The two men were antagonistic in temperament. Yet the poet was doubtless an ornament to letters and the physician to his profession.

It is, indeed, the irrelation of temperament, and the failure to make just allowances for it, that causes half of the misunderstandings and antipathies, to say nothing of the actual enmities, in the world. There are certain people with whom we never become acquainted, no matter how often we may make the attempt. When we meet them the first time, we fail to find any subject of common interest in conversation, though we may try all known topics and some others. At the second meeting we feel that we need a second introduction to clinch the first. All is to no purpose. Doubtless, under favoring circumstances and by making a special effort, we could find some vital point in such persons' experience, and attain a degree of confidence and mutual interest. But, our natures being ill-mated, it is unprofitable for us to attempt an intimacy. Temperament has drawn a charmed line between us which we can seldom overpass. With another the same person may attain a perfect sympathy, while to us he must remain nothing more than the "bowing" or the "speaking" acquaintance. Blessed formulæ of irrelation! These phrases enunciate the plain yet unconsidered fact that there are many excellent persons who can never, by any possibility, be our friends; and this not because of the lack of opportunity, but because of mutual unfitness. The mistake of the world is in allowing such people to become one's antipathies. It is pure assumption to conclude that because we do not love our neighbor we should hate him. We need not even take the trouble to dislike him. There is a great limbo of indifference provided for such people; and there is no sufficient reason for quarreling with them, or regarding them as any darker an affliction than bores.

We are convinced without great difficulty that we should extend liberal judgments toward men of different race or training from our own. We perceive that their differences in language, customs, education, all appeal to other standards of appreciation than those of our familiar experience; and that this very diversity is valuable and interesting to us. But we have yet to learn that our neighbor, merely through difference of temperament, may be stranger to us than the Gaul is to the Saxon, or the Laplander to the Greek. The enmities, the family feuds, the

wars of all ages, have found fuel, if not tinder, in temperamental antipathies. Temperaments misunderstood perhaps created the differences between the houses of Montague and Capulet, or provoked and maintained the wars of the Roses. Nations have hated each other for centuries mainly because one was fair and the other dark. Race and temperament are not, of course, the only quarrel-breeders; but their influence is so powerful that I do not need to exaggerate it. National antipathies, though discouraged by civilization, remain exceedingly strong; and in view of the increasing spirit of toleration in the world, they are less excusable than ever. The English hatred of the French has hardly yet cooled down to the temperature of dislike; the Irishman detests the negro with all his heart; the Californian maltreats the Chinaman. Races must, it would seem, maintain a secular quarrel about their differences.

Possibly the world will some day outgrow this bitterness of antipathy; possibly even the lion and the lamb may lie down together when they understand each other better. If there is to be a "millennium," its spirit will consist in making allowances.

The knowledge of temperaments has individual as well as national uses that are important. It confers the power to correct our personal biases. Thus: how many visionary or gloomy lives are led by people who never suspect the cause of their sorrow to be the merest accident of constitution, and who have no sufficient outward cause for despondency! Could the melancholy man but once perceive that his apprehensions, whether of business embarrassment, of the loss of friends, or of position, or of good name, were based mainly upon his own infelicity of organization, upon a melancholic or bilious vice of blood, he would be enabled to make proper allowances for this discoloration of the medium through which he looks at life, and to attain the legitimate happiness of the sunnier temperaments. Without any definable physical derangement, a man may possess an undue predisposition to gloom which shall darken his whole life. It is much to recognize this fact; for a fault of constitution, quite as much as any other, is partly corrected when it is perceived. It is indeed very rare that any one attains to this high philo-

sophic self-criticism; the difficulty is to persuade one's self that his nature is biased and at fault, that he is constitutionally frivolous or uncharitable or despondent. Yet any one who perceives this to be the case, and has a moderately persistent will, can by systematic effort materially improve his temperament. This, too, he can do in spite of the circumstance that temperament is one of the most fixed facts about the individual. For the firmest things are not absolutely fixed; a breath of attraction or repulsion will sway a star; the greatest will finally yield to the least. The gloomiest nature may brighten itself, the bitterest sweeten itself, the most shrinking take on a healthier tone of tissue. I do not say that much may be made out of nothing; no degree of effort will create the bright and sunny spontaneity which goes with the finest and the strongest temperaments, and which, like other high endowments, is mainly intrinsic, a thing that is born, not made. Yet we can season in some degree, if we will, the very grain and fiber of our inmost nature. And where we can not reach this last result of culture, we can sometimes attain a result almost as rare, the power of perceiving and allowing for the deficiency.

Astronomers find that no two observers exactly coincide in marking the time of a transit. The same "personal equation" disturbs our individual estimates of men and of affairs. We must discover our own personal difference, and consent to make allowance for it; and our personal difference is determined by our temperament.

The Emperor Julian was by nature a timid scholar. Until called to the exercise of power he showed no quality of a higher order. But there were in him incredible latent forces of the will. The timid scholar was declared Cæsar, was invested with the imperial purple, and removed from his library to the head of a great army. His determination rose with the occasion. Laborious, distasteful, and dangerous as his new station was, he yet accepted it without complaint; and though quite conscious that he was by temperament unfitted for it, he set about to create and to develop in himself the character that the station required. He essayed to make himself imperial. The result was one of the most

surprising and inspiring phenomena in the history of the human will. Perhaps never has the experiment of self-culture been successfully made upon so grand a scale. Julian rose from a *littérateur* to be a legislator; from a recluse and a timid student to be an august commander and a master of men; from a dreamer to be an invincible conqueror. One of the most insignificant became one of the grandest characters that the world has ever seen; and the change was wrought by will as well as by circumstance. The lesson of the great Julian's life is this: Understand your temperament; then make your temperament your servant.

HANDWRITING.

MANY people laugh at what is called "graptomancy," or the art of judging characters by handwriting; and yet all acknowledge that handwriting *does* indicate something. Every one allows a difference between a man's and a woman's hand; we hear people speak of a vulgar hand, a gentlemanly hand, a clerkly hand, etc. "I had once," said Archbishop Whately, "a remarkable proof that handwriting is sometimes, at least, an index to character. I had a pupil at Oxford whom I liked in most respects greatly; there was but one thing about him which seriously dissatisfied me, and that, as I often told him, was his handwriting; it was not bad as *writing*, but it had a mean, shuffling character in it which always inspired me with a feeling of suspicion. While he remained at Oxford I saw nothing to justify this suspicion; but a transaction in which he was afterward engaged, and in which I saw more of his character than I had done before, convinced me that the writing had spoken truly. But I knew of a much more curious case, in which a celebrated 'graptomancer' was able to judge of character more correctly by handwriting than he had been able to do by personal observation. He was on a visit at a friend's house, where, among other guests, he met a lady whose conversation and manners greatly struck him, and for whom he conceived a strong friendship, based on the esteem he felt for her as a singularly truthful, pure-minded, and single-hearted woman. The lady of the house, who knew her real character to be the very reverse of what she seemed, was curious to know whether Mr. — would be

able to discover this by her handwriting. Accordingly, she procured a slip of this lady's writing (having ascertained he had never seen it) and gave it him one evening as the handwriting of a friend of hers whose character she wished him to decipher. His usual habit, when he undertook to exercise this power, was to take a slip of a letter, cut down lengthwise so as not to show any sentences, to his room at night, and to bring it down with his judgment in writing the next morning. On this occasion, when the party were seated at the breakfast-table, the lady whose writing he had unconsciously been examining, made some

observation which particularly struck Mr. — as seeming to betoken a very noble and truthful character. He expressed his admiration of her sentiments very warmly, adding at the same time to the lady of the house, 'Not so, by-the-way, your friend;' and he put into her hand the slip of writing of her guest which she had given him the evening before, over which he had written the words 'Fascinating, false, and hollow-hearted.' The lady of the house kept the secret, and Mr. — never knew that the writing on which he had pronounced so severe a judgment was that of the friend he so greatly admired."—*Ed.**

Department of Physiology.

The truths of Physiology should be inculcated and enforced early and earnestly, and with the emphasis of high religious duty.—*YOUNG.*

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.—WITH ILLUSTRATIONS, ETC.

ADDRESSED TO TEACHERS AND OTHERS.

[CONTINUED FROM JANUARY NUMBER.]

IMPORTANCE OF SLEEP.

IN the training of the brain, the proper management of sleep is of considerable moment. Children require more sleep than adults, and some children more than others. Young infants should be allowed to sleep a greater portion of their time. As they advance in years, a less proportion will be not only sufficient, but more salutary to them. For children and youth pursuing their education, from seven to nine hours of sleep out of twenty-four is enough. Many do not require more than six. Less than that might prove injurious, especially if the abstinence were long continued. Too little sleep weakens the brain, and consequently the entire system, by *exhaustion*; too much, by *inaction*. For sleep consists in the quietude of the brain. Of this, as of other things, a mean quantity is best. An excess of sleep has produced idiotism; a deprivation of it, madness—and sometimes inflammation of the brain.

It is not unimportant to observe that a life of strict temperance curtails materially the time necessary to be spent in sleep. For this there are sundry reasons, two of them leading ones. The intemperate require a

greater amount of actual sleep on account of the deeper exhaustion of their systems. But their sleep, never healthy, is broken, dreamy, and comparatively unrefreshing. It is the sleep of bad digestion, their stomachs being oppressed by a superabundance of food. Hence they are compelled to consume a greater length of time in acquiring the necessary degree of repose. The temperate and regular, on the contrary, are comparatively strangers to dreams. They rest profoundly, and enjoy a fuller measure of sound and refreshing sleep in six hours than the intemperate do in nine. In this way they save in the course of a lifetime several years of active and useful existence, which to those of contrary habits are lost in sleep and drowsiness.

As neither their bones nor muscles are yet confirmed in strength, the manner in which children hold themselves in school is not unimportant. They should sit as erect as their employments will admit, lest they contract ungraceful and pernicious habits of stooping

* In the treatise, "New Physiognomy," the subject of Handwriting and its character symbolization is considered at length, with many illustrations from living authors and others.

or distortion; and they ought not to be permitted, much less compelled, to sit long in one position, but be directed to change it by standing, or in some other way. This will prevent numbness of their limbs, and other unpleasant effects from stillness and compression. Want of motion produces in many a coldness of the feet, which weakens their attention to study and brings on headache and dyspepsia. In a special manner children should not be allowed to lean heavily, on the breast or stomach, against desks or tables. Gastric derangement and pulmonary consumption have been the issue of such practices. Pupils have often suffered, in their eyes, from a strong glare of light through a window in front of them. Such accidents should be carefully guarded against.

BANEFUL HABITS.

The practice of self-abuse among youth at school, especially in boarding-schools, is much more frequent than is generally imagined. And no vice is more detestable or ruinous. Health, intellect, morals—all purity, dignity, and self-respect—sink beneath it in promiscuous and hopeless ruin. When carried to excess it produces idiotism in the most deplorable and disgusting form, accompanied by impaired vision and hearing, paralysis, and other distressing infirmities, and terminates in death. No vigilance to prevent it therefore can be too strict; and when it is detected, no remonstrance against it can be too solemn, no representation of its direful effects too strong, no denunciation of it too stern, and, if persevered in, no penalty for it too heavy. But it inflicts its own penalty, in the entire desolation of the being who perpetrates it. Not confined in its effects to the offenders, it falls as a lasting blight on their posterity. In boarding-schools, moreover, the practice is contagious, spreading from one to another, until many, if not the whole, are polluted. The first culprit detected, therefore, should be removed from the institution as a moral leazar, dangerous alike to purity and soundness of mind and body. But he ought not to be hopelessly abandoned to his fate. Every practicable expedient to reform him should be adopted and persevered in. And the best plan of reform consists in some active and interesting employment, engaged in with alacrity and industriously pur-

sued—so industriously as to banish idleness and allow but little time even for amusement; for leisure and idleness are often the source and always one of the nurses of the evil to be corrected. And if all other means fail, marriage should be resorted to as soon as the individual has arrived at maturity and is in a condition to form that alliance.* This vice occurs in families as well as in schools. Everywhere, therefore, in the physical education of youth, its prevention is a point of infinite moment. I shall only add, that, in proportion as the temperament is active, the development of Amativeness full, the moral and reflecting developments deficient, and the individual diffident and easily abashed, is the danger of his contracting the vice. In the same proportion, therefore, should be the exertions made to protect him from it.

IMPROPRIETIES IN DRESS—FASHION.

Of dress, as a means in physical education, I have already spoken. A few further remarks on it, and I shall close my discourse. No article of dress should so compress any portion of the body as to injure the skin, diminish the size and vigor of a muscle, restrict the flexibility of a joint, oppose a hindrance to the innervation of the part, or prevent the free circulation of the blood. If anything be benefited by unlimited freedom of action, it is the system of man in its organized capacity—I mean the whole system.

Pinching shoes and boots do much mischief. That they produce tormenting and crippling corns, everybody knows in theory, and too many by woeful experience. But this is not all, nor even the worst. They check the circulation of the pedal blood, make the feet cold, and sometimes aid in chilblaining them, diminish the size of the muscles of the part, and take from them

* We can scarcely agree with the learned author here, for we are of opinion that the person who can not control the practice of a habit so harmful in its tendencies, should not entertain marriage, and thus transmit an enfeebled constitution to innocent offspring; thus bringing about that melancholy result which Dr. Caldwell himself deplures but a few lines above. The evil inflicted upon society by marriage under such circumstances is sufficient in itself, to say nothing of the greater injury wrought to the partner of the marriage-bed who may be ignorant of the atrocious experiment tried by a physician's advice. Physicians with their valuable opportunities should be conservators of social and domestic happiness as well as conservators of physical health.—Ed. A. P. J.

their strength, and impede their action by compressing them. Hence no one too tightly shod walks either with elasticity or grace, or receives from the exercise half the benefit it would otherwise bestow. In truth, he is often injured by it. That an individual may move lightly or firmly with grace or usefulness his feet must be springy and free. But cramping and torturing them by pressure does further mischief. It produces, sympathetically, dyspepsia and headache, and sometimes troublesome affections of the breast. Hemorrhage from the nostrils and lungs, and even apoplexy and pulmonary consumption, are occasionally excited by it. I shall only add, that tight shoes disfigure the foot. The ancients were strangers to such torturing articles. Their sandals were light and easy. Hence the free and elegant form of their feet. This is seen in the Venus de Medici, the Perseus, the Antinous, the Apollo Belvidere, and many other choice relics of antiquity. Let the feet of those statues be compared with the feet of *elegantes* and *dandies* of the present day, and the beauty of the former will be found to be transcendent.

BREECHES.

The time was, but has fortunately gone by for the present, when buckskin inexpressibles—breeches—far tighter than the skins of those whom they tormented, were nearly as bad in the effects they produced. Though not equally painful, they were, in some respects, even more annoying and discomfortable. The first “trying-on” of those articles, in which the strength and skill of the maker of them, backed by one or two able-bodied assistants, were indispensable, was a fearful job—especially if the weather had sudorific qualities in it. And when, by a horse power or two, the garment was at length dragged home, buttoned over the knees, and strapped round the legs, then began the tug for motion. The victim of fashion walked as if some of his joints were ankylosed, and others tightly bandaged on account of recent dislocation. From the waist downward there was less pliability in him than in the limbs of a centenarian, or a gourmand stiffened by chronic gout. Nor was this all. His blood lacking a free passage in a downward direction, like that of the Plantagenets “mounted” upward, made his neck and face swell, and his eyes

protrude, and turned his cheeks as red as the gills of a fish. This inquisition-work long persisted in could not fail to be productive of mischief. The whole, however, being an act of homage at the shrine of fashion, the dandy submitted to it with the devotion of a new-made saint and the imperturbable firmness of a martyr. And, to test to the uttermost his truth and constancy, getting out of his trammels was sometimes a more awful trial than getting into them.

Most earthly things, like the earth herself on her axis, whirl in a circle. Though cramping inexpressibles are with our antipodes now, they will no doubt come back again; and it is, therefore, that I have thought it right to enter my protest against them. They are a sad contrivance in physical education.

TIGHT CRAVATS.

Tight cravats, by preventing a full flow of blood to the brain through the arteries, and retarding its return by the veins, do mischief. They operate prejudiciously in several ways. That they compress the muscles of the neck and diminish their size can not be doubted. Hence, the necks of the moderns who wear them are smaller and less comely than those of the ancients, to whom they were unknown. The manly and elegant form and dimensions, as well as the fine attitude and bearing of the necks of ancient statues, are themes of universal admiration and praise. And they are, no doubt, chiefly, if not exclusively, attributable to the free and uncompressed condition of the necks of their originals. It is observed by travelers that the peasantry of Lombardy have finer necks than any other peasantry in Europe; and they wear nothing round them.

THE BRAIN AND THE BLOOD.

The diminution of the size of the neck, however, is neither the only nor the greatest evil which tight cravats produce. If in any case they restrict the nourishment and vitalization of the brain by withholding from it a competent supply of arterial, and too long retaining in it an accumulation of venous blood, they necessarily weaken the operations of the mind. This is as certain as that the reduction of the natural flux of blood to a muscle lessens its vigor. As heretofore stated, the vitality of the brain is derived from the

arterial blood; and, other things being equal, as is its vitality so is its perfection as the organ of the mind. Were it possible without doing an injury to other parts to augment the constant afflux of healthy arterial blood to the brain, the mental operations would be invigorated by it. I state this opinion confidently, because we often witness its verification. When a public speaker is flushed and heated in debate, his mind works more freely and powerfully than at any other time. Why? Because his brain is in better tune. What has thus suddenly improved his condition? An increased current into it, produced by the excitement of its own increased action. That the blood on such occasions flows more copiously into the brain, no one can doubt who is at all acquainted with the cerebral sensations which the orator himself experiences at the time, or who witnesses the unusual fullness and flush of his countenance, the dewiness, flashing, and protrusion of his eye, and the throbbing of his carotid and temporal arteries. It is well known that, while intensely engaged in a memorable debate, in Washington, a distinguished senator became so giddy by the inordinate rushing of blood into his brain that he was obliged to sit down; and the Senate adjourned to give him time to recover. And subsequently a new member of the House of Representatives fell, while speaking, and suddenly expired from the same cause. A member of the Law Class of Transylvania University, moreover, experienced a convulsive affection from a congestion of blood in the head induced by excessive excitement of the brain in the ardor of debate. Nor is this all. In several individuals, whose brain had been denuded and brought into view by accident or disease, the movement and swelling of that organ were rendered palpable by the flux of blood into it during intense feeling and active thought. A remarkable case of this description occurred in Montpelier in 1822; and others somewhat similar are mentioned by Sir Astley Cooper in his Lectures on Surgery. Had I leisure, and were it requisite, I could cite numerous instances of a like description. Sudden and deep emotion, as well as the vigorous working of the intellectual powers, has produced phrenitis, palsy, and apoplexy, by a superabundant rushing of blood into the

brain. Inordinate excitement, of whatever kind it may be, draws an unusual amount of blood into that organ; and such an amount is essential to the maintenance of the excitement thus brought on.

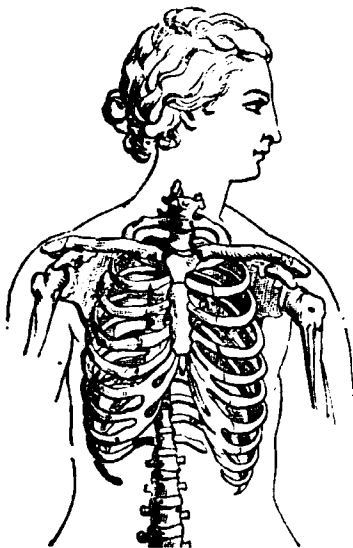
Believing that a cravat had a bad effect on the operations of his mind, Lord Byron never wore one. Report indeed says, that his reason for this was his desire to show his neck uncovered, on account of its uncommon beauty. This, however, is probably but a petty slander. His motives were best known to himself. Nor can any one doubt that immoderate compression of the neck does mischief. Headache, impaired vision, and hemorrhage from the nose are among its effects. So, we are told, is apoplexy.

TIGHT LACING—PAGANS AND CHRISTIANS.

An article of dress remains to be noticed which is immeasurably worse in its effects than all those whose influence I have considered. Motives of prudence, if not of gallantry, might impose silence on me respecting it, did not a regard for truth and duty and a wish to be useful invoke me to speak out. The article makes a part of the *apparel*, I may not say the *ornament*, of woman, whose delicacy I would in no case willingly offend, and whose displeasure I would never intentionally incur except in an effort to do her good. It is probably already conjectured that my allusion is to corsets. If so, the conjecture is correct. I do allude to corsets, and pronounce them most seriously an alarming evil.* The crippling machinery with which the females of China compress and disfigure their feet and ankles, making the former too small, and the latter too thick and clumsy, are innocent to them. Corsets compress and disfigure a portion of the system infinitely more important than the mere termination of the lower extremities. While the Pagan ladies confine their attack to the outposts of life, the fair Christians assault the citadel. By curtailing the dimensions of two of the great cavities of the body, corsets obstruct the growth and impair the functions of

* We are glad to remark here that the practice of tight-lacing is not so prevalent now as at the time when Dr. Caldwell wrote the above; but to prevent, if possible, a recurrence of such a morbid fashion, we print in full, for the consideration of the reader, the sad results of it as vividly detailed in the original essay.—ED. A. P. J.

the organs they contain. And it has been already stated that these are among the governing organs of the body, whose injury or unsound condition proves prejudicial to every other portion of it. I allude to the stomach, liver, and all the other chyle-making and chyle-carrying viscera, and to the heart, lungs,



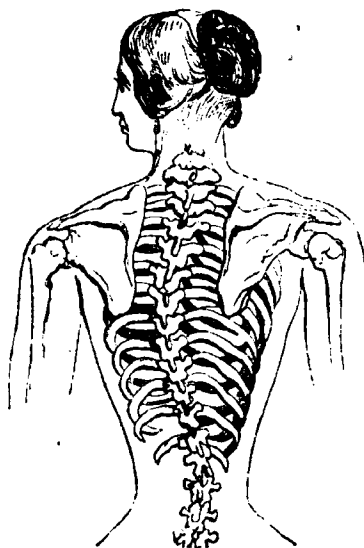
NATURAL SHAPE.

and large blood-vessels. These are all compressed and deranged in their functions, and most of them reduced in their size, removed from their places, and altered in their shape by tight lacing. It is in vain to deny the truth of this as an excuse for disregarding the warning it imparts. The fact can be, and has been, repeatedly demonstrated in anatomical researches. I shall exhibit to you, presently, satisfactory proof of it.

HOW THE MISCHIEF IS DONE.

To secure to adult females what are called *fine figures*—which means waists, shoulders, and hips quite out of symmetry with each other and with the rest of the body—the corset-screws are applied to them while they are young girls, their whole systems being tender and their bones comparatively soft and flexible. The consequence is, that when the lacing is tight—and it is always *too* tight, for there should be none at all of it—their ribs, especially the false ones, are pressed inwardly to such an extent that their front ends nearly touch each other, if they do not actually overlap, whereas in their natural position they are wide apart. Even the upper

ribs are at times so pressed on as to be flattened, or rather straightened, in their lateral arches, and protruded forward, carrying along with them the breast-bone to which they are attached. Thus is the whole trunk of the body *altered* in its figure and dimensions, but not *improved*. Far from it. All is



EFFECT OF TIGHT-LACING.

for the worse, as well in appearance as effect. The abdominal cavity being in this way preternaturally straightened in a horizontal direction, its viscera are pressed inordinately upward against the diaphragm. That membrane being thus forced upward also, compresses in its turn the lungs, heart, and large blood-vessels, and brings them more or less into collision with the thoracic duct, obstructing in some degree the movement of the chyle. In this forced and unnatural condition of things all the functions of these viscera, so fundamentally necessary, not merely to the well-being of the system but its very existence, are deranged by compression. Let us glance in detail at the mass of mischief thence arising.

THE DISEASED RESULTS.

The whole digestive apparatus being impaired in its action, dyspeptic affections follow; neither is a sufficient amount of wholesome chyle formed, nor of bile secreted, both of which are so indispensable to a sound state of the blood, and in other respects so important to the system; and the sympathetic influence of the unhealthy organs on

the other parts of the body is rendered deleterious. Add to this, that the compressed organs themselves, being weakened, are unusually liable to further disease from the action of any morbid cause.

The lungs being enfeebled and deranged, not only is respiration defective and the blood imperfectly matured and vitalized, but they themselves, in common with the stomach, liver, and other associated parts, are in a state of increased liability to additional suffering. Hence hemoptysis, pulmonary consumption, and dropsy of the chest often ensue. I knew a young female of some distinction in the city of New York who some years ago became known, from tight corsetting, by the name of the "Lady with the small waist!" Notwithstanding her good sense in other things, this excited her ambition to render herself still more worthy of the title, and to prevent, if possible, all competition for it in others. She therefore increased the tightness of her corsets until she became hump-shouldered, and died in consumption. Nor did any one doubt that her corsets were the cause. She was married, and

left an infant son, who from the slenderness of his frame and the delicacy of his constitution was threatened with his mother's complaint. He inherited her *corset-broken* constitution.

Of the heart the same is true. From its compressed and debilitated condition it becomes affected with palpitation, dropsy, inflammation, or some other malady—perhaps aneurism—and is incompetent to the vigorous circulation of the blood. Hence every portion of the system suffers—the brain and nerves not excepted, they depending like other organs on the arterial blood for their health and power of action. Even the nerves of the organs subjected to pressure are mechanically injured. Since the introduction of corsets as an article of dress, diseases of the heart among females are much more frequent than formerly; and they have been traced to that cause in innumerable instances. Cases of the kind could be easily cited. Respecting schirrous and cancerous affections of the breasts in women advanced in life, the same is true. Those complaints are far more prevalent now than they were before such a ruinous style of lacing was introduced.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PROF. ALBRECHT VON GRAEFE, OF BERLIN.

ONE of the students of this great man, who died last summer, communicates the following glowing but just tribute through the columns of the *New York Tribune*:

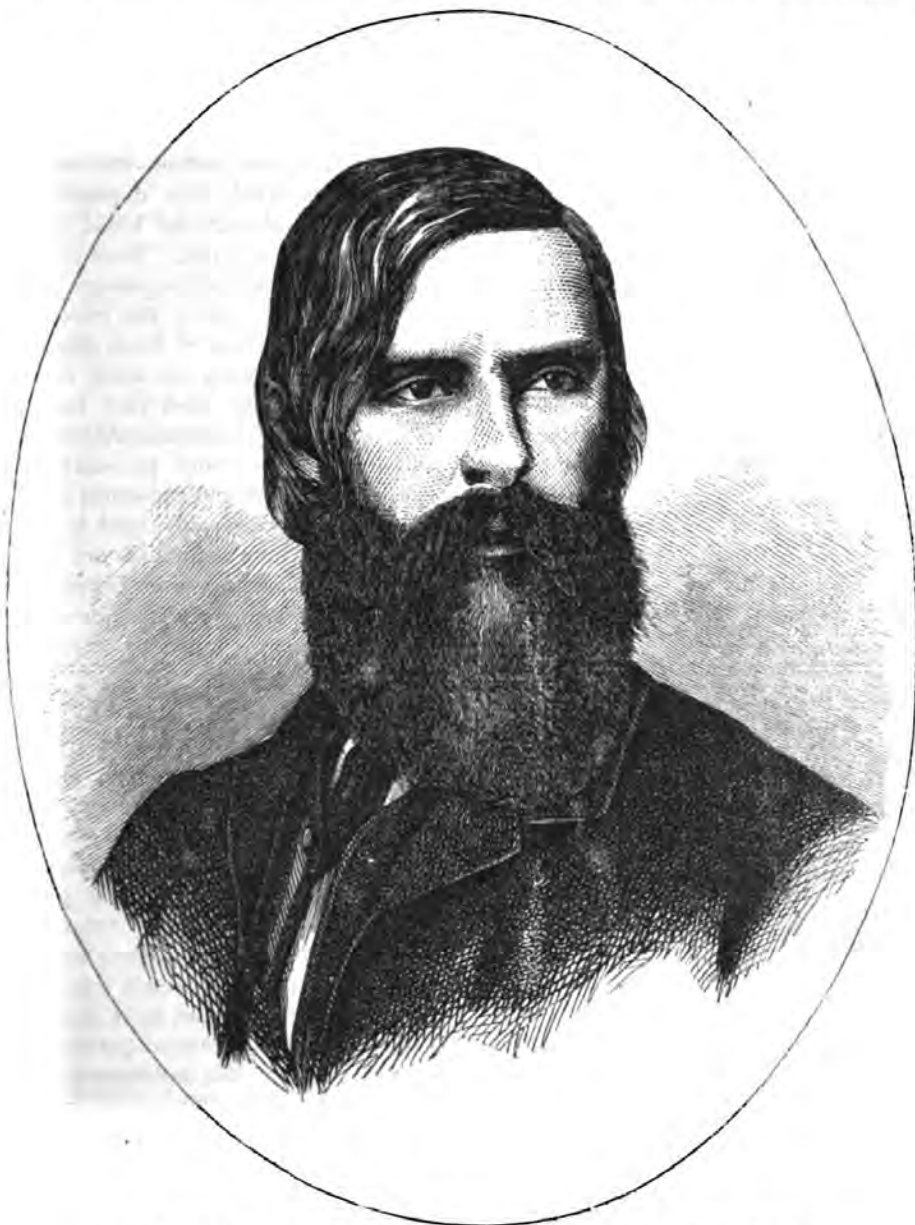
"We have learned, by telegram from Berlin, that Prof. Albrecht Von Graefe, the celebrated oculist, is dead. The news of his death will make many hearts sad. His reputation as an oculist was world-wide, and there are many who have been his patients in North and South America, Europe, Asia, and Africa. He was the son of a celebrated surgeon of Berlin, and received a thorough medical education. About the time he entered his profession as an oculist in Berlin, the ophthalmoscope was invented by the eminent and learned doctor and philosopher Prof. Herman Helmholtz, of Heidelberg. This instrument completely revolutionized ophthalmic science, and contributed in no small measure to the success of Von Graefe. The labors of these two men, together with those of another most remarkable man, Prof. Donders, of Utrecht—a giant

in science—have done more than all others combined, to advance our knowledge of diseases of the eye and of the anomalies of vision. With the aid of the ophthalmoscope the interior of the eye is as perfectly visible as the exterior. Before it was invented, the treatment of ocular diseases was guess-work or inference. Von Graefe was the first to use the instrument, and most thoroughly did he employ this means of perfecting his judgment. Before this instrument, no one had a clear idea of the internal eye in health, much less in disease, so that it was a vast work to explore this little orbit in its different aspects, normal and abnormal. In order to learn what tissues were affected, blind eyes were studied by the newly found instrument, and when incurable, were removed and examined by the microscope as well. Thus, after years of study, ability was gained to perceive the earliest invasion of disease, and to judge of the tissues affected, and by degrees the means of curing diseases heretofore

regarded as incurable. In his ability to diagnose internal diseases of the eye, Von Graefe was unequalled. He did not attain his great reputation by accident or by any

speedily and certainly than almost any other man to determine their nature.

"Prof. Von Graefe used a liberal fortune, inherited from his father, in building up his



PORTRAIT OF PROF. ALBRECHT VON GRAEFE.

peculiar 'genius.' His strength lay in his ability and in his willingness to see things as they are. His mind was not imaginative, but he always faithfully improved his vast opportunities for the observance of diseases, and his sound judgment enabled him more

knowledge of his profession. He established a hospital and dispensary for the poor, and employed young men to aid him in the investigation of disease. It was in this institution that the celebrated Dr. Liebrich, oculist to the Empress Eugenie, culled the ma-

terial for his wonderful atlas, showing the eye as it appears in health and disease. And here, too, Dr. Schweizer, the learned physiologist, studied the microscopic appearances of this organ, normal and abnormal; here students from all parts of the world flocked to the great master to see him examine his patients, witness his operations upon them, and hear his admirable descriptions of disease. For sixteen months the writer enjoyed the priceless privilege of the hospital and teachings of Von Graefe, and there first comprehended the vastness of the field for study, although he had been a pupil of the oculists of France and Great Britain, and had been conversant with eye diseases for years. The voice of the great teacher is silent forever; but those who enjoyed the benefits of his instructions will ever hold him in affectionate and grateful remembrance. He inherited, it is said, an annual income of \$25,000, while that from his profession has been recently estimated at \$100,000. Sought after by people of rank and wealth from all parts of the world, by princes, kings, and emperors, he gave to rich and poor alike his earnest at-

tention. His power of describing disease in simple language was so remarkable as to make his pupils wonder that they could not have taken the same common sense and clear view of the cases before them.

"He was only about forty-six years old at the time of his death. His form was slender, his height five feet ten inches, with a slight stoop in the shoulders. He had a high, broad head, bluish gray eyes, long, dark brown hair and flowing beard, streaked with gray. His voice was soft and pleasant, though in speaking he seemed as if suffering from asthma. His movements were quick and nervous, his walk rapid, almost running, and his whole bearing that of an earnest, faithful worker determined to do all he could while life, which he seemed to realize would be short, remained. He was naturally gay and cheerful, and generally responded to every call for his service. The people of Berlin idolized the man,—none spoke of him but with praise; and the world will unite with them in their testimony to the simplicity of his nature, the nobility of his character, and the superiority of his intellect.

Department of Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue.

THE EVILS OF CHIGNONS—A FOOLISH FASHION.

BY HOWARD GLYNDON.

[Here is what a lady says of these ugly things in the *Evening Mail*. Where are the independent women who dare to ignore the chignon?]

THE head and front of woman's offending against the laws of good taste and sound health, as well as of elevated morals, has been her determination of late years to wear these odious things. I repeat that chignons are an offense against elevated morality, because, though they deceive nobody, they are intended to deceive, and deceit in any form is an offense against sound morals. The woman who stands before her toilet-glass at bedtime and surreptitiously denudes her head of a frowy, dirty, and dingy mass of dead hair, instinctively feels the meanness of her situation. Not for the untold treasures of Golconda would she have a masculine eye gaze upon her at that unlucky

moment! And the glance of some envious rival of her own sex is almost equally dreaded. The poor little knot of hair, twisted so tightly and ungracefully at the back of her head, looks doubly scanty by contrast with the enormous mass lying upon the dressing-table; and at the very hour when her thoughts should be most pure and elevated, she slinks away to bed, feeling that she has been all day acting an unrepented lie, which she means to get up and repeat on the morrow! And to live in an atmosphere of even petty deception is harmful to the truthfulness of the soul.

Yet, as a general thing, that little bunch of despised natural hair at the back of a woman's head is capable of being turned into a personal adornment, which she can wear without any

feeling of unworthiness or of self-reproach. I remember once calling upon a lady friend who, not being very well, came down with her bright black hair twisted into a hasty but classical knot at the back of her head. Her hair was by no means over-abundant, but this knot was so exactly in accordance with the shape and size of her head that the eye—pleased with this harmony of proportion—saw in her a grace and a beauty which had been hidden before, when the fine and womanly outlines of her head had been hidden under that odious half bushel of braids and puffs called a chignon.

The very finest heads in ancient sculpture are not overburdened with hair; and it will be noticed that, as a rule, it is arranged so as to interfere as little as possible with the outlines of the head. But there is an airy grace in these well-proportioned, living, waving (not crimped) and filleted locks which puts to shame the ponderosity and the coarseness of the mighty nest of artificial and lifeless braids and curls which the modern woman is fond of hooking on to the back of her head—much as if it were an inverted wash-bowl.

Now the beauty of all hair is its *life*. That gloss and gleam—that richness of color—that peculiar *something*, which shows that it is *alive* and a part of the head upon which it is arranged; that the warm blood, coursing through living veins, sends through its numerous tubes the sap which gives it freshness and brightness. Between the hair growing on a healthy head and the dead hair which has been detached from the flesh which bred it, there is a great difference—a difference which can both be seen and felt.

How fuzzy and faded that lady's back braids are! But look at the smooth, shiny, deeper-colored hair, of which just a little may be seen about her forehead or temples, though she hides it so carefully away to make room for strange hair upon her head. The difference is that her back hair is *dead*, while the front hair is *alive*; and all the pomatums in the world can not give the former the natural living gloss of the latter.

Yesterday I saw a lady in a store who was deliberately and premeditatedly buying a long coil of some horrible imitation of natural hair, which, I believe, is called jute. When I thought of all the horrible stories of parasites, and "such like," which I had heard connected with this stuff, I felt creepish all over as I thought of her coiling it among her own living tresses.

But even were there not this strong objec-

tion, there is another equally strong to mixing heavy false switches with the natural hair. The weight by degrees pulls it out. The same can be said of heavy ready-braided chignons, which are pinned over the natural hair. And more than this, the wearing of a heavy, hot mass at the back of the head makes feminine life, little by little, but a weariness both of flesh and spirit. The head, being over-heated, aches and aches on. Being overloaded, it droops; and the constant strain upon the muscles of the back of the neck induces a chronic pain in that region. And what is all this self-inflicted pain for? Simply to carry on attempted counterfeiting, which deceives nobody.

There is no good in it. Years ago, some beauty discovered that it was becoming to her to wear all her hair gathered into one simple knot, low at the back of the neck, and drawn down smoothly over the ears. Instantly there was a perfect furore among all women to wear their hair like this. All the feminine ears, big and little, ugly and pretty, were hidden away under sleek bands of hair, as religiously as to have been born with ears was a crime in woman to be deprecated and concealed! Yet all the pretty faces were just as pretty then as they are now under a different style of hair dressing, and all the ugly ones were just as ugly.

I may venture safely to say that nothing can add to the beauty of a fair face so much as wearing the hair in a style naturally becoming to it—whether that be fashionable or not.

HONOR YOUR CALLING.

A SUBSCRIBER, who declares himself a "common laborer"—by which we understand that his daily pursuit is rather low in the scale of human employments, according to the generally received gradations—writes us a letter which, in its chirography and construction, declare him capable of taking an advanced position among laborers, "common" or "uncommon." He does not say one regretful word with reference to his menial occupation; but that he has ambitious aims is evident from a very strong craving for books which leaks out through this remark, "I shall read and write for my own improvement." This young man is not ashamed of his business, and he honors it by bringing to bear upon its simple operations a good nature, and an intelligence which would do credit to many men employed in affairs which they esteem to be vastly

removed from those of the "common laborer." But his honesty of purpose and unselfish ambition will—if there be any rewards in this life for them, and we heartily believe from personal observation that there are—secure permanent and worthy returns.

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men," says the wise man. He does not designate the character of the calling, but only insists upon the "diligence" with which the work—the business—should be performed to merit so high and honorable a reward as to "stand before kings." No work conscientiously and faithfully performed can dishonor the workman. Such performance, on the contrary, gives him distinction in the eyes of his fellow-workers, and the earnest of advancement. Worth, notwithstanding the cry that comes up from a thousand throats, "We

are unappreciated!" must make itself known sooner or later. They who remain "at the bottom of the ladder" are usually those who are discontented and cheerless in their work, who fret and mope over their "poor prospects," and annoy those with whom they are associated by their repeated complaints and sullen countenances. It is the sheerest folly for a man to search out the annoyances and burdens of his daily occupation, and brood and whine over them perpetually. No calling is without its cares and unpleasant contingencies; they are incidental to human life, and inevitable. He, however, who with a sunny, hopeful spirit and earnest zeal labors at the work which his hand has found to do, exerts a power which will make him known; he sheds beauty and pleasure upon the homeliest drudgery, and others forget his work in contemplating the man.

D.

THE NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE RELIEF OF THE RUPTURED AND CRIPPLED.

THIS organization has been formed to meet a clearly ascertained necessity: the relief of a numerous class of the indigent afflicted who have been heretofore unprovided for, other than by being received into the almshouse and there supported, in some instances, for years. When indigent parents are thus afflicted, and are not soon relieved, their families become dispersed, and tend to vagrancy and pauperism, and so to become a public charge. Not long since the crippled child was condemned to lifelong suffering and confinement; while now it has been fully demonstrated from reliable data, that seventy-five per cent. of crippled children can be restored to self-sustaining ability.

The necessity for this Charity was made apparent to Dr. James Knight, the projector and director of the labors attending this successful enterprise, in the winter of 1842. In that year the eminent surgeon Dr. Valentine Mott introduced in the University Medical College public clinics for the treatment of the indigent sick. As soon as this new feature became known, crowds of poor people made application to have themselves or their deformed and crippled children treated, when to their great disappointment they were not relieved, as only advice and skillful surgical operations were tendered them—the auxiliaries of nursing and suitable surgical appliances and continued care so essential to cure being unattainable.

In 1859 Dr. Knight issued circulars setting forth the necessity for the relief of this class of the afflicted, but did not succeed in obtaining co-operating assistance until April, 1862, when a board of managers was organized and chartered under the general Act made available for such purposes. To further the object of this enterprise Dr. Knight, at his own expense, fitted up his dwelling at 97 Second Avenue with bedding and all necessary requisites for the treatment of patients, and for the manufacture of surgical bandages, appropriating his conservatory for the latter purpose, and disposing of his choice selection of exotic plants. The twenty gentlemen who first constituted the board of managers assumed the support of the Institution for three years. During this period 4,138 patients were treated; and the managers became so impressed with the importance of their labors, and with the necessity of having more ample accommodations, that in the spring of 1867 they purchased five lots of ground on the corner of Lexington Avenue and 42d Street, upon which they erected a hospital, completing and finishing it in May, 1870, at a cost of \$250,000. From May, 1864, to May, 1870, treatment, including much costly surgical apparatus, had been tendered to 11,764 patients. Many of these were parents of large families, who, previous to the relief obtained from this Institution, had been for years, or at different times, so helplessly lame as to be unable to labor for

their support,—the only relief being found in having a rest of several months in the almshouse. Such are now enabled to support and protect those dependent upon them. Of this class of sufferers 8,000 can now be rendered relief annually, if during treatment they are favored with the necessary support from the benevolent citizens of New York city. For crippled children, as in-patients, 200 beds are provided, giving facility for the treatment of not less than 300 in-patients annually. For the entire annual support of the Institution and the relief of both classes of patients, to the number above stated, \$40,000 will be required, and this sum is to be obtained mainly from private contributions.

In this commodious hospital there are rooms neatly furnished with special accommodations for a limited number of paying patients who may feel disposed to avail themselves of the excellent methods of treatment afforded by this Institution; and such patients not only find personal benefit, but contribute toward the support of the hospital, as all money received for treatment is paid into the treasury for that purpose.

In the *régime* of the house is included moral and religious teaching, not denominational, and from the primary to the higher branches of education, including languages and music, such accessories being made attainable when desired at the expense of the patient. This feature of the enterprise tends greatly to alleviate the tedium of confinement while under treatment, and is of inestimable value to those unable to attend school from physical inability, and also obviates an objection to placing a child in the Institution for treatment because of loss of time from school.

From the above, it must be evident to our citizens that this one of the most worthy as it certainly is one of the best conducted of all our great Christian charities. Men of means, of generous disposition may here plant dollars and reap a rich harvest of the warmest thanks from the hearts of thousands who will be benefited by their munificence. In all our giving we should not fail to give a portion for the relief of the ruptured and crippled.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE ON MARRIAGE.—In Charlotte Bronte's recently-published letters she thus expresses her views regarding marriage: "Do not be over-persuaded to marry a man you can never respect—I do not say *love*; because, I think, if you can respect a person

before marriage, moderate love, at least, will come after; and as to intense passion, I am convinced that is no desirable feeling. In the first place, it seldom or never meets with a requital; and, in the second place, if it did, the feeling would be only temporary; it would last the honeymoon, and then, perhaps, give place to disgust. Certainly, this would be the case on the man's part; and on the woman's—God help her if she is left to love passionately and alone."

[Miss Bronte was quite right. The social affections are, or should be, entirely subject to one's own control and regulation. For a complete exposition of this whole subject of marriage see the new work entitled *WEDLOCK*, published at this office.]

HOMER A. KING, THE EMINENT APIARIAN.

REV. H. A. KING, whose portrait appears in connection with this article, was born near the city of Akron, O., Dec. 7, 1833. His father having bought a home near the "Indian Reserve," his early years were spent in the rough school incident to a new country. In company with five brothers and one sister he obtained the greater part of his rudimentary education at the farm fireside. The long winter evenings were spent in reading "Rollin," or some other author of ancient or modern history; one evening in each week, however, was usually given to the "Lyceum," where he acquired quite a reputation as a debater. It was his love for public speaking and solid study that induced his father to second his wishes for a collegiate education. Having prepared himself for college, and his father about this time having removed to Illinois, he entered Knox College, at Galesburg, but afterward changed for Oberlin, that the *winter* vacations might give him an opportunity for teaching school.

Through intense study and close application his health soon began to fail, and he found it necessary at length to refrain entirely from mental toil and put himself under the treatment of a water-cure. In 1861 he was permitted to begin that work toward which he so long had looked. It was his heart's desire to preach the Gospel to sinful humanity without "money and without price." And as his success in the home mission fields, there stands to-day one church in Illinois and two in Ohio, monuments of his prayerful industry and zeal. But being warned by a severe bronchial affection, he entered

into a copartnership with Nelson King, his brother, an enthusiastic beekeeper in Nevada, Ohio. In the spring of 1863 they brought before the public their new hive, now so widely known as the "American Movable Comb Bee-Hive," which was followed in the fall of 1864

perseverance, and extensive advertising his capital increased more than a hundred-fold. His first work, the "Beekeeper's Text-Book," has now reached its twelfth edition and twenty-ninth thousand, and is just about to be published in German; while the "Hints to Bee-



PORTRAIT OF HOMER A. KING.

by the issue of the first edition of the "Beekeeper's Text-Book." This first edition of 3,000 copies was soon scattered far and wide over the country; and in 1864 it was re-written, and the second edition sent forth, and then followed by a smaller work which was advertised as "Hints to Beekeepers, sent free to any address." This experience in advertising taught them their great lesson, which became the key to their success—*how and where to advertise*. Mr. King often says, that during the five years succeeding the year 1863, when he invested all his capital in the bee business, by economy,

keepers" has reached its seventh edition and nineteenth thousand. In connection with the circulation of their publications and their American hive, they made the business of queen-rearing a specialty, and from their apiaries some of the finest Italian blood in this continent was disseminated. Active out-of-door exercise having now restored the health of Mr. King, his impulses of duty again called him to the home missionary field. A peculiarity in his labor was that he never received any pay for his ministerial work, not even for traveling expenses, even when called to journey for the

benefit of his fellow-men many miles by rail. This has given him great power with skeptical minds, since they could not question the purity of his motives and the sincerity of his purposes.

The business, however, to which he gave such impetus now began to feel the effects of his absence, and yielding to strong outside pressure, upon mature deliberation he decided to return to his business, under the solemn vow that he would use all his surplus income to advance that holy work to which he had devoted his youth.

In the year 1868 his brother and he decided to publish the *Beekeeper's Journal*. Before six months it had over three thousand subscribers, and in eight months ten thousand copies were issued. The editor of the *National Agriculturist*, published for ten years at Pittsburg, Pa., hearing that the *Beekeeper's Journal* was about to remove to New York, made an acceptable proposition to consolidate the two periodicals, and in September, 1869, the new journal came out in its New York dress as the *Beekeeper's Journal and National Agriculturist*. The April issue reached 27,000 copies, and the last September number was over 30,000.

Mr. King certainly deserves the position he now occupies among American apirians. Although just in the prime of life, a single man, he has introduced movable comb hives more extensively than any other person, and more books and periodicals on the subject of bee-culture to enlighten the masses than all others in the country. Through his wide system of advertising he has accomplished a work for himself not only, but has contributed largely to develop the nation's wealth. The honey and wax products were formerly very inconsiderable in proportion to the honey-producing plants which gem our wide domain. In 1860 the national census reports 23,866,357 lbs. honey produced in the United States, and 1,322,787 lbs. wax. Of this amount about one-tenth belongs to the State of New York, whose product was that year 2,369,751 lbs. of honey, with 121,020 lbs. wax. North Carolina produced the next largest amount—2,055,969 lbs. honey; and Kentucky stands third on the list—1,750,000 lbs.

The census of 1850 did not give the amount of honey separate from the wax. The total amount of honey and beeswax produced in the United States in 1850 was only 14,853,790 lbs., which when compared with the product of 1860, we find an increase of over 60 per cent. The proportion of honey to beeswax is about 1 lb. of beeswax to 17½ lbs. honey. In the October

number of the *Beekeeper's Journal* Mr. King mentions one man who had just brought 10,000 lbs. of nice box honey to the New York market. Another had consigned 22,000 lbs. to a dealer; and still another had sent the almost incredible amount of 50,000 lbs. (25 tons), but all of this was not the latter's own raising. These three shipments were all from the State of New York.

When the census report of 1870 is known, it is thought by those best fitted to judge in the matter, that owing to the increased intelligence in apirian science, and the widely spreading interest in bee-culture, the honey product will be found to be increased more than 150 per cent. over the product of 1860, which for the honey alone, at the very lowest average sale rate of 22 cents per pound, would amount in round numbers to about fourteen millions of dollars. Now if it be considered that this large amount, which is yearly being increased, is only the *saving* of that which concealed in our national flora would otherwise go to waste, so far as man is concerned, we rise somewhat to the dignity of this great subject in political economy—beekeeping. We are brought face to face with a branch of American industry whose influence we can not ignore, whose every advance will be not only to teach captivating lessons in natural history, but also to bless and benefit the world.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF BEE-CULTURE.

BY REV. E. VAN SLYKE.

WHILE the culture of the honey-bee has engaged the attention of intelligent men for centuries, the masses have known but little of the mysteries of their waxy temple until within a very few years.

Geological remains reveal to us the very early existence of the honey-bee, and the Bible tells us of fertile lands which flowed with "milk and honey." We read of the swarm of bees taking possession of the lion's skeleton, and the fissures of the rock; but as there is no trace of artificial hives being in use in those days, we infer that the knowledge possessed by the people of their habits and culture was of the crudest kind. It was not until the days of Huber (1792) that the light began to break in upon what before was anything but a luminous subject. This distinguished Genevese not only invented a movable comb-hive, but showed that a colony of bees consisted of three classes, viz., the queen, which, extraordinary circumstances

excepted, lays all the eggs and is the acknowledged mother and head of the hive; the drones, which are the males, and have no part in the industry of the hive; and the workers, which, as undeveloped females, do all the honey-gathering, brood-nursing, and comb-building. To this fund of knowledge there was added the "parthenogenesis" of the honey-bee, founded on the great theory of John Dzierzon, which is now received and adopted throughout the world by the most intelligent apiarists, and as such has become the foundation of scientific and successful practice everywhere.



QUEEN BEE.

The golden-banded Italian bee, of which Socrates and Virgil wrote, but which had come to be regarded as a legend, was discovered by Capt. Balenstein during the wars of Napoleon, in a small district of the Alps, which being surrounded by snow-capped mountains had prevented their outside organization. He, however, brought out a swarm to his home in Switzerland. This was in 1843. In 1853 they were imported into Germany, and rendered Dzierzon important aid in the completion of his discoveries, and who hesitated not to declare this new race of honey-producers as the most profitable, the most prolific, the most industrious, and the most beautiful in the world.

While the Germans were thus making rapid strides in the science of bee-culture, the brimstone match bore an almost universal sway among the apiaries of America. Farmers who kept ten or twenty stocks in "log gums," waited until fall, when after selecting a number to winter over, by the use of brimstone fumes "took up" the rest for their honey. Some beekeepers, indeed, had begun to use box hives with a chamber in the top, in which they placed surplus boxes with glass sides, and so obtained considerable honey stored in a very beautiful and marketable form.

Mr. M. Quimby, of St. Johnsville, N. Y., and the Rev. L. L. Langstroth, of Oxford, O., may be considered the pioneer beekeepers of the New World. Mr. Quimby's apiary at one time was the largest on the continent, consisting of over one thousand stocks, from which he managed



DRONE.



WORKER.

to send in one season over 20,000 lbs. of honey to the New York market. Being an exceedingly practical man, the public hailed with delight the appearance of his first work on bee-culture, which under the title of "Mysteries of Beekeeping Explained," did much to scatter light on the subject. His work also served to protect the beekeeper from the effect of many false systems which were put forth in the interest of some patent moth-proof hive (?); and so thorough was the protection that for a time his influence bore heavily against all improvements, until in his revised edition, published in 1865, he recommends the principle of the movable comb-hive. In 1852 Mr. Langstroth invented what is known as the Langstroth Movable Comb-Hive, which at once produced a revolution in bee-culture. He followed his invention with the issue of that scholarly work, "The Hive and the Honey-Bee," which going hand and hand with the use of his hive did more to establish the new and correct system among scientific beekeepers than anything that had preceded, and even rivaled Dzierzon's efforts in Germany. His work has reached its third edition, and is still having a large sale.

In 1861 Mr. Samuel Wagner, of York, Pa., began the publication of the *American Bee Journal*, which obtained a circulation of several hundred copies monthly, and did good service for the cause, affording a medium through which not only the beekeepers of America became acquainted with each other, but also with the discoveries they were making. After the close of the first year Mr. Wagner announced the suspension of his *Journal* during the war for the want of support. In May, 1866, Rev. E. V. Slyke began the publication of the *American Bee Gazette* in New York; but Mr. Wagner resuming the publication of his *Journal* in the July following, and removing the office of publication to Washington, D. C., overtures were made for consolidation, which resulted in the union of the *Gazette* and *Journal* in November of the same year. The united journal appearing thereafter as the *American Bee Journal and Gazette*, is yet doing a noble work in the dissemination of practical apiarian knowledge.

CHARACTER IS POWER.—It is often said that knowledge is power, and this is true. Skill or faculty of any kind carries with it superiority. So, to a certain extent, wealth is power, and genius has a transcendent gift of mastery over men. But higher, purer, better than all, more constant in its influence, more lasting in its

sway, is the power of character—that power which emanates from a pure and lofty mind.

Take any community, who is the man of most influence? To whom do all look up with reverence? Not the "smartest" man, not the cleverest politician, nor the most brilliant talker, but he who in a long course of years, tried by the extremes of prosperity and adversity, has approved himself to the judgment of his neighbors, and of all who have seen his life, as worthy to be called wise and good.

WON.

"Who will bid for a heart,—who will bid?"
 "That will I with my riches untold;
 Starry gems, lo! and glittering gold;
 All the treasures of earth I unfold
 At thy feet."

But the maid shook her beautiful head.

"Who will bid for a heart,—who will bid?"
 "That will I with my wide-reaching fame;
 Wouldst thou wear a full glorious name?
 Many proud dames would kneel for the same
 At my feet."

But the maid shook her beautiful head.

"Who will bid for a heart,—who will bid?"
 "That will I with a courage to win;
 Lo! undaunted 'mid carnage and din,
 I lead the van,—and cities have been
 At my feet."

But the maid shook her beautiful head.

"Who will bid for a heart,—who will bid?"
 Then a youth with sad, luminous eyes,—
 "True heart for a true heart," he sighs;
 "Grant me thine, or I swear ne'er to rise
 From thy feet."

When the maid bowed her beautiful head.

M. GILBERT.

THE BOY'S TRIUMPH.

THERE were prizes to be given in Willie's school, and he was very anxious to merit one of them. As Willie was young, he was behind the other boys in all his studies except writing. As he had no hope to excel in any but writing, he made up his mind to try for the special prize for that, with all his might. And he did try so that his copy-book would have done honor to a boy twice his age. When the prizes were awarded, the chairman of the committee held up two copy-books, and said: "It would be difficult to say which of these two books is better than the other, but for one copy in Willie's, which is not only superior to Charlie's, but to every other copy in the same book. This copy, therefore, gains the prize."

Willie's heart beat high with hope, which was unmingled with fear. Blushing to his temples, he said, "Please, sir, may I see that copy?"

"Certainly," replied the chairman, looking somewhat surprised.

Willie glanced at the copy, and then handing the book back, said, "Please, sir, that is not my writing. It was written by an upper-class boy, who took my book in a mistake one day instead of his own."

"Oh, oh!" said the chairman, "that may alter the case." The two books went back to the committee, who, after comparing them carefully, awarded the prize to Charlie. The boys laughed at Willie. One said he was silly to say anything about the mistake.

"I wouldn't have told," said another.

"Nor I," added a boy, laughing. "The copy was in your book, and you had a right to enjoy the benefit of it."

But in spite of all their quizzing, Willie felt that he was right. "It would not have been the truth," he replied, "if I had not told who wrote the copy. I would rather hold fast the truth than have a prize, for truth is better than gold."

"Hurrah for Willie! Three cheers for Willie! Well done for Willie!" shouted the boys; and Willie went home to his work happier than he could have done if by means of a silent lie he had won the prize.

PHYSICAL EFFECT OF LAUGHTER.—Probably there is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood-vessels of the body that does not feel some wavelet from the great convulsion produced by hearty laughter shaking the central man. The blood moves more lively—probably its chemical, electric, or vital condition is distinctly modified—it conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them on that particular mystic journey, when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. And thus it is that a good laugh lengthens a man's life by conveying a distinct and additional stimulus to the vital forces. The time may come when physicians, attending more closely than they do now to the innumerable subtle influences which the soul exerts upon its tenement of clay, shall prescribe to a torpid patient "so many peals of laughter, to be undergone at such and such a time," just as they now do that far more objectionable prescription—a pill, or an electric or galvanic shock; and shall study the best and most effective method of producing the required effect in each patient.



NEW YORK,
FEBRUARY, 1871.

HOW WE FORM CHARACTER.

ON meeting an enterprising city physician, an acquaintance of twenty years' standing, not long since, we inquired, "Well, doctor, how are you getting along in your practice?" He replied, "Oh! first-rate; plenty to do; my practice amounts to about twenty thousand dollars a year; I drive two horses; and am kept almost constantly employed." We inquired, "What is your mode of treatment? Or what do you give to your patients? In other words, what is your most popular remedy? Is it cod-liver oil, or sarsaparilla, or something else?" He answered, "Bourbon, bourbon." "What! do you give this to women and children?" "Certainly," said he. "They all like it." And he went on, "I am just now returning from a lady patient, the wife of —, delivered of a son. Mother and child will need the stimulant, and this, with a very little simple food, will be all they require." We inquired if this was really his general prescription in cases of midwifery. He answered, "Yes." We objected, remarking that it would not only pervert the appetite of mothers and beget a "hankering appetite" in children, but would send many mothers and children to drunkards' graves. He said, "That is their look out. I give them what they like, and if they become drunkards I am not responsible." We

remonstrated, "If, as a physician, you prescribe bourbon whisky to your patients, and thus induce in them a fixed appetite, which becomes in itself a *disease*, you are responsible for it, and will be held accountable for consigning many human bodies and souls to perdition. Excuse yourself as you may, you who prescribe alcoholic liquors, wine, porter, beer, bourbon, bitters, etc., are sending more people to hell than priests or preachers can save."

Temperance societies are doing much to dissuade people from drink, but the doctors—such as we have described—are thwarting them in their good work by prescribing these stimulants, which lead directly to dissipation, disease, drunkenness, despair, and death. Who but the physicians are responsible for the vast numbers of medical quacks who are preying upon the people? Is it not their duty to teach the people something of the laws of life and health? Should they not exert themselves to root out and *exterminate* these human vampires?

Here is a paragraph which is a fitting sequel to the above, taken from one of our city morning newspapers, illustrating the effects of our *modern* medical treatment:

"On Friday afternoon among the 'intoxicated' brought to the Tombs Police Court was an entire family—father, mother, and daughter,—so helplessly drunk that the police had to carry them in, for the trio, fourteen-year-old girl included, were unable to stand. They were sent to the cells, and when they had slept off their 'drunk' they were discharged. Yesterday afternoon detective officer Dunn brought the girl into court, charged with robbing a Chinaman, who boarded at the house they occupied, 50 Park Street, of thirty-four dollars' worth of clothing. This youthful inebriate made a pretense of grief, but it was a mere feint; she had told

the officer that she could not be committed, for nobody saw her take the property, and therefore she could not be punished. Judge Hogan was of a different opinion, and she was removed to the cells.

"The next case which Judge Hogan was called upon to see and hear was two policemen, each carrying a little baby in his arms, and below the bar a good-looking, decently dressed young woman, who was the mother of the twin babes and the prisoner of the police. The officers said they had found the woman very drunk in a liquor saloon at No. 86 Broome Street, and that one of the children dropped from her arms to the floor. She came to the judge's bench, and expressed in well-chosen English, but with a Scotch accent, her surprise at the entire proceeding. She had been thrust into a cell, her children taken from her, and herself made the jibe of the people who thronged about her. It was quite a new experience to her and she wished to have it understood. She had heard of Judge Dowling, and she should like to speak with him. All this was said with now and then a lightened ray of intelligence in her fine dark eyes that told how large the woman's soul was, and then this bright intelligence was as suddenly clouded over by the fume that arose from a stomach overcharged with drink. When told by the Court that she ought to be ashamed of herself, she resented the insult with all the fire and with as stately a mien as that of an injured tragedy queen, and walked with a proud, defiant tread along the vestibule of the court to the corridors that led her to the prisoners' cells, preceded by the policemen, who bore in their arms, very clumsily, the offspring of this youthful and beautiful drunken mother."

Similar, and even much worse, scenes may be every day witnessed at our police courts in this and in other cities. Is

it surprising that we need so many jails, prisons, asylums, hospitals, and poor-houses? Is it surprising we have so many thieves, robbers, burglars, counterfeiters, and murderers? This is the way hundreds and thousands are now "forming their character."

THE RIGHT SOIL TO TILL.

WHEN Hendrick Hudson started for the New World he aimed to land on the sunny shores of Virginia; but from ignorance of the coast or its latitude, or from stress of weather, he made the highlands of Neversink, and run inside of Sandy Hook and up the noble river which bears his name. Virginia failed to receive as settlers the party of honest, industrious Hollanders who followed the path of Hudson, and New York is thankful to the present hour for the mistake which contributed to the planting on her soil so valuable a people. The May Flower set sail for a more southern latitude than she reached; and for two hundred and fifty years the rocky realm of New England has been thankful for the mistake which gave her so hardy and intelligent a class of settlers. If the May Flower had reached Virginia, the sharp climate and rocky soil of New England might have been to-day desolate and solitary. Men would not have cultivated such a soil if they could have found better; but the pioneer spirit which, guided by a love of religious liberty, dared the dangers of the seas, and by necessity landed in mid-winter on a bleak and inhospitable shore, swarming with wild beasts and wild men, was just the spirit which could conquer the hardships and the poverty of the place and make the wilderness the heart and home of the best civilization the world has hitherto known. The first structure erected by the Pilgrims was at once a church and school-house, which sheltered them until houses for each family could be built. Their laws, based upon the first thoroughly democratic constitution ever written, sought, through the voice of all the people, equal and exact justice in all things. The asperity of the climate and sterility of the soil demanded of the settlers industry, economy, sagacity, intelligence, hardihood, and a persistence and patience rarely equaled and never surpassed. To win crops from such a soil in such a climate taxed every resource of brain and hand, and early taught the inhabitants to

look to commerce and manufactures quite as much as to the parsimonious soil for a support. Religion, liberty, education, and the family seemed to be the great objects of their lives, and these principles ripened by time show us as fruits the most thickly settled portion of the country, church bell answering to church bell from Plymouth Rock to the extreme western border of New England. Indeed, her enterprising sons have planted civilization throughout the great Northwest until some of its cities have more of her sons than occupy the towns from whence they came. This sterile, rocky region, as we are informed by students of statistics, has the greatest number of school-houses and handsome dwellings, the best fences, and is the richest portion of the country by the square mile. It devotes more money for schools, churches, missionary enterprises, and public charities than any other section of this or any other country for the same number of inhabitants.

This was poor soil for crops, but a glorious soil on which to raise men. Moreover, men born and cultured where labor, thrift, providence, and care are required by all the members of a family; where every bone must be picked clean for its nutriment, and that bone saved for soap, and then the marrowless phosphate applied to the land to breed grass to give bone to other sheep or oxen—such economic thought sharpens the mind for all learning, especially social and political economy. It awakens invention, it multiplies the power of men by labor-saving machinery until one man becomes equal to a thousand men in productive industry. A hard soil makes a sharp brain, and a cool climate gives clearness and vigor of thought, and cultivates a restless energy and industry which never rests short of victory. Brain-culture yields the best crop. No matter what the pursuit, intelligence is power. The best thinker is the most skillful and the most successful worker. The brain is not only the best, but it is also the first soil to till. That being properly done, all other duties of life are easily and successfully performed. This leads us to say that the teacher, whether in Sunday-school or day-school, college, pulpit, lecture-room, or phrenological office, should rank first in position and influence, for the material he works on and the results he aims at are generic and fundamental. The soil he tills underlies all great and good achievements, and contains the seed-forms out of which grow all excellent harvests. The teacher of whatever name who takes the untutored mind

and leads it to higher and better purposes, and instructs it to find and appropriate truth to its own growth and right use of its powers for all time, has awakened forces for wisdom and goodness that shall know no limit in extent or duration. He who plants a crop for food feeds the body and his work is forgotten; he who converts the fleece into garments ministers to the temporary comfort of the body, but his work with the garment waxes old and is left behind; but he who trains the mind to spread its wings, or teaches the unbalanced how to restrain one faculty and cultivate another so as to secure mental and moral harmony and power, shall never be forgotten, for his work is immortal.

The teacher, the preacher, or the phrenologist may see men in secular pursuits achieve wealth, power, and distinction, rejoicing in houses, lands, horses, gardens, pictures, friendships, and hospitalities, and for a moment incline to repine because neither wealth nor noisy distinction are accorded to them. But when some stranger offers his hand, and with hearty gratitude says, "Fifteen or thirty years ago you analyzed my mental character and led me to adopt a higher and better course; and now, with intelligence and virtue, wife and children, houses and lands, and blessed hopes for the everlasting future, I owe all I am, all I have, and all I hope to be, to your faithful instruction and guidance," this is indeed a reward which common avocations can not yield. Any phrenologist in active practice may save at least one such a man every day; and after a long life of faithful working for mankind shall he not have a monument in the hopes and happiness of thousands thus saved to humanity and to virtue? and when at last his work is ended, ten thousand choral voices shall give him abundant welcome as their guide to virtue and to God.

The study and practice of Phrenology give to a large-hearted, clear-minded man unsurpassed facilities for doing good. His teachings being individual and personal, and coming directly home to the consciousness of the subject as true, he is impressed and molded by the teaching as no general instruction or exhortation can possibly affect him. King David could listen to the prophet Nathan's abstract instruction, and he glowed with righteous indignation toward the spoiler; but when the prophet turned full upon him and said, "Thou art the man," royalty trembled, confessed, and repented.

Young men, anxious to be useful and make

an enduring impression upon mankind for good, can not in any other way do it so effectually, surely, and easily as by learning the science of human nature as taught by Phrenology and Physiology, and applying it as an art. Who will enter this great field? The tilling of the soil brings not only bread to the eater, but a wealth of soul in the consciousness of vast good accomplished which ripens by time, and will go on multiplying and expanding through eternity.

“PLAYED OUT.”

THIS is a gambler's slang phrase, but how significant! Here is a young man who was once the pride of his mother and the hope of his father, now a “played out” profligate. Here is a politician, who was once respectable and respected; now a corrupt, besotted, “played out” vagabond. Here is a poet, artist, and musician, one who once stood at the head of a large social circle, and was popular with all who knew him; he became vain of his gifts and acquirements, and ventured on a course of irregular life, which soon led to dissipation and, finally, to his present fallen condition, a “played out” genius. There are many “played out” boys. They were well started in life, having well-formed bodies and brains, and inheriting conditions favorable to make them men. But by bad habits they have ruined themselves, and are now “burned out,” used up, dilapidated, “played out.”

How is it with many of our girls and young ladies? Was it by a decree of Heaven that they should so early in life become invalids? Was it the will of God that these human buds and blossoms should wither and perish before maturing? Or was it from tight-lacing, night novel reading, ball-rooms, low-necked dresses, thin shoes, confectionery, condiments, etc.? Why those colorless lips, that bloodless skin, those glassy eyes, encircled with purple lines? Why that hacking cough, those cold and clammy hands and feet? In short, why are they almost “played out?” Let us charitably suppose that most, if not all, these cases result from *ignorance of the laws of life and health*. Fatal ignorance, how numerous are thy victims! Oh, fathers! oh, mothers! how great are your responsibilities! Who shall open the minds and set in the living light on poor worldly, wayward creatures who go in crowds to their certain doom? Oh, preachers! why not make your preaching practical to the

saving of both bodies and souls? Why not? You give them Scripture-readings, psalms, and prayers; why not give them instruction on health, and how to preserve it by temperate living; how and what to eat and drink, and how to dress? In short, teach them common sense, even from the pulpit. The *business* of the physician is to treat the sick, and get paid for it, not to preserve health,—that is quite another matter. “Played out!” Aye, and that, too, even in youth or early manhood.

Have the chewing, smoking, and drinking habits of men anything to do with this “played out” condition? Have other personal habits of young men a certain tendency to early wreck and ruin? Do not charge it to over-study, but rather to doing violence to certain functions of the body. Do not attribute it to over-work,—save in very rare cases,—but to abuse of the stomach by over-eating, and by other excesses. Let each of us see to it that *we* so live as to keep in good condition, that *we* “present our *bodies* a living sacrifice, *acceptable* unto the Lord,” and thus escape the stigma of being prematurely “played out.”

THE MOUNT CENIS TUNNEL.

ANOTHER of those stupendous accomplishments by which the last decade has been rendered singularly glorious has been announced. With the departure of the old year the great tunnel through Mount Cenis was completed, and France and Italy brought into facile communication with each other. The project which for many years was the dream of leading Continental statesmen, and which the illustrious Count Cavour so warmly promoted, and which has occupied ten years of arduous labor under the direction of the most skillful engineers, has been consummated.

The 26th of December dates the time when this great undertaking of piercing a lofty mountain came to its triumphant result, and the workmen of both sides shook hands in mutual gratulations. The tunnel is seven miles in length; “a work,” in the language of an intelligent writer, “of thirty years, according to the most sanguine expectation, has been crowded into ten by the inventive genius, fidelity, skill, and application of the engineers, Sommeiller, Grattoni, and Capello.”

Alas! that France can not at once enter upon the use of this way through the mountain, in the interest of peace and civilization, now that its completion, a result which she so

earnestly longed for, has come. May it herald the dawning of a new and better peace for her, an era of freedom and true growth. It can not be that such an accomplishment of civilization, contrasting so vividly with the barbarism of the war now desolating the fertile valleys of France, is no omen of a better state of affairs. The nation stricken in the midst of its seeming splendor and greatness, and scourged almost unto death, may derive new courage from the nation which is springing into new life and casting aside the baubles and falsities of the past.

That is a right spirit which would have us "receive the omen which comes to us in this season, consecrated to sentiments of benevolence, friendliness, and Christian exultation. Let us accept it as an omen of the reality of Italy's resurrection, as the assurance to France of a new and nobler civilization to be borne out of her recent chastening and labor pains." And let the world receive it also as a new omen of the progression of human thought. Mind is accomplishing a victory over matter. Man is asserting now more than ever before his dominion over nature. His triumphs on the battle-fields may bring about better things than were known before, but the "baptism of blood and fire," oh, how terrible! His triumphs in the peaceful, flowery fields of science and philosophy accomplish a thousand-fold more, and challenge only the love and gratitude of nations.

AN ESQUIMAUX SKULL FOR OUR CABINET.—We have received from Mr. GEORGE TAYLOR, now of 484 Broadway, New York, a very fine skull of an Esquimaux Indian, recently obtained in latitude 67 degrees north; also a jaw of the sea-hog, whose body weighed some 400 lbs.; the skull of a large seal; together with the crania of several arctic birds, including ducks, gulls, loons, etc.

Mr. Taylor—now engaged in the real estate business here—sailed in the ship Franklin early in the spring of 1870, in quest of ivory and whalebone in the northern seas. While there he obtained these specimens, and on returning kindly delivered the same to us for free exhibition in our Cabinet. Mr. Taylor's worthy example should be followed by other travelers, and the crania of bird, beast, and man be gathered from all quarters of the globe for scientific inspection and preservation. We will make room for all such valuable articles and place them in our Cabinet, which is always open and free to all.

HIAWATHA'S WOOING.

THIS is the title of a new chromo lithograph, published by the proprietor of *Demorest's Monthly Magazine*, New York, from the beautiful painting by Jerome Thompson. The chromo is so close a reproduction of the original in every respect, that it would be difficult for those not connoisseurs in Art matters to indicate any difference. The accompanying engraving furnishes the reader some idea of the main characteristics of the picture which so aptly represents one of the most interesting parts of Longfellow's beautiful and justly celebrated poem. If forest life were anything like this, no wonder the red warriors refused to leave their hunting-grounds for the occupation of the pale-face. The charms of nature might well subdue and fasten to the soil the untutored child of the wilderness. In the foreground is seen the tall and sinewy form of Hiawatha, his hand resting on the double clasp of the graceful, trusting Minnehaha, and his whole attitude depicting the earnest, faithful, solicitous lover. The scenery around them is of that lovely character which only the true artist-student of nature can delineate. Cloud, mountain, meadow, tree, shrub, and floweret combine to exhibit a landscape whose every impression is peaceful and winning. So true to nature are river and rock, hill and plain, and the other accessories which the artist has elaborately interwoven with this theme, that one half imagines himself standing in the midst of the actual scene, with the lovers before him plighting their faith.

As we contemplate this picture, we can imagine Hiawatha saying:

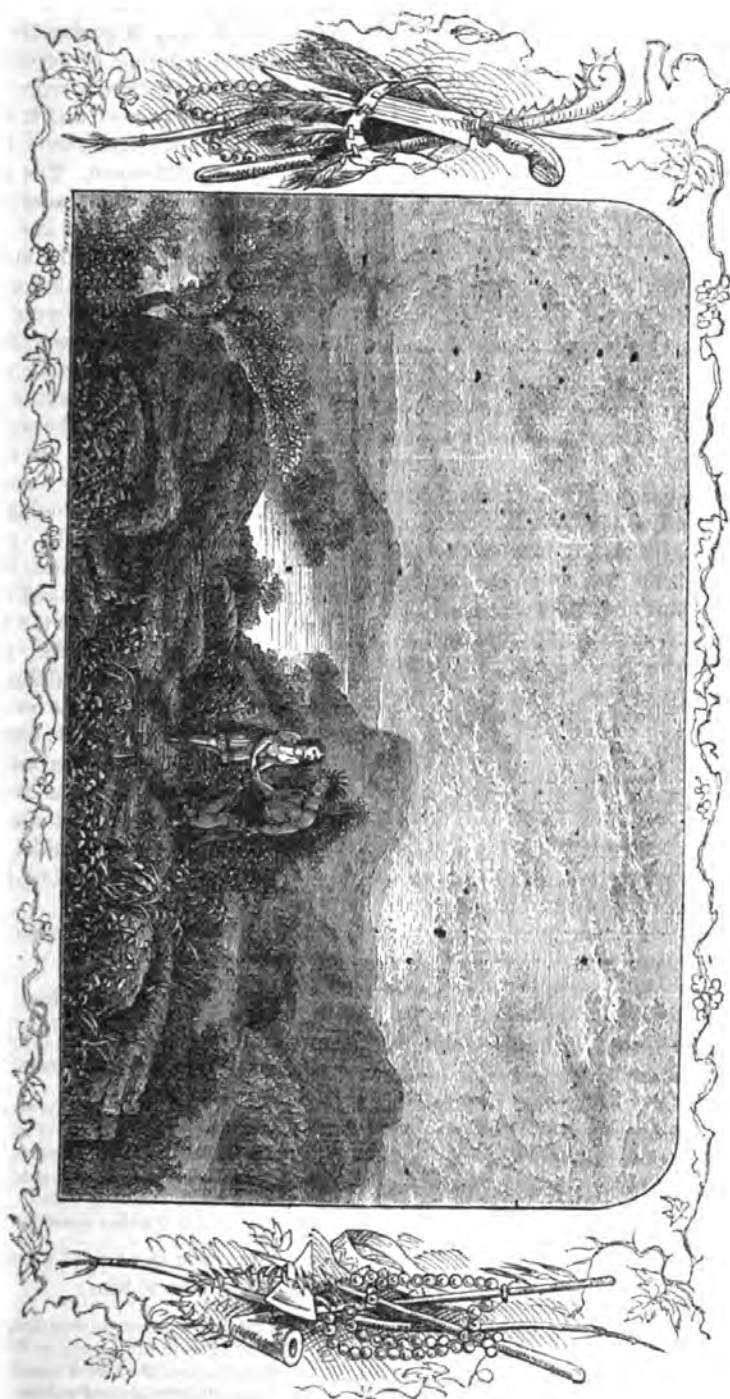
"After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
There is peace between the Ojibways
And the tribe of the Dacotahs.
* * * * *
That this peace may last forever,
And our hands be clasped more closely,
And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women!"

—and how, after the "aged arrowmaker" had given Minnehaha to him:

"From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water;
Hand in hand they went together
Through the woodland and the meadow." *

* This fine chromo, size 15 x 25 inches, is offered as one of the premiums for subscribers to the PHRENOLOGICAL. See *Journal Miscellany*.

HIAWATHA'S WOOING.



Department of Literature, Science, History.

In this Department Mr. S. S. PACKARD, of PACKARD'S MONTHLY, will continue his Contributions.

YALE SKETCHES.—No. 6.

BY H. E. G. P.

EZRA STILES was born at North Haven, Conn., Dec. 10, 1727. His father, the Rev. Isaac Stiles, was for many years pastor of the Congregational church at that place. He was a quiet, studious boy, of pleasant manners and ready courtesy—a model of decorum to the sturdy lads whose boisterous health was anything but a calm presence.

Books were his delight; not the easy reading of the present day, but the sound, ponderous literature of his father's library; and instead of an active, bookless life and a fallow brain, he was, if not encouraged, allowed to become a neighborhood prodigy. When nine years old he commenced studying Latin with his father, and in three years he was prepared for college. Happily for the slender little student, it was not thought best for him to enter so young, and his too busy mind had a brief respite. He did enter, however, at fifteen, and in four years graduated with high honor. In the same year he was received into the church at North Haven.

Talented, enthusiastic, his success in college an earnest for his future, he did not leave that future to the guidance of impulse, but with a definiteness that reveals at once his maturity of character, with a rare appreciation of the value of beginning life with positive and reasonably unselfish *aims*, he condensed his convictions into a few maxims which he faithfully observed. That they molded his character, controlled his daily life, and gave to it the confidence of moral strength, the peace of contentment, unflinching courtesy, and steady, conscientious industry, his patriotic and pastoral earnestness, his unostentatious charities, his genial habit, the sincere politeness of a Christian gentleman, and his intellectual successes were signal witnesses. Though we "can not keep the heights we are competent to gain," we in the effort do gain.

In 1749 he accepted the appointment of

tutor in Yale. In the spring of this year Dr. Franklin, who, in Philadelphia, had but recently made his first experiments in electricity, sent an electrical apparatus to Yale. Young Stiles and his fellow-tutors delighted themselves with the wonderful and brilliant phenomena of this new science. In 1755 Dr. Franklin visited New Haven; the two met, and a strong intellectual sympathy ripened into a life-long friendship.

In 1749, being then twenty-two, he was licensed as a minister; but "the exercise of preaching being prejudicial to his health," he decided to study law. He was also at this time under a cloud of religious doubts; but he sought the truth with such intensity of purpose that he was not long left in darkness.

In 1755 he was again in the clear regions of a satisfied faith, and accepting a call from the Congregational church at Newport, was ordained its pastor. In 1759 he married Miss Elizabeth Hubbard, of New Haven, who adorned her life with such discretion, tact, and gentleness as endeared her to a wide circle. They lived in happiest love for several years, but in the midst of the political anxieties of 1775 a sorer trouble invaded his home. His beloved wife was sinking with consumption, and died May 29th of that year. How near this grief came to the hearts of his flock is shown in the Doctor's grateful comment that his "kind people clothed the whole family, and were at the whole expense of the funeral." The unsettled condition of the country at this time, and especially the dangers that threatened the sea-board towns, dispersed his people, and the next year he sent his family for security to Dighton. The scattered flock were never all gathered again under his ministry. At the resignation of Dr. Daggett, in 1777, he was elected his successor, at the same time filling the chair of Professor of Ecclesiastical History, with which

he became thoroughly familiar while seeking a way out of his religious doubts.

Although President Clap had successfully resisted the wishes of a large number, that the General Assembly should be authorized through a committee to investigate College affairs, the feeling still remained, and there was also a strong conviction that it would be an advantage to the College if the Faculty were not all clergymen. President Stiles approved and encouraged the change, and in 1791 Commissioners were appointed. The Corporation cordially met them, and placed before them the records of the College from its foundation.

The investigation revealed a thrifty administration of the limited funds, as also the poverty which hampered every department. By an amendment of the charter, the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and six senior members of the Legislature were associated *ex officio* with the Faculty, and provision was made for the most pressing necessities of the College.

With the increased funds a new and greatly needed building, the present South College, was erected, and enough added to the insufficient endowment of the Professorship of Natural Philosophy to make it available, so that, as before mentioned, the Faculty had the gratification of appointing Professor Meigs to the long-vacant chair.

President Stiles was remarkable for an insatiable intellect, thorough scholarship, and a wonderful readiness in acquiring knowledge. He had a preternatural "gift of tongues." Hebrew, Latin and Greek, Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic and Samaritan, Persian and Coptic flowed into his active brain and off his facile tongue. To this Oriental *pot-pourri* he added French when he was fifty-seven years old.

In addition to his duties as President and Professor of Ecclesiastical History, he was performing those of the Professors of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy and of Divinity, and in his scanty leisure he applied himself with such ardor that in less than four months he was able to read French readily. He was an enthusiastic astronomer, was at home in the wide range of Ancient and Modern History, and in his legal days familiarized himself with "jurisprudence and civil poli-

tics." While he drank knowledge with such deep delight, his soul still thirsted for divine refreshing, and the Word of God was his loved and daily study.

"For his extensive acquisitions he was indebted to a mind at once active and comprehensive; to a memory quick to receive and faithful to retain, and to a diligence patient and indefatigable," which difficulties only stimulated. In early life he studied vehemently, taking for his creed the inexperienced enthusiast's theory of the supremacy of mind over matter, the omnipotence of the will, etc.

His health suffered so severely that he was speedily brought to a hearty acknowledgment and propitiatory practice of the laws of hygiene. He adopted a simple diet, daily out-door exercise, and carefully regulated his hours of study, which never commenced before light nor extended into the night. His evenings were often spent pacing the broad, low-ceiled room in tranquilizing meditation. He was a little man, short and slight, symmetrically molded, deporting himself with unassuming dignity; "man of few inches, every inch a man." His dark gray eyes were expressive and penetrating, his voice clear, and modulated by the feeling that swayed him while speaking. In conversation he had that rare and undefinable power that charmed people into an unwonted felicity of expression, and made them—self-enchanted—loth to part with so pleasant a friend.

"But in the fullness of his labors, in the vigor of intellectual strength, and in the midst of new-formed plans of usefulness Death arrested his career." He was seized with a malignant fever, and, after four days' illness, died May 12th, 1795, aged sixty-seven years.

To the College his death seemed an irreparable bereavement, for who, in judicious administration, in wisdom, and in abundant labors, could replace him?

There was a man, like his predecessors a minister, who in the quiet achievement of duties that a less conscientious character would have evaded, had unwittingly qualified himself for the onerous position, and to whom the anxious attention of the Corporation was speedily turned. His father, Col. Timothy Dwight, was a merchant of Northampton, Mass., and married Mary Edwards, a

daughter of saintly Jonathan Edwards. Timothy the younger was born in Northampton, May 14th, 1752. He inherited his mother's intellectual activity, and read fluently when he was but four years old. When he was seventeen he graduated with the highest honors of his class, and for the two following years he was the successful Rector of the Hopkins Grammar School. It was established by Edward Hopkins, Governor of Connecticut, a man liberal and pious, who died in 1657, and left a liberal legacy for this school, the oldest educational institution in the State. Young Dwight was then elected tutor of Yale, retaining the position six years.

In 1777, when the students were scattered, he took his class to Wethersfield, teaching through the week and preaching on Sundays. He was married in March of this year, and in September resigned his tutorship. He was soon after appointed Army Chaplain, and ordered to West Point. Here he was as popular as he had been with the students, enlivening the camp with patriotic speeches and contributing to the soldiers' limited *repertoire* quaint, humorous, and patriotic songs. He delighted in both music and poetry. His father was at this time in Natchez, Miss. The little town was then reached only by rough stage rides or by horseback, through miles and miles of wilderness. In that remote region he died, leaving a widow and thirteen children, of whom Mr. Dwight was the oldest. He went immediately to their home at Northampton, and filially assumed the heavy burden of their support, an undertaking better appreciated when one considers a hungry child's capacity, and the raiment it outgrows with as little compunction or anxious thought as the lilies of the field.

He managed the narrow income, cultivated the farm, preached here and there for shepherdless flocks, and — blessed resource of many wants and a slender purse — opened a school, and by his multifarious thriftiness clothed, fed, and educated his brothers and sisters. During these five arduous years he was twice sent to the State Legislature, where he evinced so much talent that he was strenuously urged to devote himself to politics; but he steadily resisted the allurements of ambition, and kept to the path which though

less brilliant opened to him grander fields of usefulness.

In 1783 he was ordained pastor of the church at Greenfield, Conn., and to eke out his slender salary he established an academy, which rapidly gained a high reputation. In 1785 he made his first literary venture, publishing a poem, "The Conquest of Canaan."

His unanimous nomination by the Faculty drew him from the cares of this quiet pastorate, and in September, 1795, he was inaugurated President of Yale. Under Dr. Stiles' decisive administration the College struggled through the dark and pinching years of the war. At Dr. Dwight's accession it was highly prosperous, and under him suffered no diminution. He had the gift — excellent in any one, eminently so in an instructor — of winning the love of the students, but with his affability was blended such dignity as compelled their respect. The twenty-two years of his presidency were rich in important accessions to the College.

In 1801 Hon. Elizur Goodrich was appointed to the new professorship of Law. In 1803 Rev. Jeremiah Day was made Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, to fill the vacancy made by Prof. Meigs' acceptance of the presidency of the University of Georgia. In 1804 the department of Chemistry and Mineralogy was established, and Benj. Silliman, Esq., made its Professor. An insignificant collection in unclassified confusion composed the young Professor's cabinet. Small as it was, it exceeded his knowledge, and packing it in a candle-box he went to Philadelphia, to Dr. Adam Seybert, the sole mineralogist of America.

In 1805 Dr. Dwight was appointed Professor of Theology, and in that office preached a series of sermons on the leading doctrines of Christianity. He also taught *belles-lettres* and oratory.

When young he studied with so much more zeal than discretion that he seriously injured his eyes, and for many years they were almost useless. The Faculty in 1805 appropriated an annual stipend of £50 to defray the expense of an amanuensis. In spite of the modest salary there were plenty of candidates eager for the advantages which the position afforded. His mind was so thoroughly under his control that he would fre-

quently dictate to two or three on different subjects at the same time.

In 1805 James L. Kingsley was appointed Professor of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. In 1810 the Medical department was founded, and in 1814 it received from the State \$30,000.

After the war, infidelity and free-thinking, under the specious guise of liberty of conscience, were alarmingly prevalent. "Are the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments the Word of God?" was propounded for discussion in the College. Infidel sentiments were unhesitatingly avowed by the majority of the disputants. When the argument was finished Dr. Dwight reviewed their

statements, unmasked their sophistries, and then with rising eloquence and fervor asserted and established the authenticity of the Word of God. Infidelity confounded and routed, sank into merited unpopularity.

In 1816 Dr. Dwight's health began perceptibly to fail, though he continued to teach till almost the last hours of his life. It was most painful to his friends to see the silver cord loosening, but to him it was a welcome "token." In November, 1816, he preached in the College Chapel, and gave them the bread and wine of the Communion for the last time. He died Jan. 16th, 1817, widely and sincerely mourned.

THE "CLASSICS."

BY D. H. PINGREY.

THE curriculum of college instruction at the present time is greatly improved in many respects from the old course of half a century ago. Yet, with all the improvement which has been wrought, there is room for further modifications and radical changes. Too much time is occupied by students in the study of Greek and Latin. These languages are those of a long-past civilization, and do not embody the spirit of the present era. In the time of Queen Elizabeth Latin was the language of diplomacy and literature, and was extensively used in correspondence of all kinds, because it was a fixed language, while the modern languages were in a state of fluctuation. But time has wrought a change. Modern languages, especially English, French, and German, have become comparatively fixed, and embrace the ideas and spirit of modern civilization, and they should take a leading place in the curriculum of study. The English language, it is true, has incorporated a large number of words derived from the Greek and Latin, but a year's careful study of these two languages is sufficient for the student to acquire all the knowledge necessary in order to master the words so derived. Three-quarters of our words are derived from the Saxon and other Gothic dialects; and much of the time spent in our colleges in the study of the classics ought to be occupied in the tracing of our vernacular to the sources of the early tongues which centuries of Latin and Norman-French rule strove in vain to eradicate from the British Isles. Our language is not by any means an offspring of the Greek and Latin, but is substantially Saxon, and will probably

remain so for all time. The Saxon, with its parent Norse, goes back much farther than the classic languages of Greece and Rome; it has been established by philologists that it is a twin sister to the Sanskrit, and that from the manner in which its roots interpenetrate all the Aryan tongues, and to some extent the Tartar and Semitic languages, it must embody quite as much of the primitive speech of man as any language which is capable of being traced at the present time. The opinion advanced that a student learns more of the English language by studying the classics than he could otherwise acquire is a fallacy, because only one-fourth of the words of the English language is derived from these two ancient tongues. The discipline obtained in the study of the classics is derogatory to the free development of the mind, because it produces a narrowing and partisan influence on the person who spends the best part of his life in acquiring two dead languages at the sacrifice of ever-living science. The "classic" educators are iconoclasts. They believe blindly in what they love, whether it be most wise or not. They are indignant when the scientific educators of the living present attack their cherished idols of the Greek and Latin tongues, and they fly to arms just as savages do when missionaries pick their fetich to pieces. These obsolete instructors do not like candid criticism, because the progress of intelligence is leaving far behind their cherished gods.

This course of study which is held so essential in the education of youth, has not a progressive element in it, and it is not compatible with free inquiry after truth. The

young man who is brought under the dogmatic rule of spending some of his best years in the study of the classics, is prone to become nothing better than a student or a professor of some dead literature. The young men who come out of college with a classic education are entirely unfitted for the realities of life, and if it were not for the professions which they enter, would utterly fail to meet the responsibilities of life in any business capacity. Why is it so? It is because these young men have been trained to think as the ancients did: they have been carried back two thousand years, and when they leave college and enter upon the active duties of life, everything seems metamorphosed, and they feel out of place. There is no progress in the Chinese Government, and the Chinese have been governed for two thousand years by the same code of laws, and now find themselves out of their element in a land of progressive civilization. The Chinese are unfitted to accept our enlightenment, and it will take generations to Americanize them. So it is with the followers of the ancient Greeks and Latins; it will take years for them to become familiarized with everyday duties.

The industrial universities of the country are robbed of their prerogatives by the introduction of the classics into the curriculum of study as a pre-eminent department, and at the sacrifice, too, of the very objects for which these

institutions were founded and endowed by states or individuals.

If the dead languages are the only languages, as some claim, then modern civilization is a failure, for the ancient tongues are superior to the modern; then our boasted enlightenment is all a dream—a fancy of the imagination, because a language advances with civilization, and the higher a people rise in the scale of intelligence, in that proportion does its language approach perfection. One of two conclusions must be received, either that the civilization of the ancients was farther advanced than ours, and, consequently, they had more perfect languages than we have, or that our civilization is superior to theirs, and, consequently, we have a more nearly perfect language than they had; one or the other must be received. If we adopt the former conclusion, then we must admit that Christianity is not so great a civilizer and elevator of humanity as paganism, and that the world is retrograding, especially the Christian portion of it.

It is a law of progress that a nation's language is the criterion by which to judge its civilization. To say that the Greek and the Latin are superior to the modern languages is a fallacy emanating from the brain of those who are wedded to a dead literature, and who can see nothing good, only as they look back to antiquity—to those nations who lived under a government of tyranny and paganism.

THE DELUGE—A DEATH SCENE OF THE BIBLE.

BY *. *. ****.

THE ark is completed, that unparalleled vessel which carried a cargo more precious than the cargoes of all other ships put together, for it carried the fortunes of the world for half a year.

Noah and his family; the beasts, birds, and reptiles are all shut in—the hand of the Creator has shut the door and sealed it.

There is a solemn pause of seven days. No doubt the lookers-on—the inhabitants round about—jeered the grand old patriarch with his monstrous menagerie in his monstrous ship. The seven days had still been added to the 120 years, as a further time for the people to repent, but they hardened themselves the more as they cried, "Where is the sign of the deluge?" The seven days are ended—and now comes the most terrible

event that ever came to pass in the annals of time. Most terrible as yet; but a still more terrible is yet to come, when the earth will be wrapped in a flood of fire!

The windows of heaven were opened, and the fountains of the great deep were broken up; and from above and from beneath the waters poured upon the ground for forty days and forty nights. When the rain began to descend in great spouts of water, then all the inhabitants of the country round about Noah began to think that perhaps after all they had better follow him into his place of safety,—so they made a rush for the ark to force their way in. But the hand of the Almighty that had closed and sealed the door held them far at bay; perhaps they were smitten with blindness like the enemies of Lot, or like

Elymas the sorcerer. Soon they began to escape to the risings of the land, and then to the hills. The weak and the timid throughout the earth were soon swept away. Those who escaped to some near hills when the water rose upon them could not swim the intervening waters to some higher hills, and they soon disappeared in the rising tide. Multitudes escape to the mountains, whose steep and shaggy sides they still climb as the mighty waves yawn to devour them. Hundreds and thousands at a time drop into the dark bosom of the multitude of waters; for they grow faint from loss of food and dizzy with watching,—and then there is one last wail of agony mingling with the hoarser roar of the elemental war. Oh, God! what prayers *now* ascend from the gurgling bosom of the deeps! None, now, but the strong and the brave and the resolute are left.

Up, up,—but the dark waves climb as fast as they. See! every human being that had still climbed and clung to the topmost peaks of the *lower* mountains have all been washed away. The highest mountains are now alone above the universal sea.

The waters have reached the lips of the volcanoes!—and as the vast Niagaras pour over into their yawning craters, and rush into the bosom of the unquenchable fires that fill the central globe; as those immeasurable floods of those mighty enemies fire and water meet, their hug of battle heaves and shakes the solid world, its huge ribs snap and break and its bars of adamant become as tow; and the ponderous bulk of the rounded sphere is convulsed in throes of death (if it could die) with the grapple of the internal war. And still throughout the deluge vast columns of steam from the bellowing war burst through the abysmal waves and ascend the murky firmament of heaven.

The fish! It is a carnival for the fish! They swim over the walls of cities and through the halls of palaces, and feast their eyes upon the strange and wonderful works of man—the treasures and the spoils of kings. They glut their appetites upon the young and the beautiful. The monstrous, all-devouring shark is drunk with the blood of the fairest of the fair. If the devil-fish be possessed with a fiend, his soul must have reveled in the human spoils of the watery pit.

The tallest peaks now alone stand out above the floods of waves; and the strongest men of all mankind are on those topmost peaks. And mighty beasts of prey are there,—the dreadful boa, and the venomous viper, and birds with dripping wings, too wet to fly; all are mingled together, without fear of each other, for they are all overwhelmed by a far *greater* fear. Those strong men pray with cries that sound wailingly above all the roar of the tumultuous strife. The lion and the tiger, the most savage of beasts, moan pitiably, as if they, too, prayed! And every reptile and eagle and condor, with strange sounds never before heard by human ear, they, too, seem to pray! Oh, God of mercy! wilt Thou not hear that last woeful agony of prayer for life? Ah! no. There is a time when it is too late to pray! when the Almighty shuts the door. Thou art loving and long-suffering. One hundred and twenty years Thou didst call upon them, and none regarded; and now that they cry unto Thee, it is too late. In every unbeliever's life the time may come when it is too late to pray.

Up, up, higher and still higher they climb! Oh, with what intentness they watch the marks in the rocks to see if possibly the waters have reached their utmost height. No,—they mount after them with even, overwhelming, omnipotent step.

The last lion and tiger and fox and savage beast drop into the dark abyss, and float away. The last eagle and condor are dead upon the bosom of the universal waves. The hugest boa of the desert, his terrible eyes have gone out, and his long, dreadful body in great coils looks fearful and monstrous as, dead at last, he floats away and mingles with the wrecks of cities and of great forests that toss upon the awful waves of the all-devouring sea. And now no ear will ever hear, save at the judgment day, the *moans*, as strong man after strong man loses his last hold and floats gurgling with his last breath on the pitiless surging deep. *And all are gone?*

No; *there is one—the Last Man!*—the mightiest man of those “mighty men which were of old, men of renown.”

He had been a great leader, and the deadly foe of Noah. He had made the earth drunken with blood and with crime; and had dared to think in his heart to be the foe of

the Omnipotent. See! he summons all his strength to stand upon that last slippery peak. He is alone! No, — folded close upon his breast in the embrace of his arm, still strong, he holds his boy, his only son—the only creature that he had ever loved. Even in the midst of the deluge he had still hoped that he would survive, and that he would still rule the earth and leave his crown to his boy. He raises himself with his still living son clinging to his breast; and with those once fierce and blazing eyes now tamed with the new darkness of utter despair, he tries to pierce the shadows of the pouring rain. To the north, to the south, to the east, to the west, he tries to pierce the impenetrable gloom. Water! water! water everywhere! one vast illimitable desert of unbounded ocean! The very heavens are water!

And now there was no ear to hear the most heart-cleaving of all the sounds that had ever been raised from the bosom of the world—the last wail of the last man!—the last funeral note of the dead world!

A great wave that sweeps many cubits above this topmost peak enfolds him round and round—and his boy! And as it incloses them, a few bubbles on its brim tell of the last sob of the last man of a drowned world.

EDUCATION IN CHICAGO.*

THE West improves on the East. The broad prairies, the great lakes, the mountains, valleys, and rivers, all tend to expand the mind of civilized man and to give him broad and comprehensive views. Would you take the bigotry and meanness out of a hide-bound exclusionist? send him "out West," and if there be any "grow" in him, *there* it will sprout. If he be wanting in patriotism, in bravery, in a love for his great country,—the grandest on the globe,—there it may be developed. But our enthusiasm for the West leads us from our text, which is "The Sixteenth Annual Report" of the Chicago Schools. Our readers will relish extracts from this spirited document, and we quote from the statement of the President of the Board of Education:

"The common school system of education, supported and liberally endowed by the State

of Illinois, free from sectarian and other pernicious influences, is the best system ever devised by man.

"The instruction of the children in the public schools, such as is furnished in the primary, grammar, and high schools, constitutes the bulwark of American civilization and independence." [Note that, ye apologists for monarchies and mental slavery.]

"The foundation of our institutions, and of political, civil, and religious liberty, rests and depends upon the education and intelligence of the people.

"It is the duty of the State to educate its children; and any State which neglects the performance of that duty inflicts upon itself an irreparable injury. Chicago is performing her part of that duty faithfully and well.

"Of the many excellent provisions of the Constitution of this State, adopted on the second day of this month, the article on the subject of education is one of the most important. It directs the General Assembly to provide a thorough and efficient system of free schools, whereby all the children of the State may receive a good common school education. It prohibits the General Assembly, or any county, city, town, township, school district, or other public corporation, from ever making any appropriation, or paying from any public fund whatever, anything to help, support, or sustain any school, academy, seminary, college, university, or other literary or scientific institution, controlled by any church or sectarian denomination whatever."

"Taxes for educational purposes have not been voted or paid grudgingly. The necessity of furnishing accommodations to all applicants for admission into our schools is fully appreciated."

"School buildings in which our children are educated should be convenient, comfortable, pleasant, and attractive. Schools which are unsuitable for the education of the children of the wealthiest citizens are equally unsuitable for the education of the children of the poorest.

"In our public schools, the children of the rich and the poor assemble, and are received and taught on terms of perfect equality. There are none so rich or poor, high or low, as to induce favoritism, partiality, or prejudice." [In the sight of God, a human being is a human being, no matter what his color or condition, and all equally need culture and education.]

"During the year ending July 1, 1870, the whole number of children taught in our public schools was 38,987.

* Sixteenth Annual Report of the Board of Education, for the year ending July 1, 1870. One vol. 8vo., pp. 264, paper. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co., printers.

"At the close of the year ending July 1, 1870, there were employed in our public schools 537 teachers; the number of teachers in the employment of the Board at the close of the last year was greater by forty than at the close of the preceding year.

"The total expenses of the Department of Public Instruction of this city for the year ending July 1, 1870, were \$715,347 38.

"During the year last past, the general prosperity and success of our schools have been satisfactory. Better results, in nearly all the branches of study taught, could not have been expected or anticipated. Commendable emulation and kind feelings, on the part of both teachers and scholars, have generally and almost universally prevailed."

"It is our intention to employ none but the best teachers, and to pay a fair compensation for the services of such; and in return, an equivalent is required for the consideration paid. The standard of the qualifications of teachers has not, by any means, been diminished."

[Here is a statement which should not be overlooked by ambitious parents, who sometimes neglect the *bodies* of the children while exciting and stimulating their minds.]

"In many instances scholars have, either of their own volition or by the requirements of teachers, in order to complete the prescribed course of instruction, applied themselves so rigidly to their studies that they have been injured thereby."

[With a president for their Board of Education so sensible, so energetic, and every way so capable, and a people so willing, patriotic, and prompt to pay, there is no reason why Chicago may not lead the nation in her school and educational enterprises.]

"ALONE."

BY HENRY G. PERRY, A.M.

I see her now, as years ago
 She sat in her wonted place,
 And held in her hand the book "Alone,"
 With a pitiful, patient face.
 Her bright eyes beamed with unearthly light,
 As she turned them full on me,
 And murmured, "When I am gone from sight
 Will I be forgotten by thee?"

As I loved the one of my heart,
 I cried, "This pledge to thee I give:
 Believe me, I will never part
 With thy memory while I live!"
 She opened the book; from its folds
 She took a sweet forget-me-not,

And said, "When the death-bell tolls,
 And mine proves the common lot,
 Do thou silently look on this—
 Press thy lip to it—with but a thought
 Of what last I give thee—a kiss.

We parted. Alas! met never more! * *
 Not long—as the night-shades fell
 And reached me then so sad and sore,
 The wall of the burial-bell. * * *
 I gazed not on the face of the dead;
 I sought not the house of grief;
 But, alone, I thought of all she said,
 And her kiss—and I kissed the leaf!

STUDY OF THE LAW.

A YOUNG correspondent asks several questions on this subject, which we answer as follows:

When one desires to enter upon the preliminary studies pertaining to a profession, whether he has or has not decided with reference to the profession he will follow, it is well for him to receive the benefit of a phrenological examination. By so doing, he will be definitely informed with respect to the requirements of the profession, and the qualities will be indicated to him in which there is need of improvement or development in order that he may make the pursuit elected a success.

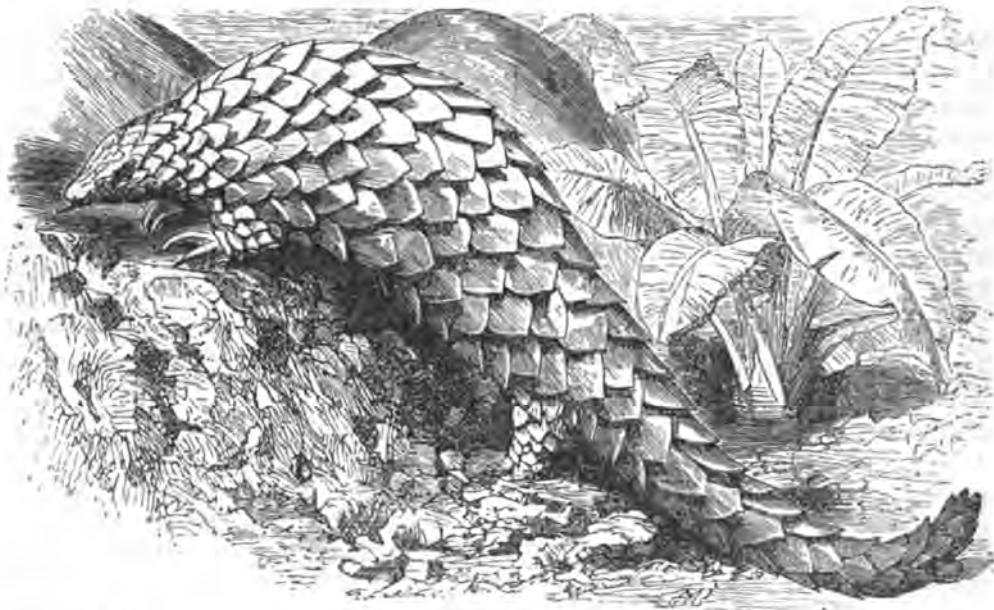
It is customary for young men who intend to follow the profession of law to attend a course of lectures at some school of law, and after taking the degree of the institute either commence practice or enter the office of some experienced advocate, and there continue their studies with all the advantages of direct practice surrounding them. We think that it is better for a law student to read a few of the elementary books before entering a law school. Students at law usually read in the outset Blackstone's Commentaries, Kent's Commentaries, Story on the Constitution, Story on Bailments, Parsons on Contracts, Greenleaf on Evidence, and other works, including, of course, the Code of Procedure for the State in which it is intended to settle. The attentive perusal of the works named will furnish a very substantial foundation for a young lawyer's future career. One does not practice law in the United States Courts until after serving some years at the bar of his State. Those who are admitted to the national courts are usually men in advanced practice, and we suppose that most lawyers look forward with some little ambition to the time when they shall be able to practice in Admiralty. We believe that a lawyer secures his entrance before the

bar of the nation by special nomination, and through the approval of the justices of the United States Courts.

THE PANGOLIN.

THE Pangolin, or scaly ant-eater, belongs to the genus *Mania*, as classified by Linnaeus. It is a burrowing animal, having the long, pointed snout, toothless mouth, and extensible tongue of the ant-eater, while the upper parts of the body and the tail are armed with

This singular animal lives in the warm parts of Africa and Asia, but owing to its habits, as it chiefly resides in the most obscure parts of a forest and does not multiply rapidly, it is not often seen even by the natives. The negroes of Africa, when they find it, beat it to death with clubs and eat it, deeming the flesh a peculiar delicacy. The largest species of the Pangolin attains the length of over three feet, and is found in India and Ceylon. Its scales are dark-brown in color, and hard enough to resist an ordinary bullet. Pangolins feed, like



scales similar to those of the armadillo. These scales are horny and imbricated, thus permitting the body to be rolled up into a ball, in which condition it is secure almost against the teeth of the strongest carnivorous animals. Even the tiger, panther, and leopard can not break through the defense which nature has given to this little creature. The moment it perceives the approach of an enemy it rolls itself up like a hedgehog. The long tail, which is seen in the engraving, and might be thought easily separable or torn from the body, serves to increase its security, for being defended with scales, the edges of which are sharp, it when lapped around the body offers a resistance to the attack of its enemy, which must be productive of much injury and pain to the latter. The limbs are short and stout, the hind ones being longest; the claws are curved and sharp, adapted to its digging propensities.

other animals of their class, entirely on insects, especially ants, which they capture on their long, round, and viscid tongue. This tongue is capable of such extension that it may reach a quarter of a yard beyond the tip of the nose. When it approaches an ant-hill it lies down near it, and concealing itself as much as possible, stretches out its long tongue among the ants, keeping it for some time immovable. The little creatures, allured by the shiny appearance and the unctuous substance with which it is smeared, gather upon it in great numbers, and the sudden withdrawal of the tongue into the animal's mouth captures them before they have time to escape, and the Pangolin swallows them, as we may imagine, with much gustatory zest. This animal is an inoffensive creature, although in groping for its insect-food it displays great strength and activity in tearing to pieces the ant-hills.

"THE MOUND-BUILDERS."

A SUBSCRIBER writes us: *Sir*—In the number of your magazine for November I find an article under the caption of "A Skull for Our Cabinet," in which your correspondent, Mr. McDonald, ascribes the building of the numerous mounds throughout the West to an extinct tribe of Indians. A reason given by him for this opinion, and one I believe generally held, is that human bones and rude works of art, such as pipes, pottery, etc., have been exhumed from them; and hence the inference is drawn that these places have been built as places of burial for the dead.

I have a far different theory; it is that these mounds were built by the Great Architect, and not by human agency at all! That they have been *used* by the aborigines for places of sepulture I believe; but for how many centuries back I could not guess; that they were so used by our immediate predecessors in this Mississippi Valley, I know. I have myself seen deposited in more than one of the numerous small mounds that are to be found on the borders of this river, the dead bodies of the tribes inhabiting the country; and with them I have also seen buried those rude implements spoken of, such as pottery, pipes, bows and arrows, etc. The warrior, in his blanket and feathers, with his hatchet and war implements, and a quantity of food to serve him on his journey to the eternal hunting-grounds, I have seen thus deposited. And I was present when a wailing mother, and a few red men and a few whites, thus deposited the mortal remains of the beautiful Indian maiden Ka-la-we-ko—she who was the subject of Mrs. Sigourney's poem, "The Indian Girl's Burial."

The theory that these mounds are natural, and in no wise indebted to human agency for their construction, may be regarded as extravagant and untenable; but I have yet to meet with one that presents fewer difficulties in the way of a solution. Yours truly, T. G.

The *Cincinnati Chronicle* publishes a lengthy account of some famous Indian mounds near St. Louis, which is interesting in connection with the above. We quote:

"A most remarkable variety of earthworks are those in Wisconsin and Iowa, which bear the outlines of men and animals, constituting huge *basso-reliefs* on the surface of the earth,

and challenging our wonder by their number, variety, and extent. One of these, on Bush Creek, Ohio, is in the form of a serpent, over one thousand feet in length, extending in graceful curves, and terminates in a triple coil at the tail. The embankment constituting the effigy is near five feet high by thirty feet at the center of the body. The neck of the figure is stretched out and slightly curved, and its mouth is opened wide, as if in the act of swallowing or ejecting an oval figure which rests partly within the distended jaws. The combined figure has been regarded as a symbolical illustration of the Oriental cosmological idea of the serpent and the egg.

"From this and other facts, it is estimated that these mounds were formed not less than two thousand years ago. By whom built, and whether their authors migrated to remote lands under the combined attractions of a more fertile soil and more congenial climate, or whether they disappeared beneath the victorious arms of an alien race, or were swept out of existence by some direful epidemic or universal famine, are questions probably beyond the power of human investigation to answer. History is silent concerning them, and their very name is lost even to tradition."

It would be difficult to attribute these evidently symbolical mounds to "natural" origin, as T. G. seems to hold.

A CHINESE MISSION IN CALIFORNIA.—We are glad to see that the exclusiveness of American Chinamen, especially in religious matters, is giving way before the efforts of philanthropic Christians. The *Daily Alta California*, announcing the approaching completion of the Mission Building in San Francisco, in its issue of November 22 says that Rev. O. Gibson will move into the parsonage department during the present week. It adds: "This institution, springing up quietly and unostentatiously in this city, in spite of the strong and bitter prejudices against the Chinese created by certain political demagogues, is a credit to our city, to civilization, and to the Church under whose auspices it is being reared." But what is most interesting is the list of subscriptions by the Chinese to purchase the necessary seats for the school-rooms. It is headed by the name of Dr. Li Po Tai, who gives \$50; Tuck Chong & Co. give \$30; three firms give \$15 each; five, \$10 each; seventeen, \$5 each; two, \$4 each; six, \$3 each; fourteen, \$2 each; two, \$1 50 each; nine, \$1 each. Besides these amounts, the scholars in the Chinese Sunday-schools

give, in sums ranging from fifty cents to six dollars each, the amount of \$112 50, which, added to the merchants' subscription (\$227 50), make \$440 subscribed by Chinese to our Mission Institute.

DECEITFULNESS.

PEOPLE sometimes entertain erroneous notions relative to the various mental functions, and think a particular faculty must necessarily be possessed for each manifestation of character. They ask us what organ gives judgment, or jealousy, envy, contempt, deceit, suspicion, arrogance, superciliousness, coquetry, etc. A single faculty, or propensity, gives impulse to action, but one, two, or a dozen other faculties or propensities will become involved in the action. It were as correct to ask for green paint or green dye as to ask for the organ of jealousy or coquetry. The painter or dyer would think the questioner green indeed to ask for green pigment or green dyestuff if, when he brought forward blue and yellow, of which green is composed, the ignorant interrogator thought himself imposed upon, until he should see a beautiful green as the result of mixing the blue and the yellow.

In like manner mental characteristics are composite,—are made up of different motives and dispositions. There are many different directions in which a single faculty can be used. Force can be used in selfish quarrels, or it can be employed in obedience to Conscientiousness and Benevolence in defending the weak, the truth, and virtue. Constructiveness is often diverted from its legitimate uses in obedience to the higher faculties, and employed in making infernal machines, burglars' tools, or in using them, or in counterfeiting and forgery. The mechanical talent of some men works their ruin; though that talent is but the instrument, not the instigator of the crime. We have a question before us, which was received from a reader, viz: "What organs are required to make a person deceitful?" In answer we remark, that although there are many causes of deceit, the faculty of Secretiveness is the agent or channel through which it must be manifested. The normal function of Secretiveness is to place a restraint upon the impulsive action of the other feelings until the judgment and moral sentiments shall have time to decide upon the propriety of their expression. Imagine for a moment a per-

son who should utter every thought and express every emotion as it might arise in the mind. His society would be intolerable. Some persons with large Language, feeble common sense, and small Secretiveness shock their friends, and even strangers, by their malapropos expressions—they "utter all their thoughts,"—and people learn to be silent in their presence, or to shun them altogether. A large development of Secretiveness gives its possessor a desire for concealment, to know something which others do not know, to keep thoughts and purposes secret, and to accomplish affairs before others know they are intended to be done. They like to cause surprises, to plan and conduct surprise parties, and to manage everything in a quiet and secret manner. The tattler is the abomination of such a person. He keeps a close mouth, and wonders that others will tell plans and reveal intended achievements.

Secretiveness works in combination with other faculties, and its impulses to act through the influence of other strong qualities, or its permission to act in consequence of guiding and restraining power being withdrawn through moral or intellectual weakness, leads to many and vain modes of deceit.

If Conscientiousness be deficient, there may be treachery, dishonesty, trickery, and falsehood connected with transactions. If large Approbateness be added, the person will be exceedingly sensitive on all topics relating to reputation, honor, public sentiment, and popularity, and be likely to falsify to screen the reputation, to make false explanations and excuses. If Acquisitiveness be predominant, the tricks of trade for the sake of profit may be the channel of deceit. If Mirthfulness be large, the deception will be connected with fun, amusing tricks, and subjects involving ridicule. If Acquisitiveness be large, thus making an earnest demand for money, and the person lack manly enterprise to earn his daily bread, he will practice underhanded measures to get money, perhaps pick pockets, get goods or money under false pretenses, engage in some thimble-rigging trick, or confidence game, or pass counterfeit money. With large Eventuality and Language and active Imagination great stories will be invented.

If the social element be strong and conscience weak, Secretiveness leads to false pretenses in affection; hence coquetry, flirtations, and seduc-

tions, or marrying for money without love are the results. A deceitful person will be found to have large Secretiveness, which is the motive force or central influence in deceptions of every kind; and generally also too little conscience to regulate, control, and keep it at its normal work, namely, a judicious adaptation of means to secure desired ends.

Oh, deem not they are blessed alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
For God, who pities man, hath shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny;
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men he goes to die.

For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

—Bryant.

WISDOM.

A WORD to the wise—Remain so.

MEASURE every man according to his own measure; i. e., do not expect or demand from him more than there is in him.

"THE best humor is that which contains most humanity, that which is flavored throughout with tenderness and kindness."—*Thackeray*.

WE may safely lay it down as a rule of life, that things of doubtful expediency are always best avoided. Let not your good be evil spoken of.

ENCOURAGE charity and brotherly love between rich and poor, between relatives or friends, and especially between enemies, or those who have been such.

"If the minds of men were laid open we should see but little difference between that of a wise man and that of the fool; there are infinite reveries and numberless extravagances passing through both."—*Addison*.

If you are a wise man you will treat the world very much as the moon treats it—show it only one side of yourself, seldom show too much of yourself at a time, and be calm, cool, and polished; but look at every side of the world.

"THOSE who think themselves high-spirited and will bear least, as they speak, are often even by that forced to bow most, or to burst under it;

while humility and meekness escape many a burden and many a blow, always keeping peace within, and often without, too."—*Leighton*.

THE man who never failed is a myth. Such a one never lived, and is never likely to. All success is a series of efforts in which, when closely viewed, are seen more or less failures. The mountain is to overshadow the hill, but the hill is a reality nevertheless. If you fall now and then, therefore, don't be discouraged, but press on.

"VANITY is rather a mark of humility than pride. Vain men delight in telling what honors have been done them, what great company they have kept, and the like; by which they plainly confess that these honors were more than their due, and such as their friends would not believe, if they had not been told; whereas, a man truly proud, thinks the honors below his merit, and scorns to boast."—*Swift*.

FOOD FOR MIRTH.

"MRS. GRIMES, lend me your tub?" "Can't do it,—all the hoops are off,—it's full of suds; besides, I never had one,—I washes in a barrel."

AN old, dilapidated bank note is going around with a piece of yellow paper pasted on the back of it, on which is written in a bold, free hand, "Go it, Bill,—I'll back you!"

"THE blessed man that preached for us last Sunday," said Mrs. Partington, "served the Lord for thirty years—first as a circus-rider, and as a locust-preacher, and last as an exhaustor."

Two shoemakers out in company were asked their profession. Says one, "I practice the healing art." "And I," said the other, "labor for the good of men's soles!"

"LIVE and Let Live" is the curious heading of a coffin-maker's advertisement in the *Androscoegin Herald*; and the *Kennebec Journal* has heard of one in the same business who speaks of his wares as "wooden overcoats!"

"I've lost my appetite," said a gigantic fellow, who was an excellent performer at the table, to a friend. "I hope," said a fellow-boarder, "no poor man has found it, for it would ruin him in a week."

A JOLLY fellow suggests the following: To make boarding-house hash, take a little of everything, a good deal of nothing, and throw in something; jam to a mux, cook over a koll fire, season with hair pins, and serve up on the jump.

"You haven't got such a thing as a pair of old trousers, have you?" "No, my man," said the merchant; "I don't keep my wardrobe in my counting-house." "Where do you live?" rejoined Pat, "and I'll call in the morning for the ould pair you've got on."

A RECIPE.—To take ink out of paper and stains out of silk, etc., mix well the following ingredi-

ents: one teaspoonful of burnt alum, quarter of an ounce salts of lemon, quarter of an ounce oxalic acid, in a bottle, with half a pint of spring water. Wet a piece of soft calico and apply it to the spots.—*Exchange*. Yes, doubtless it will take out ink, stains, and every other color.

TRIUMPHS OF GENIUS.—Everybody has heard of artistic "masterpieces." We have discovered some of late which are certainly worthy the immortality which has been attached to far less creditable productions. Their author is a person of such extreme modesty that he has refused us the use of his name, so that it is quite probable that it will not be transmitted to posterity. He once painted a dog so natural that the animal had the hydrophobia during the hot weather. Later, he painted the copy of a beer bottle with such skill that the cork flew out just as he was finishing it. And after he was married, he painted a picture of his first baby so lifelike that it cried, and his wife whipped it before she discovered her mistake.

A FISH STORY.

SITUATED in sight of the road of Life is the lake of Flattery. Fine fish are sometimes caught there. They are called Compliments; and all who have tasted them say they are nice eating. People are sailing on the lake and fishing in its waters at all times. They do not always catch fish, though. The time and labor of the angler are wasted by hankling up with great exertion some of the refuse which lies upon the bottom of this lake. In such cases the idle watchers near by indulge in hearty laughter, and mockingly encourage the embarrassed and unfortunate angler to try once more.

A certain man came to the borders of this lake one day to fish. He would not have been noticed only that he promised great performances. He hired a boat, and having rowed it a short distance from the land, threw in his line. He waited a long, long time for a bite, and was nearly ready to give up from weariness when he felt something at the end of his line. Filled with pride and joy he shouted to the crowd which was eagerly watching him, that he had caught a fish,—he was sure he had, and he was going to let it play with the line till he landed, because it felt so heavy. The crowd heartily cheered him as he rowed to them with his anticipated prize. Assistance was offered, and accepted. Then all pulled long and hard, and hauled in—an old tree, covered with mud and slime. What a merciless roar of derision arose from the crowd! The idea of an old water-logged tree playing with the line! Some spicy remarks were made concerning the kind of sauce to be eaten with this fish, so rare and delicate. The poor angler, confused and ashamed, hastened away from the bitter remarks of the unsympathizing crowd. He never again fished in the lake of Flattery for those nice fish called Compliments. He let others do it for him.

MORAL: Do not fish for compliments. You may not always catch what you desire. A. E. M.

SOCIETIES IN NEW YORK.

THE following Directory of some of the important Societies of New York will be useful to many of our readers:

AMERICAN ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Thomas Ewbank, Vice-President; A. J. Cotheal, Treasurer; H. T. Drowne, Librarian.

AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL AND STATISTICAL SOCIETY, Cooper Union.—C. P. Daly, Pres.; E. R. Strazlucky, Secretary.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE, Cooper Union.—Horace Greeley, Pres.; S. D. Tillman, Cor. Sec.; meetings first Thursday in each month; Annual Fair in September.

AMERICAN SOCIETY for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.—Broadway, corner East Fourth Street. Henry Bergh, Pres.; John B. Murray, Treas.

CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY.—19 East Fourth Street. W. A. Booth, Pres.; J. E. Williams, Treas.; Charles L. Brace, Sec.

NEWSBOYS' LODGING HOUSE.—49 Park Place. Chas. O. Connor, Supt.

GIRLS' LODGING HOUSES.—125 Bleecker Street. E. Trott, Supt. 211 West Eighteenth Street. J. Gourley, Supt. 709 East Eleventh Street; 327 Rivington Street, G. Calder, Supt.

COOPER UNION for the Advancement of Science and Art.—Eighth Street, corner Fourth Avenue. Peter Cooper, Pres.; A. S. Hewett, Sec.

FARMERS' CLUB of the American Institute, Cooper Union.—N. C. Ely, Chairman; J. W. Chambers, Sec. Meets every Tuesday.

LYCEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.—J. S. Newbury, Pres. Meets at 64 Madison Avenue.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—East Twenty-third Street, corner Fourth Av. H. P. Gray, Pres.; T. A. Richards, Sec.

NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY and Publication House.—173 William Street. Wm. E. Dodge, Pres.; J. N. Stearns, Supt.

NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY.—J. H. Choate, Pres.; L. P. Hubbard, Sec. 80 Wall Street.

NEW YORK ASSOCIATION for Improving the Condition of the Poor.—39 Bible House, Eighth Street and Fourth Av. James Brown, Pres.; Robert B. Minturn, Treas.; R. M. Hartley, Cor. Sec. and Agt.

NEW YORK GENEALOGICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—64 Madison Av. Henry Reed Stiles, Pres.

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—Second Av., corner East Eleventh Street. Thos. DeWitt, Pres.; Andrew Warner, Cor. Sec.; B. H. Field, Treas. Meetings first Tuesday in each month except July, August, and September.

NEW YORK TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.—Grand Street, corner Elm. Meets last Saturday evening of each month.

PRISON ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK.—3 Chambers Street and 38 Bible House. J. D. Wolfe, Pres.; Abm. Beal, Agent.

WOMAN'S AID SOCIETY.—Seventh Av., corner West Thirtieth Street. Mrs. Wm. Walker, Directress.; J. H. Mortimer, Treas.; R. H. Bourne, Chaplain.

WORKING WOMEN'S PROTECTIVE UNION.—38 Bleecker Street. John DeWolf, Pres.; Moses S. Beach, Treas.; Mrs. M. W. Ferrer, Supt.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—East Twenty-third Street, corner Fourth Av. Wm. E. Dodge, Jr., Pres.; R. R. McBurney, Sec. Terms of membership, annually, \$5. Life, \$100.

Our Mentorial Bureau.

[In this Department will be noticed such matters as are of interest to correspondents and to the general reader. Contributions for "What They Say" should be brief, pointed, and creamy, to secure publication.]

To Our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" ONLY will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify idle curiosity. One question only at a time, and that clearly stated, must be propounded, if a correspondent shall expect us to give him the benefit of its early consideration. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter, if a stamp be inclosed for the return postage.

MIND—SOUL—SPIRIT.—1. What is the distinction, if any, between mind, soul, and spirit?

Ans. In the last November number of the JOURNAL a similar question was answered, and the present questioner being then a reader should have seen it. One of the peculiar perplexities of editorial life is that the same questions are asked by different readers about four times a year, and each feels neglected if an answer does not appear in the next number. We copy our answer from November number: "The MIND is the intelligent power in man,—the power that perceives, conceives, judges, and reasons. The SOUL embraces all that is meant by mind, and also the sentiments and moral affections; in other words, those faculties which enable him to think and reason, and renders him a subject of moral government. Soul and spirit mean about the same thing."

2. Does the mind itself grow?

Ans. Of the essence or nature of mind itself we know nothing absolutely. We can judge it only by its acts or results. We do not know the nature of electricity or vital force—nor of mind. The mind depends for its manifestation during this life upon certain organs, such as the eye, the ear, tongue, nerve, brain, muscle, and in proportion to the perfection of the instruments can the mind manifest itself. Hence its facility of manifestation increases, and the apparent power of the mind grows with the growth of its agents, and correspondingly diminishes in power of manifestation as these decline. The mind itself can not be said to grow, but the channels through which it acts may be enlarged or diminished indefinitely.

3. What is your opinion of the origin and destiny of the spirit?

Ans. God—Immortality.

THE ORIGIN OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.

—Can you give one of your readers—and perhaps satisfy the wish of many others at the same time—a brief account of the origin of that dear old "standard sheet," the stars and stripes?

Ans. An act passed by the original thirteen States in Congress, assembled June 14th, 1777, enacts that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes alternate red and white, and that the Union be thirteen stars, white, in a blue field, and representing a new constellation." The combination of the two colors white and red was probably suggested by the red flag of the army and the white one of the navy, previously in use; and the form of the stripes, by the order of Washington, that officers of different grades should wear stripes of different colors. It is not known who suggested the stars to represent the Union, but the credit is given by some to John Adams, who was then chairman of the Board of War. It has been also stated that the coat of arms of the Washington family furnished the idea with reference to the stars and stripes. The shield in the coat of arms presents a white or silvery field traversed by two red bars, with three stars in the upper portion. The resolution of June 14th was announced to the public at large September 3d. At the surrender of Burgoyne, which occurred in the following October, the new flag streamed in the breeze, and graced that very memorable triumph of the infant republic.

AURORA BOREALIS—WHAT CAUSES IT?

—Many theories have been propounded by scientific men for generations to account for the display seen in the northern skies, commonly called "Northern lights." That which has gained general favor of late years is known as the electrical theory; this attributes the phenomena to a highly electric condition of the atmosphere. We have published short papers on the subject in the JOURNAL, but may allude to the matter again in such a way as to furnish some practical information.

As regards your second question, if you will give us your address, we will write you definitely. We have facilities for procuring musical instruments, and in fact nearly everything the market affords, at such moderate cost as could not fail to be acceptable.

THE DIGESTIVE SYSTEM.—J. M. J.—

To attempt a satisfactory answer to your numerous inquiries would take up more space than our entire JOURNAL furnishes; besides, in nearly every number we have something to say with reference to some matter related to the subject of digestion. As you desire pretty thorough information, why not procure some good work and read it carefully? Dalton's "Treatise on Physiology" is an elaborate work, finely illustrated, and will cost you, postage

paid, \$5 50. Two or three treatises of a popular nature have been published on the subject of digestion; one of them, entitled "Health by Good Living," by Dr. Hall, price \$1 50, may be adapted to your use. If you are desirous of obtaining a technical knowledge of the functions of digestion, the first book we have named is the best for your use. An excellent series of articles has been running through the JOURNAL on "Physical Education," which contains much valuable information bearing directly on the subject of digestion. It is intended to publish these articles in a collated form before long.

PORK AS FOOD, AGAIN.—We are opposed to pork as an article of food, not on account of the Biblical or old Mosaic condemnation so much as on account of its usual quality and constitution. The pork which is sold in the markets, especially in our largest cities, is more or less diseased. Swine fed for the market are usually kept in close confinement and over-fed, and the rapid accretion of carbonaceous matter resultant tends to reduce the health of the animals. The flesh of the wild hog is very different from that of the domestic, for in the wild state it has more of the character of bear meat or beef, and therefore is less objectionable. The liver of the pig is usually found in a diseased state.

Referring you to authorities, we think it is scarcely necessary to name more than one or two. The learned Dr. Adam Clarke once made a statement at a dinner-table in which roast pig was conspicuously exhibited, that "the animal which was cursed in the law could scarcely be blest in the gospel." In Trail's "Hydropathic Encyclopedia" we find a statement that the hog is converted into a mass of disease by the ordinary fattening process; that to a prevalent use of swine-flesh common observation has traced much of the scrofula, erysipelas, and many other eruptive diseases which afflict humanity.

The flesh of animals which subsist exclusively on vegetables is found to have a greater portion of nutritive matter suitable for the human stomach, according to chemical analysis, than the flesh of animals subsisting either entirely upon animal or mixed food, therefore the deduction is plain, that the vegetable-fed animals are the best for human economy.

HIP, HIP, HURRAH!—*Question:* Can not the editor of the JOURNAL furnish a subscriber with some account of the origin of that common expression of approval, uttered so often by enthusiastic crowds at public meetings, celebrations, etc.—Hip, hip, hurrah?

Ans. The origin of this expression has been variously ascribed. One account, which seems to us more probable than any other, is the following: During the stirring times of the Crusades, the chivalry of Europe were excited to arms in a great measure by the harangues of that singular character Peter the Hermit. While preaching up the Crusades, this furious bigot exhibited a banner on

which the letters H. E. P. were emblazoned. These letters were the initials of the words "*Hierosylina est perita*,"—Jerusalem is lost. In some of the districts which he visited, the people not understanding Latin read and pronounced the inscription as one word, Hep. In after-years the public sentiment of Europe became somewhat malignant in its consideration of the Hebrew race, a sentiment which of course owed its origin chiefly to the effect of the Crusade spirit, and the remembrance of the banner feature in the zealous hermit's peregrinations remained, and when an unfortunate Jew appeared in the streets, the old followers and supporters of Peter would raise the cry of "Hep, Hep, Hurrah!" and hunt the poor man even to death if he did not escape.

THE MISER.—Does Acquisitiveness in the miser govern the rest of the organs, or is his disposition the result of a combination of several organs?

Ans. When the character takes a strong direction in a given way, there will be found one or two leading faculties which give the bias, and others supplement these. In the miser it is Acquisitiveness and Secretiveness; in the poet it is Ideality; in the inventor it is Constructiveness; in the soldier or explorer it is often Self-Esteem and Approbativeness; in the minister it may be Veneration or Benevolence; in the mere warrior, Combativeness, Destructiveness, and Approbativeness.

PHYSIC.—What is the best and most harmless in the line of medicine as a cathartic—to carry off bile?

Ans. Aloes or rhubarb will do the work as well as anything, if one *must* take physic. We do not, however, believe it necessary to take physic. If one will avoid fatty matter and sugar, pastry and white flour bread, and eat liberally of tart fruit daily as a part of each meal, and make free use of coarse unbolted wheat-meal bread, he may "throw physic to the dogs."

UNLEAVENED BREAD.—Is unleavened bread healthful and easily digested?

Ans. There is a kind of unleavened bread, easily made, and very light, which is unsurpassed as a wholesome bread. Our ANNUAL for 1871, price 25 cents, will tell all about it and many other useful things.

CONFUSION OF MIND.—Your failure to explain your ideas, which appear clear when you commence, but become confused before you get through, may be owing to a want of harmony between your perceptive and reflective intellect; it may be owing to moderate Continuity and Individuality; it may be owing to a rush of blood to the head, causing confusion of thought under the excitement consequent upon your attempts at explanation. If you use tobacco and drink coffee, thus disturbing the normal action of the heart, it would be well for you to lay them aside, and you may alleviate the difficulty.

ASTROLOGY, FORTUNE-TELLING, CLAIRVOYANCE.—A. A. P. describes a blind person who exhibits "remarkable powers" in finding lost money, detecting thieves, and foretelling events. He desires to know if it will be safe for him to follow her advice, etc. And in answer, we may venture to advise that he exercise his own judgment, so far as he can, and then, if the course be not clear, to confer with any one he knows or believes to be sound and sensible. He may consult forty fortune-tellers, half a dozen physicians, several clergymen, and as many lawyers, each of whom might advise somewhat differently, though judging from the same premises. One of the best oracles which we can consult is not the astrologer, not the fortune-teller, not the blind clairvoyant, but one's own practical common sense, the school-master, the dictionary, and the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

SHAPE OF SKULLS.—The skulls of infants are capable of being compressed, as in the case of Flathead Indians; but in order to make any change in their form, the pressure must be almost constant, and long continued. In infancy the skull is elastic—has a form of its own; if bent, it will return—as the young tree bends before the breeze, but recoils as soon as the pressure is withdrawn. If a sapling be bent over and fastened in that position, it will become distorted and fixed by subsequent growth; so will the skull, and not without it.

MEMORY.—I can not remember names and dates, and am very often absent-minded. What organs are deficient, and how can I improve?

Ans. The memory of names depends on several faculties—Individuality, Language, and perhaps Tune and Form. Absence of mind may be caused by large Causality and moderate perceptive organs.

HOW CAN I DO IT?—I desire to attend your annual Class in Phrenology, and having more industry than money, I wish to know how large a list of subscribers to the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL will entitle me to a scholarship as a premium?

Ans. We have made up a very liberal schedule in this matter, which will bring the Class within the reach of any person having average industry, enterprise, and perseverance. Please send for circular, including terms and particulars.

WHERE TO SETTLE.—MR. EDITOR: Can you give me information of any place where two young men who have a small capital and are willing to work can establish a paying business? We have a knowledge of the mercantile business, as far as a country retail store can give. Our wish is to get established in a *growing, live* place. No objections to going West. Any information you can give will be thankfully received.

Ans. In general terms we may state the West is full of "live towns," through which new railroads pass. One can scarcely go wrong to settle in Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Minnesota, Nebraska, or even farther west—all the way to California; we could name such places as DuLuth, at the

head of Lake Superior, with the hundred other places on the route of the new railroad to Puget's Sound, on the Pacific. Indeed, it seems invidious to name any particular place when there are so many equally good.

What They Say.

WHAT I SAW AT "389."—MR. EDITOR—Sir: When I was a youngster, I sauntered along Broadway one day, with pockets filled with fresh-roasted peanuts. I was whistling "Pop goes the weasel," the chorus being delivered from my lips with all due force and beauty, when I chanced upon your skull emporium. The stratu suddenly died away, and I approached your place with a feeling of awe, and had the temerity to venture inside. What I saw I shall not forget. There was tier after tier of real skulls and no humbug. I gave the plaster heads only a moment's attention, for the genuine articles, the real human skulls, absorbed me most. There I found the greatest variety of them: skulls white, yellow, dingy, and dusty. I saw a number of people making purchases; what were they buying? I asked myself; skulls? The place to me seemed like some mausoleum; if I had been told that the rest of the skeletons were behind the skulls, I should not have doubted it.

I imagine one would not now promenade Broadway the second time without seeing that showcase, filled with skulls, in front of your door. What a handsome set of teeth there is in one of them! not one tooth is missing, nor is one filled. The owner must have passed away before we had to give occupation to a new lot of professional men, known as dentists. I do not infer that the black skull belonged to a black man. I suppose it is part of an Egyptian mummy. The face is rather pinched now; I was not at first altogether pleased with its expression; it was hard for me to determine whether it did or did not indicate character in the person who once animated it. I lately saw in your show-window two well-framed pictures to be given away to new subscribers for the JOURNAL, and * * * I wondered how you could afford to do this. Maybe you are able to sell things right along under cost price, like Paddy, who said that his "great number of sales" enabled him to do it. It struck me to ask you if there was much traffic in the article of skulls. Fancy a man wanting to know what you would take for this or that cranium, and you taking it up and expatiating on its beauties. There must be some business in them, or how would you be in possession of so many treasures of this kind? Is there much speculation in the article? and what is the market price? these are questions which concern us all.

I think of importing a London fog, and putting it into your place for a day. How novel things

would look there, then! with the gas burning with a dull, yellow flame; with all the brain-boxes surrounded by mist, so that one could not distinguish the shelves! Suppose a skull should topple over and fall, what would be the effect upon an imaginative mind? Forbid the boy from getting up on a ladder to dust the skulls on that day. I am sure he would desire company if he did go. Their former owners might question his right to knock their bones around carelessly on such an occasion.

Now, Mr. Editor, it would pay any one to look at your rooms, which contain a most remarkable collection of plaster-casts, pictures, skulls, etc., which must have been gathered at great expense, and which should interest both curiosity-seekers and students for hours. In the interest of friends I will tell them to have a word with the chief of the establishment, if they can get at him, and will tell them that as editors are the most pestered of men, to make their calls short. DUDLEY.

[We thank our polite correspondent for his graphic description, and print it for the entertainment of others.

In this connection, we may mention one object which we have much at heart. We wish to obtain casts from the heads of all the most noted characters of our country—good and bad—and place them in a fire-proof structure for general inspection and study. It will cost four or five hundred thousand dollars to erect a suitable building and procure the proper heads. In a thousand years from now, what a world of interest will be felt in the founders of our Republic! In our leading statesmen, philosophers, soldiers, inventors, authors, poets, and others! We have gathered many busts and skulls from all parts of the world, at a cost of much time and money; but it has been almost single-handed and alone. We now look for such aid from the rich and intelligent as this subject really merits. Who will place, say half a million at our disposal, to carry out this great national enterprise? Will not inventors, and others who are able to do so, donate to this collection a cast from their own heads? Reader, do you wish to take stock in this ethnological museum?]

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL has made the closing year the most successful in its history. It abounds in good, wholesome, and instructive pieces, suitable either for young people or adults. Its devotion to its specialty may commend it to some, while those who, with us, set no great value upon that feature, must confess that the subject is presented discreetly and not offensively.—*Christian Advocate*, N. Y.

GRATEFUL TESTIMONY.—J. G. S., of Cannonsburg, O., writes:

"I wish to tell you, with the multitude of subscribers in other places, that your JOURNAL is not sent out in vain, but that it is doing a good work. I, for instance, have reasons to bless the JOURNAL for what it has done for me while reading the

precious contents of its pages. At the time when I first handed in my name as a subscriber, about two years ago, the doctrines of the JOURNAL were dark to me, but since, by reading the earnest and the truthful words therein, I have been led to believe in the reality of its work, and I have been earnestly striving to spread the JOURNAL all over this neighborhood.

OUR JOURNAL IN ENGLAND.—The *Essex Standard* says that—

The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED is a new publication from America. Its "staple," as will no doubt be assumed, is the consideration of character from a phrenological and physiological point of view; and in the number before us short histories, embodying their phrenological development, are given of such men as Washington, "the first in the hearts of his countrymen," Father Hyacinthe, Edwin M. Stanton, etc. Besides these, the pages of the JOURNAL contain some tersely written chapters on a variety of subjects calculated to elevate the moral status of the thoughtful reader.

The Gloucester (England) *Mercury* says:

The conductors of this JOURNAL deserve credit for the manner in which they bring to the notice of the reader, men who have won prominence and success by dint of steady effort in some honest, common-place calling. Among these may be mentioned Victor M. Rice, late Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of New York, than whom, perhaps, no man in the State had shown more aptitude for the position of a general manager of schools. To add to the interest of these biographical sketches, the subjects are phrenologically analyzed, and their several capabilities clearly defined. Of the phrenological development of George Washington we learn "that all the organs of the crown and top-head were large and active. If any qualities were more conspicuous than others, they were Veneration, Firmness, Conscientiousness, and Spirituality. Self-Esteem and Approbativeness were about even in development. Concentrativeness was also active. The organs which give strength, thoroughness, boldness, prudence, and executiveness were strongly marked. His passions and propensities were subordinate to his moral sense, and the whole were under the direction of a well-balanced intellect." Father Hyacinthe has also undergone the ordeal of a phrenological and physiological examination, and his characteristics are evidently truthfully told. The JOURNAL is full of excellent reading and solid information, and it ought to be extensively read.

Literary Notices.

There is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books no less than in the faces of men, by which a skillful observer will know as well what to expect from the one as the other.—BUTLER.

THE VICTORY OF THE VANQUISHED. A Story of the First Century. By the Author of the "Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family," etc. 12mo; cloth. Price, \$1 75. New York: Dodd & Mead, Publishers.

Scarcely anything more need be said of this new and admirable book than that it comes from the pen of the author of the "Schonberg-Cotta Family," "The Draytons and the Davenants," and "Watchwords for the Warfare of Life." The pure morality and elevated literary tone which each volume of the seven so far published by this author breathes, leave no room for surprise that they have met such a cordial reception from the reading public "on both sides of the sea." They deserve the widest circulation and the warmest

consideration, for their perusal does good to both mind and heart. In "The Victory of the Vanquished" the scene is laid in Rome when at the height of her glory, and the element of romance introduced, while it does not dazzle, serves to irradiate the beautiful purport or sentiment of the story with an unusual attractiveness.

MORNING AND EVENING EXERCISES: Selected from the Published and Unpublished Writings of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Edited by Lyman Abbott, author of "Jesus of Nazareth," "Old Testament Shadows," etc. One vol., 12mo; pp. 560; cloth. Price, \$3. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Besides the Scriptures, which are read and re-read year after year, and which are so comforting to trustful spirits, most minds crave something besides. Here we have a series of selected Scriptural text, with appropriate remarks or comments relating to each, and all well calculated to leave a good impression on the mind. The book will prove a great comfort to all who read it.

GOLD AND NAME. By Marie Sophie Schwartz. Translated from the Swedish by Selma Borg and Marie Brown. One vol., octavo; pp. 210; cloth. Price, \$1 50. Paper \$1. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A story in which is shown the consequences of marrying for gold and for a name, rather than for love, friendship, sympathy, or a higher motive. It is the old story of regret, disappointment, and remorse. **MORAL**—Don't marry for money, nor for a name, nor for a home, but for love.

ZELL'S POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA and Universal Dictionary. Quarto. About forty pages each number. Price, 50 cents a number. Philadelphia: T. Elwood Zell.

We have received Nos. 48, 49, and 50 of this Encyclopedia, embracing subjects from Palmistry to Sanguinaria. No. 50 completes the work according to agreement; but it has *grown* so much as to require five parts more than was originally intended, which will be delivered gratis to those subscribers who have paid up in full.

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA. By L. Sourel. Translated and edited by Ellhu Rich, translator of Cazin's Popular Treatise on "The Phenomena and Laws of Heat." One vol., 12mo; pp. 402. Price, \$1 50. Charles Scribner & Co.

Here is real information, knowledge, science. The publishers have earned the thanks of American readers by bringing out this series of The Library of Wonders, so beautifully illustrated and so graphically written. —

ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG NATURALIST. By Lucian Blart. Edited and adapted by Parker Gilmore, author of "All Round the World," "Gun, Rod, and Saddle," "Accessible Field Sports," etc. With one hundred and seventeen illustrations. One vol., 12mo; pp. 401; cloth. Price, \$1 75. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Profusely illustrated, and made exceedingly attractive to the youthful student of natural history. This is the sort of book needed to dis-

place the flood of love-sick trash which inundates our story papers and our reading-rooms.

LIGHT AT EVENING TIME: a Book of Support and Comfort for the Aged. Edited by John Stanford Holme, D. D. One vol., octavo; pp. 332; cloth. Price, \$2 50. New York: Harper & Brothers.

It was a happy conception of the author in anticipating the wants, yea, the necessities, of the aged, and then furnishing them with such comforting words of encouragement. The book is clearly printed, with large type, on fine paper, and brought out in excellent taste. It is exactly suited to the wants of every aged person.

SUBURBAN SKETCHES. By W. D. Howells, author of "Venetian Life" and "Italian Journeys." One vol., 12mo; pp. 234; cloth. Price, \$1 75. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

A charming book to entertain and instruct. The author's style reminds one of Irving, and this is no slight praise. Here are the subjects or titles of papers contained in the present volume: Mrs. Johnson; Doorstep Acquaintance; A Pedestrian Tour; By Horse-Car to Boston; A Day's Pleasure; A Romance of Real Life; Scene; Jubilee Days; Flitting. We predict a brilliant future for this author. He is fortunate in his publishers.

THE ADVERTISER'S HAND-BOOK, comprising a Complete List of all Newspapers, Periodicals, and Magazines published in the United States and British Possessions, arranged by Counties, with the Population of Counties and Towns, Separate Lists of the Daily, Religious, and Agricultural Newspapers, and a History of the Newspaper Press. One vol., octavo; pp. 350. New York: S. M. Pettengill & Co.

No price is announced. The book *should* sell at about \$2. It is worth \$5 or more to those who advertise, for it brings the newspaper world—on this continent—within the compass of a hand-book.

THE CHILDREN'S WEEK: SEVEN STORIES FOR SEVEN DAYS. By Rossiter W. Raymond. Small 4to. Nine full-page illustrations by H. L. Stephens and Miss M. A. Hallock. Price, extra cloth, \$1 25; cloth, full gilt, \$2. J. B. Ford & Co., Publishers, New York.

Full of original ideas and fancies; very interesting; must have a popular run. It is exquisitely illustrated and beautifully published.

LOST IN THE FOG. By James DeMille, author of the "B. O. W. C.," "The Boys of Grand Pré School," etc. Illustrated. One vol., 12mo; pp. 316. Price, \$1 50. Lee & Shepard.

Instructive, entertaining, thrilling. Those who have been at sea in a fog, even in a well-equipped ship, may imagine how it would be with a coasting vessel driven out of its reckoning by a gale, and then lost in the fog. —

THE YELLOW MASK, THE STOLEN MASK, AND SISTER ROSE are three novels by Wilkie Collins, at 25 cents each. Octavo; pp. 65. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Too well known to need comment. The author belongs to the school of Dickens, Reade, Trollope,

HOW COULD HE ESCAPE? A Temperance Tale. By Mrs. Julia McNair Wright, author of "John and the Demijohn," "Jug or Not," "Priest and Nun," etc., etc. One vol., 12mo; pp. 324; muslin. Price, \$1 25. New York: National Temperance Society.

One of those "good books" which ought to be placed within easy reach of all young persons. It is shown that the devil never places so great a temptation in our way but what we may escape if we will.

THE TRAIL OF THE WAR. By Alexander Jones Shand, occasional Correspondent of the *London Times*. With illustrations. Octavo; pp. 85; pamphlet. Price, 35 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Up to the time when this was written, it was the best brief statement which has appeared of the causes and conduct of the present war.

SAM SHIRK: A Tale of the Woods of Maine. By George H. Devereux. One vol., 12mo; pp. 391; cloth. Price, \$1 75. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

A picture of real life drawn by a master's hand, and so set as to rivet the attention of the beholder. We commend "Sam Shirk" as one of the most original and graphic productions of the year.

THE TONE MASTERS. A Musical Series for Young People. By Charles Barnard, author of "Mozart and Mendelssohn," "Handel and Haydn," etc. Illustrated. Bach and Beethoven. One vol., 12mo; pp. 243; cloth. Price, \$1. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Another of those delightful little books which will do much toward calling out the music in the soul of the reader.

THE HORTICULTURIST—a journal of Rural Life, Literature, Art, and Taste—is edited and published by Henry T. Williams, one of our co-excursionists to California, whom we learned to value highly. His monthly is always opened by us with interest and read with satisfaction. It contains 400 large octavo pages a year, with many illustrations, and much needed information for whoever owns or tills a rod of ground. The price is \$2 50 a year. Address Mr. H. T. Williams, No. 5 Beekman Street, New York.

ARTHUR BROWN, the Young Captain. By Rev. Elijah Kellogg, author of "The Elm Island Stories." Illustrated. One vol., 12mo; pp. 288; cloth. Price, \$1 25. Lee & Shepard.

An exhilarating sea story, showing the effects of gratitude for kindness, and teaching the lesson of charity and unselfishness. A capital book for boys.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE and Floral Guide for 1871. Rochester, N. Y.

Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful! A hundred octavo pages, with more than twice as many exquisite wood engravings of all the richest flowers, and of vegetables drawn from life, and all this for 10 cents! It is richly worth a dollar. Reader, send to Rochester, N. Y., for Vick's Illustrated Catalogue, and thank us for calling your attention to it.

THE AMERICAN NATURALIST—a popular monthly magazine of natural history, illustrated; price \$4 a year, and published by Packard & Putnam, Salem, Mass.—is a scientific magazine which we can recommend, notwithstanding it presents views—sometimes—with which we do not coincide. For example, one of its editors or contributors not long ago opposed or attempted to ridicule Phrenology. That man has something yet to learn unless he has already "got his growth."

PUSS-CAT MEW and Other Stories, for My Children. By E. H. Knatchbull-Hugessen, M.P. One vol., 12mo; pp. 317; muslin. Price, \$1 25. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Children are always willing to listen to such stories as these. Most parents are supposed to have imagination enough to create or compose their own; but for such as are lacking this element, the present volume will prove useful.

GARSTANG GRANGE. A Novel. By T. Adolphus Trollope, author of "Gemina; a Tale of Love and Jealousy," etc. One vol., 12mo; pp. 397; cloth. Price, \$1 75; paper, \$1 50. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Another story. It is brought out in the same style as those of Dickens and other novelists published by this firm.

THE AMERICAN ENTOMOLOGIST AND BOTANIST. An Illustrated Magazine devoted to Practical and Popular Entomology and Botany. Monthly. Price \$2 a year. Edited by Chas. V. Riley, Esq., and Dr. George Vasey. Published by R. P. Studley & Co., St. Louis, Mo.

This is one of our most useful and interesting exchanges.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS.—This paper, published at Denver, Colorado, is the most influential in that newly developed and rapidly growing region. The *News* was established in 1859, immediately after the discovery of the then so-called Pike's Peak gold mines, and has ever since been the representative organ of what is now Colorado. We take pleasure in recommending it to those of our readers who desire to keep posted on Rocky Mountain affairs.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for January is one of the best numbers ever issued, and contains many illustrations, with hints that can be made beneficial to housekeepers and those who have charge of families. The price is \$3 a year, and we have facilities to club our PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL with it for \$5 25.

WATSON'S RAILROAD AND DISTANCE MAP of the United States and Canada is the most complete thing of the sort. It gives all the roads, names of stations, distances, etc. Indispensable to business men, shippers, etc. Price, mounted, \$3. Pocket edition, only \$2. Gaylord Watson, 16 Beekman Street, New York, publisher.

THE OLD FRANKLIN ALMANAC for 1871. Octavo; pp. 70; pamphlet. Price, 20 cents. Philadelphia: A. Winch.

It is a convenient thing to have in the house; worth twice or thrice its cost.

THE
PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL
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VOL. LII.—No. 3.]

[WHOLE No. 386.

March, 1871.



NOAH WEBSTER, THE EMINENT LEXICOGRAPHER.

WAS Noah Webster a *great* man? Perhaps not, in that sense which inclines the masses of men and women to idolize some prominent character of the day. But no reflective mind can contemplate the circumstances of his career, and the influence he still exerts on the civilization of America and Europe, without according him a well-earned eminence—a true greatness that will en-

dure. Socially, he was not distinguished above many other men of his day. Religiously, he made no great demonstrations, but lived a deeply virtuous life, and observed the customs which prevailed among the people with whom he lived and died. He was regarded as a temperate, industrious, and circumspect citizen. Intellectually, he was especially studious, having a philosophical cast of

mind. His memory and application were remarkable, and much cultivated. He economized time and means, making the most of both. There was no dissipation, no idling, no gambling, no "fast" habits in his category of characteristics. He availed himself of the best thoughts of the best minds; and by adding his own practical common-sense, and the deductions from his experience in school-teaching, supplied what was wanted to interest, call out, and develop the faculties of children.

This modest author laid a correct foundation, in philosophical principles, in accordance with a well-balanced mind. He had a well-formed head,—“a sound mind in a sound body,”—and “his works do follow him.”

Reader, here is encouragement for you. Have you one, two, or five talents? Use and make the most of it, or them; and though you may not live to enjoy all the fruits of your well-directed efforts, you will have the happy satisfaction of knowing that you tried to be useful, and to leave the world somewhat the better for having lived in it.

If the modest Noah Webster was not fully appreciated in his own lifetime, his posterity and the world are benefited by his services. He made the most of the talents with which he was blessed, and without vanity, pomp, or ceremony left his great reputation a heritage to a thankful kindred, nation, and race.

The name of the author of the most favorite dictionary of the English language extant may well be said to be “as familiar as household words” on our side of the Atlantic, for nearly every boy and girl in America when first sent to school has an introduction to the spelling-book prepared by this great lexicographer. Yet familiar as the mass of the people are with the name of Noah Webster, comparatively few have any knowledge of his life and the circumstances attending his extraordinary compilations in philology. There are very many who confound the lexicographer with the eminent statesman Daniel Webster, who was born

about twenty-seven years later, and who, we believe, claimed little or no relationship with the former. We remember reading an incident not long since, of an intelligent (?) countryman who boasted a copy of “Webster’s Dictionary.” He was requested by a neighbor to give the meaning of some word. The farmer had recourse to his dictionary, and fully satisfied the seeker for verbal knowledge, who in the plenitude of his satisfaction exclaimed, “A great man was that Webster! A very great man!” “Yes,” rejoined the other, “he was a great man; he could make words, and he could speak ’em, too, in Congress.”

We have assumed that a short sketch of Dr. Webster’s life, accompanied by the excellent portrait which appears on the first page, would be acceptable to our readers, and so have prepared the following, from the best authorities at hand.

Noah Webster was born in what is now known as West Hartford, Conn., October 16th, 1758. His father was a respectable farmer, and also a township magistrate, a descendant in the fourth generation of John Webster, one of the first settlers of Hartford, who at one time exercised the functions of a member of the colonial council from its earliest formation, and at a later period was Governor of Connecticut. His mother was also of illustrious family, being descended from William Bradford, the second Governor of the Plymouth Colony.

Young Webster was prepared for college under the instruction of the clergyman of the parish, and in 1774 entered Yale College. His studies there were somewhat interrupted by the unsettled state of the country which immediately preceded and followed the Declaration of Independence. Immediately upon the invasion of New England by Burgoyne in 1777, Webster volunteered in the “alarm list,” with which his father was connected as a captain, and in which his two brothers were also enrolled. On the termination of the campaign he returned to his studies in college, and was graduated in 1778, at the same time with Joel Barlow, Oliver Wolcott, Zephaniah Swift, Uriah Tracy, and others, who afterward became distinguished in state or national affairs.

He had chosen the law as his pursuit, but such was the general depression of all kinds of business, and so impoverished was the country by the continuance of the war, that he found it necessary to defer his intentions. It may be inferred that money itself was very scarce from the fact that on Webster’s return from college his father gave him an eight-dollar bill of the

Continental currency, which then was worth but half its face in coin, and told him that he must thereafter depend upon his own exertions for support. He resorted to school teaching, and during the summer of 1779 resided in Hartford. In the intervals afforded by his school duties he studied the manuals of law, and was admitted to practice in 1781. But as yet the young man found no encouraging prospect in the legal field, and he resumed school teaching, at Goshen, New York. Here he conceived that project which gave the direction to his whole subsequent life. This was the compilation of books for the instruction of youth. Having prepared an elementary treatise, he visited Philadelphia, and submitted it to Mr. Madison and others, who commended his work, and encouraged him in the carrying out of the plan which he presented for their consideration. Accordingly, in 1783, he published in Hartford his "First Part of a Grammatical Institute of the English Language." This was followed by the second and third parts in the course of the next two years. These works comprised a spelling-book, an English grammar, and a compilation for reading, and were the first books of the kind published by an American author in America. Their popularity became general, as they were introduced into nearly all the schools of the United States.

About the same time he undertook the publication of "Governor Winthrop's Journal," which was preserved only in manuscript, and risked more than all his property in the enterprise. The sale never fully reimbursed him for the expenses incurred.

Mr. Webster became interested in the political discussions of his State touching the measures of Congress, and in the winter of 1783-4 published a series of papers in the *Connecticut Courant* in vindication of the national policy, which would grant full pay to the army for five years beyond its term of service. These papers had so much influence on public sentiment that the election of 1774 returned a large majority to the Connecticut legislature of those who advocated the measure of Congress in this respect; and Governor Trumbull publicly thanked the young publicist for his opportune assistance in composing what had promised to result in open hostility to Congressional authority.

In 1785 he published a pamphlet entitled "Sketches of American Policy," in which he asserted, for the first time in the public press, the necessity of the preparation of a new Con-

stitution of the United States—a new system of government—"which should act, not on the States, but directly on individuals; and vest in Congress full power to carry its laws into effect." In the same year he made a journey to the Southern States to procure the enactment of a State copyright law, so that authors might be protected in their rights over their own publications. At a much later period, 1830, Mr. Webster passed the winter in Washington, endeavoring to secure a modification of the law affecting copyrights, for the better protection and encouragement of American literature.

In 1786 he delivered a course of lectures in the principal American cities on the English language, which were published in a volume in 1789 under the title of "Dissertations on the English Language." He became the principal of an academy in Philadelphia the following year; and when the labors of the Constitutional Convention were terminated, he wrote, by the request of one of the delegates, Mr. Fitzsimmons, a pamphlet entitled "Examination of the Leading Principles of the Federal Constitution." An attempt to establish a periodical in the city of New York, which he named the *American Magazine*, and published one year, resulted only in serious pecuniary loss. He then returned to Hartford, and again commenced the practice of law, with some encouragement. In the autumn of 1789 Mr. Webster married Miss Greenleaf, a young Boston lady of handsome person and fine mental culture. His friend Trumbull, well known as the author of "McFingal," wrote with reference to this event in a letter to Wolcott: "Webster has returned and brought with him a very pretty wife. I wish him success; but I doubt, in the present decay of business in our profession, whether his profits will enable him to keep up the style he sets out with. I fear he will breakfast upon Institutes, dine upon Dissertations, and go to bed supperless." The result, however, was more favorable than it appeared in the humorous anticipations of Trumbull, for Mr. Webster's business improved, and continued to improve, during his several years' residence in Hartford.

A crisis in public affairs, occasioned by General Washington's "Proclamation of Neutrality," in 1793, when the French revolution had inspired so much sympathetic feeling that it threatened to assume a condition of activity, induced Webster to withdraw from the law and remove with his family to New York and there commence the publication of a daily newspaper in the interest of peace. This paper was named *The Minerva*. To it he added soon

after a semi-weekly, called *The Herald*. These names were subsequently changed for those of the *Commercial Advertiser* and *New York Spectator*. He was sole editor of these journals, and, besides, contributed a series of able papers under the signature of "Curtius," in defense of Jay's treaty with Great Britain in 1795. The prevalence of the yellow fever about this time led him to make an extended investigation of its causes, and also of the history of pestilential diseases generally, the results of which he published in 1799, in two volumes, under the title of "A Brief History of Epidemics and Pestilential Diseases."

In 1798 Mr. Webster removed to New Haven and shortly afterward withdrew from his connection with the newspapers which he had established in New York. He now determined to give his attention to literary matters entirely. In 1802 he published a work on the rights of neutrals in time of war, and a compilation of "Historical Notices of the Origin and State of Banking Institutions and Insurance Offices." His literary inclinations, however, were chiefly in the direction of philology, and his subsequent investigations were devoted to the realization of the purpose which had become confirmed, to give to his countrymen a standard text book or compilation of their language. In 1806 he published a "Compendious Dictionary," compiled from existing works, but containing many words in common use omitted by them, and furnishing better definitions. His "Philosophical and Practical Grammar of the English Language" appeared in 1807. This was a highly original work, the result of many years of diligent investigation. The author's views may be gathered from the motto on the title-page, taken from Lord Bacon's Aphorisms—"Antisthenes being asked what learning was most necessary, replied, 'To unlearn that which is *naught*.'" He considered our English grammars as objectionable in one important respect, mainly, that of being too much conformed to those of the Latin and Greek languages in their nomenclature and classification. True philosophy, he maintained, requires us to arrange things and give them names according to their real nature. But our language is rude and irregular in comparison with those of the ancients. It can not be reduced to the same orderly system. The several parts of it can not be brought under the same names and classifications. We need, therefore, a nomenclature of our own in some important particulars. Thus the word *pronoun* properly denotes a *substitute* for a *noun*. But,

in many cases, words of this class are substitutes for clauses, or parts of sentences, and not for single nouns. There are also other words, not ordinarily ranged among pronouns, which act equally as substitutes—that is, perform the office of pronouns. Mr. Webster therefore proposed to lay aside the word *pronoun* and apply the term substitute to this whole class, as describing their true office. Other changes were proposed, of the same nature and for the same reasons. No one who examines the subject with attention can doubt the advantages of Mr. Webster's nomenclature in itself considered. It enabled him to give an analysis of sentences, and to explain constructions in a manner incomparably superior to that of the ordinary systems. His intimate acquaintance with the sources of our language prepared him to account, in the most satisfactory manner, for many puzzling forms of expression. Still, the prejudice against nomenclature is so great, that this work has been far less known than it ought to be. It contains much valuable matter found in no other work, and is believed to be the most truly philosophical grammar which we have of the English language.

The great work of his life, the "American Dictionary of the English Language," was commenced in the latter part of 1807. At the outset he had, as he himself states, no design of preparing an original work, but appreciating the need of a better compilation of words than the existing dictionaries furnished, he purposed to compile from them all, introducing the technical terms of science, and incorporating those features which were virile parts of the language. This labor in itself would have been enough to startle an ordinary *litterateur*. Webster, however, had proceeded no further than the second letter of the alphabet when he felt so seriously embarrassed for want of knowledge on the origin of words, there being no work within his reach which would give him the required information, that he laid aside the immediate task in hand, and spent ten years in an inquiry into the origin of our language, and its connection with the dialects of other countries. He examined in the course of his investigations the vocabularies of twenty of the principal languages of the world, and prepared a "Synopsis of Words in Twenty Languages," which still remains in manuscript. This important accomplishment furnished the assistance he needed, and in seven years more he had nearly completed the dictionary. From 1812 to 1823 Mr. Webster resided in Amherst, where his reduced expenses permitted him to prosecute

his work steadily. In June, 1824, he sailed to France, and spent two months in Paris, consulting rare works in the royal library. About nine months were then spent in England, eight at the University of Cambridge, where he had free access to the libraries, and where he finished the dictionary, and the remainder of the time was consumed in visiting some of principal cities of England. He returned home in June, 1825, and soon afterward perfected the arrangements for the publication of the work. The first edition of twenty-five hundred copies was issued in 1828, and this was followed by an edition of three thousand in England. In 1841, two years before the author's decease, a revised edition of three thousand copies was published in this country. Since his death, it has undergone two additional revisions, and the last has made it the most complete thesaurus of words and their derivations in the English language. The extent of its vocabulary is but one of its numerous excellences. Its excellency in all things pertaining to a lexicon seems to be generally confessed, and has given it a world-wide circulation. A computation, recently made in the *New York Tribune*, shows that about one hundred years of labor, by all parties, have been spent in the production of the latest revised edition; that it is probably the largest single volume ever published, containing six times as much matter as the Bible; that there are ten abridgments, in whose publication there is an annual consumption of about two hundred and fifty thousand tons of paper; and that some of these abridgments have had a circulation reaching seventy-five thousand. These statements show the high value of the work, as evinced in its appreciation by the public. It is estimated that a thousand persons receive their support from the manufacture and sale of the Webster dictionaries; and since the death of the author, more than a quarter of a million of dollars have been paid to his family as copyright upon his works.

Of the "Spelling-book," more than fifty millions of copies have been sold, and its present rate of production is about one million copies per annum. During the year succeeding the late war, one million five hundred and ninety-six thousand seven hundred and eight were sold. It would appear from these figures that upward of fifty millions of American children have received their elementary training in the science of language from this little manual. No other book besides the Bible, it is believed, has ever had so large a sale. Dr. Webster supported himself and his large

family during the twenty years he was engaged on his great dictionary on the income derived from his copyright of one cent or less on the speller.

In 1823 Yale College conferred on Webster the honorary title LL.D. (Doctor of Laws.) The latter years of his life were spent in lighter literary avocations, and the revision of some of his early works. The last performance was the revision of the appendix to his dictionary, which he finished only a few days before his death, which took place at New Haven, May 28th, 1843. Thus "his hand rested in its last labors on the volume which he had commenced thirty-six years before."

In person, Dr. Webster was tall and somewhat slender, remarkably erect through life, and even in advanced years walked with a firm, elastic step. During the afternoon of a day shortly before his death he walked between two and three miles.

No man had a greater aptitude for close study, and yet he was distinguished for his social disposition, affability, and politeness. He had remarkably elevated notions with respect to the proprieties of life; never in his most sportive or unguarded moments did any sentiment escape him which was coarse or vulgar. Method was one of the most conspicuous features of his exterior life. Everything over which he had control was subject to exact system. In his pecuniary transactions he was acknowledged by all to be not only just but liberal. It was a principle with him, for life, never to be in debt. In all his dealings and social intercourse he was remarkably direct, frank, and open, and whatever faults might be imputed to him, no one ever suspected him of double dealing, or thought him capable of a mean action.

It is said by his eminent biographer, Dr. Goodrich, that "soon after he graduated, being uncertain what business to attempt, or by what means he could obtain subsistence, he felt his mind greatly perplexed and almost overwhelmed with gloomy apprehension. In this state, as he afterward informed a friend, he read Johnson's 'Rambler,' with unusual interest; and in closing the last volume he made a firm resolution to pursue a course of virtue through life, and to perform every moral and social duty with scrupulous exactness."

Subsequent to 1808 he made the Scriptures his daily study. After the final completion of his dictionary, especially, they were always lying on his table, and he probably read them more than all other books. He felt from that

time that the labors of his life were ended, and that little else remained but to prepare for death. With a grateful sense of past mercies, a cheering consciousness of present support, and an animating hope of future blessedness, he waited with patience until his appointed change should come.

PHRENOLOGY NO "HUMBUG."

BY REV. J. D. HARTLEY.

FIVE years of close study and extensive observation have demonstrated to my mind most clearly that Phrenology is not only a *true* but as *exact* a science as any of the generally received physical sciences. It is not established by theories, but by facts. One fact it regards as worth a thousand theories. It is based upon the broad and immutable principles of nature, truth, and reason. And in these respects it differs from every other system of mental philosophy.

My only wonder is that it was not proclaimed to the world sooner. But knowledge is a growth. It begins in the minds of the uncultivated. It continues growing and developing till its brighter forms are called science. Thus the science of numbers seems to have originated from the art of counting; geometry, from land measuring; astronomy, from the simple act of grouping the stars into different forms by the shepherds of old; while the very common facts of combustion, fermentation, and decay have developed slowly into the useful science of chemistry. And Phrenology is not an exception. From the observations made by Dr. Gall in 1785 has grown and developed the beautiful science of Phrenology, which is only waiting to be still further embraced by the masses in order to show forth to the world its practical utility. Phrenology had an existence in the human brain and was no new thing five thousand years ago; but it required fifty centuries for the birth of Dr. Gall, through whom Phrenology was developed and proclaimed to the world. When Phrenology was proclaimed to the world for the first time, it was ridiculed beyond measure; but what science has not met with the same fate on its introduction to the people at large? And every new science that may awaken from its slumbers and come forth in the future must meet with the same fate, so long as the present state of ignorance continues to exist.

Galileo was a martyr to the science of astronomy. The ignorant monks actually refused to

look through his telescope lest they should see and believe. The public were slow to accept the great discovery of the electric telegraph by Prof. Morse, which is now an indispensable part of our every-day civilization. Harvey demonstrated the circulation of the blood, and lost his practice for his pains. The man that cut the first type with his penknife out of wood, and exhibited the first printed page to the startled public, was nearly hung for being in league with the devil. Jenner was compelled to flee from his indignant countrymen because he was successful in controlling the small-pox. Gangs of men, grinning their incredulity, greeted Fulton with derision as he started his first steamboat from New York, and sneeringly said "It's a humbug." But notwithstanding all obstacles, science has triumphantly prevailed, and must continue to prevail. Phrenology, like every other science, has its opponents, who have been thus far kicking against the pricks to no purpose. Having passed through the age of ridicule, it now requires the objector to employ reason and common sense in order to meet its claims if at all. I think it is pretty well understood by our opponents that in order to meet Phrenology with any degree of success, new weapons which are sharper than a two-edged sword must be used if they can be.

But how many of our opponents are too ready to weigh us in a false balance, which is an abomination in the sight of God. The majority of those who object to Phrenology *don't* understand us to mean "bumpology," but Phrenology based upon anatomy and physiology, and are usually found to be almost wholly ignorant of the subject to which they object. I do not suppose that one out of a hundred ever read and studied carefully fifty pages of a phrenological work in all his life, and very many even in their own estimation do not possess the best phrenological character. Such as the latter hate the light because their deeds are evil; but truth is mighty and *will* prevail. Phrenology will continue to grow in favor as the age advances in intelligence. It is destined to be of great value to all; but especially to the scholar, the teacher, and the divine it is of invaluable worth. It leads us back to the beginning of all science. It throws light on the arts, manners, customs, religion, and history of ancient nations. It calls into its service language, astronomy, geometry, and sound reasoning. It explores the fields of natural, intellectual, and moral philosophy. It leads us to investigate the wonderful construction

of our own bodies in the science of anatomy and physiology; and in a word, it takes in the whole circle of human knowledge. It will in time overthrow the weak structures of time-crusted errors, and rear in their stead a philosophy as much higher as the heavens are above the earth,—as beautiful as the starry heavens, and as solid and enduring as the throne of the Eternal.

SLANDERING THE WEATHER.—Very many diseases are laid at the door of “the weather.” It is the want of weather which brings multitudes in our larger cities to an untimely grave. “The weather” refers to the state of the outdoor air: it may be cold or hot, wet or dry, serene or stormy, but it is all weather, pro-

vided it is out of doors. Our wits are stimulated in winter to keep “the weather” out of doors; and we eat, and sleep, and lounge in an atmosphere of sixty, seventy, and eighty degrees, and that atmosphere loaded with impurities of human exhalations, coal-gas, furnace heat, and kitchen effluvia. It is not wonderful that, breathing all these from morning until night, with but short intervals of an hour or two, now and then, during all the weary months of winter, that our children pale and pine away, and by the coming of spring-time have so little vitality, that croup, scarlet fever, or other affections sweep multitudes into an untimely grave. The best health invigorator suitable for all classes and conditions is two hours of “weather” daily, rain or shine.

WHAT CAN I DO BEST?—CHOOSING A PURSUIT.

THE PHRENOLOGIST.

THE phrenologist, like the minister, the physician, and the lawyer, should be perfect; but as perfect men are exceedingly scarce, and as the world must be served by somebody in the different capacities of ministration, its servants must needs be taken from among imperfect material.

The ideal phrenologist should have a large, fine-grained, healthy, energetic, and enduring body, so that every function and force in his entire make-up would be as perfect as Creative Wisdom could make it. If such a person existed on earth, he would have no complete companionship; would find nobody who would be his peer.

We have sometimes imagined a man organized and endowed in all the faculties so as to rank in every respect with the ablest who have ever made talent and genius illustrious,—with the body of an Adonis for beauty, vigor, and elasticity; with the courage and energy of a Cæsar; with the philosophical talent of Bacon, the wit of Cervantes, the mechanical talent of Watt, the imagination of Milton, the poetic fancy of Shakspeare, the benevolence of Howard, the religious reverence of Fenelon, the patience and fortitude of Job, and the friendly fidelity of a Ruth or a Damon. Such a man thus wise in all human capability, and endowed with the highest pattern of virtue, and the most abiding and tender affection, would be able to

perform any duty, to accomplish any purpose, and achieve any result possible to human nature. Common men, if they could at some fortunate moment appreciate his capacity and worth, would incline to worship him, for we think he would be higher and better than some men are able to conceive God to be.

With this exposition it will be better understood that in describing what is requisite for the different trades and professions there always springs up this thought, that to do anything *well* it is desirable that the doer have every power and faculty in its highest and best conditions.

There is many a good user of tools with great skill in manipulation, and if in addition he had the highest order of inventive and philosophical talent and excellent artistic taste, he would be all the better qualified even for a blacksmith or boot-maker. He might not with such endowments be willing to follow those pursuits, but while he did follow them, he would do a better job than if he had only the practical talent necessary to do the work. Michael Angelo, one of the first artists and architects the world has known, was all the better constructor for the possession of those supereminent talents. On the same principle the highest culture in mathematics is no detriment, but rather a help to the use of the rules of arithmetic.

Dwarfed, warped, and imperfect specimens of humanity, which sometimes we think almost slander the wisdom of the Creator, have become such through manifold weakness, wickedness, and misfortune: verily "the fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." Men insist on their right to live as they please. They use tobacco, and their children often lack brain and brawn in consequence; they have poisoned their system with alcoholic liquors, or perverted their stomach and liver by high living, and their children are born with dyspepsia, consumption, or gout, or the tendencies thereto,—hence we find men very imperfect; and if we would have ministers, magistrates, physicians, editors, teachers, and phrenologists, we have to select our candidates from among a race more or less demoralized by thousands of years of ignorance and vice. We should, however, select, so far as we may, for these teachers and leaders of mankind those who are the least imperfect, those best endowed and best behaved; and as mankind must be served by those who are imperfect, it is a matter of vital consequence that as good specimens shall be selected as may be found, that their special topic of instruction may be brought within the scope and easy comprehension of practical thought.

We say, first, the phrenologist should have a good body; there should be strength, vigor, and health. Dyspeptics, or those who are nervous, angular, and erratic, have just as good a right to practice Phrenology as others with similar defects have to preach the gospel, practice law, treat the sick, or build houses. But the cure of souls and of bodies, the administration of justice, the construction of dwellings, and the practice of Phrenology are sometimes so badly done that the parties in interest must suffer more or less; therefore we claim that, if possible, there should be a good, sound, hearty, healthy body, so that the ministrations or labors may at least be normal. The temperaments which represent the bodily conditions should be such that the man would be active and energetic; his thoughts clear, earnest, and at the same time cool enough not to be warped and perverted.

The phrenologist should have a good-sized brain, so that he may have mental comprehensiveness and momentum, and at least be

the equal of the average man in the community; and every organ of his mental composition should be in fair development, so that he may appreciate every mental power in human nature, and be able to describe it successfully. If the phrenologist have a badly balanced head, his examinations will always be so toned and warped by his own peculiarities as to do more or less injustice to nearly every person who comes under his hands. If he have extra Cautiousness, there will always be hesitation, reserve, guardedness, and timidity in his descriptions, and his advice to the anxious and fearful will be anything but encouraging. If in conjunction with large Caution he have small Combativeness, he will never talk to his subject as Nathan did to David, looking him sternly in the eye and saying, "Thou art the man!" The consequence will be that his patron will not be fairly and firmly dealt with. If the phrenologist have extra large Approbativeness, he will be inclined to say pleasant things to his subject, perhaps flatter; will smooth over the rough points, and magnify the favorable qualities. If he have extra large Benevolence, he will take too favorable a view of his subject; will excuse or palliate errors and defects. If his Secretiveness be too large, he will lack directness of expression; there will be so much policy in all he does as to make him non-committal. If his Amativeness be too large, it will give to his life and professional practice a tendency to sensuality; he will incline to speak of vices arising from the abuse of this feeling in a way that shall debase and pervert those who come in contact with him. If the examiner have excessive Ideality, Spirituality, and Hope, he will incline to paint the picture too brightly, and encourage young men falsely, and thus lure them into rash speculations. On the other hand, if he be weak in Secretiveness, he will be blunt, abrupt, speak too much, and lack that polish and judiciousness of expression which is essential to an harmonious character. Besides, a phrenologist, especially twenty years ago, needed Secretiveness enough to be always suspicious; for nearly every community would make an attempt to deceive him by dressing up the weak and the wicked in the garb of respectability to be examined and described publicly, or by taking their

best citizens into prisons and poorhouses to be examined as if they were culprits or paupers. A full degree of Secretiveness would lead the practical phrenologist to be suspicious of all such tricks, and teach him not to be deceived by appearances and external circumstances, but to fall back upon his science, regardless alike of applause or frowns from an audience.

If he lack Conscientiousness, he will not be able to appreciate the higher and nobler elements of truth and justice, and he will be always making mistakes, especially in treating those who are better endowed in this respect than himself. Being mostly governed by other qualities, he will know but little about abstract virtue and justice, and not be likely to give anybody credit for those qualities; if he be lacking in his philosophical faculties,—if his reasoning organs be weak, he will never be able to measure men or describe those who have those qualities strongly marked, but will be flat, vapid, and shallow in his descriptions of those of superior talent. With lack of Combativeness and Destructiveness, he will be too gentle and tender, fearful of hurting one's feelings; and even though he may know what he ought to say, he will lack the manly power to say it so as to make it serviceable to the subject or honorable to the truth of science. The phrenologist should be amply developed in the social organs, not only that he may win friends by proper appeals to the social nature in others, but because in his examinations so much needs to be said relative to social life, and he should be qualified by strong social feeling to say it effectively. He should have rather large Self-Esteem and Firmness, to give him self-reliance and dignity that his word may be as law to his patrons—also that his character may be manly, steadfast, and honorable. He should have at least a full share of Acquisitiveness to prize his services, and to secure from his labors adequate compensation, and also to appreciate the law of economics, that his advice as to business may be useful to his patrons. He should have only medium Alimentiveness, that he may not only keep his system in right relations to health and effort, but be an example of temperance to all. A drinking, smoking phrenologist should be regarded as an abomination, and

utterly repudiated. He should have a good memory to retain knowledge, and large Language to express himself handsomely, and large Ideality to give a poetic and eloquent spirit as well as a polished style and manner. A phrenologist should be a man of talent and a gentleman. The phrenologist needs to have enough of each faculty to feel at home in lecturing upon it, or describing its action in the subjects under his hands; besides, the phrenologist ought to know something about life besides that which he gets from books.

We have often thought that labor on a farm for years in early life was almost indispensable to sound and comprehensive judgment, and that the experience and knowledge there gained would be highly serviceable to a man in any department of life. For a person to know how everything that he eats appears as it is growing, for him to know the history of whatever he eats, drinks, and wears, is no mean acquisition. The phrenologist is all the better for understanding something of every trade and avocation by which men get a living; then if persons be brought to him who are seeking to know what avocations they are best adapted to, the phrenologist will be able to direct each man to the right place. The muscular developments, the strength, the style of temperament, and the aptitude for particular pursuits must all be estimated; and the more the phrenologist knows by experience or observation of the duties, privations, peculiarities, and requirements of all kinds of business, the more readily will he be able to assign to each person the peculiar avocation, all things considered, best adapted to him. One reason why men who start in humble life, and have to work their way up to position and influence through hardship and difficulties, are so effective, and able to meet men where they live, and on their own ground, and in their own peculiar trials and circumstances, is explained by the fact that they have learned skill by practice and self-reliance by necessity. One reared in the lap of luxury, one who has conversed with well-to-do, happy people only, may preach an able sermon or sound theology; but one of those pioneer Methodists, raised on a farm, knowing what poverty and privation mean, can go among the poor and preach a gospel that the poor will under-

stand. But one or two of the twelve disciples were learned and polished; the others were common men, having very little learning and no worldly position, with all the weaknesses, frailties, and temptations which belong to the lower relations of life; and they were adapted to go out and "preach the gospel to every creature."

The phrenologist, like the minister, then, is all the better for having an intimate acquaintance with common industries and common life, as well as with books and with the learned and noble, and he who has the breadth to comprehend, and the wisdom to apply knowledge thus gained, can best succeed in the duties of his profession.

The practice of Phrenology, more than any other pursuit, tends to the cultivation of the different faculties and dispositions of the mind. For when one lectures upon the organs, and explains a faculty or propensity, he is of necessity brought into sympathy with the subject, with the spirit of each faculty he talks about; and when one applies the science in examinations, in order to describe each organ successfully, he must of necessity have an active sympathy with that which he describes; consequently each of his faculties, while describing the corresponding one in his subject, must be wrought up into a greater or less degree of intensity. Thus the brain of the practical phrenologist, if he have a good body to support it, will grow in size, and his

faculties will retain their elasticity and increase their power. We know of nothing better to call strength to weak faculties and modify and regulate strong ones than the practice of Phrenology, especially if it be done in a conscientious and upright spirit.

The phrenologist ought to have not only strong moral qualities, but the spiritual elements should be amply developed and cultivated. There is no motive which can be brought to bear upon human nature, which exercises a more elevating and invigorating influence upon it, than those which relate to the spiritual and immortal. We pity the phrenologist who is an atheist, who regards himself as a mere machine related simply to this life, without any relationship to or hope for the higher or better life.

As the moral and spiritual faculties are the highest of all, the phrenologist should be largely endowed in the tophead, and have a profoundly religious spirit, so that he may instruct men to lead a nobler life by proper appeals to their moral nature. Few ministers of religion have a chance to guide, instruct, and impress men so extendedly and thoroughly as the phrenologist. He lectures to large congregations, often six times a week; but in his numerous professional examinations he has an opportunity to impress truth upon the individual which is unequalled; because by its individual directness it is almost certain to be ineffaceable.

KNOWING; OR, MAN AND THE WORLD.

HOW WE SHALL KNOW MORE.

BY A. P. SPRAGUE.

WITH our present means of knowledge we may expect to know more by an increase of personal activity. And without any change in our capacity for knowing, without any additional organs to open new classes of sensations and new qualities in objects, without any increase in the susceptibility of the organs we now possess, so as to reveal materials of intelligence too subtile and attenuated for our present cognizance, we may expect to know a great deal more with the lapse of time. The organism will be assisted by new and more accurate appliances and instruments, and the object will be modified

more extensively and radically; while new modes of representation will continually be discovered. The probable duration of the scientific period, which (as it is the last period in the life of the race) is now coextensive with the existence of the world in its present state, is a grand incentive to the further accumulation of science and the aggregated development of art. The scientific period in the life of the individual occupies at least one half of his whole life when he lives the designated period of "threescore years and ten." And by analogy we are to infer that the scientific period in the life of the race

will be as long as both of the other two periods combined. We have but just entered upon this last period in the world's history, and if the poetic and dependent period continued four thousand years, and the philosophic period about sixteen hundred years, we may conclude that the present period will continue about five thousand years longer. During this coming time wonderful achievements must be made in every department of knowledge; and at the end of time the accumulated science of ages will have attained such magnitude as to defy all present conjecture or calculation. The fact that such astounding discoveries have been made in the very beginning of this last period of knowing is a reason for lavish anticipations of transcendent knowledge and power. What a future is before man! Civilization quivers with expectation of what it shall yet become; while science is elated with its magnificent prospects. Such is the possibility of enhanced intelligence while man's nature remains the same as now. But he is not always to dwell on earth, nor is he always to have such limited capacities for knowing as now; and it will not be amiss to consider some of the conditions of increased knowledge in another life. The principal obstacles to be overcome in the enlargement of knowledge are space, time, and finitude of powers. If the muniments of intelligence could be transmitted through immeasurable space without diminution in a time inconceivably short, and being received by organs of illimitable capacity could come at last to a mind capable of comprehending it all, knowledge would be complete. Space would be annihilated, time would be a name, and finitude no longer a bar upon intelligence. But it is easy to see that this is the sum and substance of omniscience, an attribute of Deity; so that we shall not attain this expansion for countless cycles, if ever. But time, space, and capacity being the conditions of knowledge, we will take them into account while investigating how we shall know more. If we were capable of changing our standpoint instantaneously, or with great suddenness and to great distances, facts would be revealed to us more rapidly; for position is as essential to knowledge as capacity, opportunity is as necessary as ability, and the one is the complement of

the other; neither is unnecessary, and they are co-assistants and co-supporters of knowing—inseparably connected during the process. If one is increased without the other, the result is an augmentation of knowledge in arithmetical ratio; if both are increased simultaneously, the result is the augmentation of knowledge in geometrical ratio. With the increase of the power of locomotion, capacity remaining the same, we might be able to sweep through space and occupy different positions for observation. By an increase of capacity, standpoint remaining the same, great results would follow. Could we have eyes so precisely and keenly perceptive that we could see the reflection of the light evolved while the world was forming, turned back to us by the mirror constituted by the background of the universe, we would then behold the process of creation without being present at the time. The immense distance which the beams of light evolved in the formation of our earth would travel in order to reach the mammoth reflector at the farthest bounds of creation, and the distance equally immeasurable which those rays would traverse on their reflected path, would render the time of the passage very long. Light is a swift traveler; but even light requires time in its transmission. And our earth may yet be in a position to receive the reflected light of those glowing fires through which she once did pass under the operation of creating agencies. Will we have keenness of vision to perceive those diminished beams lessened and disturbed by their passage through so many different media? Some of those delicately attenuated and feeble lines of light are doubtless coming to us at this present; but it is not for us to cognize them—we are impotent, nor have we lived long enough to know so much as this would reveal. The awful heat of the formation of the spheres reflected and concentrated (as well as transmitted) by this delicate mirror placed at the outer concave of the universe, does not affect our bodies perceptibly—at least so as to be distinguished from the other warming influences—so much has it lost on its inconceivable journey and return. We think that no sounds appreciable at any great distance went voyaging over this ocean of space when the last shock of creating forces was felt and

the universe was complete. There was no medium for the transmission of sound; it could not get through the limitless void (or what we suppose to be a void) without a vessel and a wave to bear it onward. No medium with which we are acquainted was there for its transmission; and if there were at any time during the creating process a medium, the deepest vibrations of crashing masses and exploding gases might soon have been neutralized by other sound-waves and reduced to zero, such are the laws of sound and the rapid rate of its diminution.

But neither a change of standpoint nor an increase of the powers of sensation alone would be so available as the combined increase of capacity and opportunity. In such a case, with different organs, with different bodies, against which material influences could not prevail so as to prevent change of place, clothed in habiliments like the light, we might defy gravity, climb the heavens, and make the planets a resting-place; we might tread the "solar walk" or "milky way;" we might sweep past stars and suns and traverse the unknown realms beyond our present limited range of vision when assisted by the most powerful telescope. What wonders would we then behold, and how would our souls enlarge with the definite and complex knowledge obtained by close observation of the borders of immensity! Space would then be overcome; and the freedom of angels would be ours. Or we might remain upon the earth, where we could penetrate all places by avenues before inaccessible. That which was transparent only might become susceptible of the transmission of our flexible and subtle bodies; and even opaque bodies might not resist our passage through their pores. Then our organs would give us sensations never before received, thus putting us in possession of perceptions of additional qualities of things, adding to the accumulations of knowledge, and bringing us nearer the absolute comprehension of the operation of forces. That we shall realize something like this state of existence, and more than this in the great hereafter, is not doubtful. By means of an organism more sensitive in this life, we would be able to see whether those spirits to which poets refer as walking our earth, and those beings with which the

ancients used to people hill, valley, and mountain, ocean, river, and fountain, are or were really existent. But if the dead do really come back to us,—if they watch over us and guard us as we are told the angels do, it is not consistent that they should concentrate and sensualize their bodies so as to appear to our obtuse senses, or so as to perform upon instruments of music, move tables and chairs, and produce noises. If these things are done at all, they must be done by some other agency than the departed; and we must attribute the phenomena to other and worse sources. Our organism is not now delicate enough to perceive anything that these spirit-clothed bodies may be or do while among us,—if indeed they come among us. Besides, there is not so much difference in the capacity of the living that a few can and do perceive these phenomena, while the many do not; nor is there so much difference in the desires and capabilities of those who have gone from us that two or three will and can appear to their friends and hold converse with them, while the countless millions that dwell in the shadowy land do not so.

As we have seen, our science is limited, not because of any perversion of our faculties, and not from any radical defect in the methods of investigation. It is not a different kind of knowledge that we want,—we want more of the same kind, more of the normal perceptions of the intellect through the organism it now possesses or shall possess.

We know correctly as far as we do know. It is incapacity, and not error, that we have to deal with most. This being the case, we have only to have the capacity of the organs and the changeability of the locality of the body increased and the comprehensiveness of the intellect augmented (which will follow), and we shall be put into possession of just such facts as we are most desirous of knowing. There is, then, no physical need as well as no moral need of a revelation. To enhance the power and the keenness of the organism, or to furnish the soul with another body altogether, is not revelation,—it is a transcendent and perfected mode of increasing knowledge, not different in kind from the scientific modes which men originate themselves. It is not properly revelation. Revelation is the manifestation of truth

through sources supernatural—unnatural to the condition of the knowing subject at the precise time of the manifestation. Revealed truth comes to the mind without making use of its appropriate and usual methods of knowing. The object reveals itself—it is not sought out—it is not prosecuted to a crisis—it is not followed to the end. It breaks upon us from a passage we never visited; it rolls down upon us from heights we never ascended; it is belched up to us from depths we never explored; it is told to us by some personage unlike ourselves and occupying a superior standpoint; it is reached down to us from a being with its head above the clouds and its feet on the earth, and the middle, of which we have no perception, being enveloped in thick vapor and impenetrable mist. But science pursues, follows the object to its hiding-place, wrestles with it, toils with it, overcomes it. It is constantly lifting the veil of truth, however unceremoniously and rudely, to catch a glimpse of her lovely features. It delves, it flies, it digs down, it pushes upward, it combines, it separates, it kindles, it extinguishes, it explores, it investigates while the object is endeavoring by decoys to allure onward, and by deceptions to escape perfect discovery. Oh, ever-fascinating Truth! why do you so invite pursuit and elude your pursuers? Why do you so incessantly make partial advances, but never allow yourself to be won? Why do you dread disclosure? Why not give yourself—your beautiful self—wholly to man who loves you so well?

With all these varied and grand possibilities before the soul, how should it struggle for the mastery in every condition of its life, in the midst of every environment of its existence. It is only by making the best use of all the means of knowledge within our control that the mind grows and becomes capacious enough to receive the impressions of the world of sense. It is only by the incessant action of the intellect that it expands and becomes able to comprehend in its length, breadth, and depth truth of any character. The preservation of the faculty of perception, both external and internal, is inevitable in all future conditions of the soul. The moral nature is undoubtedly the immortal element in man; but that diffuses itself through every

department of mind, rendering every faculty immortal.

This is so from the unity of the soul and the inseparability of all the different kinds of mental action. The very idea of future reward and punishment carries with it and contains within itself the idea of the perpetual conservation of all mental forces now existent. The nature of a reward is such that it must be perceived before it is appreciated; and the full appreciation of the blessed state of the world to come will involve memory and reminiscence of the previous condition of the soul, and it will involve also feeling and imagination by which the pleasure of the happy individual will be augmented from sources self-originated. The nature of punishment is such as to involve necessarily the same exercise of the mind. That our personality will be forever continued, we regard as true; more, we regard this individuality to be indestructible. That being the case, the habiliments of that personality must be of a nature somewhat different from itself. Heaven will not be a realm for the indwelling of naked souls that can touch each other and communicate by actual contact. This will necessitate organs, or what corresponds to our bodily organism, through which we shall cognize the true beauties of heaven and feel its true pleasures. Whether these bodies will be spiritual or of material substance finely attenuated, or of both of these a pliant compound susceptible of endless transformation at the control of the will, is not for us to inquire. It is sufficient that we shall know and know more by far than we know now, and continue to know more forever.

It is not difficult for us to comprehend the general mode of the increase of capacity and knowledge, but we have no means of obtaining exactitude in the details, if that were desirable. And "we shall know each other there" in that bright realm, because of this preservation of every faculty of the soul; the recognition will be overwhelmingly complete on account of the large increase in our capacity for knowing, notwithstanding the change in our bodies.

There is, then, a world behind, a world around, and a world before man. He has already passed through but little; he makes a beginning of being and knowing and dies,—

not dies, but changes his body and abode. We call him dead, but he is more largely alive than those who call him dead, more intensely and effectively alive than ever. A mighty destiny awaits him. Made in the image of his Maker, he presses onward toward the model, toward the likeness of that Father. Every vicissitude of his existence develops his being, draws out his capabilities, tests his endurance, makes him larger, fuller, nobler, more like the One who in the

universality of his being and attributes overshadows all. Let him, then, cultivate all his parts alike,—not this faculty alone, but every faculty. Exclusive devotion to the physical sciences is detrimental to the religious, moral, and social nature. There should be a systematic development of all parts in harmonious proportion, according to the design of their adaptation and growth. And then shall man begin to realize the noble state of symmetrical progression toward perfection.

Department of Religion and Psychology.

Know,
Without or star, or angel, for their guide,
Who worships God shall find him.—*Young's Night Thoughts.*
The soul, the mother of deep fears, of high hopes infinite;
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears, of sleepless inner light.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

PROGRESS OF RELIGIOUS CIVILIZATION.

MISSIONARY WORK.

IT is within the memory of leading men that the Sandwich Islands, up to 1820, were inhabited by naked savages, without law, literature, or religion worthy the name. The missionaries from America were sent there, and to-day the people are civilized, Christianized, live under wise and just laws of their own making, and are prosperous and happy. True, the Sandwich Island type of men were not so coarse and low in phrenological development, nor so base and brutal in disposition as are many of the savage tribes in North America and in some of the islands of the South Seas, although they were cannibals before civilizing influences were introduced. Half a century (and how quickly has it passed!) has been sufficient to teach a nation of God, and of civil law, liberty, social amenity, and business—in short, CIVILIZATION. The largest single parish church in the world is on one of these islands; if we remember rightly, it numbers some 4,000 members. Here the whole people adopt the new religion, and enter upon the higher forms of life.

In Hawaii an almost universal respect for devout piety is manifested. It is related as a fact, and if true is very creditable to the North American Indian, that in his language he has

no words of profanity, none with which to blaspheme his Maker or curse his fellow-man.

To indicate the general progress of Christian civilization in lands called heathen, we give some extracts from the annual report in the *Missionary Herald*.

"In a review of the year, encouragement is found mainly in three directions,—the development and training of an efficient native ministry; the success which has attended efforts to reach the women in the different mission fields [always more devoted to their religion than men, hence harder to convert to another]; and the healthful growth of the native churches in numbers, independence, and a sense of responsibility for the progress of the Gospel.

"The whole number of native laborers in connection with the different missions of the Presbyterian Board the past year was 1,095, an increase of over a hundred upon the previous year. Of these, 119 are pastors, and 327 preachers; the remainder teachers, col-porteurs, and Bible-readers; but all educated in the various schools and seminaries, and in point of education and character holding about the same relative position to the people among whom they labor that similar classes do at home.

"Forty-five young men completed their theological studies,—seven at Wailuku in the Hawaiian Islands, nine in the Madura mission, seven in Ceylon, and twenty-two at Harpoot. The number now in mission training-schools

and seminaries, looking forward to the work of the ministry, is nearly if not quite equal to that in theological seminaries belonging to the constituency of the Board at home. The object in these institutions is, primarily, to raise up able expounders of Bible truth, and faithful pastors. Some of the graduates of the seminaries in India and Ceylon, as well as in Western Asia, have a high reputation among the missionaries as scholars and thinkers, and are often called to aid in the translation of the Scriptures, and in other literary labors; while many are highly esteemed as orators, and as earnest, effective preachers of the Gospel.

"Some time must be allowed to educate men who have all their lives been subject to the bondage of political and priestly power, to the wise conduct of their own ecclesiastical affairs. The results, however, thus far, of efforts in this direction in our mission fields, have exceeded the most sanguine hopes. The Evangelical Association in the Hawaiian Islands, the Evangelical Unions in the Armenian missions, in India and Ceylon, have shown a practical good sense and an ability that would do honor to older bodies in this country, and amply justify the missionaries in passing over to them, at the earliest practical moment, the entire responsibility for what may be termed the home work of the native churches. The presence of the missionary will for a time be required, not for the exercise of authority, but of love and wise counsel, for the sake of that practical wisdom which becomes a part of the common sense of those reared amid free Christian institutions. But a native agency, well educated and guided by wise counsels, is our great reliance, next to the Spirit of God, for the success of the mission work.

"The addition of 1,580 members during the year, to the mission churches (numbering 238, with 24,142 members when the year closed for which the missions reported), and the increase of native pastors from 106 to 119, are facts to be noticed with gratitude. Of not less moment to the progress of the mission work has been the general advance in the direction of independence and self-support. The sixty-nine churches in the Armenian missions have raised their contributions for Christian objects over twenty-five per cent.—from fifteen to nineteen thousand dollars. More than a third of these churches are self-supporting, and all bear a part of their own expenses. An advance of forty per cent. upon the contributions of the previous year was made by the native churches in the Madura and Ceylon missions. In the Foo-chow and Zulu missions a beginning in the right direction has been made. The fifty-eight Hawaiian churches support their own ministry, build their own houses of worship, sustain mission labor among the Chinese immigrant, and contribute liberally for the

work in Micronesia and the Marquesas Islands. Common-schools are sustained by the government, and various higher schools and seminaries, for males and females, are doing the work which such institutions do in our own land; while the management of Christian work in the Islands is mainly in charge of the Hawaiian Board. The entire amount contributed by the native Christian communities, not including much free labor in school and church building, is about sixty thousand dollars in gold, or one-sixth of the sum contributed for foreign missions by all the churches acting through the American Board. The Hawaiian churches will be henceforth independent of connection with the American Board, and it is deemed proper that this mission should hereafter be dropped from the list of its missions.

"It has been the practice of the Board, from the first, to send out single ladies wherever they could be employed to advantage, and within the last few years the way has been opened for direct missionary labor in behalf of women, as never before; and the number of single ladies in the field has been increased, so that now there are more than forty. The seventeen boarding-schools for girls in the missions still connected with the Board, all but two in charge of single ladies, assisted by native teachers, contain over five hundred pupils. And while the wisest economy of missionary funds and labor may limit the work of our female missionaries largely to the training of native laborers, much is now done by them, both the single and married, in visiting from house to house, in holding meetings for prayer and instruction, and in the superintendence of native Bible-women. On the whole, prospects were never more cheering had we fit men, in sufficient numbers, to follow up the advantages gained. Ten men are needed at once, in as many different fields, in theological schools; and three times as many could find instant designation, to strengthen the hands of over-taxed brethren at old stations, and to enter upon new and inviting fields, such as belong to the healthful growth of the work."

Now let us hear from other churches who have missions in Asia, Africa, Europe, and America. Let us see how the world is progressing. All who wish well to the race of man will not only wish well to these missionary efforts, but all who are able to do so will *contribute* according to their means. The world is to be civilized, and each and every Christian may have a hand in the good work.

♦♦♦♦♦
Books.—God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levelers. They give to all

who will faithfully use them the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am, no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling, if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof; if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise; and Shakspeare,

to open to me the world of imagination and the workings of the human heart; and Franklin, to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society, in the place where I live.—W. H. Channing.

THOMAS DE WITT TALMADGE.

BY REV. S. H. PLATT, A.M.

ENOS and Thomas Talmadge, the ancestors of the subject of our present sketch, landed at Charlestown, Mass., in 1630, and finally settled in East Hampton, Long Island, from which place, Daniel, of the third generation, removed to Elizabeth, New Jersey, in 1725.

Thomas De Witt, of the seventh generation, is of prolific stock, he being one of a family of twelve children, while his paternal grandfather had thirteen, and his great-grandfather had eleven children.

Thomas was born at Boundbrook, New Jersey, in 1833. He graduated at the University of New York, and his first charge was at Milville, New Jersey. Thence he removed to Syracuse, New York, where he remained two years, and thence to Philadelphia, where he preached seven years, and then accepted a call to the Central Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, at a salary of \$7,000. At the end of a year he relinquished all claim upon the trustees, in order to secure a free church, and the new Tabernacle was accordingly erected, furnishing, with perhaps a single exception, the largest accommodations of any church in Brooklyn.*

Dr. Talmadge is neither handsome, noble, commanding, nor prepossessing in any respect. Seemingly tall, by reason of his slenderness, he is really ungainly and awkward in movements and gestures. His voice is harsh, poorly cultivated, and badly handled. His

logical ability is small and seldom strained by use. Yet with all these defects he is—next to Mr. Beecher—the most popular pulpit speaker in Brooklyn. There must, therefore, be positive qualities of great strength somewhere. Whence does his power come? and wherein does it lodge? are questions that have puzzled multitudes of curious, and very many critical hearers.

In our judgment, a discriminating analysis will disclose six elements combined to make him what he is in the estimation of the masses. These consist of, first, an undefinable air or attitude—seen in all his notices of church services—which if it were to find a voice would express itself somewhat on this wise: "There will be service at such a time and place, and you will be there, *of course*, and I shall be there, and *we will have a grand time!*"

It is a sort of impersonation of the *esprit des corps* which is often seen in military bodies, transferred to the church and embodied in the minister. It is one of those pioneer forces which work the way of the speaker into the good graces of the hearers only by proceeding unconsciously to them, yet is none the less potent because unobserved.

Second. Next higher in grade is the element of *self-assertion*, made up of consciousness of power, and self-consciousness blended with active volition.

In Dr. Talmadge this is a marked quality, which never deserts him for a moment. His prayers never become so importunate nor his exhortations so impassioned as to cause him to lose the consciousness that Dr. T. D. Talmadge is speaking. And in his greatest straits—places which all extemporaneous speakers sometimes find—he never doubts that he is wielding a power that must be felt, and with all the energy of an unbending

* Yet it is not in any accepted sense a free church; on the contrary, it has some of the most objectionable features of the pew system, *e. g.*, All who do not hold pews are compelled to remain standing until the pew occupants arrive, or the time comes when it is understood that they need not be expected. Again: A holder of a pew can retain it in perpetuity simply by occupancy, thus preventing any possible change for the better on the part of those who have unfavorable sittings.

will he plies the force. He evidently possesses large faith in the Gospel which he preaches, and relatively as great in *himself* as *God's chosen preacher*. Therefore he is ever self-poised, observant, never thrown off the scent, and always prepared to do his best for victory.

Third. The habitual use of startling phrases and extravagant statements.

True, this is a two-edged sword which

ment, exhibiting itself in imaginative conceptions and rhetorical expressions.

Of course the prominence of this element will greatly vary at different times, according to the health and spirits of the speaker, the character of his theme, the special objects had in view, etc., but under favorable circumstances his discourses must be richly spangled with gems of rare beauty and setting. Sometimes he may seem to think more of the cas-



PORTRAIT OF THOMAS DE WITT TALMADGE.

may, and in the estimate of refined auditors, often does cut him who wields it, as well as his foes; yet, as a popular gift, it gives him a strong hold upon the masses, whose tastes are not generally highly educated, which enables him to fill next to the largest church in Brooklyn at nearly every service. Curiosity to hear strange, witty, and funny things is one of the strongest tendencies of our nature, and if one knows how to meet its cravings safely, to do so may be a part of that "crafty" catching "with guile" which Paul wrote about with commendable boastfulness after successful practice.

The fourth element is a poetic tempera-

ket than of the jewel, but he is too earnest in his work to allow glitter and tinsel, however valuable in their sphere, to usurp the place of wholesome truth: hence his hearers learn to look, amid the gleaming flourishes of the blade, for the home-thrust of its point.

The fifth element is personal magnetism, by which we mean the power to put his audience immediately and involuntarily into sympathetic connection with himself. Not necessarily in such accord as shall imply harmony of thought, taste, or feeling, but such as shall secure respectful attention, and is very likely to predispose to the acceptance of his utterances.

In the possession of this power he occupies a vantage ground at the outset of no slight importance; then, when the nervous energy becomes thoroughly aroused under the lashings of mental effort as he proceeds, the magnetic force intensifies, until, in many cases, it sweeps the field from which reason and logic would recoil repulsed.

The sixth and chief element of Dr. Talmadge's power is his dramatic power, precisely that which gives the actor popularity upon the stage.

The ability to impersonate the passions and sentiments which find some expression in the language employed, so that the auditor shall be addressed through eye as well as ear, has been esteemed, through ages past, one of the most favored gifts of Nature. Nor is it unreasonable that it should be so, for each sense has its own measure of enjoyment; hence when two or more can be receptive of the same thought or emotion, the sum-total of pleasure must be correspondingly augmented.

It is for this reason, perhaps more than any other, that the drama has been so long the formidable, and too often the successful rival of the pulpit. Yet the pulpit orator who ventures upon this line of effort should be exceedingly well-balanced, else his performance will be regarded as a play, his wit will degenerate into buffoonery, and his power be acknowledged by the risibles while spurned by the heart. That Dr. Talmadge possesses this gift to a large degree none who listen to him can doubt, and that in its use he treads upon dangerous ground, the more spiritual portion of his audience instinctively feel. Yet it will not do for him to surrender the right arm of his might. His only chance of continued success, and we may add, of accomplishing his mission, is to face the peril, trusting in God and his own watchful care to preserve the balance.

We have thus indicated the elements of Dr. Talmadge's peculiar power. Some might add another, viz., unction or the special Divine influence which accompanies the words of the speaker; but we have failed to detect it in any marked degree in his exercises, and attribute his success mainly to the causes above mentioned, not denying, of course, that the ordinary good influences of the Holy

Spirit which attend all honest preaching are felt in his.

He is not specially logical or philosophical, scarcely theological, but largely hortatory, which gives full play to his peculiar gifts. As an oratorical study it is well worth the effort of any minister to hear him. As a live Christian man abreast the age, Brooklyn, the city of churches, welcomes him. As a unique, entertaining, point-blank preacher, she fills his spacious Tabernacle for him.

PAUL BLOUNT ON CHURCH CHOIRS.

THE organ is the principal thing in a church, you know, because no church can be organized without one. It follows that the organist is the principal person, and "parson" is only a corruption of that word. Let the organist magnify his office.

2. When the hymn is announced, let him play over the whole tune, but in such high style of art that no one in the congregation can tell what tune is going to be sung. It will keep them awake and set them all to guessing.

3. But with all their guessing, be sure that when the singing commences each person will discover that he made a wrong guess. Will not that teach the people humility? Whatever the tune may be, let it be one that the congregation does not know. Let it be a new and hard tune. For what do people assemble, but to hear the choir? "Congregational singing" is the hobby of untaught clergymen. Teach them better.

4. Make the interludes long and highly artistic, abundantly filled with "grace" notes. If the singers have done their duty and the tune be the right thing, they will be so tired as to need a long rest. This will also serve to keep the congregation standing, and make them glad to kneel down. Anything to make people glad to pray! If the organist do not make the interlude at least twice as long as the tune, he will be considered lazy or unskilled. Do not let the interlude be at all like the tune, nor anybody be able to tell where the interlude leaves off and the tune begins. This will keep all the singers wide awake.

5. If the minister has preached a solemn sermon, put up some soloist after the sermon, who shall screech a very fast composition with an up-and-down movement. It will relieve the tense nerves of the overwrought people. It will arouse their sympathies and make them

feel that it was a shame that some one didn't help that woman.

6. Remember that all must be done for the glory of the choir. It is absurd to work in with the prayers and sermon for harmonious religious effect. If the minister does not work in the prayers and singing, so much the worse for the minister.

7. During prayers, be whispering and turning over scores and notebooks and consulting. No one of the saints will notice you, for they will be hard at prayer. If any of the congregation do not particularly desire to be praying, it will help to entertain them. Keep things brisk, and draw much attention to the choir. The church was built and the congregation gathered for the choir. Mind that; it is a fundamental principle.

8. As soon as the sermon begins go out of the church. If it is pleasant weather you can

have a smoke, and get back in time for the next musical performance. You do not come to church to worship; you are paid so much for singing or playing, not for hearing sermons; or, if you are gratuitous, you have laid the congregation already under enough obligations by your professional services.

9. Never let it be settled among the singers who is chief. Let each make himself and herself the most important. Is it not enough to keep harmony in the singing? Why should the singers be harmonious? It is not regular and fashionable to have peace in a choir. The singers owe it to themselves to have strife about something or nothing. Let everything be done through strife and vain-glory. It will give the pastor some concern and develop his skill in managing.

Of course they never do this in heaven; but you are not in heaven—yet.

HOSANNA TO THE KING.

BY MRS. HELEN A. MANVILLE.

THE golden pinions of the sun,
Whose plume-tips swept the breast
Of Mother Earth, are folded on
The mountain's top in rest;
While solemnly, slowly above,
The stars this anthem sing,
"Rejoice, rejoice, for God is love,—
Hosanna to the King!"

The evening winds take up the strain,
And wide o'er mount and sea,
O'er valley low, and sodden plain,—
The Earth's immensity;

Where Nature wears her wrap of green,
And flowers their censers swing,
They softly chant, with humble mien,
"Hosanna to the King!"

Hosanna to the king of day,
Who from his golden crown
The fairest of the whole array
Of jewels has cast down.
Oh! when the song doth stir the lute
Of Nature's every string,
Should mortal tongue alone be mute?
Hosanna to the King!

BRAIN-WAVES: SOUL—BODY.

I HAVE read with interest several articles published in the JOURNAL under the above caption, and as the facts related in them are in keeping with some personal experiences, I was led to reflect more particularly upon phenomena which I had previously considered as mere eccentricities of fancy, and inquire into their cause. The result of this inquiry I now take the liberty of presenting for your consideration, remarking beforehand that the theory which I have framed for the explanation of presentiments will, in my opinion, hold equally good for the explanation of clairvoyance, mesmerism, planchetteism, and of whatever is real in spiritualism, the theory in its application being modified, of course, according to the specific character of each; for I hold that all these classes of phenomena are related to each other

as species of the same *genus*, or, in other words, they are but different manifestations of the activity of the soul.

Confining ourselves, however, for the present, to presentiments, and taking for granted the already established fact of their actual existence, we wish to know the cause of these phenomena, or more clearly, we wish to know how it is that we can have a premonition, however vague and indistinct, of what is to happen. Three things necessarily claim our attention in the construction of a theory by which this fact is to be explained, viz.: First, the event itself; secondly, the subject which receives a premonition of it; and, thirdly, the means by which the premonition is communicated to the mind. This last, of course, is the chief point in question, but it is so intimately

connected with and dependent upon the other two, that some observations in regard to them will be necessary to a proper understanding of the theory.

First, in regard to the event itself. We know that every event, or every fact which becomes manifest, is the result of some active force, whether that force be intelligent, and act by the impulse of its own will, or whether it be a blind force acting under the direction of a superior and intelligent force, or under the influence of a general law is established by an intelligent agent. We know also that so soon as a force suitable to the production of a certain result has been exerted the effect is already there, at least in an incipient state of existence, even though it be not yet manifested to our observation, or even though it should never become so manifested, from the fact that by the action of some superior counteracting force it is arrested before it becomes a complete fact. I make this latter statement to cut off at the outset an objection which I foresee will be made not only against my theory but also against every theory of presentiments, viz., that we frequently have presentiments of coming events which never occur; whence it would seem natural to conclude that no reliance can be placed on those which do occur in accordance with the premonition we had of them. But from the statement already made, which I think will bear investigation, it will be seen that the actual maturity and manifestation of a fact is not necessary to our having a presentiment of it, since it is quite sufficient for this end that the mind be made aware that a force calculated to produce such a result has been exerted, though the effort be rendered ineffectual by some superior opposing force. This will appear more fully as we proceed.

Secondly, in reference to the receiving subject, we know that the soul, or the spiritual, immaterial part of man, is the principle of all intelligence in man. It is the soul which perceives visible objects through the medium of the sense of sight; it is the soul which perceives the beauties of harmony through the sense of hearing; it is the soul which perceives the beauty of virtue and other supersensible objects through the faculty of pure reason, or, as it might be termed, the faculty of intuitive perception. In a word, it is the soul which acquires and treasures up a knowledge of both sensible and supersensible things—it is the knowing subject.

Now, the soul of man may be considered in two states of existence, first, in its present state

of union with a material body, and, secondly, in a state of freedom from such a material body: and the question is, so far as we are at present concerned, how does the soul *know* in these two states of existence? The answer to this question, with some facts to be cited presently, will furnish the data of our theory.

In its present state of union with the body the soul knows, or acquires knowledge, chiefly through the faculty of discursive reason. An idea or concept is not knowledge—it is but the raw material from which knowledge is formed, and it is only after the reason has examined and compared it with other ideas or concepts that it becomes, by a union with them, real knowledge. Hence our knowledge in the present life is not, as a general thing, intuitive, or the result of an immediate perception of the relations of agreement or disagreement which exist between our various ideas, but it is the result of an intellectual process, necessitated by the union of the soul with the body.

When the soul is separated from the body, the case is quite different; for the soul, created after the image and likeness of its Creator, is a pure intelligence—finite, it is true, and incapable of comprehending all knowledge at once,—and it is the nature of a pure intelligence to perceive immediately, and without any preliminary process of comparison, the reality and relations of things. Moreover, in a state of freedom, and relieved of the clouding and obscuring influence of a material body, it should be, according to its nature, capable of knowing more clearly and certainly, by these immediate perceptions of reality, than it now can by the aid of discursive reasoning.

Now, though the soul of man is united with a material body during man's earthly life, it does not lose its faculty of intuitive perception; for this faculty is an essential element of a pure intelligence, and the only reason why this faculty can not be fully exercised, in our present state, is precisely because of its union with the body, which obscures the intellectual vision of the soul, and necessitates discursive reasoning as a means of arriving at definite results. Hence the inference, that if we can succeed in detaching the soul to any extent from the body, just to that extent do we enable it to approach to the exercise of the intuitive faculty; and the more nearly perfect the detachment, the nearer will the soul be to the full and normal exercise of this faculty. But as the soul in its present state of existence is confined to the discursive faculty as a means of obtaining *definite* knowledge, it follows that

the knowledge which it obtains through the intuitive faculty must be more or less *indefinite*, according to the less or greater completeness of the soul's detachment from the body; and as a perfect detachment is incompatible with the continuance of life, such knowledge can never be perfectly definite, unless by a supernatural intervention.

Having now indicated, sufficiently for our purpose, the process by which the soul comes to *know* in its present state, and that latent, or at least imperfectly manifested, power of intuitive perception which only requires detachment of the soul from material encumbrances to enable it to grasp at once the reality of truth, we are prepared to introduce our theory for the explanation of presentiments.

Experience teaches that all the faculties and powers of the soul are capable of cultivation and development, and hence we conclude that this power of withdrawing or detaching itself from the material body (to a limited extent) may also be cultivated and developed; and when the soul has become sufficiently accustomed to this detachment from and independence of the body, the soul then begins to exercise the intuitive faculty, and does so to an extent proportioned to its power of detaching itself from the body.

Recalling here what we already stated, that a force, suitable to the production of a certain result, when once exerted to that end, has already virtually produced its effect, and remembering, at the same time, that by the intuitive faculty the soul perceives not only individual facts, but also the relations of things, we see how it is that the soul, trained to a detachment from the body, and to the consequent exercise of the intuitive faculty, perceiving (however vaguely) the forces in action, perceives in the same degree the effect of that action, though it be not yet arrived at maturity—even though it be arrested entirely by another force. The knowledge which the soul has of such a fact or event is usually vague and indefinite, owing to the impediment of the body to the exercise of the intuitive faculty; yet there are cases in which such knowledge is quite definite, and even embraces the minute circumstances of the facts thus known, as happens in the case of a real clairvoyant who represents the highest natural development of that power by which the soul disengages itself from the trammels of the body without separating itself entirely from it.

But how, it may be asked, does the soul, which is inseparably united to the body, know what is taking place at a distance of many

miles from where that body is? To this I would answer: The soul, though united to the body, is not necessarily shut up *in* the body; for it possesses in its present state all the essential qualities of a spirit, and one of these qualities is *impenetrability*, or the power of passing through material substances, and consequently it can not be caged up in the body as a bird may be in its wire prison. Hence, while united to the body, and held to it by a sort of spiritual law of gravitation, as the atmosphere is held to the earth, it may extend beyond the body, and make excursions to distant places by a species of expansion, if I may use the term, and collect those impressions of events, which, being indefinite, we call presentiments, because we can not call them knowledge. I need not go on to show the application of this theory to the other classes of phenomena, which I mentioned in the beginning, as the exposition already given will readily suggest the modifications required to suit the different cases; and, moreover, I fear I have already written more than the editor will be willing to give place to in the JOURNAL, especially as my attempt to explain the philosophy of these phenomena is rather suggestive than exhaustive; for I do not presume so far as to think that I have accomplished what abler men, with more experience and deeper study, have not been able to do.

A READER OF THE JOURNAL.

HOW TO PREACH.

IN speaking of himself and of his ministerial labors, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says:

"It has pleased God to prosper us during the last year. The congregations have not only been full, but the word of the Lord has met with responses in the hearts of the hearers; good has been done, I have reason to believe, in many ways; the year as a preaching year has been full of cheer; I look at this from a different standpoint from what you do; I like to study the relative success of the different ways of presenting truth.

"I am naturally combative; that disposition leads me to argument as the mode of showing truth. I was brought up in a family who were perpetually discussing, and all through my college course I had no conception of proving religious truth except by argument.

"I long ago learned that the way to pre-

sent truth was to address men's moral consciousness. In this way time is saved, truth is epitomized. I have tried to make my preaching pictorial and illustrative. I have taught by analogy. I have come to believe that, while the combative is not to be disowned, the true source of power in preaching is the love element. The elements of hope and love should be fourfold greater than any others. My impression is that the reverse is usually true. From year to year I grow stronger in the assurance that the method of addressing the consciousness of men is the divine method. It is the method best adapted to men.

"The church has been harmonious. Did you ever know such a case, brethren? This church has been established twenty-three years, and do you remember a quarrel? There are two thousand members, and the history of our church has covered one of the stormiest periods known to the country. We have many radicals here, and everybody has been free to talk or pray as they pleased. But we have never been divided. Some people may say, 'Mr. Beecher is well adapted to keep

the church together.' No doubt you follow me better than you would each other; but this is not the reason that I give for our harmonious condition. I ascribe it to the truth that has been presented to you. I have preached love, and the church has answered to it. This is a vast church, and if broken by disagreements would be billowy as the ocean. I believe where love and hope are preached that the church will respond."

[The marksman, no more surely than the speaker, hits where he fires from. If he fires from Combaticiveness, Cautiousness, or Alimentiveness, he hits and wakes up those faculties. If he fires from Benevolence, Hope, Conscientiousness, and Veneration, he kindles a feeling of gratitude, generosity, cheer, justice, and devotion. So in correcting children, anger on the part of parent or teacher begets anger; love begets love. Hence preacher, parent, teacher, or leader must himself become and do what he would have in others. One way to put a baby to sleep is for the mother or nurse to feign sleep herself. Let these rules be tried in a common-sense way, and, our word for it, success will follow.]

Physiognomy, or Signs of Character.

Of the soul, the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.—*Spenser.*

HUMAN SYMPATHY.

BY G. W. POWELL, M.D.

LOOK at those calm, beautiful eyes, sparkling with the light of purity and love. How mild and placid the lovely features! every line and dimple is full of beauty, and the entire countenance beams with a radiance truly wonderful. The pencil of Titian could not exaggerate its attractive sweetness.

What are the causes of this perfection? True, the goodness and purity of the parentage must have imparted health and the wealth of a fine symmetrical conformation; but the beauty they impart is simply expressionless—that which the sculptor gives to the soulless statue.

The principle of spirit-life, the constant development of pure thoughts, and the cultivation of virtuous and loving principles

light up the countenance and improve it, as a skillful sculptor improves his original design by elaborate care in the use of his mallet and chisel. The physiognomical expression invariably harmonizes with the thoughts and principles cultivated by the soul; and it is possible for the student of human nature, when he looks into the faces of the sincere or hypocritical, virtuous or licentious, saintly or unrighteous, to judge correctly of the character and quality of the mind which has stamped its unmistakable impress upon the features.

Here is a thought which should be borne in mind by such as covet the rare and priceless gem of true beauty, and who resort to all manner of paints, powders, and washes

to produce it, that the only way to retain beauty or to become more beautiful, is to cultivate in that garden of the heart the flowers of charity, amiability, truth, and purity; to throw off the slavish and deteriorating thoughts of fashion and coquetry, and keep the mind engaged constantly in the study and contemplation of the good and beautiful in God, nature, and man. Then will the countenance reflect the purity and sunshine of the soul within. Lord Lytton speaks of a man "who was uglier than he had any business to be." "Every individual carries his life in his face, and is good-looking or the reverse, as that life has been good or evil."

Lavater, in his great work on Physiognomy, speaks of a young lady who was reared in the country amid beautiful scenery and pure associations, away from the polluted atmosphere of city life. One night she passed the mirror in her chamber with a candle and her Bible in her hand, as she retired from her accustomed devotions. Chancing to see the reflection of her face, she was powerfully impressed with its deep, calm beauty.

The next winter she spent in town amid gay and fashionable society, where night was turned into day, and day into night. She plunged thoughtlessly into the stream of dissipation; neglected her daily devotions, and allowed worldly thoughts to take the place of religious contemplation. Returning to her country home in the spring, she once more entered the chamber where lay her neglected Bible, and chanced again to catch a passing glimpse of herself in the mirror as she was retiring to her rest. How changed was her face! She turned pale, put down the candle she was carrying, retired to her couch, and wept bitterly, exclaiming, "Good God, my follies and vanities are all written in my countenance!"

"What shall I bring you back?" said a noble youth to his father, as he was about to sail to a foreign land.

"Bring me back your innocent face," said the old man with tears in his eyes. He well knew that if his son strayed from the path of virtue and sobriety, the fine lines of his handsome countenance would be sadly marred.

But there are unfortunate persons who

have so little soul and power of thought that it would take ages of constant chiseling to change their ill-shaped bodies and homely features into embodiments of beauty. These wear upon their faces the finger-marks of their parents' ignorance and disobedience to the laws of life.

Look at that poor, undeveloped specimen of humanity! His eyebrows are crowded over his eyes, his forehead is low, dingy, and wrinkled; the lines of his face are deep and angular; his eyes are small, cold, and hard; his cheek-bones are high, his jaws large, his neck short and thick; his upper lip small and compressed, while his lower lip pouts like the "gib of a motherless colt," looking as though it does not belong to him. We do not go to such a one for love and sympathy. It would be like going to the arctic regions in the month of January for sunshine. We might as well try to gather exquisite flowers on an island of icebergs as to expect from him words of wisdom.

The countenance is a faithful index of the mind and power of character. Every thought or emotion of the soul, whether joy or grief, fear or anger, kindness or cruelty, love or hate, is manifest there. All conditions and grades of mind peep out through the eyes—"the windows of the soul"—and sit, like angels of mercy or agitated spirits of evil, on the countenance. The thought I wish to convey is this: that which is the cause of motion, feeling, and form is the most important of all elements. Knowledge of this cause will develop in the soul the grace of charity; for unless we can detect something of the secret springs of human action, we judge people merely by what we see in them—which is unjust judgment, if not cruel.

To deal with man, as doubtless God will deal with him, we must go back to the fount of cause, and endeavor to understand what has produced the strange incongruities and idiosyncrasies, before we pass our final judgment. We know some men with snub noses, large, pouting lips, coarse hair and skin, repulsive voice, and clumsy gait; some who have pig-noses, celestial noses, short, long, or inquisitive noses. One has a low forehead, another a high one; one is an idiot, another a poet or philosopher; one loves music, and has the talent to execute well; another would

be as well pleased with the grunt of a pig as with the finest and most transporting strains of harmony from Handel or Beethoven; one is a natural mechanic, another a double-fingered dummy; one is an artist, another a pig-jobber; one is a philanthropist, another a miser; one is a Christian, another a profligate.

What has made these men to differ so widely? Surely he who is born an idiot is not to blame for being idiotic; and as we would judge him so must we judge all conditions and grades of mind, from the half-witted up to the most perfectly developed.

If we had the power we would like to take the reader up the untrodden pathway into the great laboratory or work-shop where all these differences have their starting-point, and enable him to comprehend at one glance their why-and-wherefore; from the nature of the idiot up to that of the highest intellect, and from the cold-blooded murderer up to the melting soul of a philanthropic Howard or Peabody.

There is as great a difference between two children, born under different conditions, of two mothers, whose mental character and surroundings differ, as there is in the characters of the mothers, and the spheres in which they move. "Like produces like," the world

over. Apricots never grew on thorns, or figs on thistles; and it would be as strange a freak of nature to see an ignorant, vicious woman produce moral, intellectual, and physical strength and beauty in her child as it would be to see choice flowers growing out of the rotten rails of a barn-yard fence.

To be just and God-like we must treat man and woman according to their natural capacity for understanding right and wrong. Then the world of humanity would move along harmoniously; we should pay less homage to earth's great ones, who can not well be anything but great, and deal more tenderly with the unfortunately weak and homely, who are what the ignorance and sins of their ancestors have made them.

If the doubting philosopher could disprove every other passage in the Bible, the history of all ages and nations, and a mere glance at cause and effect in this particular, would prove this one to be absolutely true: that the sins of parents "are visited upon their children even unto the third and fourth generation."

"The twig was bent, and so the tree's inclined;
The wax impressed portrays the seal designed;
Blame not the twig, which from some dire neglect
Hath crooked grown, which else might be erect;
Blame not the wax, which, faithful to the seal,
Doth only some unsightly stamps reveal;
Charge not thy child with folly all thine own,
Nor make the *sinner* for thy *sins* alone."

GENERAL JUAN PRIM.

THIS distinguished participant in the agitations which have marked the history of Spain for the past forty or more years died, as has been already announced, by the hand of an assassin. His eventful career is well worth some consideration here. Like most of the eminent characters who illustrate the records of nations in agitation or revolution, he rose from a position of comparative obscurity to that of arbiter of Spain. Born at Reus, in the province of Catalonia, in 1814, he entered the Spanish army when but a boy. The civil war which followed the accession of Isabella II. to the throne found him one of the leaders in the party of the Progressists, and his participation in the insurrection of Saragossa in 1842 compelled him to leave the country.

In 1843 the Espartero government was over-

thrown, and the Queen-mother, Christina, recalled Prim and appointed him governor of Madrid, with the title of Count of Reus; but he found in the new station little quiet, as a few months after his assumption of its duties he was accused of inciting a revolt in Catalonia, and of having a part in an alleged attempt to assassinate Narvaez. He was tried on these charges, convicted of treason, and sentenced to imprisonment for six years. Six months after this sentence he was pardoned and set at liberty. For a while after his release he remained quiet, but the old belligerent spirit struggled for indulgence, and as no opportunity offered at home, he went abroad in 1853 and joined the Turkish army in the short war between Russia and Turkey, and participated in the defense of Silistria. In 1859 we find him in Morocco,

fighting for Spain, and for his services he received the title of Marquis of Castillejos, and was made a grandee of Spain.

In 1862 Prim went to Mexico at the head of a detachment of Spanish troops; but not meeting with that success which he aimed at in making terms with the French general for

revolution on Spanish soil, but was again unsuccessful. In 1868, taking advantage of the disaffection against Isabella II., he returned to Spain, and soon became prominent in the revolution which resulted in the fall of the last of the Bourbons. His subsequent career is well known. He has been a prominent



PORTRAIT OF GENERAL JUAN PRIM.

the carrying out of a joint expedition, he withdrew from all participation in the enterprise. He shortly afterward visited this country, and made some investigations in our military operations, the army of the Potomac being then under the command of McClellan.

In 1865 Prim was at the head of an insurrection in Spain having for its object the unity of the Iberian peninsula under a Portuguese crown. This scheme proved a failure, and Prim fled to Portugal, and from thence to England. A year later he essayed another

member of the provisional government which has ruled Spain for the last two years, and has been practically dictator of the country. He was in favor of the candidature of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern for the Spanish throne, and later, of Prince Amadeus, the actual king, who thus began his reign under the gloomy auspices of disaffection and assassination. Prim met his death, when it came, bravely. When told by the surgeons that his wounds must end fatally, his last words were about the country

in which he had so long been a disturbing element and a prominent character.

The appearance of Prim was quite unlike that which we usually ascribe to a Spaniard. He would have been taken readily for a nervous, wide-awake American had he been seen in a New York crowd by one who did not know him. His features had rather more of the Anglo-Saxon cast than of the Celtic. Below the average size and somewhat stout in build, he did not impress an observer at first with a sense of his mental strength and persistent ambition. The marked bilious temperament gave him a wiry endurance and ministered to his energy and almost restless activity. It might be said that this bilious temperament was the only Spanish element apparent in his composition. If evenness of intellectual perception is to be inferred from symmetry of feature, then General Prim possessed it in a high degree. His mental organization was of the finest grain, and its extraordinary activity gave it prominence. His head was not large, and he had few of the qualities of a really great man; but such as his faculties were, he exercised them to the highest degree, and allowed scarcely time for physical recuperation.

In a late number of *Appletons' Journal*, Mr. Willcox relates an interview which he had with Prim at Madrid in 1869. He thus alludes to that General's character and motives:

"Whether his aims were unselfish depends on definitions. In a land where the army is everything, he, thirty years ago, saw that the future belonged to liberal views, and cautiously so said. The only General of known progressive feeling, the Progressists' hope centered on him. While that party was down, he spoke and acted with great care, so as to win the love of the troops, keep the party's favor, and retain his rank. When the three liberal parties of Spain came into power, Prim came back from exile at their head, and during the trying and eventful two years since has toiled to found freedom of thought and expression firmly in ruined Spain, and at the same time to keep himself in power and fill his purse. All three he has somewhat done; and having led the establishment of the new order of things, he passes from the stage as the king he has made steps on the soil he has helped to free."

An extract from the incidents of the interview itself will not be found uninteresting.

"Almost instantly the messenger returned, and, lifting the curtain, asked me to enter. I found myself in a second room like the first, but darker and more deeply curtained. He led the way through a third room, like the second, and, throwing back a heavy door, ushered me into a spacious apartment filling the northwest corner of the building. Not a sign of richness here; not a curtain on one of half a dozen great windows; not a touch of gilding or color on the bare walls. One library-table stood on the right of the door. Between it and the wall sat a middle-sized man, not the least Spanish in look, not the least like the gentleman whom I had seen come in with an escort. This man looked like a German and the head of a bureau, with a half-worn, greenish-black coat, an old pair of steel spectacles, short, black, curly hair, sprinkled with gray, and standing up as if its owner often ran his fingers through it, and a bright-blue thread twining itself among the ambrosial locks that overarched his unconscious brow.

"He rose hastily as I entered, and put out his hand. In astonishment, hardly hidden, I asked:

"Is this General Prim?"

"He assented with a low bow, and begged me to seat myself at the other side of the table. I did so, and said:

"I have credentials from the Universal Peace Union. This league, in my country, has publicly protested against war with Spain, and against the fitting out in the United States of Cuban privateers. Its president has directed me to inform you of these facts, and to assure you that our efforts to this humane end will go on."

"As he looked at the documents and listened, I saw that he was shrewd, sly, wrinkled, careworn, and harassed. He looked about fifty-five, simple, stern, and relentless, though courteous.

"To examine the writings he took up a pair of eye-glasses with broken tortoise-shell frame, and put them on his nose behind his spectacles. When he understood their meaning he smiled, bowed, and said:

"Please return my thanks to your society for its good offices. I have been in America,

and remember with gratitude and pleasure the kindness and courtesy I met with there. The Government of Spain is anxious to end the state of war in Cuba, and to prevent barbarities while it lasts; but both, especially the latter, are far from easy.’”

Prof. Stowe was in Spain in the fall of 1868, at the time of the outbreak of the revolution which led to the abdication of Queen Isabella. In the *Christian Union* he gives the substance of a speech which he heard Prim deliver from a barouche, perforce to an enthusiastic mob in the streets of Malaga, a Spanish mob that would not be denied some words of greeting from their favorite. Prof. Stowe says:

“He rose to speak, and there was the silence of the tomb. I am not an adept in the Spanish tongue—I have never been accustomed to speak it, though I *read* Don Quixote in the original more than forty years ago. But Prim’s voice was so clear, his ideas so perfectly distinct, his words so well chosen, so compacted, so utterly free from every tinge of superfluity, that I seemed to understand him like a book. He had visited the United States a few years previously, had studied and well understood our institutions, and wished to transfer them to Spain, so far as the genius and habits of the nation would permit. I can not pretend to give anything like a phonographic report of his speech, my want of familiarity with the spoken language, and the lapse of more than two years of time since I heard him, would plainly render that impossible; but I think I can give the substance of what he said. ‘We must have a government. We can not, we will not, any longer endure the vile tyranny under which for centuries Spain has been crushed. The executive and the legislative branches must be separate, and the money power, the power of taxation, must be with the legislature and not with the executive. We must have entire freedom of speech and of printing, just as they have in the United States of North America; and to carry out the idea, we must have a free school in every neighborhood in Spain, just as they have in the free States of North America, and every child must be taught to read and write and keep accounts. We must have entire freedom of worship, just as they have in the United States of North America; the Catholic church, the Protestant

chapel, the Jewish synagogue, the Mohammedan mosque must be allowed to stand side by side without hindrance and without molestation, just as they do in the United States of North America. I am a Christian, I am a Catholic, a Christian Catholic, but not a Roman Catholic, and the religious freedom which I claim for myself I cheerfully accord to every one else.’ This, as I understood it, was the substance of the address. What could be better? He said not a word about democracy, not a word about republicanism; his feeling was evidently in favor of a constitutional monarchy, as best adapted to the habits and genius of the Spanish people, and I must confess that in this, as in everything else, I sympathize with him wholly. All his subsequent conduct has been entirely in accordance with this address, which I heard him make in Malaga in the last week of September, 1868. I believe he was perfectly sincere and whole-hearted: I love him; I could have put my arms around him and kissed him, if that had been the fashion.

“I saw and heard him several times after this, and always with the same favorable impression. I believe he was a true patriot and an enlightened, far-sighted statesman; the man in Spain who understood best what the Spanish people need, and who was best able to give it to them. His assassination at this time I consider as great a calamity to Spain as would have been to England the death of Oliver Cromwell immediately after the execution of Charles I. It looks as if God were not ready yet to give peace and freedom to Spain, as if she must suffer somewhat longer for the sins and cruelties of past generations. The Spaniards are a splendid people, one can not help admiring them; and yet there is in them a strong mixture of the barbaric Moor as well as of the civilized European. Three centuries of the worst form of the Papacy and the vilest specimens of absolute monarchy would have been enough to demoralize and ruin any nation. The Spaniards have scarcely in all their history had a decent sovereign, except for the very short time that Joseph Bonaparte ruled over them. The much vaunted Isabella I., though a more interesting woman, was not a very much better sovereign than bloody Mary of England; and the magnificent Charles was a glutton, a hypochon-

driac, and a liar, as well as a relentless, cruel, narrow-minded bigot and devotee. Poor Spain! when will she ever come to good? She has for ages shed the blood of the saints, and God in large measure is giving her blood to

KING AMADEUS OF SPAIN.

THIS young man, who has been declared King of Spain by the Council of Ministers under the Presidency of the late General



PORTRAIT OF KING AMADEUS OF SPAIN.

drink. Perhaps, however, the very assassination of Prim may have something the effect there that the assassination of Lincoln had here, and establish his work instead of destroying it. God grant it may be so!"

We heartily echo the prayer.

Prim, is a son of Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, and formerly was known as Prince Amadeus Ferdinand Maria, and Duke of Aosta. He is between twenty-five and twenty-six years of age, having been born in Turin, May 30th, 1845. He entered the army

at an early age, and at the time of his elevation to the Spanish crown was in command of a brigade of cavalry. Of his military prowess we have heard nothing, but many presume that the opportunity has not yet offered for a display of strategical skill and soldierly valor on his part. In 1867 he married a young lady whose nobility, if graduated commensurately with the length of her name,—Victoria Carlotta Henrietta Gianna del Pozzo della Cisterna,—must be very high.

The accessory title of Duke of Aosta which Amadeus enjoys is derived from the little town Aosta, which lies in the north of Piedmont, under the shadow of the Alps, and at the foot of the well-known pass of St. Bernard.

The policy of Prim in advocating the investiture of Prince Amadeus with the dignities and privileges of the Spanish crown doubtless had in view the establishment of closer relations between the ruling houses of the Iberian peninsula, to say nothing of what advantages might accrue to Spain from Italy. A sister of Amadeus, the Princess Maria Pia, is Queen of Portugal, having married King Louis in 1862. Besides this, the Princess Clotilde—wife of Prince Napoleon, cousin of the imprisoned Emperor of France—is another sister, being the eldest daughter of the Italian king.

As a prince of the blood royal of Italy, Amadeus has a good reputation for mildness and evenness of disposition. His portrait exhibits him as very youthful-looking, yet ambitious and aristocratic. The general "upishness" of pose may be due to his military training. We trust that the elements of humanity are "so mixed in him" that he may prove a pacific and beneficent influence in the stormy atmosphere of Spanish politics. Let him in the outset prove to Europe that a sovereign can be generous and honest in his relations with his people; that he can appreciate their needs and rights, and accord them much scope for free thought without apprehending immediate overthrow for himself. Let him profit by the example around him of monarchs sitting uneasily in their seats propped up by cordons of bayonets, and pursuing a policy undesired by the majority of their subjects, because it is stimu-

lated more by selfish personal motives than by those which look to the general welfare of the nation.

Yet we wish well to the young king and his family, we have no faith in the stability of any monarchy. The successful experiment of a democratic republic in America has taught the people of the Old World an important lesson, viz., that of self-government. In future, kings, queens, emperors, etc., will serve as "figure heads," which are more ornamental than useful, and may be knocked off at any time without much loss to the ship of state. If this young man would save his head, let him adopt a republican form of government just as soon as his Spanish subjects may be prepared for freedom.

PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

AT a late meeting of the American Institute Farmers' Club, Mr. Lyman offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Farmers' Club of the American Institute have learned with surprise and astonishment of a concerted action on the part of nearly one-half of the Assemblymen of this State for procuring the repeal of the law which created the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Resolved, That the efforts and acts of this Society have been useful, humane, wise, and beneficent only; that in this city alone it has prevented a sum of needless suffering which no man can estimate; it has arrested a thousand brutal whippings; it has required loads to be proportioned to the strength of the animal that draws it; it has protected suffering creatures from exposures to icy storms; it has stripped the harness from draught animals that were beaten because they were lame, and pounded because their flesh was raw from the galling of the collar; it has stopped the clubbing of horses; it has interposed between the greed of unfeeling men and the sufferings of calves and lambs and poultry on their way to slaughter-houses; it has done much and proposes to do more in abatement of that great nuisance and dishonor to our civilization—the systematic and wholesale torture of cattle by bruising, trampling, and goring, by thirst and fever, and hunger and cold while in transit from Western prairies to Eastern cities; it has caused the arrest and urged the trial and punishment of knaves who would for greed of foul profits poison our population with milk of cows fed on swill, milk drawn from animals burning with slow fever and tottering with gangrene; it has caused the arrest of cock-fighters and dog-baiters; it has urged the disuse of severe bits and cruel goads; it has penetrated to the recesses of slaughter-pens and insisted, if animals must die for man, that the stroke be made quick and dextrous, so as to prevent torture and death by inches.

Resolved, That the repeal of a law by which so much

good has been accomplished would in no respect promote the general weal, is not required by the liberty of any right-minded citizen, is not called for by community; such repeal would be a blot on our statute book and a libel on the refinement and Christianity of this general tion.

No, no, Messrs. Legislators, do not repeal this humane law. Suppose a few mistakes have been made by the good men appointed to execute the law; suppose small losses have been suffered by the owners of horses by hav-

ing brutal drivers arrested and fined; consider for a moment the vast amount of suffering which would have been inflicted but for this law. Consider the great saving to owners of horses and cattle which it has secured. No, no, do not repeal it! It is in the interest of humanity, heaven, and God. To abolish it would be to go back toward brutal barbarism. Let no *man* in your honored assemblages vote for the repeal.

Department of Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue.

THE TEACHER.

With lagging step the teacher takes her way
Toward the low schoolroom where many months
The same dull, anxious duties have been here—
Grown irksome by their frequent repetition.
No strength within her, weak, exhausted grown,
She turns to th' bright, fair sky above, pure air,
Green fields, and delicately tinted flowers,
Her lesson—not the first one—to inspire;
When, worn and weary, many a morn and scene
Like this has taught her how these all, in time,
Their proper time, perform their duties well.
No murmurings here are heard, no tremblings felt,
Lest falling strength its duty half performs.

This roadside flower bent low with morning dew
Till its bright petals hide themselves in dust,
Upon whose yielding stem night's dampness sits
Until the increased weight seems crushing it;
Whose fair corolla, saturated, seems
Unyielding, faints not; clinging to its life,
It worries out its burden, slowly gains
New strength, and as diminishes its weight,
Rises, a victor, to its upright form.

She glances at yon plain upon whose breast,
Quivering with innate life, the future bread
Of many lies, maturing slowly there;
Beauty and usefulness its duties are,
And well accomplished. Its sweet, silent tongue
Reiterates the little flower's own words,
Sending the lesson to her inner heart
With more of that deep, piercing truth and power
Than language audible could do. Enough;
She knows from whence this lesson emanates;
She feels reproved, and looking up with heart
Soft melting, eyes in tears, and clasped hands,
And quickly coming breath, sighs forth this prayer:

"Father, forgive my weakness! Thou who art
Omnipotent, and in thy power and love
Hast made all things, Thou hast done all things well.
Among thy works mine eyes behold this morn.
'Tis I alone have dared complain, and sighed
For present ease, and dreaded future cares.
Great Father, I have sinned, but heed it not;
Pardon my fainting; 'tis the flesh rebels

Against Thee always. But the willing soul
Would seek its home, Thy realm: from Thee it came,
And to Thee must return, if worthy deemed.
Strength wilt Thou give, that I may ever do
That which I should. Thy will be always mine;
Thy hand, may it uphold me, and quite near
Thy Spirit be in dark temptation's hour."

With strength renewed, the teacher hastens on,
Seeking her many cares, less irksome deemed,
Now that her soul has found such comforting;
Well pleased to see the little forms that crowd
So eagerly around, striving to get
The first "good-morning," and present the flowers
Their busy hands have gathered, knowing well
They'll gain her many thanks and pleasant smile,—
Rewards sufficient for their aspirations.

Oh, blessed faith! oh, holy trust! 'tis thou,
When the worn spirit struggles to be free,
Lab'ring to burst its earthly bonds, and seek
That blissful home where never comes temptation,
Canst bring a holy calm, a radiant peace,
And so much inward, self-supporting joy.

OUR DOMESTIC PROPS.

BY KONRAD QUIKK.

WHILE society has been rapidly rising these five or six decades of years in civilization and the art of living, it has not carried up with it an independence in respect to the discharge of domestic tasks.

We have a long list of inventions which fill our houses with "modern improvements." Work is done easier and more rapidly than it was done fifty years ago. Comforts, in the mere material, have been collected from a greater range and distributed over a far larger proportion of society. The beneficence of

machinery has not remained out of doors altogether, but has come within and lent its aid to the occupations of the household.

We bridle the law of gravitation and a principle in hydraulics, and make them lift a heavy tax from the human muscles, which otherwise would find it a grievous slavery to carry up the heights of the modern ladders on which we live, and bring down again, the vast quantities of that element which is so necessary to maintain that cleanliness which is "next to godliness." The iron arm, worked by the multiplied motion of the tireless band and lever and wheel, has taken that little shining instrument of torture from the skeleton fingers of the half-paid, half-starved sewing-girl, and while multiplying her productive energy a dozen-fold, enables her to sing over her tasks, because it is possible now to keep back necessity from treading upon the very heels of the utmost possible limit of human performance.

Could our forefathers have seen in a vision these great developments of art and inventive genius, they would have exclaimed, "What more could be asked! We certainly have been born too soon." And the golden age of improvements in housekeeping will reduce the dreaded system into a mere pastime and recreation. But our modern housewives, standing in the midst of their daily and nameless worryings, would laugh to scorn such a dream-tinted vision of the unattainable.

Those who have never undertaken the cares of housekeeping marvel at the unvarying regularity with which conversation drifts toward this everlasting topic of domestic annoyances and cares. And young men and maidens, expatiating in the fields of ideal bliss, toss their heads with an air of independence, resolving that "they will never so vulgarize their social intercourse as to converse upon such low topics as kitchen skirmishes, the mistakes, the wastefulness, the stupidities, the thievishness, the utter incorrigibilities of the average run of domestics." The young lady who in the dreamland of last year's engagement could not tolerate such a matter-of-fact vulgarity, and beckoned her betrothed quickly out of the room when "Ma and pa *would* talk about such horrid things," now that she, with all the bewildering ignorance and inexperience of the modern maiden, has actually assumed the very unpoetical obligations of housekeeping, makes servants and domestic trials of temper her one ever-recurring theme of conversation, with the weak accompanying protest and apology, "Well, I thought I never could, but it is such

a relief to one's mind to speak out about these dreadful annoyances, which threaten to wear one's life away!"

We may be pardoned for subjoining some truthful illustrative incidents by way of apology for young Mrs. Ford's chronic exhibitions of despairing temper, and merely premise that they all happened in the space of a single summer, and that in a country village.

After much private inquiry and advertising (as is the fashion in the country), through the medium of all the domestics employed among one's acquaintances, a "six-foot" native makes her appearance. She has lived at an hotel, "knows how to do all kinds of plain cooking and common work,"—is certainly very strong, and seemingly good-natured and willing.

Next morning you find her in her ambition to show her tidiness, scrubbing out your pitcher with your toothbrush. You succeed in repressing your indignation, which you really could not have done had not a year of bitter experience stood behind you to support your resolution, and you pass by the extra effort to be tidy by merely remarking that that was not just the kind of a brush which you would have her use.

You wonder where she could have been brought up, and what sort of an "hotel" it was where she gave so much "satisfaction," for she seems to know the use of nothing; moves over the floor with immense bare feet, which look as if they had never had an introduction to the cleansing element; she calls the housewife to give her directions as to everything she prepares. You ask for the rolls, or the meat, which were left in over-abundance from the last meal, but they are all gone,—where?

You do not like to speak of what one eats, but this is positively wonderful, and the wonder gives place to another sentiment when you find that she keeps a loaf of bread and a large spoon by the milk and honey in the cellar, for her convenience between meals. You now understand how it is that the milk never has any cream on its surface, and why other delicacies vanish in alarming masses.

"After all, if she is only honest, we can endure a great deal." But there is a wealth of resources in this "six-footer" which daily reveals new phases for surprise. She secludes herself in the sanctity of her own room after dinner, leaving her delicate mistress to take care of a teething baby, and look after the other children, while she refreshes herself with a nap! But an exigency arises, and she

must come out even if you brave the risk of offending her immensity. You rap, and rap, and rap again, when you hear a half-smothered voice exclaiming, "If you want to come in, go round by the window, [the room being on the first floor]—that is unfastened."

Upon another occasion, when hurrying to dinner, the husband hears loud, merry voices in the parlor, rushes in to greet some old friends, but finds the "six-footer" gaily entertaining one of her confidants upon the Brussels carpet. He backs out, with a mingled air of indignation and surprise; investigates a little further, and discovers his wife actually cooking in the kitchen; and his temper is not mollified when he learns that the guest in the parlor has come to persuade the "help" to leave, and has been invited to remain for dinner.

This last act removes all ground for hesitation, and especially as it was preceded by a night when a candle was found burning at three o'clock by the bedside of the literary domestic. She is accordingly told to take her passport at once, for further forbearance ceases to be a virtue.

After another *da capo* of inquiry and search, added to the chaos of labor and confusion occasioned by the *prop* being removed, another "help"—native likewise, let us say, in justice to the foreign-born—is installed as a successor that will do. Mutual congratulations succeed over the confidence inspired by, at last, a willing and *capable* domestic.

In a few days the respectful care and attention imposed by the novelty of the situation and the first intercourse with strangers wears away. A vacant place occurs at the table, and the "new help" puts herself down at the plate, foregoing all deference to an invitation. In less than a week she begs the favor of a little money, which is cheerfully advanced. Shoes appear, which for altitude of heels are a caricature upon the extremest extreme of the fashion; coarse paint, in horrible profusion, covers her face, while pillow-cases and furniture in her room are smeared with the poisonous compound. She goes out without so much as by your leave or license, wants to borrow your "umbarell" (umbrella), and returns when it suits her convenience. After a few hours' absence, on another occasion, you find your writing materials turned topsy-turvy, your nicest paper gone, followed by a share of your postage stamps and envelopes. The mystery is explained when you stumble upon vagrant sheets of paper pursuing their own sweet will about the house and yard, written in thoroughly

plebeian style, replete with slang terms of endearment, and embellished in the most approved manner of misspelling.

On another occasion, after carefully warning all in the house not to touch the half-ripened grapes, you return and find the "help" seated aloft on the arbor, helping herself, and throwing down bunches to a whole circle of gaping and expectant juveniles, some of whom suffer a physiological corollary in the way of midnight complaints and contortions.

You feel that words can not do justice to the occasion, and so you meekly tell her that the world is before her, and you sit down to meditate upon the situation. And the comfort of your condition is not enhanced when a neighbor comes in and informs you that the children of the "lady-like widow" you had secured to do your washing were seen going to a little evening gathering, decked out in the pride of your own children's Sunday best.

You could endure the yellow streaks in the fine garments which ought to look white, and you could bear even the frowns of the creases and the "miserable ironing," all for the sake of the widow, to whom you had been paying city prices; but this last development is rather more than even philanthropy is called upon to accept.

That imposing piece of self-decoration is not asked to remain, and you launch again upon the sea of search, and turn again to encounter, single-handed, the terrors of the daily, ceaseless round of domestic duty.

Another "right smart piece" is engaged. You meekly assent to her claim of superior smartness and skill, which is a preface to the demand for higher wages than is customary; to this you meekly assent also.

The first dinner is well prepared, and at the moment your mutual congratulations upon the success of the last sally, the "help" calls the mistress aside, and reminds her that she has always been "treated as one of the family," which, interpreted into plain English, means, that she expects to sit at the first table, and when her work is done to be invited in, to form one of the domestic circle.

The condition is announced to the pater-familias, when he promptly replies to the wife that the "help" can come to the first table, but he will sit at the second.

Now, while we are no autocrat in spirit or practice,—in fact, intensely republican,—we *do* believe in the distinctions and rights founded upon *meum* and *tuum*, both as to property and station. We believe that the happiness and

usefulness of both classes depend upon distinctions in sphere; that the golden rule, rightly interpreted, does not mean, "put a servant in your station and take his," but treat him as you would wish to be treated were you yourself a servant and he were your master.

We might extend these illustrations almost indefinitely. We might relate, for example, that when the servant spoken of found she could not sit with the family at the first table, the master of the household, in searching among the sections of a pair of fricasseed chickens, found that the breast of one had disappeared. The wife quietly remarked that she would arrange that the next time. The next time she gave orders that the fowl should be broiled entire. But the "help" was not to be checkmated in this fashion. She asserted her rights, and the fowl came to the table minus half the breast, which was rudely gouged out of one side.

The head of the house did indulge the remark, "I do wonder if Job had any experience like that accompanying our modern domestic help? If he had, we are sure it would have been added to the list of his sore trials."

Every man, and every woman, who has had even one year's experience at housekeeping can heartily enter into the spirit of Sir Walter Scott's remark when he says, "In a free country an individual's happiness is more immediately connected with the personal character of his valet than with that of the monarch himself." A bad President at the White House is not of half the consequence to our happiness as a bad cook at the rear of one's dining-room; and we shall say nothing as to one's "help" passing out before one's eyes, valise in hand, when she is only going to spend the evening, —filled with what? You may possibly guess, when gradually missing articles are revealing empty spaces, where they ought to be found, but are never seen again. More than half the housekeepers you meet acknowledge and lament the extent of this evil and injury; but what can be done?

Why can not society, as it moves upward, carry along with it, through ascending grades of a steady improvement, that great body of "helpers" on whom our happiness, our health, and prosperity so much depend?

Do we not hear too much of one side only? And this rebellion of the servants against the average treatment they receive in "refined" families, is it not an index, pointing to that law which declares that the higher classes of society *shall not* move upward unless they make it a

part of their duty, their aim, and their study to lift upward, in their course, all that order which lies below them, and which the Creator has ordained shall be either our supports or our burdens, our helps or our hindrances?

When our houses are to be put upon a level with the raised grade of the street, or when they are to be removed, the elevating enginery is placed at the foundation, and the whole structure moves up together as one body. Human society seems to be ordained to this mutual interdependence; and if the upper classes purpose to move upward without extending a hand to those beneath, the whole natural constitution cries out against this disruption of sympathies—against this ignoring of the interests of subordinates. The stronger shall help the weaker, as well as the weaker help the stronger. The body shall move toward fuller and higher conditions of health altogether; or if one member's interests be neglected or despised, the pains in that part, though it be the least honored, will drag down the attention and service of the highest; so it is in the power of the great toe to compel the brain, with all its god-like powers, to stoop and become its servant.

Perhaps our judgments upon this one great social topic of the day are drawn too much from a one-sided observation. Some one has remarked, that if the Indians could wield the pen of our ready writers, and gain the ear of the nation through the press, we should all revise our opinions concerning the traditional treachery of the aboriginal tribes. And a similar remark might be made, in equal justice, concerning those still more numerous tribes whose characters and claims do not stand upon the mere border-land of national interests, but press upon the very central life of all our hearts and homes.

We would love to see some *Toussaint L'Ouverture*, not of the sword, but of the pen, who would arise from this domestic substratum and portray with the candor of faithfulness and the fascinations of genius the experiences out of the inner consciousness of that great world beneath us, and upon which the interests and happiness of both ourselves and our children so largely depend. It might not be an unprofitable thing for society to be compelled to listen once in candor to the apologies of those whose faults form the staple of our current conversation. It might be a profitable change for our nervous housewife to put her ear instead of her mouth to the speaking-tube, and listen to the drama that is played in the

kitchen courts. She would then hear that high wages alone can never command faithful service; that community of interest is secured by community of sympathy; that confidence can never be commanded by mere words of command; that so long as domestics are looked down upon as mere Pariahs in the household, and regarded as children of Ishmael, their hands will be raised, in stinging protest, against whatever their own consciousness reveals to them is a violation of the innate and inalienable rights of human nature. She would learn, at the open speaking-tube, that the law of example works downward from the higher to the lower; that if Bridget, or Kate, or John is to be taught patience, the mistress must restrain her own impatience; that if conscience is to be enlisted on the side of service in the kitchen, it must go before in the display of a genial, thoughtful regard for the comfort and interest of those who only too keenly feel, in this country, the painfulness of their subordinate and dependent position. She will learn at that tube that gratuities in recognition of extra efforts to please, or for extra service performed, are not lost; that kindly inquiries for Kate's friends, and for her own health and state of feelings, will prove most profitable outlays of sympathy; that free and natural commendation of successful efforts at learning "how to do things" will prove better agencies to bind than all the exactions of authority and the restraints of fear.

Apropos to all this, we have a neighbor who, her friends think, commands some secret magic, by which she confirms the Darwinian theory of development; for she wields some talismanic power by which a composition, which others have pronounced is a compromise with decidedly lower orders of being, is expanded out into a well-rounded exercise of most genial and trustful human traits.

We heartily wish she would divulge the secret, for the comfort and success of all her sister housekeepers who are worried with chronic complainings. And yet there is, after all, no great mystery about the achievement.

She begins by throwing herself upon the confidence of her servants, and not by meeting them with suspicion.

"Kate, let me show you where you can find everything in the house. Use it exactly as if you were the mistress, and do all you can to prevent unnecessary waste."

If Kate shows some kindly movings of disposition in response to this first outgoing of confidence on the part of the mistress, these

movements of the better nature are not overlooked, but are met with commendation and encouragement.

This genial madam, who is served so well, and retains her servants so long, habitually does what, perhaps, will not often recur to housekeepers of the day.

"Kate, you have set the table very nicely indeed," is cheerily said, after some genial hints have been given, and Kate has evidently tried to profit by the instruction. "Kate, you have succeeded well in those light biscuits, and we all spoke of how brown and evenly baked they were."

And when Kate has begun to pride herself upon her economy, and not her wastefulness, she is occasionally delighted with an extra day out; or when Christmas comes round, Kate is asked to hang up her stocking, and in the morning it greets its owner with a broad grin, almost bursting, so stuffed is it with some things "so very nice and so very useful."

Her mistress does not forget that there exists all the yearning of human nature within that silent bosom, nor is she thoughtless of those many lonely hours in the kitchen, made all the more lonely when Kate hears the music and dancing up-stairs, and the merry voices of beaux and belles in parlor halls, and the thoughts of home and society push the full-orbed tear outside the closing eyelids. And so Kate is often handed some interesting book or paper, is allowed her own company, and occasionally goes to an evening concert or entertainment on a ticket or two she herself did not purchase.

It would be quite easy to draw the contrast to all this,—quite easy to speak of the suspicion, the unthankfulness, of the extra service unacknowledged, the reluctance at granting little favors, and of the thousand other things which might come up from the kitchen side of the drama; but we desist, as they are all too familiar by far in this every-day domestic life of ours.

Just at this point, without extending the subject too far, may we not ask whether society will not gain somewhat by retracing its steps? Whether we shall not be better in our domestic life by going, in some features, toward the patriarchal times rather than by pressing on toward the days of positivism? Whether we should not be the decided gainers by establishing more of the patriarchal simplicity and confidence of intercourse between master and servant? Has society been the gainer by this universal basement and sub-cellar arrangement,

in which our feet are always above the level of our servants' heads? Does not fashion put too great a chasm between the master and the servant, so that the latter dwells a foreigner under the same roof, and, per consequence, learns to regard all the interests of the master as foreign to his?

It may be possible to learn something from customs in other lands as to the relations between master and servant, employer and employee. The following presents us a beautiful picture, as cited by Malte Brun, and quoted by Disraeli the elder.

"In the island Ragusa, on the coast of Dalmatia, it is the custom for the girls, after a service of ten years, on one great holiday, which is an epoch in their lives, to receive the ample reward of their good conduct. On that happy day the mistress and all the friends of the family prepare for the maiden a sort of dowry, or marriage portion.

"Every friend of the house sends some article, and the mistress notes down the gifts that she may return the same on a similar occasion. The donations consist of silver, of gowns, of handkerchiefs, and other useful articles for a young woman.

"These tributes of friendship are placed beside a silver basin, which contains the annual wages of the servant. Her relatives from the country come, accompanied by music, carrying baskets covered with ribbons and loaded with fruits and other rural delicacies. They are received by the master himself, who invites them to the feast, where the company assemble, and particularly the ladies.

"All the presents are reviewed. The servant introduced kneels to receive the benediction of her mistress, whose grateful task is then to deliver a solemn enumeration of her good qualities, concluding by announcing to the maiden that having been brought up in the house, if it be her choice to remain from henceforward, she shall be considered as one of the family. Tears of affection are shed, and the ceremonies are continued in a hearty convivial entertainment. And if the maiden prefers her old domestic abode, she receives an increase of wages, and at a succeeding period of six years another jubilee provides her a second good fortune."

Perhaps a little of that wisdom which directs the business world might be profitably occupied in reorganizing our domestic system. Is there any parallel in the whole range of commercial enterprise to that custom which prevails beneath the domestic roof of continuing upon the

same pay a faithful and willing servant through even a decade of years? And would a merchant, a manufacturer, or tradesman expect to obtain and secure faithful service in all departments were he to adopt a system which declined to recognize and reward the advancing value which growing experience always brings in its train?

The history of home-life in the Old Country affords beautiful illustrations among all classes of the mutual devotion of master and servant, and sets forth that delightful truth that even in the most aristocratic society it was not considered inconsistent with social position or a compromise of dignity for masters and mistresses to cultivate relations of endearment with their domestics.

The great lyric poet's epitaph to an aged servant affords us a touching illustration of that regard to which we refer.

TO THE MEMORY OF
MARY BEACH,

Who died Nov. 5th, 1775, aged 78.

ALEXANDER POPE,

Whom she nursed in his infancy,

Constantly attended for thirty-eight years,

Erected this stone,

In gratitude to a faithful servant.

"The epitaph," so says Disraeli, "may be seen outside of the parish church of Twickenham, and is an illustration of many similar marks of affection of master toward the servants, erected throughout England."

There may be such a thing as our *domestic prope* undergoing a sort of dry-rot, occasioned by hardly excusable neglect, while a little systematic and patient exercise of sympathy would insure that evergreen of strength which is found in gratitude, mutual sympathy, and affection.

A PICTURE.

BY MARY F. TUCKER.

I WANT to make a picture with my pen;
And though the unskilled limner's hand may blot,
It can not be disguised, for there is not
Another like it in the world of men.

A face of faultless beauty. Every line
Princely and peerless, royal-browed and fair;
Framed in the splendor of such sun-touched hair
As artists copy, making art divine.

Clear, well-like eyes, whose yearning tenderness
Proclaims the poet-passion, strong but fine,
And more bewildering than ancient wine,—
Compared with them the very stars look less.

Nor dazzling ruby, pearl, and amethyst
Combine the beauty of the perfect mouth,—
Dewy and fragrant as the tropic south;
Oh, sweetest lips that ever woman kissed!

And far surpassing symmetry of lines,
The rare expression, the peculiar grace,
Lighting it all, as an illumined vase
Reflects the hidden glory it enshrines

So I have made my picture. And what then
If it hath fallen far and far below
The grand original? Yet this I know,
But one is like it in the world of men.

A SKETCH OF CITY LIFE.

HOW thoroughly the denizens of our great metropolis associate with mysteries! Pursuing our way through the most fashionable thoroughfares, we are, at best, in a veneered and gilded saloon, or more correctly illustrating, we are in the front of a theatrical exhibition, artificially lighted, all the splendor more or less illusive, and what sentiment is visible is corrupted by pantomime.

Passing into the dens and haunts of poverty we see something real, but as extensive as may be the view, it is only a glimpse. The gloss, to be sure, has been stripped from the surface and the whitened exterior has been shattered, but we are only permitted to see dimly the horrors of the sepulcher. But no human eye, however microscopically keen, or however industriously disposed or recklessly adventurous, can look *below the surface* or fathom the commonplace enigmas which surround city life.

The crone we saw squatting like a toad upon the decayed and broken-down single steps of the old store-house near the river, we should have passed as we do others of her class, with a keen sense of suggested repulsiveness, had we not encountered her eye, the malignant glance of which fairly paralyzed for a moment the throbbings of our heart; thus fascinated, we stopped and examined the wretched creature. Her garments, torn with rough usage and dingy with age, scarcely answered for a decent covering of a dilapidated form which seemed little else than a powerful skeleton stoutly held together by sinewy but attenuated muscles. Her face, which was not irregular in its features, was the very impersonation of vulgarity,—not that common beastly desire for evil as illustrated by the tiger, which has no impulse but a natural instinct for destruction, but that vastly superior, diabolical wickedness which is controlled by a mind active and capable in the conception and commission of crime.

This Hecate met our abashed but inquiring look with a sneer, and as she instantly realized how oppressive her presence was to our sight, she leered her sense of gratification and displayed her eye-teeth, which for want of attention had elongated into fangs, making the resemblance to the rattlesnake almost physically complete.

The goad she held in her hand was formed of a couple of twigs from the coarse broom used by official street-sweepers. They were tough, and as well tempered as steel wire, and would cut the flesh if struck with force. This instrument of torture was raised over the body of a little boy, possibly five years old, whom we had not at first noticed. Is it possible, we queried, that this repulsive woman, this compound of vice and degradation; has any one in her power on whom she can vent her capricious and unbridled passions? and we approached and looked closely into the face of her unhappy dependent.

Heaven save us! what a revelation! An infant in years, on whose starved countenance was written a mental agony which would have been fearful if the result of a matured life of constant misery; judge how misplaced and awful it was on the naturally cherub features of this poor child.

But our surprise did not rest here. This sufferer had a head which characterizes that physical superiority which comes from generations of gentle breeding accompanied by superior moral excellence. The intellectual promise of the high, square forehead and the beautiful arch of the skull indicated with unerring certainty that this unhappy child was no spawn of the stews, no offspring of intemperance, no chance of base animal passion. Then those beautiful, but soiled hands and feet, and those large, liquid, speaking eyes, which in solemn revelation spoke of a refined, highly-educated, and Christian mother.

But this was not all; nature not only informed us that this child was out of place

under this old crone's care, but that the material of the soiled, torn, and threadbare suit of clothing worn by this child had been originally of costly material and fashionable cut. In the positive folds of the cloth were yet to be seen some indications of silken velvet, and the child's manners were soft and gentle; its yielding spirit making it cling to the wretch's knee, under the threatened punishment of the uplifted switch, instead of retreating to a distance, and thus, as would be ordinarily natural, endeavoring to escape. All this history was suggested to our mind with the rapidity of lightning, and in the indignation of the moment we seized the switch and sent it whirling into the middle of the street.

This act on our part operated on the old hag with an unlooked-for effect, for springing to her feet with a quickness that seemed entirely inconsistent with her crippled and enfeebled appearance, she glared at us with the face of a real fiend and demanded: "How we dared to prig her switch?" and then shaking her bony fist in our face, she made the air thick with foul abuse.

"Dared," we mechanically echoed, still hugging the belief that we were addressing a reasonable being, and then continued, "how dare you presume to strike that harmless, helpless child?"

"And why shouldn't I strike what I own," she fairly screamed, seizing the passive sufferer by the arm and dragging him along, as she followed us up, as if he were a bundle of rags—"strike it, kill it, if I please for all you;" and then followed a shower of imprecations in the utterance of which she fairly foamed at the mouth.

In our efforts to escape, the efficient policeman who lounged near by wrinkled his official face into a derisive smile at our helplessness, and thereupon there was a general laugh among the dock loafers at the way we were getting our dues for meddling with a hard-working woman who was merely going to thrash or "kill her own, as she had a right to do."

The last we saw of the old hag, she was explaining to the "paid guardian of the peace" the outrage we had put upon her, and the said guardian in accordance with his sympathies was endeavoring to pacify the

wretch. Had she been a well-bred, inoffensive woman, he would probably have displayed his zeal in the public service by taking her to the lock-up.

But when will we see the last of that poor child? Disgusted at first with the insults of the woman, our helpless indignation drove the face of that little sufferer from our mind, and we thought for a moment but little of the adventure. When, however, the exciting duties of the day were ended; when at midnight we sought repose upon our pillow, and the brain dismissed the common impressions of a busy day, we found it was but the clearing away of the cobwebs and dust, that we might behold more clearly the image of that helpless boy; for us there seemed to be no peace, and we turned discomfited and restlessly away, determined to sleep. But all in vain—we were haunted by that boy's face. It seemed as if those large, dreamy eyes were looking appealingly upon us. They would gradually fade away, to return again, leaving always a sense of some good work neglected and undone, and the mystery of sleep was not accorded to our excited imagination. Each moment the terrible idea grew stronger and stronger that that wretched waif in the hag's possession was stolen from some happy, luxurious home!

We saw the manly face of a heart-stricken father growing prematurely old with concealed sorrow. We saw a Christian mother weeping in irrepressible misery over a terror created by nameless suggestions, worse than death, concerning the fate of her beloved child. We saw her through the long, long day, wandering and abstracted, only lighting up a moment as she peered into the face of some little child. Happy, well-cared-for children she never noticed; the current of her sorrow could be inferred from the fact, that it was only the miserable and wretched, the care-worn and cast off, she followed with her eyes and spoke to with her moaning, pleading voice.

Who can fathom a mother's agony, when she would rejoice at even the possession of the dead body of her loved one?

Weeks have passed since our adventure with the old virago and that child, but time has not softened the painful surmises. There is certainly some refined home desolated,

some great wrong committed; and we would that the record had not been burned into our very soul by the sorrow-stricken, patiently-suffering, and helplessly-appealing eyes of what we are forced to believe was a *stolen child*.

L. C. H.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.—To be beautiful we must cherish every kind impulse and generous disposition, making love the ruling affection of the heart, and the ordering principle and inspiring motive of life. The more kindness, the

more beauty; the more love, the more loveliness. And this is the beauty that lasts. Mere physical good looks fade with the years, bleach out with sickness, yield to the slow decay and wasting breath of mortality. But the beauty that has its seat and source in kind dispositions, and noble purposes, and great thoughts, outlasts youth and maturity, increases with age, and, like the luscious peach, covered with the delicate plush of purple and gold which comes with autumn ripeness, is never so beautiful as when waiting to be plucked by the Gatherer's hand.—*Annual of Phrenology*, 1871.

Department of Physiology.

The truths of Physiology should be inculcated and enforced early and earnestly, and with the emphasis of high religious duty.—*Yoneman*.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.—WITH ILLUSTRATIONS, ETC.

ADDRESSED TO TEACHERS AND OTHERS.

[CONCLUDED.]

OTHER SAD CONSEQUENCES.

FROM the foregoing view of their destructive effects on the female system, added to another, which motives of delicacy forbid me to mention, it is neither unjust nor extravagant to say of corsets, that they threaten a degeneracy of the human race. And were they worn by all females, as they are by many, they would as certainly produce it as an impaired fruit-tree yields faded fruit—and on the same ground. *The descendants of tight-corseting mothers will never become the luminaries and leaders of the world.* The mothers of Alexander and Hannibal, Cæsar and Napoleon, never distorted their persons by such a practice. Nor is the whole mischief of those articles yet summed up.*

The straightness of the spinal column depends on the strength of the muscles that support it. But those muscles are enfeebled by the pressure of corsets. Hence the spine bends and becomes distorted. Instances of

crooked spine have been fearfully multiplied in the fashionable female circles of Europe and America since the beginning of the present century; while in Greece, Turkey, Persia, Arabia, and other parts of Asia, as well as in Africa—where no tight forms of dress are thought of, it is almost unknown. Nor does it appear among our own countrywoman whose persons are suffered to retain the shape which God intended for them. This breach of his law, therefore, inflicts the penalty incurred by the fault.

It appears, from actual computation, that of the females who have been accustomed, from early life, to tight corseting, nearly *one-fourth* have some unnatural and disfiguring flexure of the spine! By not a few observers and calculators the proportion is maintained to be much greater. A Scottish gentleman of distinction assures us that he has examined about *two hundred* young females in fashionable boarding-schools, and that scarcely one of them was free from some sort of corset-injury. Those whose spines were not distorted had unsightly effects produced on their shoulder-blades, collar-bones, or some other part of the chest, which stuffing and wadding would be requisite to conceal. Some were hunchbacked, and in not a few one shoulder was higher than the

* An agriculturist has a stock of beautiful and valuable horses. What effect would he produce on their progeny by so bandaging the females, when young, as to take from their abdominal cavities a third of their size?—I answer, *deep deterioration*. Nor is that produced on the human family, by a similar practice, less striking. Were the higher classes of the inhabitants of Europe larger and stronger, a few centuries ago, than they are now? They were not the descendants of corseted mothers.

other; effects which in our own country are much more frequent than is generally suspected. In no individual was true personal symmetry amended by the practice; while in almost every one it was impaired, and in many destroyed. In fact, such pressure can not fail to injure the symmetry of the trunk, that being its direct tendency. The custom, therefore, is as foreign from correct taste as from sound philosophy—and I was near saying, from humanity and moral rectitude.

THE PRACTICE UNNATURAL AS WELL AS UNREASONABLE.

Woman was not intended to be turned by artificial means into an insect with broad square shoulders and a spindle waist. The latter portion of her body was designed to be something more than skin and bone. For her benefit as well as for the elegance of her form, nature has surrounded it with substantial muscles and cellular tissue, which ought not to be sported with and wasted in compliance with fashion and a spurious taste. And she may rest assured that she is not only more healthy, vigorous, and comfortable, but also an object of greater attraction, with a flexible and fleshy than with a shriveled, stiffened, and skinny waist. Nor are the female shoulders broad and square by nature, which alone gives patterns of real beauty. An attempt to render them so by art, therefore, is equally repugnant to correct taste and sound judgment. Yet such is the effect of tight corseting. Preventing the blood from circulating freely through the muscles of the lower part of the trunk, or rather of its middle, it throws it into those of its upper portion, preternaturally nourishing and enlarging them, and raising and squaring the shoulders and rendering them pointed. The mere mechanical action of corsets contributes to the latter effect by forcing upward the muscles of the chest, together with the upper ribs, shoulder-blades, and collar-bones. And time renders the deformity permanent. No woman who has worn tight corsets from her girlhood has, or ever will have, those important parts of her frame in their proper places; they are all more or less dislocated; and the effect produced is a direct deviation from beauty of form. Burke, in speaking of the fascinating elegance of the female bust, in his treatise on the "Sublime and Beautiful,"

gives a description of it extremely different from the bust of a well-corseted fashionable of the present day. His just and glowing picture is made up entirely of easy slopes and graceful curve lines. We have too much now of points, angles, and masculine squarenesses. Yet the female figure when not put out of shape is as beautiful now as it was then. Independently of the injury done to health, the personal disfiguration produced by tight corsets, hogshead skirts, and shoulder balloons is a lasting reproach on the taste of the times.

It is to man that nature has given broad, square, and brawny shoulders, and a waist comparatively narrow. And so far as tight corsets and other articles of dress may avail, woman is usurping his figure. I need scarcely add that in grace and beauty of person, which confer on her much of her attractiveness and power, and should therefore be among the cherished objects of her ambition, she loses greatly by the change. Man submits to woman and courts her approbation and smiles; his best affections cling to her, and his arm and life protect her, on account of her womanly qualities. Anything masculine in her excites his *dissatisfaction*, not to give the feeling a stronger name. And broad, square shoulders are masculine, suited only to a man and a virago. There is in them nothing of that delicacy, appeal for protection, and all-subduing loveliness which we instinctively attach to the word *feminine*. Instead of doing aught, therefore, to create in herself such a form of person, woman should shun it, as she would deformity of any other kind.

EFFECTS ON THE BRAIN.

I have said that tight corseting, obstructing the free passage of the blood downward, throws it into the superior portion of the trunk. But it does more: it forces it, in preternatural quantities, but impaired in quality, into the head, and produces there many forms of disease that are painful and annoying, and some that are dangerous. Among these are headache, giddiness, bleeding from the nose, imperfect vision and other affections of the eyes, noise in the ears, convulsions, and apoplexy. Fainting is another effect of this preternatural accumulation of blood in the brain, the reason of which is plain. While

the corsets are on and laced, a sufficient quantity of blood is sent to the brain to enable that organ to sustain by its influence the heart and muscles of voluntary motion and hold them to their functions. As soon, however, as the corsets are unlaced, the blood forsakes the brain in part, and flows naturally through its downward channels. The consequence is obvious. The brain being thus enfeebled for want of the blood necessary for its vitality and the functions it performs, and its invigorating influence being no longer extended to the system generally, the heart and muscles fail in their action, and the individual faints. This occurrence takes place on the same ground with fainting from venesection or any other form of hemorrhage. Too much blood is withdrawn from the brain. That viscus is deprived, of course, of much of its own vitality and power to act. Nor is this all. It is deprived, also, of much of the material from which it prepares its sustaining influence for the body generally. For whatever the matter of cerebral influence may be, it is prepared from the blood, as certainly as bile and saliva are.

OTHER BAD RESULTS.

Almost all females who lace tightly complain of weakness when their corsets are removed, and many of them are obliged to assume a horizontal posture to escape asphyxia. Worse still: some are compelled to wear their corsets as a part of their night-dress! Even a horizontal posture does not secure them from a tendency to faint. This is so deplorable a condition that the practice which induces it involves criminality. Many acts are called felonious, and made punishable by law, which, contrasted with it, are innocent. By permitting it, parents, especially mothers, assume a responsibility which might well make them tremble. They are accessory to its consequences, however fatal. Indeed, possessing as they do full powers of prevention, they should be considered principals.

Perhaps all females who wear corsets, though they may not faint on removing them, nor even feel a tendency to that effect, complain of uneasiness and debility in the back, or some other part of the trunk. The reason is plain. The muscles of the part being weakened by pressure require the continuance of it, as the sot does the stimulus of his

dram, to give them tone and strength sufficient to sustain the weight of the body in an erect position. Hence the individual bends the trunk ungracefully; and unless the vigor of the muscles be restored, she is threatened with a spinal curvature.*

Even beauty of countenance is impaired, and in time destroyed, by tight corsets. Do you ask me in what way? I answer, that those instruments of mischief wither in the complexion the freshness of health, and substitute for it the sallowness of disease; on the spots where the rose and the ruby had shed their luster, they pour bile and sprinkle ashes. They do still more, and worse: they dapple the cheek with unsightly blotches, convert its fine cuticle into a motley scurf, blear the eyes, discolor the teeth, and dissolve them by caries, and tip the nose with cranberry red. That effects of this description often result from gastric and hepatic derangement every practitioner of medicine knows. And it has been already shown that such derangement is produced by corsets.

HOW THE TEMPER SUFFERS.

But those articles make still more fatal havoc of female beauty by imprinting on the countenance, not premature wrinkles—that could be borne—but marks of the decay of *mental beauty*—I mean deep and indelible lines of peevishness, fretfulness, and ill temper, the bitter result of impaired health. No form of indisposition so incurably ruins the temper of woman as that which prematurely destroys her beauty; especially if she feels conscious that her own indiscretions have been instrumental in its production.

* Many women of intelligence and experience are inclined to believe that some form of bracing around the female waist is, if not essential, highly useful, in giving support to the body and maintaining its erect posture. This is a mistake. Such artificial support is required only as a consequence of disease, or from the debilitated condition of the muscles by previous tight lacing. True, the muscles of the female body are feebler than those of the male. But, corresponding to this, the weight of the body is less. In consequence of this *fitness*, the trunk of woman requires, by nature, no more artificial aid to keep it straight than the trunk of man. Hence the elegance of the female form in Georgia, Circassia, and other parts of Asia, where tightness of dress is unknown. The necessity of corsets, therefore, to sustain the person, arises from the misfortune of having ever worn them. And unless the practice be abandoned, that misfortune, like other constitutional defects, will pass from mother to daughter, in an increasing ratio, until it shall result in a fearful degeneracy of our race.

To the truth of this, experience testifies. Independently, moreover, of their cause, no other complaints pour into the temper such acerbity and bitterness as those of the digestive organs. This is also the result of experience. Man, but more especially woman, bears fever, pulmonary consumption, fractures, wounds, and other forms of injury and disease with a patience and mildness which, if they do not improve her personal beauty, increase her loveliness, and add tenfold to the sympathy and sorrow felt for her suffering. But dyspeptic affections especially, I repeat, if a busy and tormenting consciousness whispers hourly into her ear that she has herself contributed to their production by a practice she might have avoided and of the ruinous effects of which she was repeatedly warned; complaints of this description are submitted to by her in a different spirit. She becomes irritable, capricious, gloomy, and full of complaints and fearful imaginings. Unhappy in herself, she seems, in contradiction of her nature, to forget or disregard the happiness of others, and does not even shrink from proving the bane of it. I intend not these remarks as a censure on woman. Far from it. I mean them as a denunciation—and would that it were exterminating—of the abominable practice that destroys her peace and mars her loveliness.

HEALTH OF AMERICAN WOMEN COMPARED.

Under this head I shall only add that, in the higher walks of life, our fair countrywomen, especially in the Southern States, are more delicate and feeble in constitution, and therefore less robust in health, than they are in Europe,—more so, certainly, than they are in Great Britain, France, or Germany. The slenderness of their frames and the semi-pallidness of their complexions testify to this. It is noticed by all strangers of observation, and can not be otherwise regarded than as an evil, ominous of the degeneracy of our descendants. Women constitutionally feeble can not be the mothers of a vigorous offspring. There is reason to fear that this fragile delicateness will, by means of a spurious taste, pass into an element of female beauty in the United States, and that it will render it a national evil to endure for ages. That this will be the case is not to be doubted, unless the proper remedy be applied.

Nor is that remedy unknown, of difficult application, or dubious effect. It consists in a well-directed physical education. That that will remove the evil appears from the fact that the females of our country, in the middle and lower ranks of life, who take sufficient exercise in the open air, and do not injure themselves by their modes of dress, are as healthy and vigorous as any in the world. No man of taste wishes to see our highly cultivated women with milkmaid complexions or harvest-field persons. But had they a little more of both than they now possess, they would be not only more comfortable in themselves, but more lovely in the eyes of others. In the European countries referred to, cultivated females neither house themselves so much, nor marry at so early an age, as they do in the United States. Hence their health is better and their frames stronger.

I know of but *one other* custom so perfectly calculated to produce a degeneracy of the human race as that of contracting the dimensions of the waist of woman, weakening her constitution, and distorting her spine; and even *that* is, in some respects, less injurious. I allude to the practice of the Caribs, the most brutal and ferocious tribe of American Indians, in *flattening their heads*. Nor does the custom of the savage produce deformity more real than that of the civilized and fashionable female. Yet the effects of the one are looked on with professed admiration, while those of the other are regarded with horror. Compared to either of them, the practice of the Chinese ladies, as already stated, in disfiguring their feet and ankles, is taste and innocence.

CONCLUSION.

Finally: One of the leading benefits to be bestowed on our race by Physical Education judiciously practiced and carried to the requisite extent is the production and preservation of a well-adjusted balance, not only between the different portions of the brain, but of the whole body. Few persons, if any at all, bring into life with them a system perfectly balanced in all its parts. Some organs predominate in size and strength, while others are comparatively small and feeble. This is a tendency to disease, and can be removed or amended only by competent training. Let it never be forgotten that the proper exercise

of a part, and *that alone*, increases both its bulk and power, and at the same time diminishes any excess of sensitiveness it may possess. And this is precisely what small and feeble parts require to place them on a par with others and secure their health. To illustrate my meaning and show it to be true :

Is the chest of a boy narrow ? and are his lungs weak and irritable ? Let those parts be habitually exercised according to the directions already given, and such a change may be produced in him as will give an equipoise to his body and prevent disease. His chest and lungs may be enlarged not a little, and as well secured from complaints, as his other organs. From the free and constant exercise which their calling gives to their arms, shoulders, and thoracic walls and viscera, London boatmen have large chests, and are strangers to consumption. The loud and habitual call, moreover, by which they announce their business and solicit employment, aids in the development and strengthening of their lungs. From these causes, though perpetually exposed to the damp and chilling air of the Thames, they rarely experience any form of pectoral disease.

Of every small and feeble part of the system the same is true. A judicious scheme of training will enlarge and strengthen it. But hereditary predisposition to disease is nothing else than the want of an equipoise between all the different portions of the body. Some organs being comparatively weak and sensitive are preternaturally prone to actual derangement. By well-directed exercise therefore, continued through successive generations, may every predisposition of the kind be eradicated.

CHILLS AND BITTERS.—In the *Nashville Home Monthly* we find the following, in a series of articles on "The Legends of the Cumberland :

"Dinner having been announced, the quilt was for awhile deserted. Dinner being over, the quilting and the conversation were resumed :

Mrs. B. said to Mrs. C. that she understood that she had a great many chills at her house.

Mrs. C. said that they had been troubled a good deal, but not more than the neighbors

generally; that she had learned to check them up pretty quick.

"And what do you do ?" asked Mrs. B.

Mrs. C. said that she did not fool with them at all :

"I just take and cleanse their stomachs with a dose of Indian physic, and I then take dogwood-bark and the bark of the root of yellow poplar, and dry them and beat them up right fine, and put them into a jug with water, and make them drink of it ; and all I have to do after that is to see that they don't eat something which is improper. Now muscadines is a mighty bad thing for them to eat, and watermelons is not so mighty good for them neither. Some folks put the bark in whisky, and say that it is better than water ; but I don't like for the nasty truck to come about our house—it is so easy for one to get into the habit of drinking it, and so hard for them to quit, that I am afraid of it."

"I have noticed another fact," said Mrs. A., "for I make bitters pretty much in the same way : it cures them much quicker when it is put into water than when it is put in spirits. When I put it in water, they soon get enough of it to cure them ; but when I make bitters of whisky, it is a long time before they get so they don't need it ; and, in fact, they keep taking them as long as they last ; though I put in one more article than Mrs. C. does, which is a little May-apple root ; and I sometimes use pills made of white walnut-bark—there are weakly persons that can not stand an emetic."

[Perhaps some of our readers may deem it advisable to try Mrs. C.'s remedy. Although we do not vouch for its efficacy, we feel quite safe in commending it as superior to the thousand-and-one alcoholic nostrums with which the country is flooded.]

THE CONFORMATION OF THE NEGRO CRANIUM.—At the meeting of the Physical Society of Edinburgh, in April last, a paper was communicated by Dr. J. S. Smith and Professor Turner, on eight negro crania, recently sent from Old Calabar. Four of the skulls were those of males and four females. They were the crania of slaves of the Calabar negroes, and were probably of the Iboe tribe, having been brought from the delta of the mighty Niger or Quorra. These negroes

have been described as being among the most degraded of the negro race. The skulls, however, showed no such appearance of degradation, and one of the male skulls had an internal capacity or brain bulk of 93 cubic inches. The crania also exhibited a much greater variety of size than was to have been expected in a rude negro people. Mr. Robb considers that the degraded state of the delta

negroes has been much exaggerated. He has lived among them, and states that they are simply what paganism makes them, but their nature is similar to our own.

[Christian missionaries will let the light in on those dark and benighted minds, removing the pagan bars which block the way of improvement. "Light, light, more light" to the darkened minds.]

Our Country and Its Resources.

That which makes a good Constitution must keep it, viz., men of wisdom and virtue; qualities that, because they descend not with worldly inheritance, must be carefully propagated by a virtuous education of youth.—William Penn.

THE FOOD SUPPLY OF EUROPE AND AMERICA.

FREE thought and free suffrage have been strong magnets attracting population to this country in large numbers; but cheap corn may have been a still more powerful attraction. Hunger is a more potent motive than patriotism. The country that receives nearly all of our exports of breadstuffs has returned fifty-one per cent. of all the immigration we have received in fifty-one years: Great Britain has sent 3,826,040 of the total of 7,447,745.

Of all the nationalities represented in either continent, Great Britain is the only one that habitually looks abroad for any considerable portion of needed food supplies. Russia and the United States are the only nations to be depended upon for such supply. Of the 6,000 millions of bushels of cereals produced annually in this country and in Europe, more than 3,000 millions are grown in Russia and the United States. About half that amount is the usual product of Russia; and this country, in 1870, produced more than 1,600 millions.

The census of 1850 indicated a supply of nearly 37 bushels to each inhabitant of this country; that of 1860, 39 bushels: the large corn crop of 1870 will probably make the present supply 42 bushels of cereals of all kinds. The ratio to population, as reported at the Paris Exposition, is for Russia proper, 22.1 bushels; for Prussia, 19; for France, 18.9; for Austria, 15; for Great Britain and Ireland, 11.9; while Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland averaged 12.9 bushels; and the kingdoms of Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Greece scarcely averaged 10 bushels. The average for Europe is 16 bushels. Our ratio to population is therefore 150 per cent. greater than that of Europe. This means all

the difference between small loaves of coarse bread and the largest abundance; between thin soups and a small joint on holidays on one hand and daily roast beef on the other; for the larger portion of the cereal supplies of all countries are fed to farm animals, making, with the aid of roots and grasses, the meat supply.

The ratio of wheat to population in Europe is 4.5 bushels to each inhabitant; and the only countries exceeding that average are Russia (7.1 bushels), France (7.6), and the Danubian Principalities (11), while in Great Britain the ratio is 3.7 bushels. The average for a series of years in this country may be placed at 5.5 bushels.

In the relative proportion of different grains the influence of climate and soil can be seen, as well as the effect of systematic rotation in agriculture, and possibly the dietetic habits of the people. Maize, constituting two-thirds of the bulk of our cereals, contributes but six per cent. to those of Europe, the countries yielding it being named in the following order: Austria, the Danubian Principalities, Italy, Russia, Spain, European Turkey, France, Portugal. All Europe produces little more than the State of Illinois produced in 1870. Prussia produces four bushels of rye to one of wheat; Russia supplies nearly half the barley of Europe and one-third of the oats; the leading cereals of Norway and Sweden are oats and wheat, the lowest on the list.

Russia, with Finland and Poland, having a population of 68 millions, produces from 400 to 500 millions of bushels of wheat; France, from 275 to 325 millions; Prussia, 75 to 100 millions; Great Britain, an average of 110 millions; all

Europe together, about 1,300 millions. The yield in the United States has ranged for ten years from 170 to 260 millions.

The question of abundant breadstuffs is one of life and death to each nationality. It is not only the "staff of life," but that staff must be one's own, and not another's. Another nation's bread is a poor dependence at best in a period of famine. It will be seen by reference to the commerce of these nations that only one of them has much to buy, and but two have much to sell, and that the portion exported by the two bears an insignificant proportion to that retained for home consumption. Let us see how insignificant it is in the case of this country: Our production of all cereals has ranged, in round numbers, from 900 to 1,600 millions of bushels during the past twenty years; it has certainly averaged 1,200 millions. Our exports of wheat, both in grain and flour, have averaged but 15,602,329 bushels per annum for forty-three years, up to 1868 inclusive, although we sent abroad, on an average, 27,358,574 bushels annually during the eighteen years from 1851 to 1868. The corn exports have been about one per cent. of the crop during the past fifty years. In eighteen years, from 1851 to 1868 inclusive, the total amount exported, both as corn and corn meal, was 161,458,960 bushels, or 8,969,942 per annum. Thus we have an average of 36,328,516 bushels of cereals exported during a period in which the production was 1,200 million bushels per annum; showing that we have consumed at home ninety-seven per cent., and sent abroad three per cent. And Russia has consumed her own breadstuffs very much in the same proportion.

A fine commentary might be drawn from these facts upon the insanity of deranging crop rotations and disturbing the balance of production in the vain hope of making the fortune of the country by supplying the nations of the world with wheat and flour cheaper than they can do it themselves. A people will come very near starving before they will go five thousand miles for their bread.* The rulers of Europe understand this, and hence permits are required to grow tobacco and other products not strictly edible, and often refused lest the acreage in cereals should be reduced below the area necessary for the home supply of bread. Let us, then, produce an abundance of corn and grain for man and beast, and a little surplus to send abroad in case of foreign famine, as a gift on some occasion of dire necessity, while in cases of less urgency satisfying our Yankee

thrift and gratifying our humane impulses in one and the same shipment.

Few of us realize the full productive capacity of this country, and the extent of its life-sustaining power. England can not compare in natural fertility of soil with Illinois, yet the Prairie State, when peopled to the extent of twenty-one and a half millions, will have thirty-two and a half millions of acres for their tillage, and Texas, with a population of like density, would number ninety-five millions. Nor is England a wheat field altogether, though furnishing sixty per cent. of the wheat required for her own people; on the contrary, less than three and a half millions comprises her wheat acreage, or little more than ten per cent. of her area, and all her cereals occupy but twenty-two per cent., while her entire acreage under crops, including grass and permanent pasture, aggregates twenty-three millions of acres, or seventy per cent. of her area.

When the great plains of the Northwest shall be called into requisition for the food supply; when the South shall cease to be the wilderness that it is, a vast forest with little clearings here and there white with cotton; when irrigation shall fertilize the mountain slopes and valleys of the Territories; and when the Pacific coast shall realize its wonderful capabilities for production; then a population can be subsisted here to which the present can compare only as an infant colony to a nation. When that time shall come, the yield per acre will be doubled, by generous and systematic culture, and will approximate, if not surpass, the English yield of 28 to 32 bushels per acre.

The production of 1870 in the United States has been highly satisfactory; munificent in corn for meat supplies, and in fruits of most varieties; prodigal in cotton for the clothing of the million; abundant in wheat and most of the small grains; moderate in hay, and roots, and garden vegetables. The total product of corn should exceed 1,100 millions of bushels, and the yield of wheat come up to 220 millions, and the whole list of cereals must figure an aggregate of 1,600 millions. The cereal products of Great Britain for the year have been estimated at 365 millions, of which wheat is placed at 118 millions, at the rate of 32 bushels per acre. The area cultivated in this country has been nearly five times as large, and the rate of yield not much exceeding 12 bushels per acre.

Such a yield is a libel upon our soil, but it can not be avoided where lands are so cheap

that one year's crop will more than pay for the land on which it grows, and the poor settler is compelled to transmute rich but cheap soil into available capital with the least possible labor. The wheat growers of the British colonies act much upon the same principle in similar circumstances, with a like reduction of yield. As a present resource, in the primitive efforts of pioneers, it gives the poor but industrious beginner a start on the road to competence and wealth in soil culture; but there is no excuse for such practice in the class of thorough-bred farmers of the present era, whose numbers, alas! are as yet few. The results of the experience of that few are already largely increasing profits and enlarging production, and will continue to leaven the entire lump of American agriculture.

SIZE OF UNITED STATES SENATORS.—The Washington correspondent of the *Milwaukee Sentinel* is very candid in the following statement:

"One can not help recalling the phrenological dictum, 'that, other things being equal, size is the measure of power,' when looking on the Senate assembled. There is a good deal of head here, and proportionally a larger amount of belly also. Small men are by

contrast at a great disadvantage. Look over the outer circle to the left of the Vice-President, as an illustration. There are no small men in it, though some are not fat ones, yet the lean men, however large of brain, are made to look small by contrast. There are Hamilton and Flanagan, of Texas, 'lean and hungry kine,' tall and lank, men of the Cassius stripe. Next comes your goodly proportioned Senator, both physically and mentally, Matthew H. Carpenter, one of the strongest men in the Chamber. Scott, of Pennsylvania, sits next to him—a man of moderate stature and weight. Rice, of Arkansas, long-headed and long-limbed, follows; his colleague is by his side, McDonald, young but weighty in avoirdupois and sagacity; then Ramsey, handsome and stout, flanks Chandler, homely, coarse, large in frame, and heavy in flesh. Howard, Nye, Sumner, three heavy weights, sit side by side, sustained by Kellogg and Yates, who complete the row. Of the fifteen Senators named, there is not one weighing less than 160 pounds, and all but three or four will acknowledge 200 and upward. So, size in body and head does really give evidence of power. In the House there is not so marked a distinction. The Representatives will average better, and there are some little men who hold large places; ability, not experience, perhaps, is as great."

JAPAN—A SKETCH OF ITS PRESENT CONDITION.

ONE of the most remarkable of the civilizations of this planet is that of Japan. In that quaint fairy-land of the East, the home of gnomes, and dwarfs, and Puck-like demons, a type of manhood has perpetuated and established itself of great interest to the enlarged student of ethnology, who, of necessity, must be a phrenologist; though he may have some scientific prejudice against its practical use and nomenclature, for scientific sciolists are as fanatical and sectarian as the most orthodox of Mawworms or Tartuffes.

The visit of one of our most noted American statesmen, Mr. Seward, to this strange land is among the events significant of that approaching assimilation of these stagnant and outworn conservatisms to the fresh and vigorous youth of this West, now fast becoming the only true home of the people. Mr. Seward, as we learn from the *Japan Gazette* of Oct. 23d, published at Yokohama, was received by the Mikado with ceremonies hitherto only accorded to men

of the highest rank, much to the disgust of the representatives of other nations.

A good deal of diplomatic by-play took place upon this occasion between the Japanese officials, all anxious to pay due honor to the flag of the United States, which they have been taught to respect, and at the same time not to offend the touchy sense of etiquette of other European diplomats. Mr. De Long, the American minister, seems to have prevailed with Yankee 'cuteness, and all possible honors were accorded to the ex-Secretary of State.

A letter from a correspondent at Yokohama has these furtive sketches of Japanese nature:

"I have lived nearly fifteen months now with the Japs, and ought to know something about them; but my constant business occupation interferes with my observational and descriptive capacity.

"They are very ingenious, and in their *gems* of art very skillful, partaking of the patient and spider-like fineness of touch of the kindred

Chinese, as all are aware who are familiar with their fabrics. Like most southern nations, they are good-natured and lazy, as fond of the *dolce far niente* as the lazzaroni of Naples. I don't know that they are exactly lazy, but they are, at any rate, exceedingly deliberate—so awfully slow about doing anything, that they may be the opposite pole to Yankee hurry. They obey the Baconian motto, *Festina lente*—‘make haste slowly,’ to such an extent as to totally ignore its corrective, ‘Procrastination is the thief of time;’ for instance, if a merchant make an agreement to meet you at four o'clock, you may expect to see him about six.

“I recollect an expression of yours when attending with you a lecture, delivered to an



A JAPANESE NOBLE AND WIFE.

audience who were not particularly well favored in appearance, that ‘the old Flesh Sculptor must have been in a mood to illustrate the absurd when he carved such a collection of ugly faces.’ It has occurred to me frequently when looking at the Japanese.

“Among the higher class,—Yakonias, or two-sworded men, the right to wear sundry swords being their symbol of grades of rank,—you find some handsome men of the purer Mongolian type; but the lower classes ‘don’t handsome much.’

“The small-pox seems to have been fearfully prevalent, as there are but few who are not pitted. In truth, the ravages of this fearful disease—one of the banes said to have been introduced among the lower types by the white man—are visible all over the East, and, indeed, among all the darker tribes of the planet.

“The grades or castes of Japanese society are innumerable, commencing with the Princes, and ending with the Coolies, or laboring men.

“They are all, from the highest to the lowest, wonderfully polite.

“I have had two *Yakonias* visiting me lately, for the purpose of exchanging instruction in our respective languages. They are very grateful for favors of this kind, and gave me some small presents, and their photographs. I inclose one.

“They seem anxious to learn foreign languages, and study very hard. A friend of mine, who is a teacher in a Japanese school in Yeddo, says they are very apt scholars, and I have found them the same.

“The country is highly picturesque, and the quaintness of the structures add to the peculiarity of the landscape, seeming like the scenery of the old pantomimes of the theater, or like the pictures upon the old china crockery.

“Everywhere cultivation seems to be carried to its possible ultimate, under the circumstances, rice being the staple, and tea, in the interior, among the mountains.

“Silks of great variety, and some of exquisite pattern and texture, are manufactured. Some Europeans have lately shipped quantities of silk-worms to Italy, and other places.

“I made an excursion some time ago to Daibooks, an enormous bronze casting, sixty feet in height, of one of the Buddhist *Dribies*. We went inside, and found it arranged as a temple. It was rumored that it was sold to the French, but they have never taken possession.

“These temples remind one of the altar in a Roman Catholic church, the paraphernalia being about the same, the choir consisting, however, of a lot of big drums, which though not so sonorous are as noisy as the organ. I send you a copy of the mail summary, which I think you will find interesting.

“Terrible news from Tien-tsin. I hope the French will take some decisive measure of retribution; but suppose they are now so busy taking care of themselves at home, that it is hardly possible.

“From the mail summary of the *Japan Gazette* of the 23d October we make the following local extracts, which are entertaining, as showing the half-European, half-Japan life of Yokohama:

“The internal politics of Japan are still deficient in interest. The rumors of troubles at a distance from the seat of government have been abundant of late, but we attach no credit to them: In some districts the people

are as a sheep without a shepherd, their old chiefs having been removed from them. A disturbance which it is said all the southern clans have been ordered to put down, we expect exists more in men's imagination than in fact. So far as it is possible for foreigners to judge, we believe the country to be in profound peace, and that this condition will continue.

"The birthday of the Mikado was celebrated on the 17th inst., we suppose throughout the country, but certainly in Yeddo and Yokohama. The ships in the harbor were gaily dressed throughout the day, and at noon the men-of-war saluted the imperial flag. A review of Japanese troops took place at Yokohama before several high functionaries from Yeddo, and the consuls dined with the local authorities. In Yeddo, the consuls were entertained by the officials of the foreign settlement, and the ministers dined at Hamago-ten, with an uncle of the Mikado and the high government officials; and in every case much kindness and cordiality were exhibited. On the following day there were races in Yeddo, on the foreign system. Great crowds of the people were present, and among them many from the court and the yashikis of the nobles. A few foreigners only were present, but their report will insure a large gathering from Yokohama, should similar sport be again set afoot. It is stated that the prizes were given by the government—three days' racing, each prize \$50. This is the first inauguration of such sports among the Japanese themselves; and from the pleasure it afforded, we expect that racing will take its place as one of their most favorite national pastimes.

"The mode in which Western and Eastern civilizations are commingling is evinced in the following further notice of the last important event in Japanese commemoration. It will be seen that the arts of war which rude man acquires the earliest, and which, in the present half civilization of our planet, are those which have reached, apparently, almost their ultimate of development; and it is to be hoped that with such an attainment the policy of war may yield to the policy of peace in full recognition of the influences of a true civilization.

"The Mikado's birthday was kept both in Yeddo and Yokohama in a manner very different from that in which the same occasion was wont to be. Falling on our Sunday, no further notice was taken of it by foreign officials than the salute that was fired by all the men-of-war in harbor at noon. We doubt not that if it had fallen on any other day, we should have seen

something in the shape of a review at least of the English troops—but, as it was, a review took place on the Mumétchi of some 3 or 400 Japanese troops, before a Mia, Daté (foreign minister), and several Kugés, who had arrived from Yeddo to be present. There were two parties of troops—one that had been taught on the French system, and the other on the English. Both went well through the little they had to do. They marched past separately—the men drilled by the French first. They marched round from right to left, instead of the usual way; and having passed at slow and quick march they were immediately taken from the ground. The men, who had been drilled on the English system, consisted of four line companies, and a battery of artillery with three field pieces. They had a band of drums and fifes, the men composing it being dressed in red coats and dark trowsers. The appearance of the whole of the men was very creditable; and all remarked the great improvement they exhibited in every respect on any former exhibition we have had of their discipline. The band was certainly not much to listen to, but it served to mark the time for the marching, which was very steady. After passing the Mia at slow and quick time, the artillery ranged up at the right of the line in which the troops formed, and the imperial and regimental flags were saluted in the ordinary way, the band playing what we must suppose was intended for the Japanese national anthem. It hadn't much melody, but was thoroughly characteristic. A *feu de joie* was then fired, not very successfully, by the whole line, and the artillery. The review was certainly worth seeing; and gave to those who did witness it an idea of the spirit of the Japanese, which has led to so vast an amelioration in the dress, appearance, and movements of the men."

It seems from these slight visions of the Sunrise Kingdom,—that being the etymology of its name, *Zipan-zu*, as Marco Polo wrote it,—that this wonderful people, among whom the lesser arts of life have been carried to all the perfection possible to their mental organization, are now about to indorse their fineness of manipulation upon the scientific definiteness of the European and Anglo-American.

We shall contrive, in future numbers, with the aid of our correspondent in Yokohama, to keep your readers *au courant* with respect to the progress of this interesting type of mankind toward the broader development which is now so evidently taking place among all the peoples of this planet.



NEW YORK,
MARCH, 1871.

PUNISHING CRIMINALS.

THE doctrine of revenge—the Old Testament doctrine of “an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth”—still prevails in our courts of justice. The doctrine of the new Christian dispensation—that of penitence, pardon, and *forgiveness*, which teaches us “to overcome evil with good,” to temper justice with *mercy*—CONSCIENTIOUSNESS and BENEVOLENCE—though preached from every true Christian pulpit, has not entered into the administration of our civil courts, and we still keep to the old practice of *punishing* rather than *reforming* the unfortunate victim of a perverted appetite or a low or undeveloped moral nature, sending poor, passionate half imbeciles to the gallows instead of to houses of correction, asylums, or prisons. Is it not time for our law-makers to consider the *causes* of crime, and to legislate for its *prevention*, and for the reformation of the criminal, rather than to license bad men to tempt their weaker brethren into lives of sin, misery, and murder?

Are our present criminal laws consistent with our professions of civilization? Are our prosecuting attorneys, our judges, and our juries so immaculate that they may pronounce and execute vengeance on a fellow-sinner who is only less fortunately organized than themselves? What is the use of our

Christian religion if it do not soften the hearts of its professed followers and make them better men? Is there nothing in modern science by which men may be studied, measured, classified, and their tendencies to vice or virtue clearly known? Are all men equally liable to the same temptations? Is it not palpable, even to the most superficial observer, that one is weak in both mind and body where another is comparatively strong? Are there not *degrees* of capability and of responsibility? Does the civil law recognize any difference in the circumstances of criminal acts, save where absolute idiocy or insanity is proved? Here is a learned college professor, Webster, who is supposed to be self-regulating and self-controlling, who, to escape the payment of an honest debt, slays his creditor, Parkman. Is he not more culpable than a low, ignorant, undeveloped child of lust, ignorance, passion, and an uncontrolled temper, such as Sullivan, who, when knocked down with a club by an infuriated mother-in-law, and interfered with in his domestic concerns by a man he deemed his enemy, stabbed the latter to death? And should we not consider these as extenuating circumstances? We state on our knowledge that the murderer Sullivan, who was recently tried, convicted, and sentenced to death, is one of the most unfortunate convicts we ever met. He is so low, so violent, and so destitute of moral sense, that a feeling of penitence or of sorrow has no place in his nature. He is also sadly deficient in Cautiousness, in Reason, in Veneration, and in Benevolence, and as unfit to die as he is unfit to live in liberty or freedom among his fellows. The place for him—and of many others—is in restraint, subject to a long term of pupilage, in which he may be improved and developed into a more humane character. He has the body and the passions of a man, with the

intellect and moral sense of a child; the willful, unregulated temper of an unsubdued, headless, careless youth; yea, of a reckless child.

This is the case. Lawrence Sullivan, a poor weak-minded Irishman, born in poverty, brought up in ignorance, dependent entirely on his own resources, put to hard work in early youth, without opportunity for culture or improvement, associating with whisky-drinking, tobacco-eating creatures of a low grade, grew in body—not in mind or morals—to man's estate. He was induced to marry a woman,—as he believes, to cover the sins of another,—who soon after refused to live with him, and so dwelt apart. One evening, while returning from his work in company with a friend, he passed the tenement in which his wife was quartered. His companion rallied him with the remark, that it was shameful for a wife to live apart from her husband in *such* a place. His jealousy and indignation becoming aroused, he determined at once to try to induce his wife to go with him to his own home. On entering, he was met by his wife's mother, who assaulted him and knocked him down with a club. This almost crazed him. Immediately several other persons appeared on the scene, James O'Brien, a cousin and friend of Sullivan, being among the number, and a supposed assailant. Sullivan, believing his life in danger, drew out a common pocket-knife and stabbed O'Brien in the abdomen, from which he died some ten days after.

Sullivan was at once arrested; confessed the deed, but claimed in justification that it was in self-defense. His humane attorney, Mr. John G. Boyd, who undertook his defense without hope of receiving any pecuniary reward, invited the editor of this JOURNAL to visit his client in the Tombs,—city prison,—with a view of ascertaining what were

his peculiar characteristics looked at from a physiological and phrenological point of view. In the interest of one in prison we visited him, and found a most unfortunate creature in human shape, with scarcely a ray of moral sensibility, without pity, penitence, remorse, or religion. He was at once pronounced a "moral imbecile," not capable of self-restraint or self-regulation: He would be more like a tiger in a sheepfold than like a protector. Violence is exhibited in every feature, in every action, and Cautiousness is almost wholly wanting. He would become *mad* with jealousy from the slightest cause; while his intellect is less than that of an ordinary boy ten or twelve years of age. Our surprise was, not that he had killed a man, but that he had escaped imprisonment so long. We stated our views to the attorney, adding, "You have a 'hard case' to defend. We see no other grounds than those of imbecility or of personal irresponsibility on which you can hope to save him from the gallows; and if you succeed in this case, the poor creature is utterly unfit for freedom. He must be kept in restraint. The reformatory or the prison is the only suitable place for him." Subsequently, the attorney placed us on the witness-stand, to testify as to the physical and mental condition of his client. The judge, ruling out this sort of testimony, gave the case to the jury, who, without leaving their seats, brought in a verdict—in accordance with the judge's ruling—of guilty. He was at once sentenced to be executed on the 20th of January. Exceptions were taken to the judge's ruling: out our testimony, a writ of error and stay of proceedings were obtained from another judge, and a new trial will be had.

We append comments from the press relating to this case. The *World* of Dec. 17th, the day after the trial, con

tained the following editorial. We introduce remarks in brackets.

The acme of the maudlin mode of defense in criminal cases was reached yesterday. At least, it is to be hoped that the force of twaddle can no further go. Insanity in all its branches juries have grown used to; but an appeal not to hang a bad man *because* he is a bad man is a novelty. [Not so, but because he is imbecile.] Yet this plea was put in yesterday in the case of Sullivan, tried for murder. Mr. Wells, the phrenologist, was called to testify that he had examined the prisoner's head [and body], and found that "the animal organs predominated, and were sufficient to counterbalance his moral instincts" [and very weak intellect]. Phrenology is accepted by no man of high rank in science or psychology, and the admission of the testimony of a professional phrenologist is in itself an innovation in jurisprudence. [False again.] But waiving that, what stuff the testimony is as going to establish the irresponsibility of the prisoner! Of course a criminal's "animal organs" "counterbalance his moral instincts," whether or not his hypothetical or actual bumps counterbalance each other. That is exactly what makes him a criminal. The testimony leaves us to infer that if the prisoner were a man whose "moral instincts" counterbalanced his "animal organs"—that is, if he were a saint and sage instead of a savage and a blockhead—he ought to be hanged. [The editor of the *World*, for example.] "Give me that man that is not passion's slave," says Hamlet, "and I will wear him in my heart of hearts." Give us that man that is not passion's slave, by inference say the counsel for Sullivan, and we will consent to his being hanged. [What "stuff!"] But for this poor creature, who is run away with by his "animal organs" until he kills his neighbor, let him go free. [False again. It is asked that he be imprisoned, — for life, if you will, — but not to "let him go free."] Good heavens! As if men were never justly hung for anything else but letting their "animal organs" overpower their "moral instincts." If we are not to be drowned in twaddle, it behooves judges to draw a line somewhere, and if they do not draw it at the testimony introduced to exculpate Sullivan, there is no telling what will be excluded.

[Here are the heartless, inconsiderate, not to say silly, remarks of the reporter of the same newspaper:]

Lawrence Sullivan, convicted of the murder of John O'Brien, was taken on Thursday evening to the Tombs and placed in cell No. 5 in the corridor known as "Murderers' Row." When the key was turned on him, he raved and cursed and swore and acted in all respects with the crazy violence of a madman. He paced his cell all night, Jerry Dunn, who is his next-door neighbor, says, and the keepers corroborate the statement; yet Sullivan himself declared, when asked if it were true, that he never slept better in his life.

MEDICAL CONSULTATION AND OPINIONS.

Yesterday morning several physicians examined Sullivan, with intent to form an opinion on the extent to which his mind was really affected and how much his demonstrations were feigned. The conclusions they ar-

rived at were very concisely, if not very sympathizingly, expressed in the following manner:

Doctor No. 1 said all that really was needed to be done was to stretch Sullivan's neck till all excitement ceased.

Doctor No. 2 thought Sullivan was a cowardly imp, liable, no doubt, to paroxysms of mingled fear and rage.

[Wise and humane doctors! were they in a hurry for a subject? hungry for human blood?]

VISIT FROM HIS FAMILY

During the morning he was visited by his wife, his brother, and mother. The meeting was not a cordial one, Sullivan exhibiting no emotion whatever, further than to kiss his mother. She, poor old woman—whose bringing him into the world and early education of him had been productive of such terrible results—was very much affected; but her sorrow was not that of intelligent understanding of the realities of the situation and what had led up to it.

THE STAY OF PROCEEDINGS.

When alone again, Sullivan paced the floor of his cell and smoked incessantly. If interrupted by any one who spoke to him, he would idiotically laugh and cry alternately, and then have sulky fits, when no word could be extracted from him.

As soon as Judge Ingraham had granted the writ of error and stay of proceedings in his case, it was brought to the Tombs, and one of the keepers went to tell him of it. The keeper said:

"Sullivan, I've come to tell you the Supreme Court has granted a stay of proceedings in your case; but I do not like to say that that offers any more encouragement than you had yesterday."

Sullivan replied sullenly: "I don't want no favor; I'd just as lief have it finished now as any time." And then, banging to the door of his cell, he growled, "I won't have no favor!"

HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

His head is flat and largely developed in the anterior part; forehead low and receding; cheekbones high; eyebrows dark and beetling; eyes deep-set and also dark. It is not uncharitable to say that the countenance is generally brutish and repellant. He will leave his present cell—No. 5—to-day and be placed in No. 4. This cell is within view of the desk of Mr. Cunningham, one of the deputy wardens, and is considered the most secure in the prison. Felons, for whom there is no hope of rescue from the gallows, are always lodged there. It is convenient to the yard in which the last scene is enacted.

[Other newspapers have also commented at length on this case, and the public must have had enough of it. We give a few additional paragraphs.]

The *Sun* newspaper comes up to the subject eloquently. It opens as follows:

LAWRENCE SULLIVAN TO BE HANGED ON JANUARY 20, 1871.—THE MOST BRUTAL MURDERER THAT RECORDER HACKETT EVER SAW—PHRENOLOGY AND INSANITY EXCLUDED—DEFTING A JURY AND WANTONLY INSULTING A COURT.

On the resumption of the Sullivan-O'Brien murder trial in the General Sessions yesterday, the prisoner was put upon the stand. Lawrence Sullivan, according to his own story of the killing, called upon his wife at 1 and 2 Whitehall Street, with jealousy rankling in his breast. He had not lived with her for four months, and believed that during that time she had been unfaithful to him. After quarreling with his wife, and being driven from the room by his mother-in-law, he met John O'Brien on the stairs. Up to this point the prisoner's story agreed with that of the other witnesses, but thereafter he became incoherent and contradictory. O'Brien, he swore, assaulted him with a club and

KNOCKED HIM SENSELESS.

When he got up he avers that he saw a crowd of at least fifty persons around him, all of whom wildly brandished knives, pistols, and clubs. Then, purely in self-defense, he stabbed O'Brien, but without any intent to kill.

The manner of the prisoner while telling his absurd story was that of an idiot or maniac. Speaking of his mother-in-law, he said, with a low chuckle, "She only lacks horns to make her a baste."

SAMUEL R. WELLS, THE PHRENOLOGIST.

was called to prove the lack of mental capacity on the part of Sullivan. Mr. Wells had examined the prisoner's bumps, and believed him to be an imbecile, "with the brain [mind] of an infant in the body of a man." The circumstances preceding the killing, Mr. Wells thought, might have rendered the prisoner temporarily insane. Mr. Wells' testimony was excluded by Recorder Hackett.

[The *Herald* had a column or more, from which we take the following:]

A PLEA OF IGNORANCE.

Counsel said he wished to show that Sullivan was an ignorant man.

Assistant District Attorney Fellows said he would concede that Sullivan said that he had no ill-will or malice against O'Brien, and that he was the only party in the crowd that he would speak to. In his cross-examination he said that he was

LIKE A DOG BETWEEN A LOT OF HOUNDS;

that he remembered when the officer arrested him; and that the blow which O'Brien struck raised a lump on the crown of his head, and he had to pour water upon it every day at the Tombs.

A PHRENOLOGIST ON THE STAND.

Mr. Samuel R. Wells, the phrenologist, was called, and said he had devoted himself to the study of physiology and the structure of the brain.

The Recorder asked the counsel what was the object of examining this witness.

The counsel responded by saying that he wished to show that the organization of the prisoner was such that under the circumstances surrounding the killing he would be so subject to the control of his animal impulses that his will would have no power, and that, therefore, he could not be responsible for his action.

Assistant District Attorney Fellows said that if the counsel desired to prove by the witness that the prisoner was insane that was one thing; but if he merely wished to prove that by reason of his phrenological organization he was a man of brutal passions, easily excited to anger, and likely to take life, he would concede that.

The Recorder decided that such testimony was inadmissible.

Mr. Wells said he was an expert in regard to what caused insanity, temporary or otherwise, by the organization as a whole. From the evidence of the prisoner, to which he listened, he should regard the prisoner as a case of imbecility rather than insanity, except such a state of frenzy as would arise from excitement.

Q. Would the circumstances of this case, so far as you have heard them, be sufficient to throw this prisoner into a state of frenzy? A. Very slight provocation would quite nubalance him as he is but an unfortunate or ill developed person; he is

A CHILD WITH A MAN'S BODY.

Q. Would such circumstances as these totally subject him to the control of his animal impulses? A. Yes, sir.

By the Court—Did you make one examination of this man? A. Yes, sir; during the present week, at the Tombs.

THE TESTIMONY RULED OUT.

The Court—I shall exclude all this line of inquiry.

Counsel said he wished to show the capacity with which the Creator had endowed the prisoner, and took exception to his Honor's ruling.

[The *World* of a later date gives this description of the culprit:]

The deputy then entered the main prison and led the way to the cell of Sullivan. Some of the keepers had come up at the same moment with a change of clothing for the condemned man, and the party passed through the grating together. Sullivan lay curled up under a heavy quilt, which concealed him entirely, but this was pulled away in order that the change of dress might be effected. His mother was there with him, kneeling by his head and smoothing back the hair from his temples and whispering in his ear. He did not answer. His eyes were sunk way into the sockets and tightly closed, and his face was perfectly vacant. One who has not seen

him can not imagine how much this man is changed. His face is chalky white, and a dark beard is springing out all over it. There is not a sign of color marking even his lips. As the attendants were changing his clothing a portion of his leg was exposed. It looked a bone, covered simply with skin. The calf was entirely gone; a single hand could clasp the leg round about. The man of medicine came in presently, felt the feeble artery in the man's neck, and said nothing. The case did not need any opinion. For the poor fellow lying there with his knees drawn up to his chin and the skin hanging loosely around him like a garment there is only one road.

After leaving the cell, the mother of the dying man still hung around the grating and looked at him between the bars. She is a little woman, withered by age, and with thin shriveled hands, which she rubbed incessantly together. In answer to questions, she said that Sullivan was so jealous of his wife he could not bear another man to look at her. She had opposed their marriage, for she thought the woman unfit for him, too "bold and willful," as she expressed it. She had never had any difficulty with her son, had always humored him, and with kind treatment he had never been harsh or unreasonable.

[On the above, and other descriptions, the *Irish Democrat* comments:]

The reading public have been dosed *ad nauseam* for the past week or more by highly spiced details of the condition, conduct, and appearance of Sullivan, the condemned murderer now under sentence of death in the Tombs prison. What he ate and drank, or refused to use; how he lay in his cot or sat in his chair; the state of his pulsation, or the expression of his visage; whether Innacy was assumed in order to cheat the hangman, or his sickness unto death was a merciful interposition of Divine Providence in the unfortunate man's regard—all these things have been chronicled, commented on, and discussed by the zealous and imaginative gentlemen who do the sensationalism for the daily journals. But, *chut dono!* What good is there achieved in revealing the mysteries or miseries of Murderer's Row to the morbid vision and taste of the patrons of Jack Shepherd literature? or how is society benefited by the details which induce men and women of position—aye, Christian men, and women, too, to make journeys to the Tombs and appeal to authority there for permission to feast their eyes on the degradation of a depraved culprit?

We will not reproduce these sensational stories; but there is one so suggestive that we can not avoid a passing reference. We are gravely told that every effort is being made to restore Sullivan to good condition; that rich food and stimulating drinks and other requisites for building up the physique are administered by force in order to preserve him for the gallows! We have no fault to find with the merciful generosity which would make the last hours of a condemned man less bitter, we believe it to be a duty in ordinary cases; but there is something so abhorrent to humanity in the report of this "feeding up" the assigned victim merely for the purpose of the slaughter scene, that we can not find words strong enough to express disapproval.

But after all this romance there are fifty chances to one that the poor wretch will never be hanged at all. We believe that, all accounts of his imbecility being correct, to hang such a man would be more a murder than that for which he has been sentenced; and we feel assured the Executive will, these things being proved, interpose between the culprit and the halter. We touch this subject, as we have indicated, with reluctance. We are no favorers of the doctrine of capital punishment. The inconsiderate manner in which newspaper men elevate murderers into heroes the moment the dread sentence of the law is passed, exercises, we believe, an influence on the young mind most antagonistic to that which the law in its wisdom purposes by the death penalty, and then the day of execution is made a gala-day, the execution itself a sort of drawing-room entertainment witnessed by a select and invited few, and without any deterrent influence of example on the criminal classes not permitted to witness the final scene.

But there is another objection to death punishment. We kill a man when he is most fitted to live; we rid society of his presence when he has become qualified to be its ornament. The convict going to death in a sort of religious rapture appears an object more to be envied than commiserated, and presents an example far more for encouragement than warning.

We are unconsciously entering into an argument against capital punishment when we merely intended to refer to the case of Sullivan. In humanity's name, we

say, leave the poor wretch to his fate without exposing his weaknesses and wickednesses to the world.

Readers of this JOURNAL will please excuse so much of these criminal details as do not properly belong to the discussion of scientific subjects. We have been misrepresented ignorantly or willfully, and it was due that we set ourselves right. We are no apologist for crime or criminals; but do most heartily believe in restraint, in penitence, in pardon, and in reform. If others think differently, and prefer hanging, why, we shall not object to their mode of exit when practiced on themselves, *except* in cases of insanity, imbecility, and idiocy.

A WHOLE MAN.

VERY few men are *well* balanced; most men are *peculiar*. One has a crooked nose; another, a snub nose; another, a turn-up nose; still another, a beefy or ugly nose. One is near-sighted; another cross-eyed, and another sore-eyed. The lips of one person are very thin and colorless; of another, very thick and coarse. One has a beautifully modeled chin, a handsome mouth with clean, regular teeth; another, is almost chinless, and what he has is receding and only significant of weakness, while the mouth, teeth, lips, etc., are irregular, dirty, coarse. Again, we find the body of one to be poorly made up—a narrow chest, small lungs, weak stomach, a poor appetite, bad digestion with bad breath, a tendency to dyspepsia, cold hands and feet, feeble muscles, and a sleepless, cross, irritable state of mind. Another is so physically inert, sluggish, and lymphatic that he is in constant danger of death from apoplexy. One is jaundiced, aguey, feverish, or out of sorts in some other way. Can any one thus organized and afflicted claim to be sound either in judgment or in morals? Are not such persons necessarily peevish, fretful, and fault-finding? Are they **WHOLE**?

"But," exclaims a poor, ill-formed, half imbecile, "who's to blame? We did not make ourselves. We were born so." Aye, verily; but who, or rather what were, your parents? Did they not violate all the laws of life by dissipation? How then could they hope for healthful, well-formed offspring? To a large extent each human adult is responsible for his looks as well as for his character. *He has no right* to pollute the atmosphere, or to spoil his mouth, lips, teeth, or breath, with nasty tobacco, or to bring imbecility, disease, and premature death on his offspring.

"Oh, I did not know it." *That* will not stop the evil consequences. A law of nature has been violated, a sin committed, and it must be atoned for, or punished. The poet spoke the truth when he said:

"Of the soul, the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make."

That is to say, the soul or mind *precedes*, controls, and gives shape to body and brain. We will before we act, and *as* we will, so we act, and thus grow in vice or in virtue. We are moral agents, free to choose what course of life we will follow. A clean, virtuous, religious life will develop the moral, intellectual, and spiritual faculties, and subordinate all the passions, holding them in perfect subjection to the will of God. In this case we are sure to grow in grace, comeliness, beauty. A godly man will not abuse his body; will correct bad habits; regulate his conduct, and live in strict accordance with the laws of life and health. A godless man is self-indulgent, doing what a perverted or an unregenerated appetite inclines him to do. He indulges selfish and unsanctified passions—the lusts of the flesh, sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind.

During the war, when levies were made for men to go into the army, it was found on examination that thousands of those who passed for well men were defective

and unfit to bear arms. *They were not whole.* One had varicose veins, and could not march. Another was afflicted with hernia or rupture, and was unable to sustain long-continued physical exertion. Another had incipient disease of the heart, etc., and thus it is with thousands of men. How is it with women? As a rule, they are in a more unsound and dilapidated condition than men. The nervous headaches caused by bad stomachs; the irregularities, spinal curvatures, etc., caused by tight lacing and improper dressing; the wan and dejected expression, showing the results of nights of dissipation and revelry, the effects of thin shoes, and dresses worn very low in the neck—is it surprising that they become pulseless, bed-ridden invalids? “*A whole woman*”—where, oh, where may one be found? She alone is fit to become wife and mother. She will bring joy and gladness into the household. She is affectionate, healthy, industrious, ingenious, kindly, just, prudent, meek, devotional, self-denying, charitable, and is just what her Maker intended woman to be—no more, no less than a whole woman! Compare her with what we see every day on our streets! Look at the artificial frauds! false hair, false forms, false ——— The reader may fill up the picture for himself. “Who is to blame?” Not Deity, but the devil in us. And what is this? A vain, wicked, perverse spirit. It is that which dwarfs, misleads, and ruins the souls and bodies of men and women. It begets thieves, idiots, imbeciles, idlers, vagabonds, and rebels against the laws of God. Man is weak, warped, insane. Is it to be wondered at when all the circumstances of his life are considered? Young man, take the hint. It is for you to decide whether you will become a *whole* man, or only a lop-sided, abnormal, crochety eccentric. Young woman, your future is, in a great measure, in your own keeping. You may

become attractive or repulsive, comely or ugly, kindly or selfish, wise or wicked. Do not charge your misfortunes to others, but rather to yourself, and so think, act, and live as to be acceptable in life, in death, and in eternity to the God who wills only for the good of His creatures.

“The tissues of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the fields of destiny,
We reap as we have sown.”

T. DE WITT TALMADGE, D.D., whose portrait and biographical sketch appear in this number of the JOURNAL, has some traits not brought out fully in the sketch. He has a temperament full of force and excitability combined; is quick in perception, and his knowledge and impressions are very positive and seem to him as living realities. He has a startling and most earnest style; seems fully to believe what he utters not only, but to regard his impressions and opinions as important. His large Cautiousness makes him a terrorist. His lack of Secretiveness makes him abrupt. His Self-Esteem makes him feel satisfied with the fitness of his thoughts and emotions, hence his manner is direct, full of a dashing, headlong earnestness which startles conservative and careless people who have become “gospel hardened” and careless under ordinary preaching. He has little Imitation, hence he is odd, and therefore his utterances have a peculiar effect on his hearers who are inclined to give him credit for genius. His well-poised thoughts hurled at his startled hearers with great impetuosity, sound to people of excitable dispositions as a prophet’s word, and they are led or driven to think and act with little regard to former notions respecting religious matters. A nervous, magnetic earnestness, uttered with the boldness imparted by large Firmness, Self-Esteem, and Combativeness, and with the dashing frankness of moderate Secretiveness and Causality, captivates his hearers and carries that conviction which produces in them instant action, regardless of minor consequences. His large Cautiousness adds a solemn, almost sepulchral quality to his style; and those who possess cautious, nervous natures are deeply impressed by it.

His active Mirthfulness and quick perception give him at times wit and sarcasm, as a means of exciting others, when his Firmness, Self-Esteem, and Cautiousness easily obtain for him a dominating influence. He is well adapted therefore to act powerfully on persons of certain temperaments and peculiar dispositions. If he would live healthfully and long, he must tone down, put on the brakes, and "slow" his speed. He will overdo, and break down, unless he lives very temperately. Still, though he works hard, he does it with comparatively little friction. He is a high-pressure human engine.

GERMAN UNITY—"EMPEROR" WILLIAM.

ON Thursday, January 18 last, William of Prussia was formally proclaimed Emperor of Germany. The ceremony took place in the "Hall of Mirrors," Versailles, France, the headquarters of William, in the presence of all the German princes and representatives of the regiments of the army. On assuming the imperial crown the new Emperor issued the following proclamation:

"In consequence of the appeal of the German princes and of the free towns for us to restore the German empire after a lapse of sixty years, we announce that we consider it our duty to the Fatherland to accept the imperial dignity. Henceforth we and our successors will bring to the title of Emperor of Germany the hope that God will vouchsafe a blissful future to the Fatherland, and that under our auspices its ancient splendor may be restored. We partake of the dignity, conscious of our duty to preserve with German fidelity the rights of the empire and of its members, to maintain peace, and to support and strengthen the independence of Germany, in the hope that the German people will reap in lasting peace within our boundaries the fruits of their bloody battles, and be safe against the renewal of French attacks. God grant that we and our successors may protect the empire, not by warlike conquests, but by works of peace, freedom, and civilization!"

ST. DOMINGO ANNEXATION.—The persons composing the expeditionary party appointed by Government to visit St. Domingo and examine into the "utilities" of annexing that island to the domain of the United States are, ex-Senator Benjamin F. Wade, Dr. Howe of Boston, Professor White, Cadet Wade, who will act as private secretary to his father, General Sigel, private secretary to Dr. Howe, Professor Crane, private secretary to Professor

White, Professor Blake, geologist to the Commission, Allan A. Burton, secretary to the Commission, H. Brumsel and C. Wright, botanists, Frederick Douglas, Sr., assistant secretary to the Commission, Fred. Douglas, Jr., private secretary to Mr. Burton, and two stenographers, Messrs. Foley and Hilt.

When Congress shall have obtained through this commission the information desired with respect to the agricultural, mineral, and commercial resources of St. Domingo, it will be prepared to determine the propriety of annexation.

President Grant's honesty in the matter is evident in his advice to Prof. White: "Investigate everything. I don't wish to influence you to make a report on one side or the other. Don't hesitate to expose anybody and everybody whom you may find guilty of dishonest dealing."

THE SURRENDER OF PARIS.

FOR the ninth time within one thousand years Paris has been besieged, and for the fifth time has succumbed to the enemy. Famine and its accompanying horrors accomplished in this last case more than the terrible guns of the Prussians. The great sorties made with heroic desperation by the beleaguered, and resulting in nothing favorable to the French, hastened the very sensible arrangement, take it altogether, for a capitulation which Jules Favre effected. It is to be hoped that the French people elsewhere will take a common-sense view of the situation, and give in their adhesion to the securing of peace, even if the cost be severe. To protract the war now would be terribly destructive, and perhaps prove ruinous to the political prospects of the French for the early establishment of a republican form of government. Let there be peace between France and Prussia.

A CORRECTION.—Those acquainted with bee-culture doubtless noticed the mistake made in our February number, in designating the different classes of bees, illustrated on page 126. The "Drone" had usurped the place of the "Queen bee," and taken upon his useless self the name and accessory dignities of that eminent mother of the hive. A mere exchange of places would set the matter right. Mr. Drone, like most of the mere hangers-on of society, makes a good deal of spread, but like them is ultimately doomed to humiliation in the presence of the worthy and industrious.

Department of Literature, Science, History.

In this Department Mr. S. S. PACKARD, of PACKARD'S MONTHLY, will continue his Contributions.

WHEREIN LIES GREATNESS?

I AM aware that my views on this all-important subject are not in accordance with the belief of many; however, I feel at liberty in this age of "free speech and free press" to express them as best I can. Were a young man to put the above interrogatory to a hundred men, nine-tenths of them would answer, Greatness lies in *labor*.

Now this article does not deny that labor is essential to greatness, but it does deny, and will endeavor to show, that it is not the chief requisite of greatness. As I shall confine my remarks to man, it perhaps would not be amiss to inquire what is man, and what are his functions? According to the Scriptures, he is a rational being, fashioned after the image of his Maker, and endowed with certain abilities. According to chemistry, he is a shovelful of earth and a pailful of water.

Be his composition what it may, his essential characteristics, above all other species of being, are his erect position, powers of speech, and ability for reasoning. Now the first and last of these peculiarities are, beyond a doubt, inherent in man's organization.

Again: man was endowed with these and other powers that he might make all things subservient to his physical, intellectual, and moral growth. If, as they would have us believe, intellectual greatness lies in labor, then the positions once occupied by Shakspeare, Milton, and Newton, being open to all, are within the reach of those who labor. If this be true, we must have many Shakspeares and Miltons; but, alas! where is the second "Julius Cæsar" or "Paradise Lost"?

Unfortunately, for some, this is not the case, and this paper will attempt to prove that superior intellect or greatness lies behind man, so to speak, in Him who created him. All that is required to do this is to show that the dissimilarity existing among men, not only in outward resemblance but in intellectual powers, originates in their native constitution.

Now there are some so bigoted or prejudiced in favor of old doctrines, that reasoning is to them a delusion. They claim that every man makes himself, and are contented with their

belief. If perseverance, as they say, is alone the donor of greatness, we must have many unknown Franklins scattered through the land, for there are many men who are striving as hard as he ever did to become enlightened, but who, wanting nature's strong aid, must live and die in obscurity. Now all that is required to convince them of their error and of the fallacy of their theory is observation. But as they do not wish to put themselves to so slight a trouble, let us look at the subject from a general standpoint. There are now something over one billion of human beings living upon the same food, breathing the same air, and warmed by the same solar body. And yet no one claims that any two are alike either in disposition, passion, wisdom, or in any of the peculiarities of man. How has this great dissimilarity come about? Were all men created with equal powers, all the training that could be devised by the ingenious mind of man could not bring about such a dissimilitude. But I hear them cry, "Circumstances alter cases." Yes, I grant it; but they can not destroy,—they only modify what nature decrees and constructs.

They tell you circumstances make men, when these rather offer opportunities for men to show their abilities. You may turn the stream from its course, but you can not prevent its onward progress to the sea. You may allure a mathematical genius from his Euclid for a moment with classical mythology only that he shall return to his old love with the greater zest. Really, circumstances work marvelous changes, yet they can not create,—they only affect. You may conceal a fire with ashes, but you do not extinguish it,—you only make it the warmer inside. Just so a stranger in a foreign land will in time forget his own tongue; nevertheless his genius for mathematics, poetry, painting, or whatever it may be, is not destroyed.

Do circumstances create this dissimilarity? Let us see. Let us go into a thriving village where the general circumstances are the same. Churches, schools, laws, customs, news-rooms, and dramshops are alike to all. But lo! this same dissimilarity exists. There are moral, wicked, in-

telligent, unintelligent, industrious and indolent people here as elsewhere. But they say the poor can not, or do not, associate with the rich, and thus two classes are made. To some extent this is true. But let us go farther. Let us peep within a private household, governed by the same head, and watched over by the same tender, motherly care. Here circumstances can not be brought to bear, for the same mother nurses them in their youth, watches over them in their childhood, and advises them without impartiality. But are they alike in every particular? Most certainly not, and it would be idle to argue it. Many are the clergymen's sons who lead a miserable life in dramshops and gambling dens after all the Christian training and good moral lessons they have received. How is it? They have turned their backs on noble circumstances and taken the hand of vice and crime. They can not cry, "Oh! the way the twig is bent the tree is inclined," for the twig was started upright, and no saplings of vice were allowed to take root near it.

There is no perfect man, and consequently all men have more or less of those passions which are akin to evil. These are what bend the human twig, and if they are stronger than his resolution, he is a vagabond. Since they claim there are two classes, viz., the rich and poor, let us enter the poor man's hut.

There, in one corner, sits a studious youth poring over his lessons. In another part of the room are his brothers quarreling over a misdeal at eucher, or spending their time in some other unprofitable manner. How came the former with such a burning desire for knowledge, and the latter with such a hatred for study, after being brought up under the same roof and circumstances? Tell me, ye who believe in equal intellectual powers. I have not pictured an uncommon instance. Far from it. Many similar examples are recorded in history, and many are yet to be recorded. I have only to cite you to the early childhood days of Horace Greeley, one of America's leading benefactors. Who does not fancy he can now see him, as biography states it, lying upon the floor of their humble cottage, and by the light of a pine-knot intently at study notwithstanding the annoyances of his playing companions. Tell me if the lad of a poor but industrious family of Kentucky, to whom neither academy nor college was ever opened, and who spent his youth in clearing the forest, and his full manhood in guiding the councils of his country through a great war, did not rise up in a

similar manner? He had little or no schooling, and scarcely any books with which to awaken in him a thirst for knowledge. Circumstances were against him; but he had within him that which education can not supply, that which is bound to lift man above circumstances and his fellow-man. That the powers which have made such men great and famous were innate seems to me conclusive. But now they tell us education creates this dissimilarity. Let us see.

Take, for instance, two men equally well educated in the same medical school. You go to one and tell him your ills, and as best you can what the trouble is. He listens attentively, examines your pulse, looks at your tongue and says you are threatened with a fever, and gives you a dose which he thinks will break it up. Time passes along, but you do not get any better, and so you go and see the other. He goes through with the same investigations and says you have all the symptoms of apoplexy.

Take another instance. Here are two venerated gentlemen, both well educated, who are spending their lives in studying the Holy Book and preaching its precepts. One goes from place to place preaching the existence of a place of punishment in the hereafter; while the other preaches that there is no such place as "hell." Thus we find mental differences in every department of life, which lie in the native constitution of men. There is the source or fountain-head of intellectual greatness and also of intellectual inferiority. Therein, to a great extent, lie man's character, principles, and acts in life; and these are the catalogue of the man. If in a man judgment is wanting, he is like a vessel at sea without a rudder. If he is wanting reason, he is like an engine without a governor. If he is wanting ambition, he is like an engine without steam. But if he has all the powers or faculties so blended or united that each works for the good of the others, he will pass on like the giant locomotive, carrying with him multitudes who are ready and willing to pay him homage and applaud his greatness. All history proves this, tradition corroborates it, and observation will confirm it. Just look back upon the vast expanse of time, and of that multitude of humanity who have lived and perished, and see how many gained that fame which time can not destroy. For every one that yet lives, I venture to say a hundred thousand are sleeping in forgotten graves, and "the places that once knew them know them no more." Here and there we see bright stars on which are written in ineffaceable let-

ters such names as Homer, Shakspeare, Milton, and Newton. They were extraordinary men, possessing abilities far superior to nearly all of their fellow-men. The Creator lavished upon them his greatest bounty—a giant intellect. The theory of equal powers is a delusion, and, thank Heaven, it is fast dying out.

It is said that no man could meet Daniel Webster without saying, "He is an extraordinary man." His every feature and movement struck you as being singularly grand. His high, massive forehead was alone sufficient, says a cotemporary, "to impress any one with a feeling of admiration." And this man, by some thought to be America's greatest son, had the next largest brain on record. I do not claim that every intelligent man has a large brain. Far from it. A small brain may be so evenly balanced as to bring forth better results than many larger ones.

Many strong minds have gone down to ruin on account of their lower powers being predominant. The towering forehead, keen eye, and expressive countenance are all the work of the Creator through nature, as are also all of the intellectual powers. She molds the man and gives to each certain abilities. And when it is said that to her we owe all that we are and all that we may be, my conscientious belief is expressed.

But in all that has been said, the writer does not wish to be understood as disparaging any young man from getting an education. It is his right, his duty, and it is the duty of every intelligent man to assist him. Because a man has meager powers, it is no reason why he should forsake their culture. So much the more he should strive to become enlightened that he may appreciate the intelligence of others. There are but few men who can not by persistent effort become masters of some branch in the world's history. Stephenson, it is said, could neither read nor write, yet by untiring perseverance he came off victorious and is one of the world's greatest benefactors.

Some men look with contempt upon those whom nature has not so well favored. Such can not be aware that small minds are as essential to the world's equilibrium as large ones. Were every man either a Johnson or a Butler, the world would be in continual dissension and turmoil. Every man would consider his views to be the more beneficial to the country. Every rock and stump in the land would support a shouting orator. The plowshare would rust in the furrow, the fire go out in the forge, and the gutters would fill up with filth. But

fortunately this dilemma will never occur, as the Creator has decreed otherwise.

A word to the young man, and I am done. Of all the sermons ever uttered, there are none better for you than this: "*Know thyself.*" From the fact that observation teaches us that different men are constituted by the Creator with different aptitudes for different pursuits, it behooves every young man to study himself, to learn if possible for what calling nature has best equipped him. When he has determined this he should give a loose rein to that spirit which throbs within him and bend every power to make it a success, remembering that—

"One science only can one genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit."

Learn to bridle those passions or powers which would lead you astray, otherwise your attempt is an almost certain failure. All men seem to have a passion for becoming distinguished; but as eminence is only allotted to a few, patience of obscurity is a duty we owe to ourselves and to the quiet of the world. If you take as your motto "justice and perseverance," you may at last burst forth into light; "but if frequent failure convince you of that mediocrity of nature which is incompatible with great actions, submit wisely and cheerfully to your lot."

C. E. S.

THE FERN'S LESSON.

Here is a charming commingling of geology and ethics.
How beautiful the sentiment!

In the valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern-leaf, green and slender,
Veining delicate and fibers tender;
Waving when the wind crept down so low;
Bushes tall and moss and grass grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in, by night, and crowned it,
But no foot of man e'er trod that way;
Earth was young, and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain;
Nature reveled in grand mysteries,
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees;
Only grew and waved its wild sweet way,
None come to note it day by day.

Earth, one time, put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks, and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean;
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,
Crushed the little fern in soft moist clay,
Covered it, and hid it safe away;
Oh, the long, long centuries since that day!
Oh, the agony! oh, life's bitter cost
Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man
 Searching Nature's secrets, far and deep;
 From a fissure in a rocky steep
 He withdrew a stone, o'er which there ran
 Fairy pencillings, a quaint design,
 Veinings, leafage, fibers clear and fine,
 And the fern's life lay in every line!
 So, I think God hides some souls away,
 Sweetly to surprise us, the last day.

—Public Opinion.

ICELAND.

THE LAND OF FIRE AND ICE.

BY PROF. WILLARD FISKE.

WAS there ever such an anomaly as the island of Iceland? Geographically it belongs to the Western Continent, and yet, historically and politically, it is a member of the Eastern. It lies close under the arctic circle, where winter prevails during three-quarters of the year, and is surrounded by seas filled with icebergs; and yet boiling geysers and fountains of heated steam burst everywhere from its surface, while great volcanoes pour down into its valleys and upon its plains streams of molten lava. The nearest neighbors of the Icelanders are the Esquimaux of Greenland; yet while the Esquimaux are sunk to the nether level of ignorance, the Icelanders have raised themselves to an elevated plane of enlightenment. And so the wonderful island lies there, a link between the two hemispheres; a site where the most opposite of elements, heat and cold, are constantly contending for sovereignty; the seat of a race of the highest civilization in close contact with a race of the lowest barbarism. Nor does this end the chapter of contradictions. Lying almost beyond the range of either animal or vegetable production, the island still yields commodities which many more favored localities can not furnish. It rivals semi-tropical Italy in the value of its sulphur mines, temperate Germany in the variety of its mineral waters, Scotland and Norway in the fertility of its salmon fisheries, and annually produces, in proportion to its population, three times the number of horses and sheep raised in our own State of New York. It exports several articles which are either found nowhere else, or, if found, are of greatly inferior quality, such as the down of the cider-duck—which makes its way to every palace and upon which the heads of all the kings of the earth easily or uneasily lie—the feldspar so largely used in optical experiments, and that semi-carbonized wood, known as *surtubrandur*, which, as a material

for the manufacture of furniture, equals the famous ebony of the tropics. A land of glaciers, and suffering keenly from the chill winds that blow off the icy shores of Greenland, Iceland's chief harbors are open all the year round, while those of the Baltic, far to the south, are closed. A treeless country, its inhabitants often burn the costliest of woods—mahogany and rosewood and Brazil wood—which has been borne to them from the tropics, at no expense for freight, by the current of the Gulf Stream. A land where wheat will not ripen, its people possess in abundance a vegetable growth, the *lichen islandicus*, which, in far richer countries, is accounted a luxury. A nation almost destitute of schools, all of its sons and daughters are taught to read and write from their earliest years.

The history and philology of the island present features equally strange and striking. It is the smallest of all Teutonic communities, while its speech is the most ancient and, grammatically, the richest of all the Teutonic dialects. In it are preserved the oldest poems, the oldest political orations, and the oldest religious ideas of our race. It is, as has been said, the feeblest of all Teutonic communities, yet it was the first to develop a republican system of government, the first to establish trial by jury, the first to compile codes of law. The colonization of the island furnished a parallel in the ninth century to the colonization of New England in the seventeenth, its pioneers seeking its barren shores for the self-same reason that led the Puritans to the rock-bound coasts of Massachusetts and Connecticut. Its sturdy sons helped to delay the fall of the Eastern Empire by enlisting in the body-guard of the Byzantine monarchs; took part under Rurik in the foundation of the Russian monarchy; took part, under Rollo, in the establishment of that Norman dynasty which subsequently conquered England; set up kingdoms, and left traces of their speech, in Ireland and Scotland; built churches and towns in Greenland; and preceded Columbus, by five hundred years, on the dreary, watery path, which led to the mainland of America.

No nation so small as Iceland has so large a literature. The number of printed books amounts to many thousands, and the number of unprinted works, preserved as manuscripts in the public libraries of Europe, is at least equally great. Nor is this literature, as is the case with many minor nationalities, and with most colonial communities, made up of translations, but is almost wholly composed of orig-

inal works. With the exception of the Bible and a few theological works, Homer and one or two other classics, Milton, Klopstock, Pope, and portions of Shakspeare, Byron, and Burns, very little of the literature of other nations has been translated into Icelandic. The literary story of the marvelous island opens gradually with the two Eddas. The older or poetic Edda was written down from oral tradition by Sæmund Sigfusson, a learned priest of the eleventh century, who had traveled in various countries of Europe; it is, however, at least as old as the eighth century. It consists of a series of alliterative poems involving the mythology and the legendary lore of the North, narrating the deeds of Odin, Thor, Tyr, and the other divinities, who, in spite of the overthrow of their temples and halidoms, still influence our daily lives, as we tell off our Tuesdays and Wednesdays and Thursdays and Fridays which bear their names. Sæmund's Edda, too, like the early mythological works of all races, is filled with moral maxims, so that an ethical code might easily be compiled from it. The other Edda, known as the prose or younger Edda, was compiled in the twelfth century by Snorri Sturluson, and it, also, chiefly busies itself with the doings of the gods. In it occurs that singular episode of Thor's visit to Jotunheim, which of late years has been made familiar to English readers by more than one translation. Snorri Sturluson, the man to whose antiquarian zeal we owe the collection of the younger Edda, is one of the greatest characters in Icelandic history as well as in Icelandic literature. Walter Scott puts him beside Cicero, who bore something of the same relation to his time, for the Roman lived in the last days of the Roman republic as Snorri did in the last days of the Icelandic republic. Statesman, orator, historian, archæologist, Snorri must long remain the most prominent figure in the annals of the island. His *Histories of the Kings of Norway*, which Laing has admirably translated, form a voluminous work, written in a clear and well-sustained style, and are of great historical value. They are among the best of the Sagas. This word "Saga," literally a *saying* or *telling*, is applied to all kinds of prose narrative, whether it be historical, legendary, or entirely mythical. There are hundreds of Sagas, many of them still unpublished. In fact, the Saga of almost every valley in Iceland has been written, and some of these local histories are of great interest as well as models of good style. Such is especially the case with the *Eyrbyggja Saga* and the

Nijals Saga, of the former of which Walter Scott has given an abstract. In addition to the two Eddas and the multitude of Sagas the old literature has its poems, mostly religious, its codes of law, its annals, and even its scientific treatises. The modern literature, especially of this century, is rich in poetry and political works.

The Icelandic throws a flood of light upon the history of the English language. In their early stages, so nearly connected were the two tongues, that we can very well imagine an intelligent Anglo-Saxon and an intelligent Icclander making themselves mutually understood, with some little slowness and difficulty, perhaps. At a later period the Icelandic greatly influenced the English, especially in its northern dialects, so that most of the dialectic words used by Burns are at once comprehensible to the student of the insular language. Yet, notwithstanding its importance to the English scholar, the Icelandic has hitherto been, to the great mass of students of English lineage, a sealed book. While the philologists of Scandinavia were making broad reputations by their investigations in the Old-Northern domain, while the philologists of Germany were cleverly availing themselves of this field, the English knew so little of the harvest that was awaiting the reaper, that the number of men in England and America who had ever paid any attention to Icelandic might almost, until within the last decade, have been reckoned upon the fingers of a single man. But in England a new era has dawned. The labors of Laing and Dasent and Thorpe in Icelandic literature are beginning to excite interest in the Icelandic language, and a great impulse has latterly been given to the new movement by the publication of the first part of an excellent Icelandic-English lexicon, through the agency of the University of Oxford.

But through it all, through the present days when its speech opens up a mine of wealth to the linguist of every Germanic tribe, as through those past days when its writers were the chroniclers of all the neighboring Germanic nations, the venerable island floats upon the gray waters of the distant northern sea, the wonder alike of the naturalist and the philosopher. The former sees in it a display of nature's powers under forms which they nowhere else assume; the latter sees in it a nation, weak in numbers, maintaining unchanged for almost a thousand years, against obstacles never before surmounted by man, its language, its literature, and its customs.—*Cornell Era*.

ORIGIN AND CORRELATION OF FORCES.

MOTION is the first primordial trace of action in the universe of matter and form (creation) which the finite mind can detect or imagine, to which succeeds, in correlation, friction, then electric excitation, and the result is heat and light translated in various degrees. This electric action is all-powerful, in further correlation, in the production of the varied phenomena of attraction, or gravitation, repulsion, and consequent construction and destruction (disintegration), contraction, and expansion variously modified with the association of light and heat. It is the rapid passage of electricity from atom to atom, and from one mass to another, or from globe to globe,—all aggregated by the attractive force of electricity,—which produces, through friction, all the varied degrees of light, heat, and actinism; actinism being the associated influence of light, heat, attraction, and repulsion (the products of electric action) for the promotion of all chemical effects.

Here we have arranged the only “detectable” forces operating in nature which are directly adequate to the production of all the moving phenomena in the universe, discoverable by finite minds outside of the subjective *me*, or mind-force. As all forces are indestructible, so mind-force is also an eternally preserved individual power.

Most of the forces here named are so correlated and blended, or dependent the one upon the other, that they are said to be convertible from the one to the other; but I think it might be said with more propriety, that each is capable of being developed from their combination under new conditions.

It is patent to the comprehension of all philosophical minds, that motion of every kind must have a cause, or force, outside of and producing the motion of matter; as absolute immobility—rest—is the necessary condition of matter in the absence of all external cause or impelling motive force, therefore there is a cause or force antecedent to mere motion.

As the forces first named are the adequate *direct* cause of all that exists, except mind-force, so those forces must be correlated to and dependent upon other antecedent *unknown* forces or causes, as the chain antecedently leading to the real primal cause of all *known* existing forces, which primal or unknown grand first cause, we have a philosophical right to assume, is an intelligent Will-force, acting

through successive forces, to those we recognize, including finite will-force. This is evidenced by the existence of mind and the general harmony and adaptable circumstances of matter, thus evincing wondrous design and contrivance, which the undirecting, blind forces of *known* matter are incapable of effecting, unless guided and impelled by antecedent forces.

Electricity, associated with light and heat, produces expansion and contraction, and applies directly as well to animal muscle as to a piece of iron or wood, and such expansion and contraction produce muscular operations, through direction of the will; but electricity, heat, and light are inadequate to direct for a purpose, as that implies understanding—volition; hence direction, with a purpose, can neither proceed from electricity, heat, or light, or from any function or quality of *known* matter, as, for instance, the brain *per se*; so the independent mind-force is alone adequate to direct with a will,—thus weaving thought into tangible expression, whether the same be the unlimited infinite or the limited finite will-force.

This infinite will-force comprehends the unlimited conception and execution of all existing varieties of organic and inorganic existences, not directly for every mass or individual production, but indirectly by laws impressed upon matter, impelling its action. Here we rise to the dignity of mind prerogative in the required direction of forces, for ultimate purposes, which blind forces have not volition to pursue.

So science and reasoning teach us that there is a correlation of forces existing between the infinite will-force and those material forces detected in the production of all existing things; just as much as the finite will-force is correlated with material forces, by which to accomplish its purposes, mainly through the aid of the varied properties of electricity, including its production of light, heat, actinism, attraction and repulsion, as well as contraction and expansion.

With all common-sense reasoning, we might as well call the great variety of man's handiwork in machinery the mere uncalculating heaping together of materials, as to fancy or assume that the vast scale and results of mechanical adaptable operations in nature are not contrivance, but the mere uncalculating results of chance combinations of matter. Design being so evident in both, it is worse than folly to deny it in either.

Thus science, reasoning upon the marvelous diversity and characteristics of the phenomena of nature, and upon the consciousness of our being and responsibility, in all positively and indisputably recognizes the existence of a supreme Ruler and intelligent First Cause for all sentient, physical, and esthetic existences and harmonies, to whom we all feel accountable for our acts, and owe our highest love, gratitude, and admiration, not as an ideal, but a real embodiment of our profound sensibilities.

Our conceptions of such a Being are necessarily limited to His unity, perfect wisdom, power, and beneficence, while form and place for such a Being are finitely inconceivable, as the human mind can conceive of nothing beyond created nature as presented to our senses and contemplation—the infinite being, unembraceable by the finite reason, just as unlimited space can not be embraced by the limited. Hence our conceptions of that Being are confined to our consciousness and the inferential necessities of our existence and surroundings. So God exists in the reason, the consciousness, and the emotions.

CHAS. E. TOWNSEND.

THE MANLY BOY.

"IS there a vacant place in this bank which I could fill?" was the inquiry of a boy, as with glowing cheek he stood before the manager.

"There is none," was the reply. "Were you told that you could obtain a situation here? Who recommended you?"

"No one recommended me, sir," calmly answered the boy. "I only thought I would see."

There was a straightforwardness in the manner, an honest determination in the countenance of the lad, which pleased the man of business and induced him to continue the conversation. He said, "You must have friends who could aid you in obtaining a situation; have you told them?"

The quick flash of the deep blue eyes was quenched in the overtaking wave of sadness as he said, though half musingly, "My mother said it would be useless to try without friends;" then recollecting himself, he apologized for the interruption, and was about to withdraw, when the gentleman detained him by asking why he did not remain at school for a year or two, and then enter the business world.

"I have no time," was the reply. "I study at home, and keep up with the other boys."

"Then you have had a place already," said the interrogator. "Why did you leave it?"

"I have not left it," answered the boy, quietly.

"But you wish to leave; what is the matter?"

For an instant the child hesitated; then he replied, with half-reluctant frankness, "I must do more for my mother!"

Brave words! talisman of success anywhere, everywhere. They sank into the heart of the listener, recalling the radiant past. Grasping the hand of the astonished child, he said, with a quivering voice, "My boy, what is your name? You shall have the first vacancy for an apprentice that occurs in the bank. If meantime you need a friend, come to me. But now give me your confidence. Why do you wish to do more for your mother? Have you no father?"

Tears filled his eyes as he replied, "My father is dead, my brothers and sisters are dead, and my mother and I are left alone to help each other. But she is not strong, and I wish to take care of her. It will please her, sir, that you have been so kind, and I am much obliged to you." So saying, the boy left, little dreaming that his own nobleness of character had been as a bright glance of sunshine into that busy world he had so tremblingly entered. A boy animated by the desire to help his mother will always find friends.—*Selected.*

IS IT A PERPETUAL MOTION?—An esteemed friend sends us the following communication; we wait for an explanation:

"There will soon be brought before the public a patent for a new application of 'motive power' which promises to be equal in usefulness to steam or the water-wheel, and it combines so much of force and simplicity that an ocean steamer may under all circumstances be safely propelled by it, or a circular saw, or any simple machinery may be most economically and efficiently worked by it.

"Many a lone location, destitute of facilities for ordinary machine power, and those parts of a densely crowded city, where the fire that must be used with a steam-engine is dangerous or insecure, will welcome this new power. We sincerely congratulate the inventor of this forthcoming acquisition for the success which crowns his years of patient toil and sacrifice."

WISDOM.

A MAN's good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners. He who reforms himself has done more toward reforming the community than a crowd of noisy, impotent, self-appointed patriots.

SELF-TAUGHT.—Many men are said to be self-taught. No man was ever taught in any other way. Do you suppose a man is a bucket, to be hung on the well of knowledge and pumped full? Man is a creature that learns by the exertion of his own faculties. There are aids to learning of various kinds; but no matter how many of these aids a man may be surrounded by, after all, the learning is that which he himself acquires. And whether he be in college or out of college, in school or out of school, every man must educate himself. And in our times and our community every man has the means of doing it.

CHARITY.—Shakspeare's beautiful definition of this chief among human virtues is, "Gently to hear, kindly to judge."

To things which you bear with impatience you should accustom yourself, and by habit you will bear them well.

WHOSOEVER is afraid of submitting any question, civil or religious, to the test of free discussion, is more in love with his own opinion than with truth.

HEADS are excellent things; but it is better to be a man of one good head than a monster of seven.

NOR he who rides through conquered city's gate,

At head of blazoned hosts, and to the sound
Of victors' trumpets, in full pomp and state
Of war, the utmost pitch has dreamed or found
To which the thrill of triumph can be wound;

NOR he who by a nation's vast acclaim

Is sudden sought and singled out alone,
And, while the people madly shout his name,
Without a conscious purpose of his own
Is swung and lifted to the nation's throne;

BUT he who has all single-handed stood,

With foes invisible on every side,
And, unsuspected of the multitude,
The force of fate itself has dared, defied.
And conquered silently—

Ah, that soul knows
In what white heat the blood of triumph glows!

VICE at the beginning is all bright; and so long as wicked men are prosperous they have no lack of friends; but when the sun of their prosperity sets, as it will sooner or later, and it begins to be dark, they become separated one from another and find themselves all at once without friends. Nothing in this world is so heartless as men who have had fellowship in vice together. Motives of selfishness unite them, and when these fail they fall asunder.

Look upward and onward.

We learn to climb by keeping our eyes,
Not on the *past*, the valleys that lie
Behind,—but on the mountains that
Rise before us.

THAT thief in Mississippi who stole a heavy carpet-bag at the railroad station and carried it five miles before opening it was well sold. He found its contents to be about a half bushel of Bibles. It is to be hoped that so sacred a prize led to his reformation.

MIRTH.

HERE is the latest edition of the Boston school-boy's composition on that most interesting of our domestic animals—

"The Horse." "The horse is the most useful animal in the World. So is the Cow. I once had thirteen Ducks and two was drakes and a Skunk killed One. he smelt'd Orful. I knew a Boy which had 7 chickens but His father would not let him rais Them and so he got mad and so he boarded a Hole in his mothers Wash tub. I wish I Had a horse—a horse weighs 1000 pounds."

ENDEAVOR, if possible, to keep a clear conscience, and two or three clean shirts. Rise with the lark, but avoid larks in the evening. Be above ground in all dwellings, and above board in all your dealings. Love your neighbors as yourself, but don't have too many of them in the same house with you.

A SCHOOLGIRL was recently asked at an examination, by the gentleman, to tell him what Adam lost by his fall; and when pressed, she replied, "I suppose it was his hat."

A DENTIST, trying in vain to extract a decayed tooth from a lady's mouth, gave up the task with this apology: "The fact is, madam, it is impossible for anything had to come from your mouth."

A COLORED mail-carrier in Virginia was recently well shaken by a man for kicking his dog. "Look-a-here, massa," said he, "you'd better be keerful how you shake this chile! cos when you shakes me, you shakes the whole of the United States: I carries its mails."

"MADAM," said a cross-tempered physician to a patient, "if women were admitted to paradise, their tongues would make it purgatory." "And some physicians, if allowed to practice there," replied the lady, "would soon make it a desert."

THE following is the text of an advertisement as it appeared in a Tennessee paper:

"Lost or strade from the scribe a shepe all over white—one leg was black and half his body; all persons shall receive five dollars to bring him."

A RURAL gentleman somewhat versed in geographical matters, but not in bookmaking, took a volume to a binder and requested him to "fix" it nicely. The binder asked if he should have it bound in russia. "Oh, no;" the customer replied: "Russia is too far off,—I'd rather have it done here."

"WANTED—A WIFE."

[SOMEBODY advertises for a partner in his domestic joys in the following amusing style:]

Face intellectual,	Her element quite;
Color and tone,	Pie crust, especially,
All the accessories,	Warranted light.
Strictly home grown.	Common accomplishments,
Eyes—here I hesitate—	But in a word,
Rather like blue,	Those of a useful kind
Black not an obstacle,	Greatly preferred.
Hazel would do,	Little bit musical,
Nose of the Grecian type—	Able to sing
Not to seem proud,	Claribel, Gabriel,
Some little latitude	That sort of thing.
Therein allowed.	Lady of such a stamp
Fizze that's squeezeable,	Wanting a beau,
Plump, but not fat,	Strictly in confidence,
Steer clear of scragginess,	Knows where to go.
Couldn't stand that.	(Here follow the name and
Quiet and lady-like,	address in full.)
Dresses with taste,	P. S.—Applicant penniless,
Ankle displayable,	Ditto with tin—
Nest little waist.	<i>Ceteris paribus,</i>
Sphere of home duties,	Latter would win.

A slow-paying customer who had contracted a heavy debt in a store, and whose faculty of Conscientiousness was rather questionable, requested more credit. The merchant said, "I am about getting a new set of books, and wish to close matters in the old ones, so it is not convenient to credit now; but if you will pay up your old account, when I get my new books, and when I put your name in them, I will give you what credit you may ask." The customer said he would make arrangements accordingly. In due time he came to the store, bringing his family with him with the intention of getting a big supply of goods. He paid the old bill, and then showed the merchant a catalogue of articles as long as his arm which he wished to buy. The storekeeper asked him if he had the money to pay for them. "Why, no; I thought when I paid my account on your old books, and you put my name on the new, I could get as much credit as I wanted." "Ah, but your name is not on my new books—and is not going on."

Our Mentorship Bureau.

[In this Department will be noticed such matters as are of interest to correspondents and to the general reader. Contributions for "What They Say" should be brief, pointed, and creamy, to secure publication.]

To Our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" ONLY will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify idle curiosity. One question only at a time, and that clearly stated, must be propounded, if a correspondent shall expect us to give him the benefit of its early consideration. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter, if a stamp be inclosed for the return postage.

CORNS.—The following method of removing these troublesome growths is given in *La Santé*: Macerate the tender leaves of ivy in strong vinegar for eight or ten days, then apply them on the corns. This dressing should be applied twice a day, and in a few days the corns will be removed.

SINKING SHIPS.—About twenty-five or thirty years ago I read in many newspapers in the old country of a man named "Warner" who used to sink boats in a way that I could not understand. A day was fixed in one of the largest seaports of England, on which thousands of people assembled to see whether it was true that he could do as he announced.

A new ship was lying out in the anchorage some distance from the shore. A few minutes before the hour set for the trial, he paced back and forth along the pier, and when the time was up, he bade the spectators to take notice, and the only other word he said was "mark." A little smoke was then seen over the ship, and she almost instantly

sank. I heard that this Warner was living in the time of the Russian war, and that is the last I have heard of him. Hoping you will give me some light on the subject, and by what power he did it, I remain, etc.

Ans. We do not now recall the facts in this case. The ship may have been sunk by the use of torpedoes, or other explosive agents fired by electricity. During our late war one McKay, a ship-builder of Boston, is said to have offered for sale to England a submarine battery of such destructive power that a whole line of naval ships could be destroyed by it in a twinkling. Others may be able to give more specific information on the subject than we.

FIRST COUSINS AND SECOND COUSINS.

—Are the children of first cousins second cousins to each other?

Ans. The first cousin of a person is a son or daughter of his uncle or aunt. The children of ordinary cousins are second cousins. The children of first cousins who marry together are double cousins.

Ques. Is a person's second cousin his parents' first cousin?

Ans. Such a person is a nephew in the second degree to parents of the one who is second cousin to him.

HIS CREED.—Will you please inform me what religious denomination Henry Ward Beecher belongs to?

Ans. Some call him a Presbyterian; others, a Congregationalist. He has been called a Univer-

salist; also, a Latitudinarian. We *guess* he belongs to Mr. Beecher's church, which the wicked call a theater. Mr. B. is said to have described "The Church"—not his in particular—as a moral hospital established for the good of sin-sick souls, of which every individual has need. If our correspondent will address Mr. B. personally, who "still lives," he may get a more direct and satisfactory answer to his question.

BEST BLOOD PURIFIER, ETC.—Just three questions—Inclosed, please find a stamp—please answer them *immediately*, if you can. 1st, What is the best blood purifier—what preparation now made? 2d, What phrenological developments cause an intense desire for writing? 3d, What are the dead nations? Do Babylon, Nineveh, Jerusalem, and Pompeii belong to them? Explain fully, if you please, this last, as I wish to write in regard to them.

Ans. Certainly, if you had signed your name to your letter that we might know whom to address. Again, we must protest against trying to read letters written in penell—or in *pale* ink. Why not write in a bold, plain hand in bright black ink? Now to the question. 1st, The *best* blood purifier is good food, pure water, fresh air,—temperate habits—right living; not patent medicines, not whisky and molasses, with sarsaparilla, not biters, not drugs of any kind. 2d, Writing is a mode of using one's faculties, rather than a special tendency of the mind. One with Language large, reflectives large, and of strong imagination and of retired habits, would naturally take to writing in order to express his thoughts. 3d, The dead nations of the world—it would occupy too much space here to specify them all. There must have been some radical defect in those great nations mentioned, or they would not have become obsolete. They had too little Christianity and practical science to lay deep the foundations of enduring prosperity. In Kossuth's "Future of Nations," he takes the true ground, viz., that no nation can endure which is not based on Christian principles. These principles are not monarchical, but democratic, republican, and eternal. We refer you to any good encyclopedia for specific details.

BUTTER-TREE.—I have heard of a tree in Africa called the "butter-tree." Is there such a vegetable production?

Ans. In the interior of Africa, especially near Rabba, is found this highly remarkable tree. It at the first glance resembles an American oak, and is so highly appreciated that when the forests are cleared for cultivation, the butter-tree is preserved. The kernel of the fruit, similar to the olive, is first dried in the sun, then boiled in water, and deprived of its thin shell. Under this is found a white, mush-like matter, which is more delicious than our butter, and affords a branch of industry for the inhabitants, and an important commodity for the inland trade. When exposed to the air it changes in flavor, but does not so quickly become rancid as the butter we Christians are accustomed to eat.

RED HANDS AND FEET.—Can you tell me the cause of red hands and feet, or anything that will prevent it?

Ans. At first this question was a poser. But on second thought it comes to us how to answer. It is the *blood* which causes the "red," and the way to prevent it is to stop eating and breathing. If you continue to eat and to breathe, you will continue to make red blood, and have red hands and feet. But we see nothing very dreadful in the "red." On the contrary, we rather like it. We have seen persons so white and bloodless that they looked ghastly. There are some who even paint in order to look "red." Be resigned. Be thankful that you have hands and feet. If feverish, bathe them.

SNAKES.—Why is it that persons feel so strange at the sight of a snake?

Ans. Some people don't. Most persons think there is a natural aversion in mankind to snakes, but very much of it is the result of early training. Most people are very averse to touching a frog or a lizard. Some people eat them. Tastes and prejudices are the offspring of instruction.

BATHING.—Should the water used for bathing purposes be hot, or should it be cold? This depends on circumstances. If the person be so feeble that cold water chills the system to a painful degree, so that it can not readily react, then *tepid* or warm water is best. There are instances when fomentations are useful to allay pain caused by ague, rheumatism, etc. In other cases of illness—fever, for example—cold water is best. For persons in health, cold water for daily bathing is every way the best. No matter what whimsical people may say, hot water enervates, while cold water exhilarates and tones up the system of those in health.

ORATORY.—Will "a subscriber" refer to the number and page of the JOURNAL in which he read the statement that "oratory is an art to be acquired?" Perhaps the context does not convey that absolute meaning. Eloquence depends much on temperament, but its effects, when practical and durable, are due in large measure to the orator's clear discernment of what is needed by the occasion, and his ability not only to inflame but also to convince the minds of his auditors. Mere impassioned utterances without earnest common sense may excite, but the excitement soon abates and no moving effect remains.

TO REMOVE THE HAIR.—What will permanently remove hair? There is a friend of mine who has tried pulling it out, but it grows again. I think the roots must be destroyed.

Ans. Yes, you must *skin* or scalp the person if you would succeed. It will be useless to put on drugs, powders, or any other killing substances. Just skin the person, and you will have no further trouble.

What They Say.

HIS OPINION.—J. U., asserting a subscriber's claim to have a chat with the editor, writes: As editors are supposed always to have time to listen to the criticisms or flatteries of their subscribers in relation to their journals, I, like a dutiful subscriber, take my turn with perhaps a hundred others, who with inherent Yankee audacity suppose they have an interest in every man's business.

I have taken the JOURNAL upward of two years. I first subscribed for six months, thinking that would be long enough to amuse myself with a journal of "one idea;" but on becoming acquainted with its character I could not make up my mind to dismiss it from my list of periodicals, which average from six to eight yearly. While the popular press abounds with enervating fiction, and instead of being the leader of public opinion, falls into the train of the lower faculties and ministers to the fashionable evils of the age, I admire the manly independence with which your JOURNAL meets the various questions and interests of society. It deserves an honorable place among the reformers of the day. But I will "let go of your button" and wish you good-morning.

THE JOURNAL IN INDIANA.—The following letter from the Superintendent of the Indiana House of Refuge will be found interesting:

MY DEAR SIR: Please find inclosed herein a draft on New York, payable to your order for fifty dollars, which is for twenty-five copies of the A. P. J. for the current year. I think the premium list which you have offered the present year is very liberal. I have no doubt but many will think the inducement sufficient to justify them in interesting themselves in soliciting subscribers. I have long desired to see the circulation of the JOURNAL increased; and as an inducement for the people in this neighborhood to subscribe for it, I have reduced the subscription price to two dollars, which you will see does not give me an opportunity to compete for the large premiums. However, I believe that twenty subscribers, at two dollars each, entitles me to a "Student's Set," worth ten dollars. Should you choose to send me this I will not object. I inclose herein a list of the names of the subscribers. The first thirteen are the names of the officers of the institution. The boys—the inmates of this institution—always welcome the appearance of the JOURNAL, and they take a deep interest in perusing its columns. The three copies which you so kindly donated to our boys last year were highly appreciated by them. Should you feel that you can gratuitously furnish the boys with one or more copies for the current year, I can assure you that they will be appreciated by those for whose benefit they are sent. Permit me to add that I am of the opinion that your

noble JOURNAL is accomplishing more toward imparting self-knowledge and toward elevating and humanizing our race than any other journal published in America. You have my cordial support and most hearty indorsement. With regrets that I can not send you a larger list of subscribers, I am faithfully yours,
F. B. AINSWORTH,
Superintendent.

A SAD CASE.—[For the benefit of our law-makers, and in the interest of humanity, we submit the following letter from an Indiana lady. It may also be useful, in an admonitory way, to the unmarried.—EDITOR PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.]

SIR: Being a reader of the JOURNAL, I take the liberty to address a few lines to you, giving a brief history of my life, thinking, perhaps, that in my great sorrow you might suggest something whereby I might be benefited. I am a native of Pennsylvania; was brought up on a farm, and at the age of eighteen married. Shortly after my marriage I learned that my husband was in his proper element when quarrelling with some one. He quarreled with all my relatives, and tried by tampering with my letters and in various ways to alienate me from them. In order to keep peace with him, I did not let him know I knew of those little underhanded games which he practiced. His own brothers and sisters were my friends, and through them I would occasionally hear from my parents. When Mr. — is once offended by any person, no matter how slight the offense, he never will be on speaking terms with those persons again, even if those parties are desirous of renewing acquaintance. For the six years I lived with my husband I was as it were between two fires: my people would censure me for clinging to him, and he would do likewise for my wanting to hold intercourse even with my parents. I tried to do my duty to both parties. After I had in part learned his disposition, I thought by kindness, love, and forbearance to improve him, and had much confidence in my ability to accomplish it. I thought that there must be some love in his heart for the woman he called wife. I never crossed him in anything whatever, consequently we never had an open outright and downright quarrel till our separation.

At the age of fourteen I became a church member, and faithfully adhered to my Christian principles up to my marriage. I knew before I married that my husband's religious views were not mine; we had that point perfectly understood and sacredly talked of before marriage: we were not to interfere with each other's religious sentiments. After marriage, for almost six years I was circumstanced so that I could not conveniently attend church: I thought my young children needed my care, and as long as I was needed at home, did not try to go. When my third baby was eighteen months old, I made an attempt to attend divine worship, leaving the children in my husband's care. I united with the church, and on my return I told him what I had done. As he never attends

orthodox churches, his anger knew no bounds, and for three months it was one tirade of abuse. I finally gave up the church, but it mattered not. He taught my little boys to use terrible language to their mother. He struck me, and told me repeatedly, if I wished to lengthen my days, to "dig out," until finally I was compelled to. I wept and plead, for the little ones' sakes, for a reconciliation, but it was of no use. I had set him at defiance, he said, in regard to the church, and I must hold him so. I took my baby and went away, leaving my two darling boys with him. After I was gone two weeks, a sister of his in New York wrote to me to stay away from him; that he had a wife in New York State; had lived with her six years, and abused her until she left him, and that he never had been divorced from her; so, you see, I lived six years with a man in an unholy connection, perfectly ignorant of the fact. I have no object in making this most truthful statement save to get your advice how to deal with this man, in order to get my little boys. It is almost a year since I left them. I could have the man arrested, and in that way get the children, so I am told; but to me it seems terrible indeed to arrest a man I have called husband, the father of my children. Then, again, I could steal the children; but my people are apprehensive of his following and injuring the family in some way, and I am too. He has repeatedly threatened to murder the whole 'tribe,' and writes that before another year he will have my little girl. This evening I received another letter from him, stating how he had taught my boys to disrespect me, and how very ill one of them was. Perhaps that is true, but I hope not; I can not rely upon anything he says. My late husband was a very poor provider. I have had my little ones ask for bread when I had none to give them. I have cried at times for very hunger; and when I could wash or sew or earn a penny, I did so. Poverty I could endure, but a hell upon earth, never. I am poverty-stricken myself, and have so lately supported myself by teaching school. It is, dear sir, through great anguish of heart and mind that I have written this, hoping to gain a hint, a word, whereby to be comforted. Will you please to overlook all errors and imperfections, and answer this privately? * * *

[We wrote at length; advised the lady to consult a civil magistrate, and to enlist the services of good men who may be acquainted with the facts in the case, and to secure the best conditions possible. It is a "hard case," which good men may and ought to relieve.—ED.]

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL has been improved in typographical appearance, but we do not think it is possible for its literature to be rendered more instructive. Its contents in general are not to be hurriedly read, and then forgotten like that of some periodicals; but if perused thoughtfully, it will assuredly be greatly beneficial to the reader.—*College Courier*, III.

Literary Notices.

There is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books no less than in the faces of men, by which a skillful observer will know as well what to expect from the one as the other.—BUTLER.

THE COSMOS AND THE LOGOS; or, the Two Great Books of Nature and Revelation. Being a History of the Origin and Progression of the Universe, from Cause to Effect; more particularly of the Earth and the Solar System; the *modus operandi* of the Creation of Vegetables, Animals, and Man; and how they are the Types and Symbols by which the Creator wrote the Logos. Illustrated by the first chapters of Genesis. By George Field. 12mo; pp. 501. Price, \$2 50. New York: S. R. Wells.

This is certainly a singular book; singular in the fact that it is different from any other that we have ever seen. There are hundreds of works which profess to explain or refute the physical truthfulness of the Mosaic account of the creation and the flood, with more or less of success, but none of them which treat the subjects as this author does; in fact, he strikes out an entirely original idea, and recasts it in a new mold; nor does it appear to be a merely fanciful or imaginary one, but one that he sustains by the most abundant and copious authorities and reasons; indeed, it is amazing what an amount of evidence he actually brings forward to sustain his novel and peculiar ideas. And if those ideas are really the true ones, which, while reading his proofs and arguments, it seems difficult to dispute, then most of the books which have been written to reconcile Genesis and geology will have to be written over again. There are certainly no sophistical evasions in this book, or any attempts to cover up difficulties, but every apparent discrepancy is fully and squarely met; indeed, it is almost astonishing to see how unequivocally this is done, yet done with the full and undoubting confidence of being able to reconcile it with truth, when properly understood.

The main point on which the writer dwells in regard to the Scriptural narrative contained in the first eleven chapters of Genesis is, that it is *purely symbolical*; and alleges that the great error has been in giving it a literal interpretation. And this point is sustained by the evidences which our ethnologists and archaeologists have discovered within the past fifty years; and this view of the subject is particularly interesting. The whole work is full of new ideas, and is an entirely new embodiment and presentation of the *modus operandi* of the creation of the physical universe and the origin of vegetables, animals, and man, and such as can not fail to be deeply interesting to every cultivated mind. It should be especially so to the Christian and the man of science, for, if the author's views are correct, it must forever settle the question of the true relation which the record

in Genesis bears to geology and astronomy, and remove the possibility of any discrepancy existing between them. We can not do better than commend this work to the serious attention of all who are interested in such subjects. For sale at this office.

THE LAWS OF FERMENTATION, and the Wines of the Ancients. By Rev. William Patton, D.D. One vol., 12mo; pp. 129; cloth. Price, 70 cents. New York: National Temperance Society.

Thanks, thanks, to author and publishers for this really good book. It presents the whole matter of Bible temperance and the wines of ancient times in a new, clear, and satisfactory manner, developing the laws of fermentation, and giving a large number of references and statistics never before collected, showing conclusively the existence of unfermented wine in the olden time.

The same publishers have just issued **THE ILLUSTRATED TEMPERANCE ALPHABET**, containing the A B C of Temperance, with appropriate rhymes, by Edward Carswell, which makes an exceedingly interesting and effective Temperance lecture for children. Every child should have one. Price, 25 cents. Also **JOHN SWIG**; or, the Effect of Jones' Argument. By the same author. An illustrated poem, giving a description of John Swig, with his "Beehive Inn," and what happened there. Price, 15 cts.

INSANITY IN WOMEN: The Causation, Course, and Treatment of Reflex Insanity in Women. By Horatio Robinson Storer, M.D., LL.B., of Boston. One vol., 12mo; pp. 236; cloth. Price, \$1 50. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Who but a well-versed psychologist can draw a sharp line of demarkation between sanity and insanity? Who can classify with absolute accuracy the sound and the unsound? How many shades, phases, and degrees are there in the insane? When is insanity total, and when only partial? Dr. Storer has given us the best he can on the subject, and here are the headings of his chapters:

Selection of Special Topics; Point previously attained; Work to be done; The Brain the Seat of Insanity, not always of its Cause; Explanation of distant Causation: Causation of Insanity often Pelvic in Women; Rationale of Pelvic Causation of Insanity; Indications of Treatment.

More light is wanted on the whole subject.

A GERMAN READER: To succeed the German Course. By George M. Comfort, A.M., Professor of Modern Languages and Esthetics in Alleghany College, Meadville, Pa., and author of "A German Course." One volume, 12mo; pp. 432; cloth, leather back. Price \$2. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The French language is spoken to a considerable extent at all the continental courts of Europe. It was for many years the most fashionable European language. A change is coming over the world. The liberty-loving Teutonic race, so long divided and so long cut up into petty states and kingdoms, is uniting, concentrating, and striking

for political and religious freedom. Paris was the heart of Europe. Berlin is to-day the head. Every body is now studying German. Dr. Comfort makes it easy in his new reader.

NOTES EXPLANATORY AND PRACTICAL ON THE GOSPELS. Designed for Sunday-school Teachers and Bible-classes. By Albert Barnes, author of "Notes on the Psalms," "Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity," etc., in two volumes. Vol. Two. Revised edition. With a Chronological Table, Tables of Weights, etc., and an Index. 12mo; pp. 456 and 432; cloth. Price, \$1 50. Harper & Brothers.

Among the many literary productions of a most studious, temperate, and well-spent life, these notes on the Gospels will be highly prized. They are among the latest and best expressions of the great and good man who, though dead, yet liveth in his works.

READING LESSONS IN STENO-PHONOGRAPHY in Accordance with Munson's Complete Phonographer, having Special Reference to the Use of Word-Signs and Formation of Phrases; with Directions for Self-Instruction. By Eliza B. Burns. For sale at this office. 50 cts.

Every student of Phonography who uses Munson's instruction book should obtain a copy of this little work. An engraved page of Phonography, with a printed key opposite, illustrates each principle as it is taken up and treated in the "Complete Phonographer." The wording of the lessons is ingeniously managed: and while the reading matter is entertaining, no word is admitted that is not written in strict accordance with the rules already given. Each exercise is accompanied by brief explanations of the leading principles illustrated. The author has been a teacher and active propagandist of Phonography for twenty years.

THE WILLIAM HENRY LETTERS. By Mrs. A. M. Diaz. With Illustrations. One vol., 12mo; pp. 257; cloth. Price, \$1 50. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

Here is instruction and entertainment from *Our Young Folks*, for all young folks just beginning to read and to write letters.

FAIR FRANCE. Impressions of a Traveler. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "A Brave Lady," etc. One vol., 12mo; pp. 238; cloth. Price, \$1 50. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Vivid descriptions of life-scenes in France by this most fascinating writer. It is almost as good as a journey to see a country and its people through a book written with such cultured eyes and intellect.

THE PUBLIC LEDGER ALMANAC for 1871 is as full of statistical information as its predecessors. More than 80,000 have been printed by George W. Childs, Philadelphia.

A SIREN. By T. Adolphus Trollope, author of "Lindisfarne Chase," etc. 8vo; paper; pp. 154. 50 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers. No. 353 of the Library of Select Novels.

THE YOUNG PIONEERS OF THE NORTH-WEST. By Dr. C. H. Pearson, author of "The Cabin on the Prairie," etc. Illustrated. One vol., 12mo; pp. 331; cloth. Price, \$1 25. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

"The Frontier Series" embraces five illustrated volumes: 1st, The Cabin on the Prairie; 2d, Planting the Wilderness; 3d, A Thousand Miles' Walk across South America; 4th, Twelve Nights in a Hunter's Camp, and 5th, The Young Pioneers of the Northwest. All books for boys and girls, in which the old folks will find entertainment and live a part of their lives over again.

SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY OF THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. Edited with Notes by William J. Rolfe, A. M., formerly the Head Master of the High School, Cambridge, Mass. With engravings. One vol., 12mo; pp. 168; cloth, flexible. 80 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A capital little hand-book for the use of those who prefer to read Shakespeare in parts. Why not the whole, divided in the same style?

HISTORY OF LOUIS XIV. By John S. C. Abbott, author of "The History of Napoleon Bonaparte," etc. With Illustrations. One vol., 12mo; pp. 410; cloth. Price, \$1 20. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Dr. Abbott has read history to some purpose. He reproduces with wonderful facility what he has learned, and no author can be more attractive to those who seek *multum in parvo*.

BIRTH AND EDUCATION. By Marie Sophie Schwartz. Translated from the Swedish by Selma Borg and Marie A. Brown. 12mo; paper, pp. 200. Price, \$1. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Mrs. Schwartz is one of the most prolific Swedish story writers. The American publishers are bringing out her works in the best style compatible with cheapness.

MESSRS. JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co., late Fields, Osgood & Co., announce an extensive list of works by our best authors to be published during the present year. Titles and prices will be given as issued. A series of Juveniles were issued for the holidays, which are always welcomed. Here are the titles of several:

CINDERELLA; or, the Little Glass Slipper. With original colored engravings. By Alfred Fredericks. Quarto. Price, 25 cents.

BRAVE BALLADS for American Children. By popular authors. The Famous Discoverer—The Wonderful Sleeper—The Brave Patriot—The Good President. Richly illustrated with sixteen full-page pictures. Price, 50 cents.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD and the Wicked Wolf. With original colored pictures. By Alfred Fredericks. Price, 25 cents.

THE CRYPTOGRAM. A Novel. By James De Mille, author of "The Dodge Club," "Cord and Creese," "The American Baron," etc. With Illustrations. Octavo; pp. 261; cloth. Price, \$1 75. New York: Harper & Brothers.

An illustrated romance, full of striking characters and pictures, such as story readers seem to delight in.

DEMOREST'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY Mirror of Fashions. Vol. VII. 1870. Bound in red morocco, embossed, makes a beautiful book for the center-table, and contains much valuable reading matter for the family circle, as well as amusement for waiting visitors. Whoever supposes that because it is a fashion magazine it can therefore have no really good sense very much mistakes it. We could name the articles of "Jennie June" and Madame Demorest, which alone are well worth the subscription price for a year; also, Answers to Correspondents, from which many useful hints can be drawn.

WOVEN OF MANY THREADS. A Novel. One vol., octavo; pp. 128; cloth. Price, \$1. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

An interesting story written in good taste, and handsomely published. —

A COMIC SONGSTER. A Collection of Humorous Songs set to Music, and universally Sung. To which are added a few old Comic Songs. The whole being a sequel to the celebrated 100 Comic Songs. Octavo; pp. 64; boards. Price, 60 cts. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

"Here is richness," in such songs as delight the worldly. Were the Rev. John Wesley here in the body, we are not sure but that he would sing psalms and hymns to some of these stirring tunes. He once protested against the devil's having all the best tunes—you know.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. Price, \$3 a year. No. 1, Vol. I., for January, 1871, published in Nashville, Tenn. Edited by W. P. Harrison, D. D., under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church South.

We had hoped that the imaginary lines dividing our country North and South had been obliterated. Must we have more of Mason and Dixon? The *New Monthly* is certainly a handsome magazine, well edited, and deserves a general—not sectional—circulation. —

ZELL'S POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA and Universal Dictionary. L. Colange, Editor. Quarto. 50 cts. a number. Philadelphia: T. Ellwood Zell.

Nos. 51 to 54, including Sanguinarily—Sweater; all extra numbers—and sent gratis to subscribers—because 50 numbers, as first promised, could not contain the full complement of words which the editor desired to include in this valuable publication.

THE SONG MESSENGER—a monthly journal published by Messrs. Root and Cady, of Chicago, Illinois—is a sprightly progressive publication, well adapted to keep the reader informed as to what is going on in the world of music. Only \$2 a year.

"THE HEAVENLY STATE," AND "FUTURE PUNISHMENT." Two Sermons by Henry Ward Beecher. Octavo. Pamphlet; pp. 40. Price, 20 cents. New York: T. B. Ford & Co.

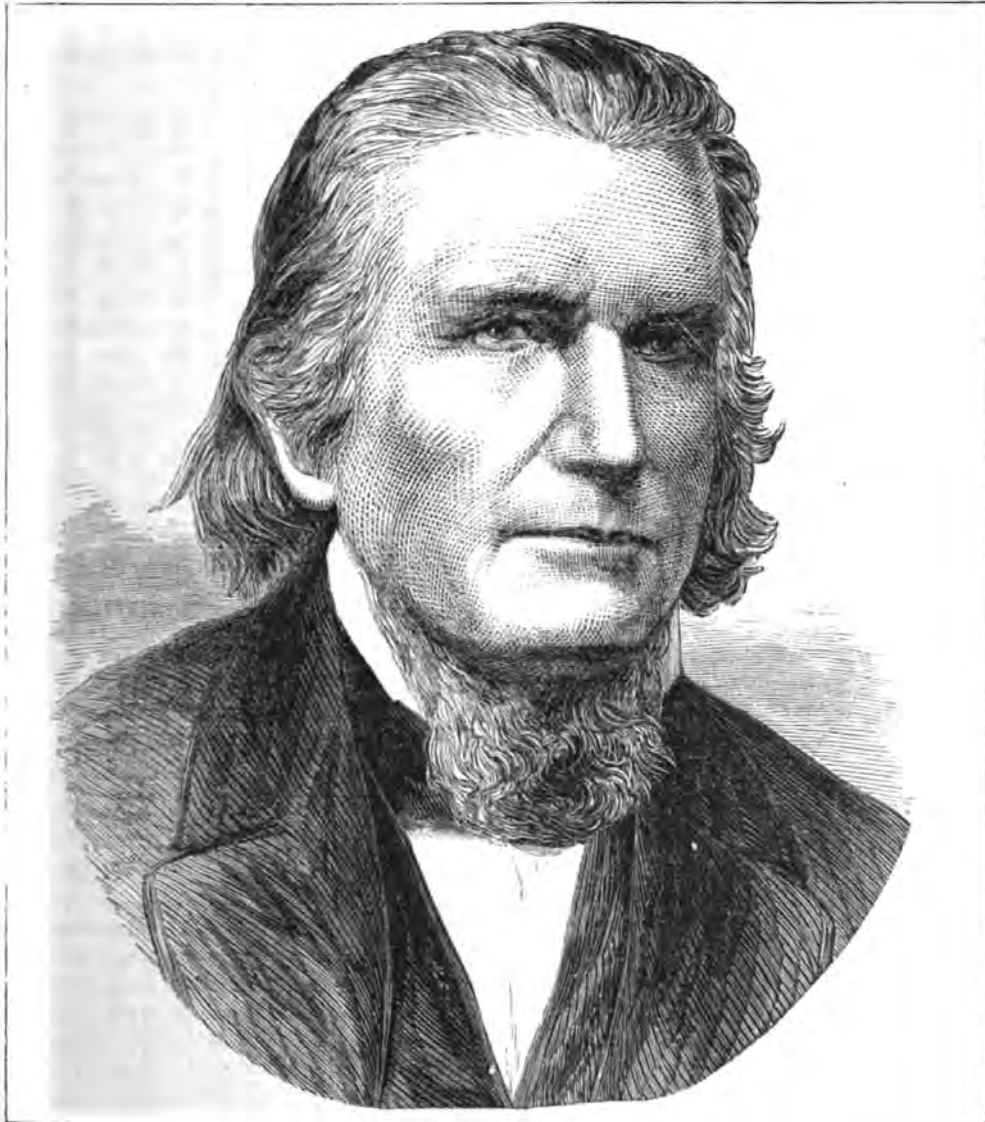
Two sermons of special interest, which are now handsomely published in pamphlet form.

THE
PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL
AND
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VOL. LII.—No. 4.]

[WHOLE No. 381.

April, 1871.



TWO INVENTORS OF THE DAY: HENRY BURDEN—ELIAS P. NEEDHAM.

THE applications for patents by Americans annually are counted by thousands, and embrace every department of human interest. The highest esthetic taste finds among the number some delicate contrivance adapted to contribute to its enjoyment, while

in the domain of practical life invention seems carried to such an extreme that the thoughtful mind is lost in amazement when contemplating the endless variety of mechanical appliances which here and there spring from busy brains.

Never was there such activity of invention within the history of mankind as at the present day. The progress of civilized society during the past half century may be estimated from the time and labor-saving devices which have been produced and adapted to our every-day use. The advancement of scientific research and invention seem commensurate.

So conspicuous is the inventive element in American character that there is scarcely nothing more interesting in the wide and complicated extent of American affairs than a consideration of our inventors and their inventions. No one will question the assertion, that he who contrives a machine or a process by which a desirable result is obtained with less manual labor and in a shorter space of time than it could have been obtained before is the world's benefactor.

Here we present to the reader two "men of the day," who, each in his sphere, have contributed to benefit humanity. One employed the talents of intellect and imagination which his Maker has given him in seeking out some new methods by which the toilers with hand and arm may be more or less relieved; the other, in the domain of esthetic life, has sought to offer something not unworthy that soul's use which yearns for gratification in the "art divine" of music. What more could be said to commend them to your attention? First, let us consider

HENRY BURDEN.

On the preceding page we have a representation of the head and face of one who was an original thinker. There is strength (not brilliancy) in every feature. The brain was large, of good quality, and so developed as to give, first, originality—the why-and-wherefore faculty; secondly, powers of observation—seeing quickly and clearly into the core of subjects. There is vastly more thought than verbal expression exhibited in these features.

Language was moderately developed; he was but an indifferent speaker; doubtless

lacked language in giving the fullest expression to his ideas. Compare this head with that of Dickens, who almost drowns his thoughts in words: or that of Phillips, or Sumner, or other orators, and the difference will at once be seen. This head resembles those of the great engineers Brunel, Stephenson, and others, and is the organization of a worker. There was more prose than poetry here; more work than talk; more real invention than imagination or fancy. In short, it is the likeness of just such a character as the head and face indicate.

Observe that chin, that jaw, that mouth, that nose, those cheek-bones, that forehead,—how strongly marked! How high the head, from the ear upward! and (if it could be seen) how long from the front to the rear! It is also broad. There is more Firmness and perseverance than Self-Esteem or assurance, more Constructiveness, Size, Weight, Order, etc., than Ideality or music.

There is large Causality and Comparison, giving the power of comprehending principles and scientific analysis. We will not enlarge on the phrenological developments, leaving the reader to do this for himself. The following biographical sketch, from material furnished by the *American Artisan*, can not fail to interest.

HENRY BURDEN was born at Dunblane, Scotland, April 20th, 1791. His father was a small farmer; and it was while a youth, engaged on the farm, that the son gave evidence of inventive genius by making with his own hands labor-saving machinery from the roughest materials, with but few tools and no models. His first marked success was in constructing a threshing-machine. He afterward engaged in erecting grist-mills and making various farm implements. During this period he attended the school of William Hawley, an accomplished arithmetician; and afterward, having resolved to try his fortunes in America as a machinist and inventor, he went to Edinburgh, and entered upon a course of studies embracing mathematics, engineering, and drawing. Arriving in this country in 1819, he devoted himself to the improvement of agricultural implements. His first effort was to make an improved plow, which took the first premium at three county fairs. In 1820 he invented a cultivator, which

was among the first, if not the first, ever put in practical operation in this country. In 1822 he took his first patent, which was for a hemp and flax machine. In the same year he removed from Albany to Troy, where he became the agent of what was then known as "The Troy Iron and Nail Factory," then a comparatively insignificant concern. For a period of over forty years he devoted himself to the development of this establishment. From the position of superintendent, Mr. Burden gradually made his way upward until he became sole proprietor. Numerous and extensive additions were made by him to the works; and these and other works erected and put into successful operation in the neighborhood are now among the most important industrial establishments in the country.

In 1825 Mr. Burden received his first patent for making wrought nails and spikes, and in 1834 another patent for an improved machine for the purpose was issued to him. In the same year he took a patent for a furnace for heating bar-iron, and another for an improvement in the construction of steamboats. In the following year he obtained his first patent in the manufacture of horse-shoes, the fame of which and subsequent improvements upon machinery for this manufacture, patented in 1843, 1857, and 1862, has become world-wide. The improved machines make 3,600 shoes per hour, and may be regarded as one of the greatest triumphs in mechanics.

In 1840 Mr. Burden obtained a patent for a machine for rolling puddle-balls in the manufacture of wrought-iron, known as the "rotary squeezer," which is considered one of the most important machines in the iron manufacture, and is now in almost universal use. In the same year he patented the "hook-headed spike," now used upon every railway in the country. His suits against Messrs. Corning and Winslow, for infringement of this patent, commenced in 1842 and extending in 1867—running through a quarter of a century—will always rank among the *causes célèbres* in American patent law. For thirteen years the matter was in the hands of a referee, whose charges amounted to about \$60,000. The expenditure for lawyers' fees must have been enormous, but the total amount realized for damages was inconsiderable, though the patent was sustained.

A patent was obtained by Mr. Burden, in 1849, for improved machinery for rolling puddled iron into bars, and in the same year he obtained an extension for the further term of seven years of his horse-shoe patent of 1835. In 1854 his patent of 1840 for the "rotary squeezer" was extended for seven years. His last patent was that for the final improvement on the horse-shoe machine. The patents we have referred to—twelve in number—were all he obtained. Their number is inconsiderable compared with those obtained by many inventors, but they are among the most important in the history of the industrial arts.

He was at one time much interested in navigation. In 1853 he built a "cigar boat," 300 feet long, with paddle-wheels 30 feet in diameter, and its inventor had great faith in it, but it was lost on the trial trip through the mismanagement of the pilot. The loss entailed upon Mr. Burden was most severe, and though he had every faith in the principle upon which the boat was constructed, he never made another experiment in that direction. In 1836 he turned his attention to ocean navigation, and warmly advocated the construction of a line of steamers of 15,000 tons burden. When, in 1845, the steamship Great Britain was crippled by the breakage of one of her screw-blades, Mr. Burden went to England for the especial purpose of inducing her owners to adopt the side-wheel, but his efforts were unsuccessful. His views on ocean navigation becoming known to some gentlemen in Glasgow, who, like him, felt a deep interest in the subject, they, with his permission, issued a prospectus for "Burden's Atlantic Steam Ferry Company," in which was advocated the establishment of a line of steamers of enormous dimensions. This project anticipated by several years the Great Eastern.

Some idea of the magnitude of the iron-works at Troy under his control may be had when it is stated that in the year 1864 the number of men employed was 1,200, the cost of iron, coal, and other raw material was over a million and a half of dollars, and the manufactured products turned out amounted in value to over three millions.

In person Mr. Burden was large and well made, with a large head, and prominent

though regular features, a wide and high forehead overhanging deep-set eyes, and a mouth which usually had a cheerful, kindly expression. His appearance, as may be seen in the portrait, was remarkable and venerable. His mental faculties were unimpaired to the last, and his physical vigor remarkable for a man of fourscore. Some time ago it had been intimated to Mr. Burden by his physician that his disease, which was an affection of the heart, was liable to terminate his life at any moment, and he at once made his will and otherwise arranged his earthly affairs.

The estimation in which Mr. Burden was held where he was best known may be judged of by the following remarks, which appeared in a local cotemporary on the day of his death :

"The sudden and afflicting event of course produced a great sensation throughout the city. Rapidly the news was communicated from mouth to mouth, and among all classes it caused a feeling of sorrow such as no similar event in years has occasioned. Among the men employed in his extensive iron-works, the emotion was indeed great. Each man felt as if he had not only lost a friend, but a protector. The beautiful Woodside Presbyterian church, which he erected at his own expense, will tell the story of his love to God and man ; but the daily acts of benevolence that he performed also testify to his Christianity, and are perhaps his surest passports to the bliss of eternity."

ELIAS P. NEEDHAM.

A compact, close-grained, and finely organized constitution speaks out from the portrait of this worthy inventor. The contour of the face and the general development of the head indicate the man of energy, enterprise, and practical ability. The esthetic nature is deep-toned in the man, and smooth, mellows, and at the same time gives the stimulus required by his motive qualities.

In Mr. Needham we have a man of delicacy and feeling, a man easily warmed to sympathy and kindness, a generous friend, a cordial social coadjutor, and at the same time a man of clear and ready perception, by no means slow to act upon his impressions of propriety and expediency, and one unusually efficient

in promoting whatever he feels interested in sufficiently to take a practical part. He is earnest and positive in manner, a good discerner of character, and withal straightforward and steady in his adherence to that line of moral conduct which he deems consistent with honesty.

Those old and ever popular instruments, the piano and the pipe organ, are extremes in the range of musical effects. The peculiar mission of the latter for the production of the long measured tones of the old choral is only more striking in view of the clumsy and reluctant manner in which the "king of musical instruments" submits to the perversion of its tones in the attempted production of the lively measures of orchestral music, while the percussive instrumentation of the piano renders it absolutely incapable of giving the dignified and soothing effects of religious and pathetic strains. Between these two the nineteenth century has placed an instrument which, possessing certain advantages common to both its pipe and string *confères*, is also as well adapted for the performance of the severest styles of church music as for the airs and fantasies of the opera and the dance. Having thus an almost universal adaptability, and possessing a quality of tone in so high a degree sympathetic as to render it far more than the piano or the pipe organ a home instrument, the convenience, variety, and beauty of form, and withal its moderate expense, have rendered the reed organ, in its various forms, the *sine qua non* of the musical wealth of the household. There is no home so humble or contracted that there is not room for it ; no mansion so elegant that it may not add thereto adornment. It is no marvel, therefore, that this instrument, in proportion to its age, has gained a popularity far surpassing that of either of its companion instruments, nor that the inventive genius of America has been taxed to bring its construction as nearly as possible to perfection.

Closely identified with the origin, progress, and present influence of the reed organ manufacture is Elias Parkman Needham. Born in the State of New York, September 29, 1812, he received in early life no education that can be supposed to have, in any peculiar way, fitted him for the important part he was to take in the development of instru-

mental music. The common school of those days was his college, and circumstances afforded him but a moiety of its curriculum. He was thoroughly trained when young in

Mr. Needham became acquainted, in 1835, with Jeremiah Carhart, whose genius had given birth to a variety of inventions of then undetermined value. From among these Mr.



PORTRAIT OF ELIAS P. NEEDHAM.

the vocation of a joiner, a fact which, taken in connection with a naturally accurate mechanical judgment early displayed by him, will account for the reputation for perfect workmanship which the productions of the "Silver Tongue" factory everywhere bear.

Needham, with prophetic judgment, selected the improvements which have immortalized Carhart as the creator of the melodeon, and urged their embodiment as the sure source of a fortune; and thus became linked together those names which have grown up in the

public mind with the progress of reed instruments—Carhart and Needham. The history of the firm is well known. Their removal to New York city from Buffalo, their inability to fill their orders in the large building first occupied by them in Thirteenth Street, and their final establishment of the extensive "Silver Tongue" factory in Twenty-third Street. For many years the junior partner, actively absorbed in the business management of the house, left the experimenting entirely to Mr. Carhart, who, in due time, brought the melodeon to its present almost perfect condition. In the mean time, melodeon factories had sprung up all over the land, so great had become the demand for reed music, and now something more than a single set of reeds began to be called for. It was at this time that Mr. Needham extended his attention beyond the merely perfect production of the melodeon to the increasing of its power and variety; and to him, in the now declining health of Mr. Carhart, fell almost entirely this new and important field of invention.

The first perfect three-set harmonium issued by this house was the result of his study, perseverance, and ingenuity. It was a complete and unqualified success, and, with the minor improvements which have from time to time been added by the same hand, forms the three-and-seventeen set "Silver Tongue" organ of to-day. With the production of a salable double or triple reed organ, the inventive labors of other reed instrument houses have ceased to show any satisfactory result. Not so, however, with Mr. Needham. His object was to make feasible any reed combination that could be conceived of as desirable, and in 1858 he filed in the Patent Office the specifications of his celebrated "upright action." The latest achievement is one of the most remarkable and important that the history of musical manufacture has to chronicle.

Ever since Jeremiah Carhart gave to the world the first perfect melodeon, that beautiful instrument has been steadily gaining in popular favor. Twenty thousand homes were rejoicing in its sweet and touching melody before the initial patent was five years old; and so great did the demand become that many other manufactories sprang

up to vie with the originating firm. That firm, however, was of a remarkable composition. Where Carhart left the melodeon Needham took it up, and transformed it from the beautiful little songster that might grace the cottage parlor or the city boudoir to the magnificent reed organ whose rich and mellow tone peals through the aisles of many a country church and fill with their majestic melody the gilded walls of our metropolitan palaces. But the enviable reputation which Messrs. E. P. Needham & Son, of this city, have long enjoyed as the pioneers (under the style of Carhart & Needham) and most reliable producers of reed musical instruments seems about to culminate in the grandest and most comprehensive combination of improvements that it has ever fallen to the lot of a single business firm to introduce to a music-loving public. They have ever recognized the fact that the reed—so rich and mellow in its gentler breathings—can never rival in power and roundness of tone the pipes of the ordinary church organ; and, indeed, the problem of the harmonious combination of pipes with reeds has been the *ultima thule* of all lovers of the separate beauties of these hitherto distinct styles of musical instruments. That problem has been triumphantly solved by the persevering study of Mr. Needham, and the first and only successful combined pipe and reed organ now stands, 'mid the thousand "Silver Tongues" that speak his fame, in the warerooms of the firm in Twenty-third Street; a combination capable of a softer and sweeter range of expression than any exclusively pipe instrument—grander and more powerful than any mere reed organ—more various, and yet more evenly balanced, than either alone. It is well worthy the visits of any of our citizens who may be interested in the progress of musical science, or blessed with a love of the melody which that science has enabled man to produce.

Not alone to the department of musical manufacture have Mr. Needham's inventive powers been confined. The American improvement of the pneumatic way, known as the "endless current," is his. The news of the successful establishment of pneumatic lines in England early attracted his attention, and he was not long in discovering that by

the methods then in use to operate them a large proportion of the power exerted must be wasted and the highest degree of speed be unattainable. By conducting the air drawn from *in front* of the car back to the tube *behind* the car, he generates a continuous current, whose inertia of motion is interfered with only by the friction of the tube and the weight of the car, and is, therefore, even in a tube of comparatively loose "jointing," swift, powerful, and entirely under control. By means of ingeniously arranged "turn-outs," stops can be made at any point without affecting the steadiness and force of the current. Bishop thus alludes to the "endless current:"

"Mr. Needham is also the inventor of a pneumatic machine for conveying packages and passengers through tubes from which the air has been exhausted, which is pronounced by those competent to judge to be the best of its kind that has yet been contrived. This means of transit, notwithstanding the obstacles in the way of its introduction, is destined to triumph. Mr. Needham is still actively engaged in the manufacture of reed organs. His love of experiment and zeal for the improvement of his favorite instrument have not diminished, and he is constantly adding, by contributions of greater or less importance, fresh laurels to the name of the pioneer reed organ firm of this country."

THE PHRENOLOGICAL PROFESSION.

NOT BY PLATO.

WHAT relation does the phrenological profession bear to society? is a question of interest to all who are familiar with the science and its power for doing good. Will the profession become a permanent one? and will it be antagonistic to the other professions? Now, there are many enthusiastic phrenologists who will declare that there is no doubt about the permanency of the profession; and perhaps some will feel offended by the mere statement of the question. In the minds of these men the case stands thus: Phrenology is obviously calculated to do great good, and it has become so well known that it can not be dispensed with. Perhaps one will offer his own experience, and say, "A gentleman hailed me in the street to-day, and after thanking me for my advice about his capacity for business, told me he was worth fifteen thousand dollars more than he would have been but for his examination." Or, it may be, he will refer to the cheerful greeting of the gentleman who had married the lady whom the phrenologist had strongly recommended and with whom he is so well satisfied that the lady has his perfect confidence and his whole heart.

These being real examples, selected from many constantly occurring, he deems them conclusive evidence that the profession has a sufficient hold upon the community to secure its permanence. But, my enthusiastic friend,

let us introduce Socrates for a moment, and see whether a few questions which you are to answer frankly and truthfully will not throw some light on the subject.

Socrates. "Do you remember what the successful merchant paid you for your advice?"

Enthusiast. "He paid me five dollars for a written description."

Soc. "Would a lawyer's clerk have received as much for making a copy of it?"

En. "I think he would have received quite as much."

Soc. "Did the merchant do anything else for you besides thanking you and paying the five dollars?"

En. "He sent his wife for a description also."

Soc. "Is that all?"

En. "Unfortunately for me, he had no children; and so here his patronage ended."

Soc. "Do you have to pay the same for rent, for provision, for clothing, and all other necessities of life as if you had not contributed to this merchant's success?"

En. "How not, Socrates?"

Soc. "Do you receive more for the advice and instruction you give than you could get at any other employment?"

En. "No, indeed, and much less than in many others."

Soc. "What, then, is your inducement for

continuing in your profession, and why do you think it desirable that it should be perpetual?"

En. "I am induced to persevere by the conviction that I am doing good. I know that there are radical differences between men, differences that I can point out for a certainty, without mentioning other nicely balanced faculties, the preponderance of which I can not always decide, although my experience enables me to know how much influence they will have when circumstances turn the balance. I can give good advice to the young, to parents, and to business men. I know men who think they can 'see a man through at the first glance,' who are greatly in need of my advice, although I do not pretend to 'see through' any one. I feel that in my profession I am earning all I receive, and hence I am at peace with my own conscience, and it may be I have a hope of being better rewarded in the future. These are also the reasons why I think it desirable that the profession should continue."

Soc. "As a phrenologist, you have not confined your attention to the study of the head, the temperaments, or of any other, or all parts of the individual man, but you have considered man as a race; have studied his character as exhibited in biography, in the history of nations, clans, societies, churches, and families. You have studied man as a friend, as an enemy, as a rival; you have observed his conduct when in hope of reward, under disappointment, in authority, and in subjection. You have examined his conduct under every possible aspect, so as to discover what is his true character, have you not?"

En. "I have indeed endeavored to do so, and am still engaged in such studies."

Soc. "Is it your opinion that the mass of mankind are ever induced to follow any occupation, trade, or profession by a consideration of the good they can do if they do not themselves get well paid for their labor?"

En. "I am sure that the masses will not; but they are not competent to be phrenologists, and their character must not decide the question."

Soc. "What do you think?—is there any difference between a shoemaker and a politician?"

En. "Surely, there is a great difference: the

one is usually an ignorant man, and knows nothing except how to cut leather, measure the feet, and fit them with shoes; the other is learned in law, history, human nature, and philosophy, and he understands the art of governing cities and nations."

Soc. "Does the politician know how to make shoes?"

En. "He does not."

Soc. "If he had been taught, could he not have made them?"

En. "It is probable that he could."

Soc. "If the shoemaker had been taught history, philosophy, law, political economy, and all else necessary, could he not have become a politician?"

En. "If he had the qualities to study, acquire, and apply all these, he could."

Soc. "As a shoemaker, does he not make shoes for money?"

En. "He does."

Soc. "If he had received the education of the politician, would he have wanted more money or less?"

En. "He would have wanted more, because he would have spent time and money in preparation, become mighty in influence, and he would make the laws that determine the price that the shoemaker and all others shall pay him for his advice."

Soc. "But what now, Enthusiast, if he had studied Phrenology, would the case be any ways different?"

En. "He would want to be paid just as really as if he made shoes or enacted laws. It would make no difference."

Soc. "It appears, then, that all you have said of your gratification of doing good must be thrown out of the argument, and we have nothing remaining to consider but your hope of better reward when the profession is more highly appreciated. Do you think that will be when in that respect it equals the medical profession?"

En. "Yes, Socrates, when it is as highly appreciated as that, it will be established and very attractive. Then many who have taxed their wits to the utmost to ridicule it will seek to adopt it, as quacks—without study or experience."

Soc. "How is it, then, with the physician? will he receive money when there is no sickness in the place?"

En. "No, he will not."

Soc. "But how, if he be a young physician, who has spent all his money for his education, and has his diploma from the best institution, and has now taken an office, where he can be found by all, will the healthy mechanics, clerks, merchants, and everybody say, 'This physician is making no money; he has qualified himself to be a public benefactor; although we are well now, by-and-by we shall need his advice; let us advance him money so that he may live among us;' or, would they neglect him entirely, and when they observe his worn garments, contrast the 'seedy professor' with the 'greasy mechanic,' declaring their preference for the latter?"

En. "They would almost permit him to starve before they would make any such generous advance as you suggest, though they would give to him from charity when it came to that, but only on condition of his going to work at something that would prevent his making a second appeal to their pockets."

Soc. "But when they are sick they will go to his door and beg his prescription to afford them relief, will they not?"

En. "That they will do, and run up a large account, and perhaps continue the vices which have produced their diseases."

Soc. "Do those who go to the phrenologist have any pains to be healed or diseases to be cured?"

En. "Not all of them. They come, for the greater part, to 'know themselves,' that they may act understandingly in everything relating to themselves; yet there are cases analogous to disease, where the subject has a poor memory, is bashful, is melancholy, lacks the power of attention, or has some other mental ailment which can be relieved by no drug, but only by the application of a comprehensive philosophy, to restore the defective balance."

Soc. "Are these latter cases the most numerous, or do men come for prevention in greater numbers than for cure?"

En. "For prevention mostly."

Soc. "Then, does it not appear that the phrenological profession is more highly appreciated than the medical, seeing men patronize the latter only when driven to it by sickness, but the former, voluntarily?"

En. "It is even so, Socrates."

Soc. "And how is it with the intelligence of the two classes—of those who go to the physician and those who seek the phrenologist?"

En. "Every man, however ignorant, debased, and depraved, will seek the physician, for 'skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath, will he give for his life,' but only the reasonable and the thoughtful look far enough ahead to anticipate the evil and prevent it."

Soc. "What, then, becomes of your last hope, that when Phrenology shall be better appreciated, the labor in it will be better paid, since we have found that it is already better appreciated than the medical profession, and that it is patronized by a more intelligent class of persons, but that, owing to its nature, it does not take advantage of the necessities of any one to wring out from him a liberal compensation?"

En. "There does not indeed seem to be a very favorable prospect in that direction, and I may be driven to the conclusion that the case is not so certain as I at first thought, and that the greatest inducement to labor in the field will be a benevolent desire to do good."

Soc. "But have we not seen that the necessary expenses of a philanthropist are as great as those of other men?"

En. "We have; but may not this always support, if it should not reward with wealth? and may not a man become so deeply interested in so noble a work as to prefer to devote himself to it rather than acquire wealth in traffic? Does any one doubt that Milton would have completed his great poem if he had known with how little attention it would be received? or that Poe would have produced the 'Raven' except through the expectation of an ample pecuniary reward?"

Soc. "What, then, do you suppose it possible to educate men to become poets, to delight in composing verses, and be indifferent to all else, save the absolute necessities of life?"

En. "By no means. Poets of that order must be born, not made."

Soc. "And have we not already seen that the professional man must be educated, as in the case of the politician?"

En. "We have indeed."

Soc. "Would it not be folly to suppose that a poet, moved by the inspiration of a brilliant imagination that elevates him above a regard for wealth, should without any connected study be qualified to advise what food is best for one person, how long a child should study, what business this man should follow, how certain faults may be corrected, what constitutions of body and dispositions of mind will be mutually congenial, and how all may meet with success in that business which the adviser despises?"

En. "It does indeed so appear."

Soc. "Have we not, then, satisfactorily determined that the profession of Phrenology can not be perpetual?"

En. "You have driven me so far that I must either take refuge in a corner or rise above the level of the motives to which you refer; but it appears to me there are two considerations which we have not properly examined, namely, that wealth will not always be as highly prized as at present, and that society will, by-and-by, learn to know its true interests better than it does now. In regard to the first, it may not be supposed that man will ever cease to desire the greatest good for himself, but he will learn that 'enough and none to spare is as good as a feast,' and that the cultivation of his intellectual and moral faculties is far more conducive to happiness than the hoarding of wealth. In regard to the second consideration, although men in general are not forethoughted, and begrudge to pay money for advice, they are, nevertheless, capable of learning; and when the eldest son has failed in business and sunk the capital that was loaned him, the parents will be most anxious to know what are the prospects of the next son; bitter experience will make them feel how small a sum is five or ten dollars to learn all that every branch of human knowledge is able to teach on the subject. In the fullness of time, when the world is ripe for this profession, its ranks will be weeded out. Parents who are in earnest to learn their children's talents as they will be developed in the future, will not intrust the matter to an unknown charlatan, or to an amateur of inexperience, but only to one who is known to be competent. Nor, on the other hand, will the ridicule or the dog-

matic opposition of any man of any other profession have weight with him, for he will consider the case upon its own merits, that he may get whatever of advantage the subject is capable of affording. The world progresses, though it may be slowly, and sooner or later it finds room for the good and true. It is, I think, with Phrenology as with most other things that have promised much: at first, there is a great excitement; everybody seems carried away as with a fanaticism; then the swindlers and the charlatans rush in with their false issues and fraudulent schemes; then follow failures, disappointments, chagrin, and repudiation, and the whole work seems to have come to an end. At this period, superficial observers declare the thing to have been a complete humbug, totally destitute of truth, and they pride themselves upon their shrewdness in having made the discovery and predicted the result; but after a pause, long enough to have the disgrace of contamination forgotten, the statistics appear, which show an immense legitimate business to have been going on regularly all the while, or a valuable discovery practically and prudently applied without conflicting with common sense or any worthy institution in society. The vampires have been dispersed, the wolf in sheep's clothing has been detected, and in the future the ordinary principles of business will insure a remuneration equivalent to the services rendered."

"CLEAR GRIT."—A few months ago one of the Western papers printed a story about a black man whose life was so grand and good, as to make me wish sometimes that I was not so white. This man was going from New York to Boston on one of the Providence steamers. There was no berth for him. It was going to be a wild night, and he was preparing to get as comfortable a place for the night as possible. One of the officers noticed this man making the best of it, and also noticed that he was not so very black, and so hit upon a plan of getting him a berth. There would be no trouble about a berth for the noble red man, and so the officer said, "I will run him into the cabin in that disguise." He went up to him and said, "Indian?" Mr. Douglas saw the point instant-

ly in his kindly eye, and said "No—nigger." Now, I presume the story is true, for true it is to the whole spirit and action of the noble

fellow it is told of, and it touches this great quality I have spoken of, namely, the power to say, No!—*Robert Collyer.*

Department of Religion and Psychology.

Know,
Without or star, or angel, for their guide,
Who worship God shall find him.—*Young's Night Thoughts.*
The soul, the mother of deep fears, of high hopes infinite;
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears, of sleepless inner sight.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

THE BOY SUICIDES.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL AND PHRENOLOGICAL EXPLANATION.

A NEW YORK morning paper of Jan. 30th contained the following announcement:

"A SAD ENDING OF TWO YOUNG LIVES.—Twelve weeks ago yesterday George Henry Starr, aged 16, son of the well-known microscopist, Alfred A. Starr, committed suicide at his parents' residence, No. 67 Morton Street, by taking laudanum. Brooding over religious questions had rendered him occasionally insane, and in one of these paroxysms he ended his life. Alfred Garoway, aged 22, a boarder at Mr. Starr's house, was a firm friend of young Starr, and was with him on the evening previous to his death. In fact, the friends were on the way home when Starr requested his companion to wait for him a few moments, and going into a drug-store in Sixth Avenue he purchased, unknown to Garoway, the poison, which he took a short time after reaching home. The death of Starr exercised a very depressing effect on Garoway, who finally exhibited symptoms of insanity, and was removed to the Bloomingdale Lunatic Asylum. After remaining there a short time, his reason appeared to be completely restored, and he was again received as a boarder by Mr. Starr, and has since shown no marked symptoms of insanity. On Saturday evening he seemed to be in his usual spirits, and retired soon after 10 o'clock. About 7 A. M. yesterday one of the inmates of a room adjoining that of Garoway heard sounds of distress proceeding from the room of the latter. Mr. Starr was called, and forcing the door he found Garoway insensible and exhibiting all the symptoms of poisoning. Drs. O'Neil and Denison were summoned, but too late to be of any avail, and death occurred about an hour after. On the table near the bed was found a sheet of paper, on which was penciled in Garoway's clear, bold hand, although without signature, 'Do not use the cup in which is my toothbrush.' An empty ounce vial, labeled 'Sulphate of morphine,' was also on the table.

"Coroner Young held an inquest over the body last evening. Dr. Marsh made a post-mortem examination, and found that death had resulted from taking a large quantity of morphine, and a verdict in accordance with

the facts was rendered. The deceased is said to have been of a pleasant disposition, and, like his friend Starr, gave promise of a life of usefulness. He was employed for a short time as a reporter on *The World*, but for several months before his death was engaged as clerk for a relative of Mr. Starr."

Will you allow me to make some explanation of these unfortunate cases?

The public were much surprised by the suicide of young Starr; but now that his companion Garoway has destroyed himself they are filled with amazement. The first suicide was naturally and no doubt properly explained as a result of the sentimental precocity of the young man, who had been wont to spend much time philosophizing with Garoway, the latter being even more devoted to ethical and metaphysical science than himself. It is indeed marvelous, however, that, whereas the suicide of mere boys is of very rare occurrence, two intelligent youths should have perished this way, in one house, within a few months.

Yet this strange fact is easily explained when the organization of the suicides is understood. As soon as it was announced that Garoway had been employed as a reporter, the writer was convinced, as proved to be the case, that he had met him in that capacity last summer, and remarked upon him as being phrenologically a most singular and even abnormal character. So extraordinary was the conformation of this young man's head that superficial observers noticed it at once. The gentlemen associated with Garoway during his brief career as a reporter were won't to comment continually upon his "balloon-shaped" head. So immensely disproportioned was his brain in the region where phrenologists locate the "reasoning" faculties, that the other reporters would often point at him with a significant nod and whisper "Hydrocephalus." The writer, who

had some inkling of Phrenology, felt inclined to pity the youth, so evidently misplaced was he in the task he had undertaken—that of assisting the “sporting” editor, for that work requires keen perceptive faculties, and Garoway’s head showed a great deficiency in the perceptive region. It was the brain of Melancthon—a very dangerous sort of brain to have in this work-a-day world, for it is usually a mere matter of accident when those who carry such prosper in life. If your Melancthon, with a brain that keeps him ever in the cloudy regions of ethics and metaphysics, finds some Luther or other practical, go-a-head friend to help him on and complement him where he is lacking, it may be well with him; if not, it will be otherwise.

Very intently did the writer watch Garoway on those summer days. He was eager and ambitious; but he was only groping in the dark—he had no outlook upon the terrestrial plane, where his work lay. His immediate superior was most kind and considerate toward him and bore with his apparent lack of insight into his work; but when, in spite of Garoway’s earnest efforts, some grave error would be committed, the other would shake his head and exclaim, “This will never do. He is not fit for this work.” Any one acquainted in the least with that science of the human mind to which reference has been made could have foretold this result. It was no doubt a dreadful day for the morbidly sensitive youth when he was told that his services would not be required any longer in that office. The announcement was made quietly and kindly to him, and quietly enough he turned to depart. But what “floods of great waters” must have flowed over his soul as he walked away. These terrible mishaps might be all avoided, at least in the case of such strongly marked characters, if boys and girls were plainly told—as the phrenologists claim to be able to tell—for what pursuits they are fit and for what unfit.

Some who are willing to admit the reasonableness of the explanations given for these two suicides—precocity leading to unhealthy thinking in Starr’s case, and undue predominance of reasoning faculties leading to insanity and consequent self-destruction in Garoway’s case—will still inquire, “How came they, though not related, to come together, and rush on together to untimely death?” The answer is plain. Congeniality of views and tastes brought them together. Wandering off amid the mazes of unwholesome ratiocination, they cultivated each other’s morbid tendencies, till

at last Starr could wait no longer for the lifting of the veil of mystery. He “must see what was beyond.” Then Garoway, agonized by the loss of his friend, his great brain full of torturing demands to know “the causes of things,” stung to frenzy by the fact that in spite of his great insight in some directions he could not see his way toward earning a plowboy’s wages, becomes “insane on religious subjects,” and tries repeatedly to destroy himself.

As inquiry develops the fact that Starr was every way well balanced, and had no such disproportionate head as that of Garoway, it seems a plausible theory that it was really the unhealthy influence of the latter that caused the first suicide. Starr had good perceptive; the lower part of his head generally was well developed. Precocity seems to have been his only imperfection. If some knowledge as to Garoway’s parentage could be obtained it would furnish valuable material for the use of the anthropologist. It would probably be found that his father and mother, instead of being of opposite characteristics and temperaments—as “well regulated” fathers and mothers should be—were almost precisely alike in every respect, and both cast in just such a mold as he was.

Such cases should be a warning to those who propose to enter wedlock, so that they may avoid, above all things, marrying persons who are “just like” them. Garoway might better have been born deaf, or dumb, or blind than with that ill-balanced brain, unless he could have been insured a healthy religious training and a life-long support as a religious teacher, that seeming to be the only business for which he was fitted.

S. LEAVITT.

IN MEMORY OF GOV. WASHBURN.*

Brought was the morn, but all seemed sad and dark;

None saw the sun, and none the deep blue sky;

Heads bowed in grief, and tears filled many an eye;

For Death’s dread shaft had pierced a shining mark.

And there he lay—our neighbor and our friend:

Our Counselor—his counsel no more sought;

Our earnest Soldier—his last battle fought;

Our Adjutant, whose toils had found an end;

Our Governor, whose rising sun so clear

Went out in darkness ere it reached its noon;

A husband’s love and presence, lost too soon,

And a father’s care, so tender and so dear.

’Tis meet the living should recall that day,

And note how swiftly Time is speeding on,

And have their treasure stored beyond the known

While waiting till from earth they pass away.

WOODBURY, VT.

L. A. MILLER.

* Gov. P. T. Washburn died Feb. 7, 1870.

BAPTIST UNION—

A NEW \$2 weekly—is making headway among the religious journals. We can take no part in the discussion of the question which divides the leading schools of Baptists, but for the information of our readers may give the platforms of two of these great bodies as we find them set forth in the *Baptist Union*.

THE TWO POSITIONS.

The sentiments and practices of Liberal Baptists differ very widely from those of the Close Communion Baptists, and on that account F. Baptists, Open Communion and General, and indeed all Liberal Baptists, are dis-franchised by the Close Communion party. The *Baptist Union* speaks the sentiments of Liberal Baptists. The following are some of the points of difference:

CLOSE COMMUNION BAPTISTS ASSERT,

1. That Baptist churches are the only true Scriptural churches on earth; that all other churches are irregular and disorderly congregations, and are called churches only by courtesy.

2. That there is no true and Scriptural ministry except in the Close Communion Baptist churches, and that all others are irregular and unlawful, and not authorized to administer the ordinances of the gospel.

3. That the ordinances of the gospel are found nowhere except in the Baptist churches, and that other churches, so-called, have no right to them, and no authority to administer them.

4. That Pedobaptist Christians have no right to celebrate their Lord's death for them, and that to invite or allow them to partake of the tokens of their Saviour's sacrifice is disorderly, and deserving of discipline.

5. That it is such a flagrant offense for Pedobaptists to come to the Lord's table, that those Baptist churches who permit them to do so are guilty of a grave offense, and by that very act cease to be Baptist churches, and render themselves unfit to come to the Lord's table. On this account Close Communion Baptists exclude such churches from their associations, refuse to recognize them as properly Christian children, and deny to their members all privileges at the Lord's table.

The *Baptist Union* will, in kindness and charity, endeavor to persuade our Close Communion brethren to yield their severe conclusions, and allow brotherly love to guide them. It is unfair and hurtful to insist upon the proscriptive policy of close communion. Let us have UNION.

[Is this in the interest of progress and improvement? or is it not? Is a man-made creed a saving ordinance? Is it not egotism and arrogance in one to set himself and his opinions

above those of all others? Ought we not to exercise the largest charity toward those who may not think as we do? Or, shall we ignore, persecute, and put to death, as heretics, those of another religious faith?]

"ONCE A MAN AND TWICE A CHILD."

UNDER the title of "Psychological Facts," Mrs. L. Maria Child writes for the *National Standard* the following interesting sketch of the remarkable phenomena attending the last years in the life of the mother of Henrietta Sargent:

"The departure of my dear old friend Henrietta Sargent has naturally revived in my mind many memories connected with our intercourse. Some of them relate to psychological facts sufficiently curious to be worthy of record.

"Her mother, a woman of fine physical organization, lived to an advanced age, and during the latter part of her healthy life fell into a state of dotage. For five years she required the same cares that are necessarily bestowed upon a babe; and during all that long period the patient watchfulness and tender devotion of Henrietta and her sister Catherine were beautiful to witness. The circumstances of her progressive imbecility were very singular, and often rendered her extremely difficult to manage. Step by step she lived backward through all the antecedent periods of her life, with a vividness of impression that rendered them a perfect reality to herself, to the entire exclusion of all later epochs; and each of these successive states would continue for months. Her husband had been dead many years, but she was possessed by the idea that they were recently married. Every day she expected him home at a given hour, and insisted upon having a plate set for him. At every sound of the door-bell she would say, 'There! He has come. Tell them to serve up the dinner.' His non-appearance often made her very restless. 'He is such a punctual man, something must have happened to him,' she would say. Sometimes she would talk over affairs she had to communicate to him when he came home,—affairs long since forgotten by every one. To that bridal hallucination succeeded acting over again the tending of her babies.

Later, she lived in the midst of her grown-up sons, and was preparing for the weddings of her daughters. The panorama of memory kept moving on. After a while, husband and children passed out of sight. Her spirit went away from Boston entirely, and took up its abode on the south shore of Massachusetts, where she resided in her girlhood. The house where her body was, seemed to her to be the house where she had lived with her mother. Then she receded into childhood, and was studying her lessons for school. She especially occupied herself with her younger brother. She laid by cakes and candy for him, and made divers satchels for his books. Early in the morning she would inquire, 'Are Benny's face and hands washed? Where are his cap and comforter? He musn't be late at school.' That also passed away; and she became a little child, at her mother's knee, calling for stories of 'Jack and Gill' and 'Little Boy Blue.' She did not know the daughters who were tending upon her with such assiduous care, and when they read to her the stories she desired, she would laugh in the most infantile way, and ask to see the pictures. Those little nursery books would sometimes keep her quietly amused for hours. Thus the flame of life flickered lower and lower, and at last went out. I saw her several times during these

successive retrograde stages of her life, and the completeness with which she lived in them for the time was a marvel to me.

"Some years before she began to slide into the abnormal state I have described, she had a singular experience. One morning she spoke of not feeling so well as usual, but it was regarded by herself and others as merely a slight deviation from her customary good health. But in the course of the day she suddenly fainted away. As the usual restoratives produced no effect, the family physician was summoned. No better success attended his efforts. The breath appeared to be entirely suspended, and the limbs remained rigid and cold. Her daughters feared she must be dead, and the doctor began to be doubtful whether animation would ever be restored. How long she continued in this state I do not remember. But while they were watching her with ever-deepening anxiety, she gasped feebly, and after a while opened her eyes. When she had completely recovered, she told her daughters she had been standing by them all the time, looking upon her lifeless body, and seeing all they did to resuscitate it; and she astonished them by repeating the minutest details of all that had been said or done by them or the doctor during her prolonged state of utter insensibility."

EDWARD C. DELAVAN, THE EMINENT TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

NEARLY every American who is interested in the noble cause of Temperance has by this time heard with deep regret of the death of Mr. Delavan, one of the earliest and most influential workers in the ranks of social reform. The brief but interesting sketches which appeared in the *Albany Evening Journal* and the *New York National Temperance Advocate* supply the materials of the following account of this able and self-sacrificing man.

"Mr. Delavan was born in Westchester County in 1793. He came to Albany in 1801, with his widowed mother, his brother Henry, and two sisters. The family was in moderate circumstances, and, while Henry found employment here, Edward, when about thirteen years old, did his first work in a printing-office at Lansingburg. He was an expert compositor, and liked the work; but a more profitable situation having been offered him, he assumed

a clerkship in the hardware store of his brother, where he was initiated into a business in which, in a few years, he laid the foundation for his ample fortune.

"In 1814 he went into partnership with his brother Henry and Mr. Gould, whose establishment was on the corner of State and James streets. Soon after forming this connection he went to Europe as purchasing clerk for a firm. His purchases resulted fortunately, and his remarkable business talents secured him such connections in Europe as enabled him to enter into speculations upon his own account, which resulted in large profits to himself.

"In 1816 he returned from Europe, and soon separated from the firm of Gould & Co., and removed to New York, where he was quite successful, and where he remained until about 1825, when he returned to Albany, and went into business with John T. Norton. At that

time Mr. Erastus Corning was a clerk in the establishment. Mr. Delavan only remained in this firm a few years, disposing of his interest, we believe, to Mr. Corning, who became one of the firm of Norton & Co. From that beginning Mr. Corning reached his subsequent position as one of the most eminent merchants and capitalists in the State.

city (except when absent in Europe). But when his brother Henry died he became possessed of the elegant estate in Saratoga County, and spent his summers there. Latterly he has lived in quiet retirement in Schenectady, surrounded by all the comforts of a pleasant home.

"Mr. Delavan acquired an historical reputation from his prominent, protracted, and zealous



PORTRAIT OF EDWARD C. DELAVAN.

"Between 1825 and 1830 Mr. Delavan entered largely into the purchase of real estate; thus greatly increasing his already ample fortune. It was about this time that he purchased the beautiful residence and grounds now occupied by John F. Rathbone, on Washington Avenue. The Delavan House and Delavan Block, near the steamboat landing, are erected on ground most of which was purchased previous to 1835.

"Up to 1833 Mr. Delavan resided in that

connection with the Temperance movement. As early as 1832 (when the question first assumed the distinctive form of total abstinence) he entered upon the advocacy of the principle with the most emphatic energy. It became the absorbing passion of his life, and he devoted his whole time and talents to the cause. He selected the press as his chief agent, and for many years annually circulated large numbers of papers, tracts, and pamphlets

in support of his views. He was the recognized head of the movement, not in this State alone, but in every State in the Union and throughout the world. He was in constant correspondence with the leading philanthropists, statesmen, physicians, and scientists of all nations, gathering facts for publication, and accumulating information calculated to vindicate the principle of temperance, and to demonstrate its importance to the moral and material prosperity of the people.

"It was while thus absorbed that the brewers of Albany instituted their famous suit against him for libel. He had accused them of manufacturing beer from the most filthy refuse water of the city, and that it was therefore ruinously deleterious to the health of its consumers. The trial was protracted. Scores of witnesses were examined—among them a large number of chemists; and the minutes of evidence embody the fullest description of the process of manufacturing beer, in all its forms, ever published. This trial produced intense excitement, and its result, and the facts which it developed, were believed to have materially aided the cause of Temperance. Mr. Delavan was triumphantly acquitted—not because every specific count was established, but because he was deemed to be generally justified in what he published, and because he made the publication from good motives and for justifiable ends.

"About the same time, Mr. Delavan entered upon his war against the use of alcoholic wines at communion. His extreme views on this subject brought him in conflict with eminent divines—among them his then pastor, the Rev. Dr. Sprague, of Albany. The discussion which followed caused a breach between his pastor and himself, which resulted in Mr. Delavan's severance from the Presbyterian communion and his connection with the Episcopal Church, of which church he was a member at the time of his death."

With reference to the controversy on sacramental wine, the *Advocate* has the following:

"If, in the advocacy of the Temperance cause, Mr. Delavan had a specialty, it was the wine question. To the investigation of this subject, and the dissemination of light, he gave himself with a zeal unequalled. A true history of this all-important discussion will show that to Mr. Delavan more than any other man must be awarded the praise of placing the subject in its true light before the world; at the same time it will show that never was man more maligned and vilified than Mr. Delavan because of this very thing. From the pulpit and

through the press he was charged with the 'daring attempt to banish from the communion-table the element the Son of God consecrated,' one clergyman comparing him to Judas Iscariot, and this in one of the largest churches in New York. This, he has often told me, was the severest trial of his life—a trial intensified by the estrangement of valued friends. Of about one hundred and fifty families in Albany who were in the habit of visiting him, over one hundred immediately drew off. No wonder that his locks whitened rapidly. And why all this? Because he took the ground that the 'fruit of the vine,' unfermented wine, should be used at the communion-table, and not the fermented, adulterated wines of commerce. All this persecution because he would use what the Savior used, 'the fruit of the vine,' the pure juice of the grape, and not the product of the still and the brew-house. But the world moves, and there are to-day hundreds of churches like the writer's, where 'the fruit of the vine' only is used at the Lord's Supper. In one of the last letters written by Mr. Delavan to the writer, he says, 'Yesterday, for the first time, I partook of the fruit of the vine at the communion in our church.' What a satisfaction must this have been to our aged friend!

"The first was in the winter of 1838 and 1839, when he went as a delegate to the World's Convention held in England. It was while making a tour of the Continent, at this time, that he began his investigations into the habits of wine-drinking countries. While at Florence, he had one hundred gallons of unintoxicating wine made, some of which, years afterward, on being examined by Professor Silliman, was found to be perfectly free from alcohol.

"In 1850 he made a second visit to Europe in the interests of the wine question, arriving at Liverpool October 24th, where he was welcomed by a large circle of the Temperance men of England. In July of the following year he returned to America.

"During these visits he sought to enlist the sympathies and co-operation successively of Louis Philippe and Napoleon, of France; the Pontiff of Rome, and such other sovereigns and celebrities of Europe to whom he could gain access, for the Temperance cause. The interest he awakened, and the efforts he called forth, as well as the facts he collated, can not be over-estimated.

"In 1862 he planned another visit to Europe, chiefly to attend the International Temperance and Prohibition Convention to be held in London in September of that year, but his state of

health prevented. In the winter of 1867 and 1868 he made a third visit, and, notwithstanding his age and feeble state of health, spent three months in collecting statistics, etc., on the wine question, which were afterward published by the National Temperance Society in tract form."

His "Considerations of the Temperance Argument and History" is too well known a work to need more than its mere mention here.

His death occurred on Sunday, January 15th, at the age of seventy-eight; closing a life of remarkable activity, and, we might add with truth, of remarkable achievement in the line of its effort. He was indeed a noble man; one of those few whose good qualities overpass greatly and lead us to forget their foibles and eccentricities, and his death will be regretted by multitudes in all parts of the civilized world.

TELEGRAPHY WITHOUT WIRES.—Prof. Loomis has been before the House Committee on Commerce, asking the passage of an act of incorporation which will enable him to secure the means of testing the feasibility of a new system of telegraphy. He argues that, by securing the highest eligible locations in this country and Europe, to avoid the disturbing influences, the magnetic current which moves with the earth can be reached, and that communication, without the aid of a wire, can be kept up between this country and Europe.

[Has this anything to do with brain waves? Is it not possible to establish a system of mental telegraphy by which one mind may communicate at a distance with another mind? We think if two persons can dream of each other at the same time, why may they not mentally communicate with each other?]

Department of Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue.

CHARACTER AS EXHIBITED IN CROQUET.

BY EDGAR WATERMAN.

D— was the autocrat of the field in our frequent games of croquet at a sea-side resort in the summers of 1860 and 1870. Long practice in the game, in which he often indulged with ardor, in the intervals of a large and exacting business, had given him a skill whose superiority few had the temerity to dispute. Often on coming out of a closely contested game D— would say, "Let me see a man play at croquet a few times, and I will tell you of what stuff he is made." So confident seemed he of the truth of the assertion, we could not help noticing afterward the different traits shown by the players in their unguarded moods. It took but a little quiet study of the games, in relation to the character of those engaged in them, to convince us that D—'s proposition is a true one, and true, too, in some such sense as it is true that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." And in looking for the reason for such necessary connection between a simple game and the virtues or foibles of its votaries, it is, we think, found in the fact

that, to some extent, there is that in the game to force one, in a little while, to *act out* his nature—just as there is that in the organs of speech to make him *speak* it out. Indeed, the effect, in our view, is not unlike what we have seen produced in a room full of people who had agreed to inhale ether for each other's amusement—that is, to bring out the salient points in the different characters.

Take, for example, D— himself, whom, with others, we had set ourselves to study for proof of his theory. Nervous and impulsive by temperament, he dashes through his bridges, moves upon the balls, and having reached them, sends them off on opposite and difficult angles, to points where they are soon to serve him again on his way to the stake—then returning to the starting-point, he never hesitates, but, quick as intuition, dashes on, with the confidence of a master, until having made the last point, he takes his partner's ball in hand, and plans for it a like success. Now in all this tour which D— has made, and with something of the ease and

rapidity with which an accomplished dancer *pirouettes* with his partner through the waltz, you, without thinking, would be impressed with a certain impetuosity—a quickness of perception—and an instant decision, from which you would naturally infer a character somewhat imperious and arbitrary. It was accordingly from just such an impression that a by-stander, who was also a stranger, ventured the thought, "What must he be in his family?" But on a closer scrutiny, particularly when he vents his impatience of the blunders of others—no matter whether friends or foes—you see a lofty and unselfish nature which can not brook the thought of opportunities lost or advantages squandered through careless or ill-judged acts. In such a case you find him the imperious censor, or rather impartial, inflexible, though censorious judge. If you happened to have business relations with him, you may be sure it would not be well for you if you evinced a dilatory indecision or a proneness to slur over matters; but with these conditions in your favor, you would find him inflexible for the right, and generally having made the best possible bargain consistent with a hard and exact justice. The large and ramified business which has grown up under D——'s hand, and the general estimation in which he is held for energy, decision, and unswerving probity, fully justify our conclusions.

Opposed to D—— in many of the games was G——, a good, earnest Methodist brother. Between the two there were some points of resemblance: both being in the prime of manhood; both ardent devotees of the game, which G—— was wont to speak of as "a blessed contest," and both tenaciously emulous of success, G—— being only less of an adept. His part in the game will give you the impression of resoluteness as he addresses himself to his task, and of persistency in his efforts to cope with a worthy foe, or to redeem himself from defeat. With less of dash than D——, he is slower in his perception, and more calculating in his habits; but having once decided on a given course, his energies are bent in its pursuit. A mutual acquaintance from the same city with G——, and with whom we chanced to be conversing, as we both stood witnessing the play, made the remark to us quietly, that G——

carries that same earnestness into everything—whether business, society, or the church. Accordingly, in perfect consistency with the remark of his townsman, it was found safe to look to G—— to decide disputed questions of rules or laws—the ethics of the game.

In decided contrast with D—— and G—— was the Rev. Mr. B——. You see him start out cautiously, and move slowly through every stage of the game. As a scout he sends his eye over the ground his ball is to traverse to see if the way is clear, and if rochet be his object, with mathematical nicety he projects his ball on a line at once visual and mental. Here, you would say, is indicated the calm, logical, accurate thinker and scholar, who from admitted premises labors step by step to a careful conclusion. And you have little or no doubt that his instincts, his tastes and habits all incline him to treat the practical affairs of life with strict reference to settled principles of order—which are the law of his existence.

It would please you to see with what zest C——, —another of the players,—bears his part in the contest. His persistence speaks of energy—his care of a certain kind of accuracy: but when he stoops to fill up and level off slight depressions in the surface of the ground, in the midst of his own playing, you can not resist the impression that his habitual carefulness, perverted by excess, has become a petty meanness; and if you should detect him in the trick of slyly pushing his ball into position while all eyes are on another part of the field, he would surely forfeit your confidence.

To take but one more example: there was the genial H——, a general favorite for his social qualities and the easy naturalness of his manners. You see how he demurs when certain ones are pointed out to be his partners on the field; what a stickler he is for partners of his own choice! You notice, if all goes well for his side, he is quite content; but if the opposite side happens to gain on him, and even pass him, he seeks escape from utter defeat by alleging headache or dizziness as a reason for slipping out and handing his mallet over to some by-stander to finish his part. At other times, when the sides are closely matched, and the playing pretty equal, you will hear a dispute,

now earnest and now explosive, over H——'s right to ignore a bridge, or do some other thing for which there is no law. In the heat of these contests he knows no distinctions, but, like David Garrick,

"He casts off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knows when he wills he can whistle them back."

But when hard pressed, and the usual tactics fail, you will, if you watch closely, see that his ball, which has been untouched by the other players since his turn, has mysteriously gained for him a decided advantage by a change of location. Lookers-on from upper windows, and observant by-standers, find a solution of the mystery in H——'s own foot or mallet.

Here, you will say, is a character conspicuous for supreme selfishness in its ambition,

and for a defective moral sense. To him your friendship would be worthless in the ratio that it ceased to be tributary to his purposes, and you might regard yourself fortunate if your business relations with him were to issue in no storm of words, or, what is worse, in no disappointing pecuniary results.

Now, in every instance, the several players, though strangers, will be found to have given you impressions so definite respecting their own character that you could not well divest yourself of their controlling influence in any subsequent transaction of a business nature. You will then conclude it was no unmeaning boast of D—— when he said, "Let me see a man play at croquet a few times, and I will tell you of what stuff he is made."

ELINOR'S WARDROBE.

MY friend Elinor is the best-dressed lady of my acquaintance. By this I do not mean that she is clothed in gorgeous raiment every day, nor do I wish to suggest an unlimited outfit of satin, lace, and jewels. Her shawl is not exactly a cashmere at forty thousand, and her morning wrappers are not of India crape. I doubt that she possesses silken underwear; nevertheless, as I tell you, hers is the rarest and most elegant toilet I know.

Small assertion this to our utilitarians who take no esthetic view of dress, and are wrapped up in delusions concerning the beauty and fitness of homespun. Rather low, perhaps, to those philosophers who deal largely in the essentials of the mind to the neglect entire of all that concerns our vile bodies. To each and all of these persons there is something frivolous in discussions on purple and fine linen, something beneath the rational mind in the decoration of the person. And yet who doubts that dress is the lever arm which moves the social world? Who can deny that in analyzing his own abstract conceptions of his friend, he finds it impossible to divest that mental image of the tasteful garb which adorns the original, or of the old coat or the bad hat which disfigures it? And when we consider that the view which we originate in the mind of our friend is the

direct measure of our influence over him, we arrive at some conclusion respecting the value of dress as an element of power.

There is no person who in his intercourse with his fellow-men can afford to despise the assistance of tasteful and harmonious clothing; and in these days of extravagant ideas and high prices it becomes a question of moment as to how such a costume is to be reached with the least expense.

In taking an inventory of the different articles composing the feminine wardrobe, we find the dress occupying a very respectable position, both as regards cost and number. This importance, however, does not attach itself to the dress in its individual character, but only to a variety of dresses viewed in their collective strength. One dress, a single garment, no matter how much of money, beauty, or taste it may represent, is comparatively insignificant. The costliest velvet of Lyons, the priceless silk of India, has a value alike fleeting as the summer shower. The belle who wore a glittering *moire antique* at last night's ball must wear a regal velvet to-night, and a satin more lustrous than the stars to-morrow. The most elegant robe is nothing unless replaced immediately by another, and still another, all made of the costliest material and trimmed with almost fabulous splendor. I have fre-

quently known ladies to absent themselves from the most cherished ball or party of the season, or from some friend or cousin's wedding, because unable to purchase a new dress for the occasion, although their closets contained more than one handsome and fashionable garment which, having done duty two or three times in the course of the season, was now laid under the ban of public opinion. How or when this absurd and expensive caprice forced itself upon the world, it is difficult to say, yet that it has very respectable claims to antiquity is abundantly proved by the three thousand gowns which Queen Elizabeth is known to have left in her wardrobe. In her day, however, it may reasonably be supposed to have worked less mischief, since it was confined in its influence to the upper classes of society, whose outlays, supported by some one else's toil, were less a matter of inconvenience than of pleasure. But in our generation, in this land of equality, the evil is wider spread. The manners and dress of the metropolis are copied to a certain extent in every assembly on the continent, and it is safe to say that there are not five per cent. of the women in America who move in respectable society who do not possess two or three times the number of dresses which they really need or can well afford. Yet these, for the most part, are women of intelligence. They are matrons long experienced in the art of supplying many wants with small incomes. They are artists, professional women, and authors, striving with pen and pencil to support a wardrobe ample enough for half a dozen women. Every poor shop-girl, waiting all day at five dollars a week and boarding herself; every teacher, overworked and underpaid; every poor student starving her way through college, has been compelled to pay tribute to this tyranny of public sentiment, which demands that women's wardrobe shall be made up of many "changes."

But there are some articles exempt from this rule. The diamond ring and the breast-pin have a value of their own which time can not take away; the gold watch is handed reverently down from mother to daughter as an heirloom of the past; the shawl of camel's-hair or lace has an intrinsic importance which renders it the treasure of a lifetime; while

the velvet cloak and the fur, of mink or sable, have a daily service of years to fulfill before their usefulness is over. I have observed, too, in the somewhat close scrutiny which I have been accustomed to take of the public toilet, that there are other articles less subject to change than might be expected, or than is even desirable. Such minor appointments as gloves, handkerchiefs, and collars are by no means so ephemeral in their nature. Shoes I have known to reach a very respectable though shabby old age, and stockings are subjected to a merciless treading under foot, while underclothing is not always so dainty, neither so well repaired generally as the outer toilet warrants one in expecting.

Such is the state of things with Ann Eliza, the near neighbor and the constant foil of that Elinor whose wardrobe I am presently to tell you about. Ann Eliza carries a cheap parasol, and a faded, dilapidated fan. Her shawl is old-fashioned, her gloves are always soiled and discolored, and her bonnet is a tawdry concern made up of cotton lace, a profusion of huge flowers, and some flimsy ribbon. Her jewelry came from the "dollar store," and she wears almost invariably shabby boots. Nevertheless, what pains she takes to display her multitude of dresses! There are nineteen of them exactly, including four old-fashioned silks. How largely she talks of "my merinos, my poplins, my summer suits," of which latter she has five or six, mostly of flimsy material made up in the most unbecoming styles. And once when her desire for another change transcended all reason, I positively assert that she appeared in a time-honored dress of her mother's,—a hideous costume of black satin-striped silk, which ought long ago to have been abandoned to the paper man or the moth. It was only last Sunday that she whispered to me during service her surprise that "such a proud thing as that Elinor" could bear to wear the same dress all the season. "It would kill me," said she, "to have people say, 'There comes Ann Eliza Brown again in the same old dress she wears every Sunday!'"

Elinor, then, has positively but three dresses, exclusive, of course, of the few tasteful wrappers which she wears every day. The latter are the most dainty of "Gabrielles," made up from some wash material, and

are perfect in their fitting. One of them, a gray cashmere, is almost universal in its service. With the addition of a scarlet jacket and linen collar and cuffs, it constitutes on ordinary occasions a handsome winter home dress; but worn with a waterproof cloak and stout walking boots, it becomes a rainy-day costume in which I see her, in the most inclement weather, gathering oxygen and roses along clean and quiet streets, and through the parks of our suburban town. On stormy Sundays it is especially useful, for by its agency both snow and rain are set at defiance, and Elinor is always at church.

Elinor's motto, indeed, is this: unity and simplicity,—unity of design and simplicity, yet elegance of execution. Dress, she says, should have a character, an identity of its own, not to be attained during the prevalent chameleon-like system. On this rock she takes her stand, and the result is so marvelous in beauty, so well adapted to the varying demands of society, as to challenge the admiration of every artistic eye.

All the past summer Elinor wore a dress of black grenadine with trimmings of satin and real lace; a frill of valenciennes, and a cherry velvet at the throat, added finish and color. Over this dress she draped a lama lace shawl, which cost her ninety dollars in money besides some rather weighty lectures on extravagance from her friend Ann Eliza. A delicate black lace hat, black kids stitched in white, and very handsome boots completed a costume worthy of Undine, or of any other sprite, either of water or air.

But somebody says, "What matter! other ladies have done as well." No doubt, but it is just here that the beauty of Elinor's system manifests itself. Having achieved, with much expenditure of money, care and thought, this toilet, she did not immediately tire of it. She did not say to Beauty, "You are nothing, having outlived novelty;" nor to Unity, "I am weary of sameness. Let us have change." She chose to consider that this suit had no need of support from a multitude of organ-dies, linens, and mohairs, but that it had reached completion in and of itself. She said to herself, "This creation of mine came in with the summer, and is like it in the airiness of its details. The tree does not renew his green leaves, nor the rose her petals with

the changing of the day or season. Let this robe, therefore, suffice." So at church, or on the promenade, at the quiet evening party, or at the concert, Elinor was known by her suit, which, charming as it was, had gained an added interest by being thus identified with herself.

But later, during the cooler autumn days, she substituted for the fleecy dress of black a silk, the only dress of the kind then in her possession. This silk is soft, heavy, and lustrous, and is made up, as indeed are all her dresses, with the present convenient short skirt.

I was present when Elinor's winter dress came home from the dressmakers, an Irish poplin of one of the new rich neutral tints, and finished off with heavy and costly fringe.

"Now then," said I, "your system, for once, is invaded. You must have two winter dresses. That handsome garnet merino you wore last year can not surely be destroyed."

Elinor smiled. "That garnet merino went into the hands of another. I was tired of it, having worn it two whole seasons, and as it was a good dress still, it would be of service to the one who has it."

"I always supposed that you made all your own dresses."

"Never," was the reply, "except wrappers for home wear. I am not sufficiently skilled to keep pace with the present complicated state of dressmaking; and as I have so few dresses, I find it much cheaper to hire them well made, than to waste time, patience, and material in dabbling in an art I do not understand."

"Well," said I, "your system seems admirably adapted to your way of living,—your quiet, half literary habits and select circle of associates; but do you think it would meet the demands of society upon a broader scale?"

"Why not?" said she; "ladies of taste and refinement have traveled the world over with but two dresses, a traveling suit and a silk; and I could name very many wealthy people who, during all last summer, made one handsome suit answer all purposes, both for the street and at church. The tide," she continued, "is setting in this direction; and when some dashing leader of fashion prescribes one ball dress for a season, hosts of weary women who are now half-crazed with the attempt to keep up an appearance of endless

wealth upon a limited income, will take a new lease of life by following in her train. Such a mandate from high authority would do more to emancipate women than the ballot, and would put an end to the vulgar, gaudy, indiscriminate toilets of the present day. Every woman's dress would then be characterized by a certain harmony of thought, and an individuality of taste and style representative of the wearer."

But modest and appropriate as her wardrobe is, my friend is by no means satisfied.

She tells me that she dreams of a costume for women which shall subserve in a much higher degree the useful and convenient. She longs for more simplicity and less tinsel; more of substantial effect and less trimmings, for her especial abhorrence is the multitude of adornments which the corrupt taste of the day has showered upon the feminine dress. She longs, in fact, for the emancipation of woman-kind from the rule of the Aspasias of Paris, and the accession of reason and refinement.

EMILY WOODEN.

ITALIANS IN NEW YORK—WHO AND WHAT THEY ARE.

Number and Distribution—Criminality—Counterfeiting—Canceimi—Where they came from—Religious and Political Tendencies—Newspaper, Societies, Schools—Social Characteristics—Commercial Relations: Merchants—Science and Literature—Amusements—Art and Artists—Mendicancy, Organ-Grinding—White Slaves—Industrial Enterprise—Personal Adventures—Common Resorts; Dancing-Halls—Schools—Italian Children as Pupils—A Beggar's Ingenuity.

WE were informed by one of our Italian citizens that there was estimated to be fifteen thousand of his countrymen living in New York and the suburban towns. The information thus received was afterward verified by inquiry at the Italian Consulate, and from leading Italians, journalists, merchants, and others.

The number resident on Manhattan Island, it was generally agreed, is from eight to nine thousand. Here an opportunity was afforded, if not to view the "vine-clad hills," the "fields and pastures, the cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces," the golden sky and all the storied beauties of the landscape of sunny Italy, to make at least the acquaintance of those who had been nurtured by her warmth, and without the expense and discomforts of a trans-Atlantic trip to view a country destitute of the "modern improvements" of Yankeedom, and gather the ripe fruits of traveled experience by studying the peculiar ways of Italians in our midst.

Italian New York presents features of great interest to the inquirer, and well repays the labor attending a careful observation. Our Italian neighbors are like all other foreigners, composed of all kinds and classes of people; there is a proportion of the rich and poor, the learned and ignorant, the industrious and the idle, the virtuous and the vicious, the honest and the criminal; but we have this testimony to record in their favor, that in the aggregate there are in them less of those attributes of character which might be denominated hurtful

or dangerous to the community, in proportion to their number, than exists among many other classes of our city population.

CRIMINALITY—COUNTERFEITING.

In proof of this assertion, reference for comparisons may be made to our police calendars and the criminal records. These are seldom graced by the names of this portion of our community, except for trivial offenses, or for crimes which, when the motive and the character of the people are understood, find many palliating circumstances.

The most frequent crime among them is that of counterfeiting, their natural talent for engraving leading them oftener into the commission of this species of offense against the laws. Several gangs have been sent to State's Prison within a few years past, and their operations were found to be of a most curious character, and upon a scale of great magnitude.

CANCEMI.

Occasionally the community is startled by a crime among them peculiarly atrocious. Such was the murder of Eugene Anderson, the policeman, by Michael Cancemi. Mr. Anderson was shot dead on the corner of Grand and Center streets on the night of July 21st, 1857. Cancemi had been just before arrested by the officer as the former was coming apparently from the store of Nelson H. Sammis, where a burglary had been committed. After much excitement in the community, the disagreements of juries, and ten years' imprisonment of the criminal, he was pardoned by the Governor.

WHERE THE MAJORITY CAME FROM.

The Italian population of New York have come generally from the densely populated districts along the Ligurian coast. The greater number of them come from Genoa—the birth-place of America's discoverer, and the once

magnificent rival of Venice in naval superiority—and from Sicily—a home of music, poetry, romance, and art, a region inhabited by a polished gentry, wealthy clergy, republican patriots, fishermen, *lazzaroni*, assassins, fierce *banditti*, and where we find rich and varied products and great natural phenomena. Many of them come from the mountains of the Abruzzi and the ancient Campania Felice, once celebrated for its Falernian wine, but now better known here by its organ-grinders.

Rough and rugged Savoy, overshadowed by Mount Blanc, also sends us many of its people, who are naturally brave and industrious, but not choice of their pursuits in this city, many of them following the ignoble calling above-mentioned. Almost every portion of Italy is represented, and all partake more or less of the characteristics of the place of their nativity. An observance of the manner of the Bolognese among us is interesting from its strong family resemblance to that of the French; the deduction strengthening the tradition that their region was once peopled by the Gaulois. Swiss peasants, whose dialect and origin are Italian, and whose native home is amid the romantic scenery around lakes Lugano and Maggiore, are very numerous in the city, and are so mingled with the native Italians as to be regarded as the same people. They make a thrifty, industrious, and useful class of citizens. The *Delmonicos*, our Napoleonic caterers, are of the Italian Swiss.

RELIGIOUS AND POLITICAL TENDENCIES.

The Catholic church in Sullivan near Prince Street is the only church in the city where the congregation is principally composed of Italians. They are strongly wedded to their national religion, and we have yet to hear of even an inconsiderable number of them being converted to Protestantism. They appear, however, to be indifferent to principles and doctrine, and seem to prefer remaining Catholics than to go to the trouble of inquiry into the truth or falsity of other religions. They are tolerant, and by no means bigoted.

Being a confiding, affectionate, and tolerant people, they are easily influenced by politicians, but are somewhat indifferent as to American politics. During their last election their votes were principally cast for the Democratic interest. In everything relating to the welfare and regeneration of their own country, however, they take an enthusiastic interest.

They are also, as members of the Latin race, strong sympathizers with France, though haters of Napoleon.

NEWSPAPER—SOCIETIES.

There is at present but one Italian newspaper in the city, *L'Eco d'Italia*, edited and published by Cav. G. F. Secchi De Casali. It was established twenty-two years ago, and is the organ of the Italians in the United States.

The *L'Eco* is published semi-weekly, but its editor has expressed to us his intention of publishing a daily issue shortly.

The Società di Unione e Fratellanza Italiana is an Italian Benevolent Society established some years ago. It has for its object the creation of a fund for the benefit of the widows and orphans of its members, to pay their funeral expenses, and render mutual aid and protection. It has its trunk in New York, with branches extending all over the country. Cav. Casali is the President of the *Società*. The members of the association in New York number about three hundred. They have under their protection the Italian night-school for adults, and a ball for its benefit, under their auspices, is given annually.

The Italian Rifle Association (Columbia Guard) was organized in 1867 for the purpose of social amusement and military proficiency. They have an annual celebration of the birthday of Christopher Columbus. They have also a lodge of Freemasons (Garibaldi Lodge), numbering about one hundred and fifty. The founding of a hospital for their people is proposed by a number of public-spirited Italian gentlemen.

The Italians of the better class send their children to those of the city schools whose advantages are open to all, but principally to those of the Catholic societies. They have two charitable schools, one for children and adults, under the especial care of the Children's Aid Society in Franklin near Elm Street, and the other protected by the Benevolent Society in Primary School No. 10, in Wooster Street near Bleecker.

SOCIAL CHARACTERISTICS.

The Italians have a tendency to clan together, and are found living in colonies in this city, Brooklyn, and in New Jersey. The most considerable colony of them is found in the Sixth Ward, and it is estimated that fully fifteen hundred of them live in the Five Points and the streets immediately contiguous. The next considerable colony is found in the Eighth Ward, in Spring, Laurens, Hudson, and Macdougall streets, and that neighborhood. A number live in Fifth and Eighth streets, in the vicinity of Second Avenue and Avenue A. Another colony is found in the region of West Broadway and North Moore Street.

A number of artists, theatrical employes, etc., live in the vicinity of Third Avenue and Tenth and Fifteenth streets. There is a colony in Henry Street, and numbers are to be found living in close proximity in Harlem and the upper part of the city.

COMMERCIAL RELATIONS—MERCHANTS.

The principal Italian importations are lemons, oranges, sulphur, marble in blocks, slabs, and statuary, alabaster, rags, sumach, vermicelli, macaroni, olive oil, wines, coral (from Naples and Leghorn), straw, amber, almonds, raisins, gloves from Milan and Naples (sold as Parisian), silks and velvets from Genoa, tunny fish, sardines, and Parmesan cheese. It is natural that Italian merchants in the city should be found chiefly among the dealers in the above-mentioned articles of commerce, though some are found in other branches of trade. As a class, they are among the most stable of our merchants, and are generally wealthy, some of them being immensely so.

The house of the Fabricotti is the largest importers of Italian marble in the country. They own the greater part of the quarries in Carrara. Signor O. Fabricotti, the senior partner of the firm, died in Italy last summer. He was a member of the Co-operative sub-Committee of the Children's Aid Society for the Italian school, and took a great interest in its welfare. Signor E. P. Tabbri, also a member of the committee mentioned, is an importer of marble and owner of quarries, and is reputed to be very rich. Other Italian merchants, it is said by their brethren of the same origin, are ready with their purse and influence to aid in everything of a benevolent or public nature among their people. There are also a number of Italians engaged as cigar dealers, and as keepers of small groceries.

SCIENCE AND LITERATURE.

Entering the domains of Science and Literature we are met by Dr. G. Cekarini, of the Board of Health, who ranks with the foremost in his profession, and to whom the city is indebted for many sanitary reforms; Professor V. Botta, linguist, and author of several valuable works; Cav. G. F. Secchi De Casali, already mentioned; Signor C. Orsini, late editor of *L'Unione Dei Popoli*, which suspended publication some time ago, and which is to be restored under the editorial management of Signor N. Norton; and Signor Abrizzo, an eminent mechanic who lately sailed for Tours for the purpose of offering to the French Government a new gun of his own invention.

In law—among the most widely known lawyers practicing at the New York bar is Signor S. W. Finelli, who in 1821 was a victim of Austrian tyranny. A number of other Italians well known and eminent in these walks might be added.

AMUSEMENTS—MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

The chief public amusement of Italians in this city is attendance at the opera when it is in season, musical festivals, and among the poorer classes gatherings in *cafés* where singing is encouraged. Their influence as a body, and the efforts of individuals of their nationality, have been of incalculable advantage in forcing a growth of refinement in musical art and taste in our community. Italian opera received its first decided impulse from Signor Ferdinand Palmo, who accumulated a fortune in the management of a restaurant in Broadway near Duane Street, and made musical performances a conspicuous part of the entertainment.

The old building formerly used as a theater in Chambers Street was erected by him in 1843. He spent his fortune in the vain endeavor to make a permanent house for Italian Opera in this city. His Opera House was sold to W. E. Burton in 1848, and is now occupied by the United States Government. Mr. Palmo died about a year ago, in greatly reduced circumstances. The efforts of Signors Maretzek and Strakosch to establish what Palmo failed to do with the same firm basis upon which it stands in the European capitals, have been the subject of long editorials in the New York press, and they have been earnest and persistent in their endeavors, in the face of discouragement, disappointment, and heavy pecuniary losses. A number of Italian singers who have been brought to this country by *impresarios* have settled in our midst; some of them marrying, and preferring a fixed habitation to the constant changes attendant upon their profession in this country, have turned their attention to teaching. Such is Errani, a once celebrated tenor singer, who is now married to an American lady and teaches music.

Errani was *maestro* to Misses Kellogg, Patti, and Minnie Hauck. Ronconi, a popular vocalist, is also a *maestro*. There are at least a dozen first-class teachers in New York, of whom several are musical composers of considerable merit. Carlo Bosa, whose death a short time ago was noticed by the press, was the author of several compositions of rare excellence.

The well-known Signor Bagioli, the oldest teacher of singing in the city, died quite recent-

ly. Four public singers make New York their home; they are, Brignoli, Susini, Reina, and A. Maccofferri. Also among the number of Italian instrumental performers and teachers resident in the city is Carlo Patti, violinist and composer.

ART AND ARTISTS.

Although our wealthy citizens are liberal patrons of the Italian schools of art, they prefer either the originals or copies of the old masters. Their purchases are principally made from the great art centers in Italy; and as the majority of the Italian painters of the present day seem to manifest a greater tendency to copy than to originate, they apparently prefer to remain at home, where they are surrounded by the great works of past ages. Hence we have no Italian Churches, Bierstadts, or Gignoux among us, and none equal to Constant Mayer; but we have a Fagnani, whose portrait paintings are marvels of art. Angerri is also a portrait and historical painter of great excellence.

A considerable number of fresco painters and theatrical scenic painters are employed here. The most famous among them are Bragaldi, who supplied the decorations in the interior of A. T. Stewart's house in Fifth Avenue, Garibaldi, who frescoed Booth's Theater and Apollo Hall, and Felix Donnaruma.

The most eminent of the Italian sculptors in New York is Turvini, who sent one of his works to the Paris Exhibition, where it elicited high commendations from the critics.

MENDICANCY AND ORGAN-GRINDERS.

A charge frequently preferred against our Italian citizens is that of vagrancy. A few years ago every beggar who mumbled for alms in an unintelligible language was thought to be an Italian, and every fiercely mustached individual who exasperated the ear with squeaky notes, ground out of a wheezy hand-organ or hurdy-gurdy, was denounced as a "lazy Italian." Better acquaintance with the Italians demonstrates that they by no means hold a monopoly of either business, but that the most liberal share—especially the organ-grinding—is held by people of other nationalities, for instance, the frugal Germans, the adventurous French, the sturdy Swiss, and the battered "boys in blue"—who should be saved from such necessity by a nation's gratitude. Sons of Albion and of the Emerald Isle do not disdain to charm the pennies from those who are not "so stockish hard and full of rage;" and the pibroch of Scotia is often sounded in the shadow of Trinity or the quiet of Fifth Avenue by a bare-legged "highland laddie," the melody

of which inspires the hearer with a wish to be the possessor of a pair of seven-leagued boots and "lend him distance."

And now, to say something in defense of organ-grinders, which may be of general application to the "profession," but is intended to apply especially to Italians. To begin, in the language of the lady principal of the school at the "Five Points" Mission House, "There is no reason why an organ-grinder should be regarded as an altogether discreditable member of the community; his vocation is better than that of begging or stealing, and he certainly works hard enough for the pennies thrown to him, lugging his big box around the city from morning until night." And it may be added that he certainly merits the good-will of Mr. Bergh for the affectionate solicitude with which he watches over the physical welfare of his monkey, should he be the fortunate possessor of such a valuable auxiliary to his fortunes. Who among us, whose musical taste is not trained to that exquisite pitch of refinement which renders a false note excruciating to the ear when we were vainly trying "to catch" the "turn" of some popular tune, has not been gratified by hearing a street organ grinding out the very notes which we had been puckering our lips in the vain endeavor to whistle? And who on a summer's eve is not charmed to hear the notes of *Casta Diva* floating toward him, pealed from some organ at a distance? for in this case "'tis distance lends enchantment to the—sound." And who is there that does not delight in the noisy happiness of the children on the appearance of the organ and the monkey? Many of the children of poverty have no other music, and but little other amusement. In this particular regard, organ-grinders are an "institution" that merits encouragement. To conclude, how much more do they deserve to be decried than those who sell liquid poison in gin palaces and steal away the health and brains of their fellow-men?

Where, a few years ago, large numbers of these organ-grinders could be found living together, the number has been greatly reduced, owing to the influence exercised by the Italian schools. Organ-grinding was at one time a lucrative employment, and more money was made by it than by work of a more useful character. An instance of its gains is that of Francisco Ferrari, who came to this country about ten years ago, and with a hand-organ and monkey amassed enough money in a few years to go back to Italy and invest in real estate. He was not contented to remain in his

native country, however, for he soon returned, bringing with him his family, and resumed his old trade. He has been paid for his bad music about \$20,000.

Several other instances, but not so notable, might be mentioned. With such examples in view, it is not to be wondered at that newly arrived emigrants, ignorant of the language, or to what to turn their hands, should buy or rent an organ and monkey, and seek their fortunes in that line. Young girls and women sometimes form a business arrangement with these men, and go around the streets with them, for one-half or a certain percentage of the profits.

That class of street musicians which is made up of harpers, violinists, vocalists, etc., is largely composed of Italians whose place of nativity is the south of Italy. Traveling through the streets in companies of two and four, they sometimes discourse most sweet music, and grave citizens linger within sound of them while young people involuntarily keep time to their melodies. The streets are their concert hall, and the canopy of heaven its dome; no charge is demanded to hear them, their remuneration being forced by their merits, and they generally reap a rich harvest. One of the street singers appeared a few years ago in a sensational play at the old Broadway Theater, and his vocal efforts on the stage were invariably rewarded by an *eneore*. These people are musical missionaries, and are doing much to popularize the creations of the great composers in the community.

WHITE SLAVERY.

The legion of little monkey-faced boys, who rasp out agonizing sounds from cheap violins, earn the pennies thrown to them by virtue of their comic antics. It is, however, a cruelty to encourage these children with a gift of money, for instead of such gifts inuring to their benefit, they are exacted for the support of cruel and selfish parents and taskmasters, who increase the amounts of the sums they are daily required to bring "home" with them, according to their good, or rather bad fortune, in collecting pennies. The sordid and avaricious tyrants who derive a support from the slavery of these little ones drove formerly quite a profitable business in the trade, at one time forming co-partnerships for the importation of such white slaves to the New York market.

The fact in regard to the transactions of these firms was but lately ventilated in the daily newspapers and is fresh in the memory of their readers. At a late hour of the night,

but a short time ago, numbers of these little fellows might have been, and a few are still to be seen, wending their way to the Five Points, bearing on their backs a harp (twice as big as themselves) or a violin, sobbing as though their hearts would break, or scratching their instruments at the approach of a wayfarer, with the forlorn hope of extracting a few pennies, to make up the sum required by their masters, before they were furnished with supper, or to save them from a thrashing or exclusion from shelter for the night.

To the shame of the Italian community it must be recorded that this treatment of children as a business was an institution almost peculiar to them. Since the exposure mentioned it has been pretty thoroughly broken up, and exists only in isolated cases, and all disposition to continue the evil is fast disappearing before the benign influence of the Children's Aid Society and the Five Point charities.

INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS.

A multiplication of the evidences of Italian regeneration is to be seen; look into whatever field of industry we may, we find our Italian citizens conspicuous among the toilers. They are represented in almost every branch of mechanical labor, but are to be found more especially working as marble-cutters, hatters, machinists, carpenters, shoemakers, plasterers, carvers of wood, pattern rustic, frame, and cigar makers, and makers of plaster casts. A great number of confectioners and cooks are to be found among them; and the management of the Italian kitchen is considered by epicures to be superior to the French. Italians as cooks are employed by the Delmonicos and a number of leading caterers. The chief cook of the St. Nicholas and several of his assistants are Italians. Barbers and hair-dressers and workers in hair are numerous among them, Cristadoro leading the advance guard, and rivaling Phalon in popularity. Few of them are found to be working as servants, except as public waiters. Among the laborers, a large number of Italians are employed at work on the new boulevards, in the parks, and at street sweeping, and are reckoned an honest and industrious class of people.

Whenever and however employed, except in rare instances, the Italian in New York gives satisfaction to his employers, and proves himself to be steady, honest, and capable. "Whenever we have obtained employment for any of these people," say the officers of the Children's Aid Society and the Five Points House of Industry, "in every instance they are preferred

to others. Letters and certificates from the employers, speaking enthusiastically of their honesty, industry, and faithfulness, have been seen by us." "There are instances," says the principal of the Italian school in Franklin Street, "where extraordinary interest is taken by employers in their behalf, and in no case has one of them ever been discharged for any other reason than for want of work." "Italians with whom we have dealings are unexceptionally honest," says Mr. Shultz, Missionary of the Five Points House of Industry, "and articles loaned to them from the House are invariably returned;" and he adds, "I have never seen an Italian drunkard in my experience."

PERSONAL ADVENTURES.

"Would you like to visit among our people?" said an Italian gentleman to the writer of this article. An affirmative reply was given, and the tour was arranged. Turning from Chatham Street a few paces into Rose Street, and a lager beer saloon, kept by an Italian, was reached. It was not unlike hundreds of such places in the city, and there was a slim attendance at the bar. "This is a great rendezvous for newly arrived emigrants," said the guide; "their friends in this country write to them to come here to make inquiries, and from here the newly arrived emigrant is directed where and how to find those of whom he is in search." A little chattering in Italian, and our host preceding us with a lighted candle, led the way up a shaky flight of stairs, and ushered us into the presence of several workmen engaged in giving the finishing touches to rude PLASTER CASTS of Madonnas and churches. The room was well stocked with these articles, and lighted with tallow candles. Our party was received with great politeness, and when we remarked that it was past working hours, "Nothing better to do," said they. A brief survey, a *buono sayres*, and a few minutes' walk brought us after considerable stumbling through a dark and narrow alley into a court, and then into the busy workshop of an association of Italian image-makers and venders. One of their number volunteered the following information. Their association was composed of about twenty men, some of whom stay in the shop at work, while the others found a market for the products of their labor in the street. One of the association keeps the accounts, receives all the money, and pays each man his portion of the profits. They work sometimes until eleven or twelve o'clock at night, and their earnings, nevertheless, are very inconsiderable. Their wants are few, however; they are frugal; and

if they can return to their native homes after some years with a few hundred dollars saved, they consider that they have made a fortune.

A subsequent visit to a large concern in Broadway gave an insight into the business as carried on with greater magnitude. Here were to be found plaster casts of every size, from that of the miniature to that of life, and of every conceivable subject and design. At this place the prices range from 25 cents to \$100. The original wooden molds, from which new ones are patterned and made in this country, are imported from Italy, and figures molded from the originals sometimes bring from two to three hundred dollars apiece. Molds thrown aside from this shop are bought up by the poorer classes of image-makers. The next place visited was located in Baxter Street, a five-story brick tenement of dingy exterior, and decorated from the windows with clothing hung out to dry.

COMMON RESORTS.

A small sign over the basement door informs the inquirer that it is an Italian grocery and wine store, and large letters written on the house-front read "Republican Hall." Up the wooden stairs, and a walk through the dimly lighted hall into the bar-room, will leave no doubt in the mind of the visitor of its democratic character. At the time of the visit herein referred to, about fifty men were standing around the room, or sitting at long and narrow pine tables engaged in playing the Italian card games of *Tre sette* and *Scopa*. There was no evidence of gambling, and the assemblage was a quiet and orderly one—exceedingly so,—and presented a strong contrast to similar assemblies of other people gathered together in public places for amusement. Over the bar was a gilt eagle, and on the walls hung three targets, bullet-riddled and dingy. The visitor was informed that this place was a resort of the better class of Italians in the neighborhood. The host politely invited his visitors to descend into the grocery. There was an immense quantity of macaroni, which in a wonderful variety of shapes and colors was temptingly displayed. Italian wines were the next considerable commodity, and sardines, tunny fish, cheese, and olive oil were present in abundance. The proprietor of this establishment is worth over one hundred thousand dollars, accumulated in his business.

Near by in the rear is a grocery also liberally stocked with macaroni, and in the yard is a bowling-alley, which can only be run with profit on Saturday evening, when there is an

influx of stamps into the Points, the weekly wages of its working inhabitants. Upon the night in question it was filled with a motley crew. Perched upon a table in the rear of the room in a squatting posture was a man with a face molded after the popularly received idea of brigand physiognomy. On his head was a broad-brimmed felt hat, the front flap perched up against the crown, and a black pipe in his mouth, sending up volumes of smoke. There he sat regarding a party of card-players with an indifferent stare upon his features.

The patrons of the place, about a hundred in number, were made up of beggars, street players, street sweepers, laborers, and some individuals under police espionage. Having paid our respects to the proprietor, and shaken hands with two queer-looking individuals, one of whom was dressed in a coat trailing to his heels, and had an enormous felt hat on his head, and long, white whiskers hanging from his chin, while the other was enveloped in an indescribable garment made up of many patches, we emerged into the light of Worth Street.

A subsequent visit to the "Points" opened up to view Donovan's Lane, which, running from Baxter to Pearl Street, is the outlet of a large population living in tenement houses built between the two streets. In these back courts, reeking with filth and echoing with profanity, among all grades of the miserably poor and depraved, who swarm the houses from cellar to garret, a few Italians of the poorest class are to be found; and from these, and such as these, come those flower and orange girls whose pretended trade is a mask to their real calling. In Mulberry Street, from the "bend" to Park Street, the houses are almost exclusively filled with Italians. In Baker's Alley a large frame structure fronting on Mulberry Street is occupied by them exclusively, and at night an army of street sweepers is to be seen issuing from the building with their hickory brooms.

DANCING HALLS.

A visit to Joe Koon's, the keeper of a grocery store on the corner of Worth and Baxter streets, was repaid by a view of the room over his store which is used for dances. In company with a detective, the writer ascended a winding flight of rickety stairs from Worth Street. On trying the door, which was found to be locked, the head of a boy was poked through a broken window-pane, and asked, "Who is there?" "Fitzmaurice," said the detective. "You will have to go through the store," said

the boy. Descending, an entrance to the room was gained through the grocery. It was filled principally with boys and girls, and but few adults were present. A few of the assembly were engaged in dancing to the music of a hurdy-gurdy. These youthful devotees of Terpsichore were all Italians. At the public dances on Saturday evening the hall, which is comparatively small and of a dingy appearance, though well lighted, is then packed with male and female dancers, who partake of all characters and nationalities, there being, however, but few Italian women among them. Opposite the store, the cellar of a tenement-house is another place used for dances.

The curious visitor to the Five Points will not fail to pause to look at the Mission House and the House of Industry, two institutions which are to that quarter the advance-guards of reformation. On pleasant Sunday evenings the plaza in front of these two buildings is thronged with Italians, promenading in groups and chatting gayly together.

SCHOOLS—ITALIAN CHILDREN AS PUPILS.

In Franklin a few doors above Elm Street is the Italian school of the Children's Aid Society. The day and evening schools were visited, and were found to be well attended. About three hundred pupils take advantage of its benefits, and four teachers are employed to instruct them. Two of the teachers are ladies of American birth, the others are Italians. The school hours are from three to six and from seven to nine, P. M. The founders of the school are assisted in their benevolent mission by a sub-committee of Italian gentlemen, who have been, with the exception of Signor G. Albinola, already mentioned in this article. The Italian Government, also, through its ministers, has been greatly impressed with the gratifying results of the humane exertions of the patrons of the school, and now contributes annually toward its encouragement. A short conversation with one of the lady teachers was substantially as follows:

Visitor. "Do your pupils attend school regularly?"

Teacher. "Very; they are quite punctual."

Visitor. "Are they apt and studious?"

Teacher. "Quite so; they apply themselves to study with greater earnestness than one would imagine, considering their antecedents."

Visitor. "Are they easily governed? or are you obliged to punish them frequently?"

Teacher. "It is seldom that I have to resort to punishment. Come here, sir [said she to a good-sized boy, whom she had discovered

talking in one corner of the room]; kneel down, sir. [The mandate was obeyed, the boy kneeling down by the side of two other delinquents, the three being regarded with commiseration by their schoolmates, who cast furtive glances at them over their schoolbooks.] This is my principal punishment [resumed the teacher]; although I use the rod in rare instances. When I do resort to this method of punishment I apparently inflict as much pain upon his mates as I do upon the offender. Italian children appear to be very sensitive to the sufferings of one of their number, and when one of them is made to cry he is answered by sympathetic sobs from the others. They are 'clannish,' to use a common expression."

Visitor. "This is probably a peculiarity of all poor children?"

Teacher. "Perhaps so. This is the first school of poor children I have ever taught; I have formerly been employed in the teaching of children of better condition. But I must say that I like my present better than my former pupils. They are so appreciative of every act of kindness and so affectionate that I have fallen in love with them. Come [she said, calling to her side a little girl with the face of an angel]. This is my prettiest pupil."

Upon being questioned, the little lady answered quickly and with intelligence the questions propounded to her. Love and ingenuousness shone from the depths of her black eyes as she looked up to her teacher for approval.

The occupations of the children are various. Some are supported entirely by their parents; some are newsboys, bootblacks, flower-girls, and the like; others play the violin; while those whose parents are organ-grinders travel around the streets with them to collect the pennies. These last are ludicrously ashamed of their business. These occupations are followed in the fore part of the day, no school being held then. The parents are very anxious to have their little ones attend the school, and frequently accompany them to the school-house to insure their attendance.

A visit in the evening was well repaid by the interest afforded. The conduct and appearance of the pupils was of a most satisfactory character, and their personal cleanliness was in strong contrast with what had been observed among the children and adults generally in the Five Points. The only disagreeable characteristic of the school was a want of room, a great number of the pupils, especially in the apartment up-stairs, being

obliged to stand up to their studies. A number of adults were in attendance, and were poring over their primers with as much gravity as the younger pupils.

Before leaving the school, the children, led by a teacher, and accompanied on the melodeon by one of his assistants, united in singing several glees, ending with a national air, which was sung with great unison and unction, and was a pleasing episode.

Mr. Cerqua, the head teacher, stated that he was endeavoring to interest the philanthropic in a plan to build a larger school-house, in which there can be larger school-rooms, a reading-room for young men who are in need of such an opportunity, and a room for exhibitions and festivals of the school, in which the Italian people of the neighborhood take great interest, together with wash-rooms and other necessary offices, with which the present building is poorly provided.

A BEGGAR'S INGENUITY.

Leaving Franklin Street, and walking up town, a group of beggars was passed, which might have made a fit subject for the pencil of an artist. Sitting on the pavement, "tailor-fashion," was a man between forty and fifty years of age, with his head wrapped up in a piece of white muslin. Before him was an instrument shaped like an organ, but of an appearance totally indescribable. It was a sort of compound of accordeon and organ, certain to attract attention from its queerness. Grouped around him in studied attitudes were a woman with a child at the breast and two little boys. The woman with the babe sat at one side of the queer instrument while one of the little boys sat at the other, and the remaining child was in front. A tin sign with an appeal to the charitable painted upon it, a tin box for pennies, and the flickering flame of a tallow-candle finished the picture. A most dolorous accompaniment was played upon the instrument. The man is an Italian, and is frequently met by New Yorkers with all his appointments. He is a worthless vagabond, but certainly displays the national characteristic for skill in art—even in begging. Passing by an Italian chestnut stand, where a gray-haired father was attended by his daughter,—the pair during the summer months plying the vocations of organ and tamborine players,—another group was observed that might have given employment to a Murillo. It was composed of the two mentioned, the girl being black-eyed and pretty, with a colored handkerchief disposed gracefully over her head, a rough-looking and

ragged individual sitting on a flour barrel with a short pipe in his mouth, a man with a large harp, a boy with a smaller one, a smaller boy with a violin, and a tiny boy not much bigger than the violin he carried standing near.

The light of the smoking oil-lamp or torch and the red fire of the furnace tinged their faces with peculiar color. It is to be remarked that Italians frequently flock together in this manner in the streets of New York.

ANOTHER SCHOOL.

Entering school No. 10, in Wooster Street, the tourist in Italian New York was met by Signor N. Corvodi, the Principal of the Italian night-school for adults, under the protection of the Italian Benevolent Society. This school occupies the upper floor of that building, and is composed of two classes, for instruction in reading and writing. It is yet in its infancy, but is rapidly extending its usefulness. There were at the time of this visit about sixty pupils in attendance, whose ages varied from fifteen to forty. Newly arrived emigrants, ignorant of our language, avail themselves of its advantages, and are much assisted thereby. The scene in the class-rooms was both interesting and instructive; youths and bearded men read aloud from their primers or bent over their copybooks with the same spirit of application.

Among the scholars in the writing-class a few young girls were interspersed, who gave evidence of much proficiency. The copybook of one of the scholars, a man of thirty years of age, who commenced with straight lines about a year before, was remarkable for good penmanship. The method adopted by the principal in the English class is one calculated to teach the pupil as speedily as possible enough English for business uses.

The teacher found that many of his pupils were so ignorant of the grammar of their own language that he was forced to discard the established methods and adopt a plan of his own. The pupils individually read aloud from the primers, and translate each word and sentence from English into Italian and from Italian in like manner into English, their pronunciation being corrected as they read. The ringing of the changes from one language to the other has a most peculiar effect upon the ear. A blackboard is used to write English words upon, which the scholars spell aloud, and thus are aided much in learning the orthography of the language. Those who have the time, talent, and inclination are taught more particularly, after the system of Ollendorf. Signor Corvodi

says the use of the school and gaslight is permitted to them by the Board of Education free of cost.

Leaving the school, a visit to an Italian grocery and *café* in Spring Street, where the store is up-stairs and the *café* in the cellar, introduced the visitor to an entirely different phase of Italian society from that seen elsewhere. In this place were found an assemblage of operatic artists—musicians and singers. There were also several literary characters, an editor, etc. The guests were indulging their tastes in such things as the place afforded. It is seldom that Italians drink anything stronger than claret, and that generally at meals. This fact may account for the infrequency of drunkenness among them.

The interiors of the houses of the Italian residents in this neighborhood are, with few exceptions, faultlessly clean, and the people and their apartments are in strong and favorable contrast with the majority of the Italian residents of the Five Points. They appear, too, to be a more intelligent class. In Third Avenue and up town the majority of the people are of a still better class in appearance, and the Italian restaurants in Third Avenue, Fourteenth Street, and Fourth and Seventh avenues are filled at meal-times with well-dressed and intelligent Italians, who spend much time over their claret and macaroni in discussing Italian unity and the political affairs of Europe.

TREE PLANTING IN AMERICA.

CLAIMS OF THE CHESTNUT.

IN many of our Eastern and Middle States a scarcity of timber exists, which is making itself felt more and more as year after year the demand for different woods in the mechanic arts increases. For fifty years has the settler in new regions made it one of his chief objects to clear as much land, to hew down and extirpate as much forest as possible, little regarding the intrinsic value of the timber which fell beneath his doughty arm. Now, we begin to appreciate his error, and deprecate that indiscreet zeal which neglected to provide for the wants of subsequent generations. We have too much clearing, which not only unfavorably affects the climate of neighboring sections, if our meteorologists are to be believed, but also deprives us of the timber needed for building and fencing purposes. The next generation will suffer greatly in the latter respect if efforts are not made by the present to produce new growths of wood.

In the prairie States, whither the fertile soil invites settlement, the lack of sufficient timber is already severely felt, and tree planting is in-



dispensable, as it seems altogether unlikely that science will ever discover any material which can be substituted in all respects for wood.

With reference to the proper timber to be grown, some of our best agricultural authorities commend the American chestnut (*Castanea Americana*) as the tree possessing those qualities in the largest measure which the builder and the farmer require, and which adapt it to the widest extent of country.

Not only does this tree furnish a valuable kind of wood, but its fruit occupies a good position among the farinaceous nuts of America. In the engraving we have a representation of the nuts as they appear when matured in their prickly inclosure or burr. This, however, is too familiar to require a description in detail here.

The chestnut is one of the most beautiful of trees, and deserves consideration on account of its ornamental character as well as for its material utility. We could not cover the waste places of the East and West with a more valuable forest growth; for this tree grows rapidly and vigorously, furnishes a hard-grained and durable wood, a sweet and desirable fruit, and a decoration which many a private park or lawn is proud to own.

The chestnut has a history which will not be out of place here. It is said to have been found by the Romans, first at Castanea, a town of Thessaly, near the mouth of the Peneus, whence

the fruit was named by them *Castanea nucea*, or nuts of Castanea. Some of the oldest and largest trees in the world now standing are chestnuts. One on Mount Etna, which can be seen from the town of Aci, has often been mentioned by travelers. It is 160 feet in circumference, and has a hollow trunk in which shepherds find a retreat for themselves and their flocks. It is called the hundred-horse chestnut, from a tradition that Joanna of Aragon once visited it, and that her whole party found protection beneath it from a sudden storm.

There is an old chestnut tree in England, at Tortworth, in Gloucestershire, which was a boundary mark in the reign of King John; and at Sancerre, in France, there is one which is believed to be a thousand years old. The fruit of the American chestnut is not so large as that of the European, but is sweeter in flavor. In France the

nut is not only eaten raw or roasted, but also ground into meal, and puddings and cakes made from it. Plant chestnut trees.

OUR PUBLIC DOMAIN IN 1867-8.

THE total disposal of public lands for the year ending June, 1868, was 6,655,742½ acres, bringing in \$1,632,745. The appropriations covered: 941,641 acres sold; 512,533 located by military warrants; 2,328,923 taken under homestead entries; 259,197 given to States as swamp; 697,257 vested under railroad grants, and 1,842,889 under college scrip. The levee system is demanded earnestly by the Southwest. Gen. Humphreys says that, in order to produce full protection to inundated districts of the Mississippi, levees must be carried the whole distance from the mouth of the Ohio, three feet high above water level; increased to seven in Arkansas, and steadily increasing thence to Lake Providence, from where another outlet may be created, and a lower levee built. The lateral swamp rivers would have to be leveed also. To construct permanent barriers would cost \$17,000,000, extending 1,800 miles, and would protect 19,450 square miles. The expenditure of \$17,000,000 would give permanent se-

cure to lands worth \$280,000,000, having \$315,000,000 annual products. The inarable plains west of the Mississippi, owing to the construction of railways and mining, must some time be made productive, and this can only be by irrigation. New Mexico lands have been made productive by this means for two centuries, and the cultivation of forests aids in other departments. The public domain comprises 1,834,998,400 acres, of which 1,405,366,678 remain to be disposed of. The commerce of the Pacific is increasing our Asiatic exchanges, and as transit may be made from New York to San Francisco by rail in seventy-two hours, and as our mineral wealth

is of prime value to this end, it is believed that we shall soon command the major trade of Asia, and have the clearing houses of the world. As specie has been drained to the East for centuries, we shall drain it back again as soon as we create trade. England and Russia are quarreling for Asiatic supremacy; but our country, asking only commercial favors, has an advantage over both. In order to show what the Pacific commerce has for its supply and aids, the statement may be made that we have 40,000 miles of railway, costing \$2,000,000,000, annual earnings of \$750,000,000, and domestic trade of \$6,000,000,000 annually. "This is a great country."

GEN. THOMAS—"STONEWALL"—JACKSON.

"EVENTS make men," is a proverb so commonly received as a truism, that few look beyond or go into investigation of the material of which those singularly excellent specimens of humanity are composed who are made by "events." A scientific analysis of the men and minds who have left the most indelible records upon the world's history would most frequently develop the fact, that *men*, perhaps, are much more responsible for the shaping of events than are events—which often take the form of mere circumstance—for throwing up to the surface that powerful undercurrent—the rich substratum of genius and intellect—destined to control the fortune of nations for good or evil, and to mold and compel the disclosures of history.

The subject of this sketch—better known by the eccentric soubriquet "Stonewall"—was one of those rare beings with strong points, marked individuality, easy enough to discover—quite as easy to describe,—but very difficult to understand, because in him there were many things that baffled the common laws of human appreciation, and developed principles not to be resolved by the usual axiomatic demonstration of men and character.

He was a man of vigorous physical organization; was five feet ten inches in height, weighing, perhaps, one hundred and sixty-five pounds; thick-set, with a full, deep chest, broad stalwart shoulders, and rather angular and ungraceful. If one of the men of Jackson's command had been asked what were his predominating temperaments, little acquainted with physiology he would doubtless have answered, "The Motive and the Moral, for 'Old Jack' is forever 'making tracks' or praying;" and this unsophisticated reply would have betrayed the general appreciation of him in the army.

General Jackson had the brow of the poet, the eye of the philosopher, and the strong lower jaw, mouth, and chin of the warrior. His face was a mirror of contradictions, yet in his character there was singular uniqueness, with remarkable unity. There was doubtless poetry in his soul, but there was little in his austere manner of life, and if developed at all, it was amid the rattle of musketry and the roar of artillery. Here his eyes blazed—perhaps from inspiration.

His forehead was lofty, broad, smooth, and fair, but slightly furrowed, and strongly projecting toward the brow,

and indicating both deep thought and acute perception. His eyes were well set and full, bright and penetrating, seeming to see everything, and changing color with his emotions. His nose was prominent, clearly cut, and well-shapen, with large dilating nostrils that quivered with nervousness, and gave sometimes a harshness to the expression of his countenance. His mouth was broad; his lips firmly set but not compressed, and overhung by a reddish brown mustache. His chin was firmly molded, and gave evidence of

strong energy and indomitable will, and his broad, massive lower jaw was set like iron, after the model of that of the first Napoleon. His beard, which was the color of his mustache, was worn moderately long, and was thick and strong. He had fine dark-brown hair that showed the slightest possible inclination to curl, and was soft and silky.

His base of brain was broad, with large perceptive organs accompanying it. Comparison, Firmness, Self-Esteem, and Combateness were large, while Cautiousness was small, and Veneration, Benevolence, and Sublimity were well developed; Language of average size.

He was bold and fearless, yet at times simple and shy. He was stern and unyielding, rigid in his observance of duty, and equally rigid in requiring of others

the strict performance of duty, yet he could be led by a little child. He was grave and thoughtful, but he was not averse to mirthfulness, was no ascetic, and his smile played over his countenance like sunshine over a stern and rugged landscape, lighting it up to a strange and attractive beauty. He was a devoted husband and an affectionate father. He was taciturn and reserved in society, yet he did not shun association with his kind, and was forgiving of faults and generous to weaknesses.



GEN. "STONEWALL" JACKSON.

The immediate ancestors of General "Stonewall" Jackson were early settled in Western Virginia, that portion of the old commonwealth which lies beyond the Alleghany Mountains, and now forming the new State—West Virginia. By genealogical investigation it seems probable that the Jacksons of this section of Virginia descended from the same stock from which sprang General Andrew Jackson of Tennessee — "Old Hickory"

—seventh President of the United States.

The grandfather of General Stonewall Jackson was, for many years, surveyor of Lewis County and a member of the State Legislature. His son Jonathan Jackson—father of the subject of this sketch—was a lawyer of creditable reputation at Clarksburg. He married the daughter of Thomas Neal, of Wood County, by whom he had four children—two sons and two daughters—the youngest of whom, Thomas Jonathan (Stonewall), was born on the 21st of January, 1824. When the baby Jackson was but three years

of age, his father died, almost insolvent, leaving his wife poor, and his youngest son to the guardianship of a brother, who brought up his young nephew with paternal solicitude, affording him, as he best could, the meager chance for an education, which commenced in one of those time-honored institutions of Virginia, an "old field school." Young Jackson's boyhood was divided between working upon the farm in the summer, and devoting the winter months to study. He remained with his uncle fifteen years. Conscientious in the discharge of his obligations—grave and seriously disposed—he was distinguished for his industry, intelligence, and probity. Indeed, it is stated that by virtue of the circumspectness of his character and deportment, at sixteen years of age he was elected constable of his county.

But beneath his quiet exterior this plain, thoughtful boy hid a mine of ambition. He looked to and longed for a higher and nobler career. A military life, strange to say, presented to him the most superior attractions, and was most in accordance with his taste and nature. Ascertaining that there was a vacancy from his Congressional District in the United States Military Academy at West Point, he determined to become an applicant for the position of cadet in that institution. He had a few kind, influential, political friends who promised to aid him, and *alone*, upon foot, traveling with his saddle-bags across his shoulders, this Western Virginia farmer-youth made his way to Washington to present his request. It was a bold undertaking, but he entered upon it with a will.

Mr. Hays was then the representative in Congress from his district, and John Tyler President of the United States. Young Jackson arrived at the seat of government, was presented to his Excellency the President and to the Secretary of War, made in due form his application; and such was the impression made by the resolution, seriousness, and energy of the youth, that it was at once granted him by the Secretary.

But he had taken a step upon the "hill of difficulty." His education had been sadly deficient, and he found himself behind his classmates in every intellectual attainment. He was, however, undaunted. It is not of yielding material that heroes are made, and

the germ in that will of iron was not to be choked or dwarfed by ordinary hindrances. There was something to be developed—a struggling for birth that *would* come to its advent.

Those who remember him at West Point speak of him as an earnest worker—plodding onward in his tasks with unwearied assiduity. He was regarded as dull and slow—taking very much more time to accomplish an equivalent amount of intellectual work than his fellows; but what he learned he learned well—it was engraved upon his mind as with a pen of iron upon brass—not to be erased; and his tutors soon grew to be proud of him and to like him.

His taciturnity still clung to him; but when in him a positive interest was evoked in conversation, his countenance would beam with surpassing intelligence, and his calm, plain face would be illuminated with a radiant smile.

This was the student, the aspiring cadet, the retiring and bashful youth about whom his companions jested and told queer stories; but they deeply respected his conscientious integrity, his unimpeachable morality, and his religious consistency. He was making a name, a name not to be despised. He was perhaps of the "tortoise" order, but he reached the goal, while many a "hare" slept by the wayside.

In July, 1846, at the end of four years' study, Jackson graduated from West Point. In his first year his general standing had been 51; in his second, 30; in his third, 20; in his fourth, 17. In the same class with him were Generals McClellan, Foster, Reno, Stoneman, Couch, and Gibbon of the United States Army, and Generals A. P. Hill, Pickett, Maury, D. R. Jones, W. D. Smith, and Wilcox of the Confederate Army in the late war. Among these, the most of whose names have become distinguished, Thos. J. Jackson was scarcely the man who might have been designated for special pre-eminence in the future; but to the curious observer, his steady steps of ascent, his determination to overcome all the obstacles and hindrances that lay in his way, from deficiencies in his early education or otherwise, were an earnest of future greatness.

It is said that, in a book of "maxims," when

a very young man, he wrote, "*You may be whatever you resolve to be.*" And this he made the practical dogma of his life, and was repeatedly heard to declare that "he could always do what he willed to accomplish." And this, it would seem, would convey the idea that "there is no good possible that may not one day be real," and was indeed rather paradoxical to the commonly received opinion that General "Stonewall" Jackson was a fatalist; and would argue that will can control or compel destiny. In his history the last seemed fully verified.

Immediately upon his graduation he was ordered to report to General Zachary Taylor, under whom he served until General Scott commenced his campaign in Mexico, when he was transferred to Scott's command. In the second edition of Gardner's Dictionary of the United States—published in 1860—the following mention is made of him:

"Thomas J. Jackson (Virginia), cadet 1842—brevet Second Lieutenant First Artillery, 1st July, 1846; with Magruder's Battery in Mexico; First Lieutenant, August, 1847. Brevet Captain, 'for gallant and meritorious conduct' in battles of Contreras and Churubusco, 20th August, 1847 (1848). Brevet Major 'for gallant and meritorious conduct' in the battle of Chapultepec, 13th of September, 1847 (March, 1849); resigned 29th of February, 1852."

In addition to permanent promotion he was therefore brevetted "Major" before he reached the city of Mexico. It is interesting to notice that all of his promotions, during the war with Mexico, were "for gallant and meritorious conduct," and from the Army Register it is curious to observe that the history of this war does not furnish the name of another who entered the war without position or office that attained the high rank of "Major" in the brief campaign and series of battles from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico. In this particular Jackson stands pre-eminently alone.

His arduous service in the Mexican war so impaired his health, that shortly after its conclusion, when retired from duty in Florida, he was elected to the professorship of Chemistry and Natural Sciences in the Virginia Military Institute.

Shortly after he entered upon the discharge

of his duties as Professor, he married one of the daughters of Rev. Dr. George Jenkins, then President of Washington College. This wife lived but a few years, and left him childless. He afterward married a daughter of Rev. Dr. Morrison, late President of Davidson College, North Carolina, and sister of the wife of the Confederate General D. H. Hill. By his last marriage one child survives him, Julia, the "little comforter" of his last days, the brief sunbeam that gilded with its cheery light his bed of death.

As a tutor, he was not eminently popular with his class. The rigid simplicity of his manners, the austere observance of duty practiced and required by him, with his religious earnestness, that to the young took the semblance of fanaticism, all blending in the eccentricity of the martinet professor, provoked, not unfrequently, the ridicule of the "youthful bloods," and sometimes excited them to indignant restiveness.

By birth and feeling he was a "Virginian" in all peculiarities which may attach to the term, and holding the principle of "State sovereignty." As soon as the tocsin of war sounded, he made haste to enroll his name among those of his native State who took up arms in favor of secession.

He was at once commissioned "Colonel" by Governor Letcher, in which commission he was unanimously confirmed by the Convention of Virginia then in session. He was therefore the first Colonel in the Provisional Army of Virginia.

In the Confederate Army, as in the pursuit of an education, and indeed in every antecedent pursuit of his life, Jackson exhibited the same earnestness of purpose, the same energy, the same confidence in his own ability, the same assurance of success, the same determination to conquer fate.

His every movement was calculated with the clearness of prescience, and to determine was, with him, to act. He was here, he was there, he seemed everywhere, at the time and place, to unsettle and if possible overthrow the combinations of the foe. Beauregard surveyed and planned, Johnston executed, but it remained for Jackson to take the stand "like a stone wall!" and coolly to contemplate the dreadful effect of "cold steel," to pluck the laurels of victory at first Manassas,

and to inspire with a national hope a section which sought a nation's position in the world's great family.

The Valley of Virginia was full of Federal soldiery commanded by men whose names held no mean place in the military records of the country. In the space of a few weeks, with scarcely a night's rest, he fought one after another of these commanders; and when the rebel capital was threatened—when the enemy stood even at its very gates—almost, as if by magic, Jackson's guns were booming in their rear, and for seven days a fierce struggle went on, with what results it is too well known to need recital here. In August, 1862, he fought and defeated General John Pope at Cedar Mountain; but a few days later he was on the banks of the Antietam and fighting at Sharpsburg; later, he was found sharply treating the Union forces on the Potomac at Shepherdstown. The snows of December fell upon him while fighting Burnside at Fredericksburg; and in the following May he "fought his last battle" with General Hooker at Chancellorsville.

Jackson believed in his God! Providence was to him the guiding principle in human events. Napoleon trusted in his star! If there is a star that rules fate, never star of mortal man culminated so quickly; never star shed such hopeful beams upon any people and was quenched so suddenly!

General Stonewall Jackson died from the effects of a wound received from *his own men*, in faithful obedience to an order given by him to attack *any* who might be seen to advance from the direction of the enemy. He had been reconnoitring. Toward nightfall he rode in from that very direction, and fell—by his own command. Had he forgotten? Was the mistake made by him the result of that eccentric abstraction of mind for which his classmates called him "crazy," and for which in after-life his pupils ridiculed him? Was it the "what is to be will be," the darling dogma of the peculiar religious sect to which he was attached? What mortal can tell?

His people sorrowed hopelessly; the "Stonewall Brigade" bowed its head and saw no sun in the heavens. He said, when told by his surgeon he must die. "Very good. It is

all right." The South inveighed against the decree of that Providence whose guidance he had been glad to recognize, and lifting up defiant hands and impious prayers cried, "It can not—can not be!" Jackson said, as the tide of life ebbed slowly out, "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." These were his last words! And "over the river" he crossed "with the boatman cold and pale," but his barque never returned to the shores of mortality. It was lost from sight on the other side—behind the veil.

He expired on the 10th of May, 1863, and was buried, by a request made by him when the shades of death were closing over him, "in Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia."

Jackson combined in his character with the most startling eccentricities of genius much that is noblest in a soldier, a philosopher, and a Christian.

In him the religious element was no mere sentiment, it was a living tangible truth, a vital principle that controlled every emotion of his soul, every act of his life. It equally adorned the quiet of his domestic experience and the responsibilities of his official position. It uplifted his hand and eyes in supplication in the clash of battle, and it smoothed and illuminated the passage to the tomb.

His promotions in the Confederate service were unavoidably rapid. He was not estimated or appreciated beyond his merits when the Brigadier-General's commission was bestowed upon him, to be exchanged very soon for the Major-General's, to be followed ere long by the Lieutenant-General's. Had he lived longer, there is no doubt he would have been finally commissioned General along with a *few* others who bore this distinguished title.

An intelligent and generous chaplain of the Federal Army said of him: "If any man this war has developed resembled Napoleon, it was Stonewall Jackson." A correspondent in the New York *Tribune* writes: "Like Napoleon, Jackson had daring—originality; and like him, taught his enemies that if they would *beat* him, they must imitate him."

General Jackson seems to have had no personal enemies. He was one of those peculiar beings whose genius disrobed envy and enmity as well; and one of the noblest and most

decided tributes to his excellence is the concession made of it by those who fought him most vigorously, and designated him "Jackson, the REBEL."

Abstractly considered, war is a terrible trade, and there is surely nothing in it that can be attractive; but in its train of evils there must necessarily follow some good. These political and social upturnings often

bring to the surface materials the existence of which was before obscured, perhaps in humility and by the vail of modesty. The recent history of this country has been singularly fruitful in revelations of great military talent, and of impressing upon the world the prestige gained by our forefathers who fought in the revolution which secured our independence.

Department of Ethnology.

True Christianity will gain by every step which is made in the knowledge of man.—*Spurzheim.*

THE ANGLO-SAXON CIVILIZATION,

AS EXEMPLIFIED BY ALFRED THE GREAT.

IN Alfred the Great we have one of the best types of the civilized man, and perhaps the most exalted Christian the middle ages produced. Born in barbaric times, it is surprising to find how little of the barbarian there was in Alfred. His intellectual tone of mind, and the truly Christ-spirit which he sought to inculcate, is in happy concord with the enlightened and advanced views of modern times. We can indorse nearly all of Alfred's philosophic conceptions of religion to-day, and his state policy and illustration of just monarchical economy stand out as the brightest example in the history of kings. James Stuart's execrable economy of kingcraft and divine right of princes is put to shame by the enlightened views of the great Saxon lawgiver. He conceived the grand thought that to be truly great is to be truly good, and that goodness should be the attribute of the king pre-eminently. This goodness was his highest divine right to reign over his fellows. The king must be a father to his people, or he was no proper king. This view of the Saxon lawgiver has a very touching and practical illustration in his counsel to his son and successor, Edward, just before his death.

"Thou, my dear son," said this wise man, "sit thee now beside me, and I will deliver thee two instructions. My son, I feel that my hour is coming. My countenance is wan; my days are almost done. We must now part. I shall go to another world, and thou shalt be left alone in all my wealth. I pray thee—for thou art my dear child—strive to be a father and a lord to thy people. Be thou the children's father and the widow's friend. Comfort thou

the poor, and shelter the weak; and with all thy might right that which is wrong. And, son, govern thyself by law; then shall the Lord love thee, and God, above all things, be thy reward. Call thou upon Him to advise thee in all thy need, and so shall He help thee, the better to compass that which thou wouldst."

Here is political wisdom of the very highest order. No kingcraft in this! It is sound state policy, grandly noble in its philosophy of a sovereign's duty, and supremely touching in its beautiful simplicity.

There is no priestly mysticism of divine right, but a thorough English view of religion and human liberties. Indeed, we see how natural it is for that nation which brought forth an Alfred to bring forth also constitutional governments, and, lastly, republican institutions. Alfred is no accident of his race, but its legitimate offspring, and his mind and character are English to the last degree. He is, moreover, Protestant as much so as Oliver Cromwell, John Milton, and the rest of the Puritan demolishers of kingcraft in England and America. This legacy of wisdom to his son Edward, as well as the literary and philosophical fragment which he left, manifest that healthy simplicity so characteristic of Protestantism in its religious and political economies. That grand mysticism of the Papacy, which awed nations and reduced them to mental and spiritual servitude, is altogether un-English and un-American; and that it is so we have only to go back nearly a thousand years to Alfred to find the proof thereof. George Washington himself was not a better illustration that the Saxon race are in their genius both protestant and republican.

than was the immortal lawgiver of England. Absolutism and despotism are unnatural to it, as kingcraft must ever be to the American mind. The race is, therefore, the proper parent of liberties and human progress, as much in its own essential nature and character as it has been in the actual facts of history.

Mark how the great Alfred places the law above kings: "And, son, govern thyself by law." Here is the opposite conception to that blasphemous assumption of princes after the order of the Stuarts: "The king can do no wrong." "The law is not made for kings." "The king is above the law." Such doctrines are monstrous, even in barbarous ages, but they are supremely repulsive when attempted to be applied in modern times. They have cursed the world for ages, and would curse the world for ages yet to come were they still maintained. But they are irreconcilable with the Saxon genius, whether applied to church or state, and Alfred only anticipated a universal sentiment of his race when he placed the law of right and truth above the throne.

Charlemagne, in working out the new empire of the West, after the decline of the empire of the Cæsars and the quarrel between the successors of Constantine and the successors of St. Peter, became a necessity to Popes; but Alfred, who arose soon afterward from Saxon England, had a loftier character and a higher mission. The one gave the imperial tone to the world, and it was warlike and barbaric; He was something of a Cæsar, and though he blended the priest with the king, he better illustrated the imperial potency of Christendom than its divine spirit of love and its ultimate aims for human good. But Alfred was an apostle of humanity; as a lawgiver, he was the prophet of constitutional rights, both for subjects and rulers; and as the king, he was a witness that the sovereign should be a father to his people. That part of civilization, then, foreshadowed in Alfred the Great, was a radical necessity, not only in the Christian economy, but also in human development.

Alfred, and the part of civilization which he represents, we consider as belonging to the advanced conditions of the race. He is very properly raised up by Providence immediately after the establishment of the empire of Charlemagne; for though we do not claim for him a preordination, nor imagine that any of these great men of history are brought up by Heaven in a special and defined design, yet the course of human progress casts them up on the surface of events, and, in a general sense, the times

may be said to bring forth the men. Alfred and a Saxon race were among the world's necessities as much as Christ and Christianity; and Alfred and a Saxon race have been among the mightiest and most blessed facts of history. Without them, indeed, Christ and his civilization would not stand to-day where now they stand. Charlemagne and the French nation could no more have filled in the better part of human progress, and brought forth a Protestant Christianity, than did Napoleon and his grand army of conquest. That part specially belonged to the nations which brought forth an Alfred and a George Washington; for though separated by ages, these two men and their works were the natural outgrowths and manifestations of the Saxon people and the Saxon character.

THE PARALLEL BETWEEN ALFRED AND WASHINGTON.

We believe that Providence gave to England, more than to any other nation, and after her to America, the lands of Alfred and Washington—the mission to work out human liberties. And, just at this point, we are brought to the difference between a philosophical infidelity, to which France and Germany have come from despotic forms of Church and State, and that enlightened faith which always characterized England and America. Not that either has been perfectly in the light, but they have both certainly been in the advance, and ever will be ranked as having been the foremost nations in the Protestant civilization, and the most universal and constitutional in their tendencies.

The continent of Europe, in embracing Christianity, received it more in the grandeur of ancient superstitions and priestly mysticism, belonging to heathenism, rather than in that beautiful simplicity of a divine spirit and principle, exemplified in Jesus and the fishermen of Galilee. Indeed, the Roman and the Grecian genius, which in former civilizations had received the finest elaborations, both imperially and intellectually, had demanded as a necessary condition of acceptance a Christianity as imposing as the Roman empire, and as captivating as Grecian philosophy and art. A magnificent priesthood was, therefore, necessary, and a magnificent religion with its trappings and tinsel. Charlemagne, rising up after the dissolution of the Roman empire, as the successor of the Cæsar rule and the Cæsar mission, both to the nations and to the Church, perpetuated the genius of empire and Christianity blended, and continental Europe was typed with absolutisms both in Church and

State. To this Romish form of civilization, represented by Charlemagne and his successors, in conjunction with popedom, there was needed another form to balance the world, and finally to save it by securing to it human liberties and the simplicity of the Christ-spirit and principle. That better form was the Protestant or Saxon, which is very much the same in effect; and nationally—not ecclesiastically speaking—Alfred the Great and George Washington are the two proper types—the one the beginning, the other the culmination.

From Alfred to Washington the genius which inspired them, as the two "Fathers of their Country," has traveled persistently to human liberties, and a broad, vigorous Christianity, which has much of faith but little of priestcraft and absolutism in it; on the other hand, from the successors of Charlemagne, and the successors of St. Peter have come absolutisms of Church and State, which, finding an explosion, not a solution, in the revolutions of modern times, loses religious faith in German mysticism and French infidelity. These are the issues of two civilizations—the Catholic and the Protestant—the absolute and the republican.

Let us go back to the writings of the great Saxon lawgiver and see how, like a republican George Washington, he evolved his economy of government, and how much like a Puritan he manifested Christianity. Here is Alfred's exposition of divine right—it is that of goodness:

"If, then, it should ever happen, as it very seldom happens, that power and dignity come to good men, and to wise ones, what is there then worth liking but the goodness and dignity of these persons: of the good king, not of the power? Hence, power is never a good unless he be good that has it; and that is the good of the man, and not of the power. If power be goodness, it is so for this, that no man by his dominion comes to his virtues and to merit; but by his virtues and merit he comes to dominion and power; but if he be good, it is from his virtues that he is good. From his virtues he becomes worthy of power, if he be worthy of it."

This is eminently republican in principle, and strikingly illustrative of the Saxon conception of Christianity, even as far back as Alfred himself; and that simple thought, that good was the only divinity, either in Church or State, in after ages led the men of England, under Cromwell, to demolish kingcraft and priestcraft with one mighty blow; since which

the Saxon race have never fairly set either up again.

Alfred ascended the throne at the period when the Saxon Heptarchy was expiring, and the Danish invaders contended with the Saxon possessors for the dominion. Britain had been divided under eight Anglo-Saxon governments, and the island was, therefore, ruled by an Octarchy, though the Heptarchy, or the seven governments, is the most familiar historical denomination.

And here, with the accession of Alfred and the Danish invasion, we are brought at once to a very interesting consideration in the growth of England and the development of her commonwealth. We see the nation which was destined to play the most important part in the history of the world, passing from its semi-barbaric state into one of consolidated empire; which, had it not done, England could never largely have contributed to the world's civilization. Ancient Britain had been divided under its petty kings and chiefs, and even to the ascension of Alfred England had not assumed the form of a capital kingdom, but was portioned out to a number of Saxon princes, who had by their pre-eminence and wars among themselves set up their respective governments. France, it will be seen, had, therefore, the start of several centuries before England in her imperial course, under the first dynasty of Clovis, and afterward that of the family of Charlemagne; but while the huge empire of Charles the Great broke up into smaller empires, kingdoms, and dukedoms, represented in Germany and France, on the other hand, from the day the Saxon Octarchy was succeeded by Alfred's consolidated kingdom, England has traveled to *unity*, until at last it culminated in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. This may be accounted for partially by the peculiar genius of England and her commonwealth, which binds law and order with a supreme love of liberties, which characterizes the Saxon race, and is further exemplified in America. England, like her offspring, America, is revolutionary and progressive in her very genius and constitution. Both nations have carried on civilization by revolutions and change, but they always have revolutionized *constitutionally*.

The great English unity was brought about by the famous invasion of the Danes; and with the rising of Alfred the Providence of the world shows two phases—a nation destined to lead the vanguard of civilization forced to consolidate empire by fierce invasions, and the raising

up of a man worthy to found an empire and to infuse into it a genius compatible even with our modern forms.

For the first seven years of Alfred's reign England saw a succession of great struggles, with short cessations of hostilities, between Danes and Saxons. During this period Alfred by no means won his immortality, or fulfilled the promise which his valiant conduct gave in the reign of his brother Ethelred. Then came that famous historical episode in his life when he lost his kingdom and became a fugitive in his own land. But the sequel brought forth Alfred purified and ennobled, and gave to him the dominion of all England. It was not until after he was an outlaw that he merited his title of the Great King, and the father of his nation.

From the restoration of Alfred to the throne the Saxon Heptarchy became absorbed in him. There has been a difference among the old historians as to which was the proper founder of the English kingdom, Alfred, or his grandson, Athelstan. The former united the Saxon kingdom in himself, while the grandson united the Saxons and the Danes. It is true that Athelstan completed his grandsire's work, and was the first monarch of all the land, but Alfred should be considered the beginning of the British empire—the father of the English nation.

That a grand national unity is an absolute necessity to the greatness of a race is most certain. From that unity civilization may properly be said to begin. Previous to that is semi-barbarism; and the growth of small states and petty kingdoms, in a country made one by Nature and Providence, is but the transition of kindred peoples toward their grand nationality. France became France in a Charlemagne, England was born in Alfred the Great, and the American Republic in a grand centralization in George Washington. Here we have three forms of the "one-man power,"—the first, imperial; the second, constitutional monarchy; and the last, republican. The imperial is better than barbarism, and more blessed than anarchy, but it is the nearest to barbarism, and it is only tolerable in modern times as a savior from anarchy after an eruptive revolution, which has been fed with its volcanic forces by the despotisms of ages. The monstrous tyrannies of church and state—the brutalizing "one-man power" of priestcrafts and kingcrafts—chain the intellect, interrupt civilization, and destroy the manhood of the people, and in time produce revolutions as their very ultimate. It may begin with an immortal Charlemagne, but it will culminate a thousand years afterward

with a revolution, which shall shake the world out of its old forms into new conceptions, and bring forth a Napoleon the Great to redeem France from anarchy and to re-create the empire; but it will give no proper ultimate. After the death of a Napoleon the First comes another revolution, and another anarchy, and another empire, and then what we see to-day and expect to-morrow. And thus it will continue until human liberties and human progress be secured to the coming age in the healthful sovereignty of the people—a proper commonwealth which cultivates God in the hearts of the millions and acknowledges the *will* of God in the will and intellects of the people.

Alfred the Great, after his restoration, was deeply and solemnly impressed with views kindred with these, for they abound in all his writings, reflections, and in the acts of his reign. He traveled toward Anglo-Saxon *unity*, but, after ages of progress, his race and genius brought forth a grand declaration of human rights and liberties, not a French revolution,—a George Washington, not a Napoleon,—as the ultimate type of a nation's supreme man. Not less even than the republican fathers of America did Alfred seek to secure to mankind their inalienable rights and privileges by a regular constitutional government. He saw his race, which until his day had been divided into small kingdoms, growing into one nation, not only from the necessities for a governmental unity as well as a geographical oneness, but also from the inevitable blending of a kindred people with the same language, on a sea-girt isle, formed by Nature herself for a grand national unity. The growth of civilization, the increase of the means of travel, the exchange of thought, the extension of commerce between the different cities and counties, the enlargement of men's intellects, and the general humanizing and Christianizing of the Saxon people would, in time, certainly bring about a national oneness. But the circumstances of Alfred, and the circumstances of his country, threw him into a more rapid development in that direction. The Danish invasion and the necessities for a common defense, and a potent government throughout the land, under one head, produced in his reign what otherwise it might have taken centuries to bring about; and the same necessities and causes, in his grandson's reign, united the Danes and Saxons into one common people.

The intellectual Alfred saw these necessities and causes working rapidly. It was to all intents and purposes a new era, which before his

dethronement existed not. England, with his restoration, had a new birth. Alfred was doubtless the first of his age to realize this, and immediately after his victory over the Northmen he sought to incorporate them into England as Englishmen. His prompt, sagacious policy was to first Christianize the pagan seakings and their warlike forces, and by settling them on land in various counties as tillers of the soil, and thus imbuing them with the spirit of civilization and peace, he was consolidating and augmenting a kingdom, not distracting it or dividing with the invaders his power. The Saxons had the start in civilization, and therefore they would absorb the Danes, and not be absorbed by them; they were the teachers of Christianity, and therefore the pagans would become their converts and adopted brethren. It was a thousand times easier thus to incorporate them into the nation and civilize them than to drive them as invaders from his shores. Alfred, like an enlightened statesman, sought to found a greater England than that of the past, and by a commonwealth to bring forth a united kingdom, formed of kindred races.

The first step in this design which Alfred took was, like that of Charlemagne before him, to create a powerful navy, and thoroughly to organize the national forces on the land. With his navy and armies he defended the country against more invasions and kept his Danish allies faithful, so that he was enabled for many years to contend with the terrible Hastings, and at last to break his power and throw his broken forces into France.

His next work, wrought conjointly with the defense of the country, was to create the Saxon commonwealth, which has not only been brought down to the present day, but which absorbed, tempered, and held in check the imperial Normans after the Conquest. And in this work of our great Saxon lawgiver, religion and civilization were laid down as the proper basis of the national superstructure.

In the days of the learned Bede, England had taken the lead in civilization. Charlemagne had himself and France tutored by Englishmen, among whom was Alcuin, the famous master of the founder of the French empire. Alfred, recollecting this, and seeing that when he came to the throne France had outstripped his native land—England having gone back in consequence of the invasions—conceived the wise design of committing civilization into the hands of the people. Instead of confining learning as before to the priestly

few, he sought to disseminate it through the entire nation. As soon as he had provided for the military and naval defense of his country, he devoted himself to those nobler objects of civilization which were more congenial to his nature than war and bloodshed; and the Saxon commonwealth, in its first phases, became rapidly evolved. Indeed, it was a commonwealth which Alfred sought to establish in England, as much as that which Cromwell and the Puritans asserted. They, in fact, copied Alfred, whose work was nation building and promoting civilization, and not the petty work of founding mere monarchy and establishing a race of kings. Though he founded a kingly constitution for the realm, he based it upon a commonwealth, with the germs of a republican genius; and the Saxon civilization which he began was essentially one of general enlightenment.

This wise king goes so far as to state it to be a religious duty to communicate the knowledge which we possess. He lamented, in his instructions to his bishops, the ignorance which had overspread his native land; and to remedy it he desired all the youths, who possessed the means, to learn to read English, and gently but very practically censured those former students who had not put their knowledge into a popular form. To this end he devoted his own leisure, and called upon his clergy to devote theirs to the translating of the books which they possessed into English. He set an example himself, worthy of a first-class author and teacher, in his historical, philosophical, and theological writings; for he seemed to place his glory in the intellectual advancement of his rude countrymen. He established schools, and provided masters for high and low. To his court he invited learned foreigners and skillful artisans; he searched around his dominion for men of literary attainments, and was a munificent patron of all men of talent. His own writings afford the very best of the earliest specimens of Saxon literature.

Next to his efforts for the education and Christianization of his people, Alfred evolved civil institutions and framed wise laws. With the concurrence of his *witena-gemot*, or parliament, he introduced into the Anglo-Saxon legislature, not only the decalogue, but also the principal provisions of the Mosaic legislation, with such modifications as were necessary to adapt them to Anglo-Saxon manners. And in the laws which he attached to them, he tells us that, with the concurrence of his parliament, he had collected together and committed to

writing the regulations which his ancestors had established, selecting such of them as he approved and rejecting the rest. All these, he tells us, passed his *witena-gemot*, or parliament, and thus we see he started, not with a good absolute or despotic legislation, but with a good parliamentary or constitutional government. He also instituted trial by jury, which is still the boast of the descendants of the Anglo-Saxon brothers in America, Canada, Australia, and Great Britain; and so strict was the great king in enforcing this wise institution, that he punished capitally some judges for deciding criminal cases by an arbitrary violation of the right of jury.

Thus, through the ages, has the Saxon civilization been evolved, expanding and perfecting its commonwealth; and on the American continent there will be, in all probability, the culmination. The race which brought forth an Alfred the Great and a George Washington as the proper types of its supreme men, was certain to enlarge human liberties, and in time work out a civilization, with Christianity stripped of all mysticism and priestcraft. And thus it has been: Protestant constitutional monarchy came first, and then, in America, the still grander exposition of Protestant republicanism. Alfred the Great and George Washington are at length on one platform.

THE JEWS—THEIR PECULIARITIES.

OF all races on earth the Jews are the least mixed. They seldom form matrimonial alliances with other people; seldom change their habits, their religious tenets, or affiliate with Christians, Pagans, Mohammedans, and others. The *Sunday Magazine* says of them:

"Scientific observers have noticed certain physical peculiarities in the structure of the body among the Jews. According to the well-known anatomist Schultz, of St. Petersburg, they differ from all the other races inhabiting the Russian empire. A comparison has shown that whereas the average height of the other races amounts to between 66.15 and 68.16 ins., that of the Jews is only 64.46. Again, while in general the width of the body, when the arms are fully stretched out, exceeds its height by about eight inches, the opposite is the case with the Jews, where the width often falls to one inch below the height. In the negro races, the trunk constitutes 32 per cent. of the height of the whole body, in other races 34 per cent., in the Jews 36 per cent. Lastly, while ordinarily the *perinaeum* is about the middle of the body, in the Jewish race it occupies a lower position, being about 5 per cent. beneath its place in other races. Some interesting *pathological* observations have also been made. It appears that the Jews suffer comparatively rarely from diseases of the respiratory organs, and that they are, in a remarkable degree, capable of accommodating themselves to vicissitudes of climate and temperature. From

certain diseases they enjoy almost complete immunity. Among infantile disorders of this class, we reckon hydrocephalus and croup; among those affecting all ages, typhus and the pestilence. During the middle ages, their freedom from the epidemics which ravaged Europe was attributed by the populace to incantation, or more frequently to their poisoning the wells from which the Gentiles drank. Accordingly, it often gave rise to the most terrible persecutions. In our own days,



also, it has been observed that Jewish communities, however poor, crowded, and contravening our modern hygienic rules, suffer comparatively very little from cholera and other epidemics. In our opinion, this is only partially accounted for by their careful selection of meats, both as to kind and quality, by their laws concerning purification (which could only operate to a very limited extent), or even by their general sobriety.

"The chief reason must be sought in their

physical conformation, or, taking a higher view of it, in the ultimate destiny of the race to which that conformation is subservient, and in the blessing and watchful care of the God of their fathers, not withdrawn from them even in their dispersion. On the other hand, there are disorders of a lighter kind to which the Jews seem peculiarly liable, such as cutaneous diseases, hypochondriasis, hysterical and nervous affections, and obstructions of the portal system. Of late, mania has become more common, especially in certain localities, owing, it is supposed, to frequent intermarriages. The last, but perhaps the most remarkable physical peculiarity to which we shall call attention is the comparatively large rate of increase, and the longevity of the Jewish race. Assuming its present numbers to amount, in round figures, to close upon nine millions, their rate of increase has indeed fallen far short of what it had been in Biblical, and even in post-Biblical times. As standards of comparison, we possess here three data, of which two at least are perfectly trustworthy. We know that during the four centuries of their stay in Egypt, notwithstanding oppression and persecution, their numbers increased from 70 to about 2,400,000. This is a very large ratio, even taking into account well-known climatic influences, and, above all, the fact that to these seventy individuals a considerable number of slaves and dependents must, no doubt, be added. Our second *datum* is the census taken by command of David, from which it appears that during the four centuries succeeding the Exodus the nation had grown from 2,400,000 to about five and a half millions. Bearing in mind the long unsettled state of the country, and the many wars, this appears very satisfactory, especially as the census was by no means complete.

"The third notice to which reference may be made is of much later date, being derived from the Itinerary of Benjamin of Tudela, who, toward the close of the twelfth century, visited his countrymen. Great numbers are mentioned by him as inhabiting the mountains, having their own chiefs, and said to be descended from Dan, Zebulun, and Naphtali, of whom Benjamin of Tudela had heard from his co-religionists in Persia. Compared

with such numbers, the present rate of increase seems small, though it is much larger than that of the nations around. Thus, while, for example, in Algiers, not only the European, but even the native population is said to be decreasing, the Jews continue to show an excess of births over deaths. Again, Dr. Pressel states that in his own district the number of Jewish to Gentile births stands related as 5.5 to 3.8. Connected with this is another remarkable fact, brought out in the ecclesiastical registers of Prussia, from which it appears that whereas among Gentiles 143 children were still-born in 100,000, that proportion among the Jews amounted to only 89. The balance of general longevity is largely in favor of the Jews. In infancy



the death-rate among the Gentiles is more than double that among the Jews. Among adults, the largest proportion of deaths occurs among Gentiles at the ages from 20 to 29, being 6.2 per cent., among Jews at from 70 to 74, the rate being 11.4 per cent. Then we have the next largest death-rate among Gentiles at the ages of from 65 to 79, the proportion being 6 per cent., while among Jews the percentage for old age is much larger.

"These comparisons might be easily multi-

plied. The total result may be expressed with Pressel, as follows :

There died	of Gentiles	of Jews.
The fourth part, At 6 years 11 months.	At 28 yrs. 3 mo.	
The half part, At 26 years 6 months.	At 53 yrs. 1 mo.	
The fourth part, At 59 years 10 months.	At 71 years.	

"These computations are borne out by the ecclesiastical registers of Prussia between the years 1823 and 1841. From these it appears that there died on an average annually—*one* in 34 Gentiles, and only *one* in 49 Jews. Reached the age of 15—among Gentiles, 44-5 per cent., among Jews, 50 per cent. Reached the age of 70—among Gentiles, 12 per cent., among Jews, 20 per cent. Lastly, the learned French physician, Dr. M. Levy, has recently computed that the average duration of life among the Gentiles is 26 years, and among the Jews 37."

[The length of the body compared with that of the lower limbs is an indication of strength of constitution and length of life. The habits of the Jews relative to food, especially the avoidance of pork, constitute another reason for their health and longevity.

The disease commonly known as scrofula is said to be almost if not entirely unknown among the Jews. Moreover, a majority of the Jews whom we have seen in the United States are endowed with the Motive and Vital temperaments; they have dark complexions, and strong, bony frames, and generally they are plump and stocky, but not fat. Most of the Jews are brunette in complexion: among the German Jews the blonde frequently appears. These are conditions of health, strength, endurance, and longevity. We have been informed that in New York the Jews average eight children to a family, the Irish six, showing vigorous physical systems, and the Americans not quite two. The Jewish face is easily distinguished, being characterized by amplitude of the nose, which is high, prominent, and aquiline in contour. We introduce two likenesses, the larger one resembling the energetic business man, the trader: the smaller being the portrait of a celebrated minister of the Jewish religion in America, Rev. Samuel Adler, of the Temple *Emanuel* in New York.]

Department of Physiology.

The truths of Physiology should be inculcated and enforced early and earnestly, and with the emphasis of high religious duty.—*FORSMAN.*

SLAVERY WITHOUT A MASTER;

OR, HOW SHALL WE REFORM?

WHEN a man ceases to be his own master, and has no other, and yet is a slave to a devouring habit which he would be rid of, yet seems to lack the wisdom and strength to emancipate himself, he is in a bondage more difficult to break than that which buys and sells the body,—for that can be obviated by a ransom within the reach of friendly sympathy. A case in illustration is embodied in the following extract of a letter recently received by us:

* * * "During the war I contracted the habit of drinking, but it has not affected me seriously until lately. Now the habit has so grown upon me as to have almost ruined my future prospects;—in fact, I am almost a common drunkard. Can you kindly direct me to any course that will help me to control or govern the habit? I have some faith in myself yet, and if I once can get control of myself, I believe I can keep it."

This case is like hundreds of others. The habit was "contracted," little by little, until the proud, free spirit which in its liberty and pride indulged without fear of harm, became enslaved; and now it cries out, "Oh, wretched man that I am, *who shall deliver me* from the body of this death?" At the end of a year after he began to drink he would have scorned the imputation of being in danger. He would have spurned the warning voice, and have thought and said, as thousands of others to-day think and say, "I can drink, or I can let it alone,—I can stop any time." Men honestly think so, and some of them can do it with comparative ease; but the great majority would be surprised to learn, on trial, how firmly the habit had become fixed—how much their nervous system had learned to depend on the stimulus.

Those who have used tea and coffee for a few years think they can lay aside their accustomed beverage, and when by accident or resolution they are for a day without it, they wonder why they feel so light-headed and confused;—what headache, what unrest, what nervous hunger they suffer! When one is braced up with nutriment and stimulants he feels strong, and can make promises with full faith in his ability to keep them; but when the stomach yearns for food, or the nervous system clamors for its accustomed stimulus or narcotic, how those confident resolutions evaporate! How weak and yielding the strongest man becomes!

The more there is to a man, the more he has of nerve and brain, the stronger his habits, and the stronger the effort required to break them. There are few men, who have fairly formed the habit, that can start up and say, "Henceforth I will use no more opium, tobacco, or alcoholic liquor," and carry out their good resolution without stumbling or falling. We have known hundreds try, and have seen many of them go back to the old habit.

The truth is, these *unnatural* habits are neither more or less than a diseased condition of the nervous system; and when the accustomed stimulant or narcotic is suddenly withdrawn, the nervous system, the very basis of our life, our resolution, and our manliness, is likely to break down and become almost powerless to maintain the fight. It can not easily fight itself. It is like hunger feeding on its own person. The only cure of intemperance, the only radical and permanent release from its thralldom, is to restore the nervous system to health and bring about its normal action. All other reform is simply enforced virtue, but better than none. Those who by strength of will, the sympathetic aid of friends, shame, hope, and fear, aided by religious faith, are able to assert their freedom, and endure the discomfort and temptation to indulgence until time and kindly nature cure the nervous system, should at once enter upon the reform, and be thankful for the extraordinary power by which they can achieve their victory.

In nearly all cases of intemperance, whether from the use of alcoholic liquors, opium, or tobacco, the habit is formed gradually. At first, the stomach and the brain revolt at it. The intoxication is a confused state of mind, a kind of insanity which is exceedingly disagreeable. The first cigar makes the boy sick and pale, with a deathly horror of tobacco. The beginner learns to take a less amount, and to stop before he goes to excess. After a while he can endure half a cigar, then a whole one, un-

til at last he can smoke ten hours in a day. Every day the nervous system comes more and more to depend on the narcotic, until, if it were suddenly withdrawn, there would be such prostration as finds no parallel except in the repentant devotees of those other twin evils, opium and alcohol.

If the health, force, resolution, and moral purpose of a man depend largely upon the integrity of the nervous system, and that system has become demoralized by the use of the stimulant or the narcotic, and thereby the man has become a slave to the habit, how can he effectually achieve his emancipation but by restoring that system to its normal condition? And how can this be done? Some have a comparatively insensitive nervous system and strong and vigorous constitutions, and consequently stimulants and narcotics do not take so complete a hold upon them as would be the case with a more susceptible nature. Such persons, if the habit be not of too long standing, can cut it off at once; can arise and declare immediate emancipation, and stand by that declaration until the system recuperates and secures its former balance. They can stifle the practice, and endure the self-denial until nature restores the nervous system. Of these there may be five in a hundred; but the more sensitive ninety-five may form excellent resolutions only, in most cases, to break them.

As the effects of rum and tobacco on the system create a disease, the way to conquer the habit is to cure the disease. The first and most important requisite to this result is to rectify the habits of living. Plain and simple food, without spices, mustard, vinegar, or sugar, should be adopted. If one is accustomed to the use of coffee and tea, these should be gradually reduced in strength. In other words, *nourish*, but do not *stimulate* the system in any way. The patient should sleep abundantly, to rest the nerves and brain. If it be tobacco which the patient would be rid of, let him ascertain how much satisfies him for a week, and reduce this amount by, say one tenth, for the use of the next week, and so each subsequent week, using but nine-tenths as much as was used the week previous. In this way the amount taken will be so gradually reduced that nature will be able, week by week, to fill up the vacuum as fast as the narcotic is withdrawn. In three months' time the amount will have been so much reduced, and the system so far restored to normal condition thereby, that a manly resolve to sweep away the last vestige of the habit forever, may be taken

with a fair hope—indeed, with a positive assurance—of success. Such a reformation, faithfully carried forward with religious integrity, will bring the man to freedom from the dominion of the habit, and to soundness and health of constitution.

The same rule will apply to the use of opium or alcoholic liquors, and if faithfully followed will surely bring about a permanent reform. So much depends on the plainness of the diet and correctness of the habits, generally, aside from the particular habit from which release is sought, that we must insist on a general reform to secure the success of the special reform. So long as the system is all aflame with the influences of pepper, mustard, vinegar, and coffee, it is not easy to work a permanent reform from tobacco and alcoholic liquors. Many give up one form of intemperance, and in place of it adopt another which is quite as bad for the constitution, if not for the mind and morals. We have known a renowned temperance lecturer who would smoke a strong pipe three hours after having given a rousing temperance lecture. He was not reformed,—he had simply shifted the habit to one less crazing in its influence, but no less unnatural in its effects.

We are aware that temperance reformers generally believe one must quit his habit at once and forever. That some have done this, we know; but how many more have tried and failed? and how many thousands would have sought and obtained emancipation under a gradual system? We know the Divine command is: "Let him that stole, steal no more." This is the right injunction in that case, because it is a moral delinquency; but the use of liquor, tobacco, or opium is not merely a moral obliquity, but a physical habit, and the cure must be first physical, aided and promoted by the spiritual, perhaps, or there will be no permanent cure. We should invoke the "Divine assistance" in keeping such good resolution, as also in respect to every other matter of importance, for the aid of the religious feelings is a powerful ally, and the poor drinker or slave of tobacco will find need enough of aid from on high to brace him up and enable him to keep his good resolve.

When a thorough recuperation of the nervous system is established the cure is radical. Until this is effected, the patient is liable to relapse, to fall, through weakness of the flesh. We are confident that a man who has used liquor, tobacco, or opium for twenty years may become so thoroughly free from it as to abhor it, or the smell of it, as intensely as would any

delicate girl who had never used them. A moral sense of the sin of the habit, or an intellectual appreciation of the folly and ruin of it, may greatly aid in carrying out the resolution to be free; but the real victory comes only with the cure of the nervous system which blindly craves the indulgence.

The world is becoming besotted in every species of intemperance. It is every year growing worse in every aspect of abuse of appetite and in the love of excitement. The pulpit, the press, and the temperance organizations inveigh against the growing dissipation of the people; radical health-reformers offend the public prejudice by insisting on a spare vegetable diet,—and still the world goes careering on to demoralization and death, unreformed. With so much teaching and so little result, there must be radical error in the teaching, or supreme folly or total depravity in the taught. If the nature of these various habits of intemperance were merely a perversion of the mind, like gambling or dishonesty, moral teaching might work a thorough reform in all cases. But the habit of using poisons demoralizes and weakens the brain and nervous system, and it thus becomes a physical disease as much as measles or small-pox. And though moral purpose will give aid and inspire strength to endure the awful physical misery of deprivation, and in some memorable instances brace the man up till nature has time to cure the nervous disease, yet in the great majority of cases the man has not the strength thus to win a victory. We believe an asylum wherein patients could be controlled—for they do not control themselves—would be to most slaves of habit, if not so far gone as to break down by delirium tremens, a sure and simple way out of the difficulty. In these institutions all drunkards are not suddenly deprived of all stimulation; but gradually, in a prescribed manner, it is wisely withdrawn, giving the system time to readjust its functions. The same would be a feasible method in respect to morphine or tobacco.

Thousands of men, like unhappy flies struggling in a spider's web, would gladly be free; but having been taught only sudden abandonment as a means of reform, and having a hundred times tried and failed, could and would adopt a systematic and gradual abandonment of their bane, and we believe ninety in a hundred of such, even unaided by the warm support of temperate friends would come off victors. No man more than the slave of habit is aware of the evil of it, or more than he abhors

it, and himself, for his weakness and folly; but this does not put out the fire—does not cure the disease—does not liberate him.

Those who for years have practiced eating arsenic become able to use a quantity that would kill six men who are unaccustomed to it; yet if they quit the habit suddenly, they have all the symptoms of being poisoned. They acquire the habit of using the poison by taking small doses at first. The constitution braces up against its effects until it can endure large quantities. A gradual withdrawal will enable the system to readjust itself, and the patient is not only saved from the poison, but cured of the habit.

We would not abate the labors of the pulpit, the press, or the Temperance organizations; the two former should do a hundred times more than they ever have done to arouse the public to abandon and avoid all that intoxicates; but the core of the reform is physiological, and from this quarter must come the antidote for the mighty evils now preying on the moral and physical vitality of the world.

The oceans of quack nostrums put up in alcohol constitute the entering wedge of intemperance, and hundreds of Christian women in this country are to-day tipplers, and may die drunkards, solely from imbibing medical preparations put up in alcohol, until a craving appetite, entirely physical, has been established. It is the physician's duty to discountenance the common use of all stimulants and narcotics, particularly alcohol and opium, the use of the

latter having become fearfully prevalent in unsuspected quarters. We have some physicians, as we have some ministers of religion, who indulge in the use of spirituous liquor and tobacco, and we have found on inquiry that when a physician is said to have recommended either whisky or tobacco, he uses it himself; and when a minister remains silent on the subject of liquor drinking, he either uses it himself or he has influential parishioners who use or sell it. Our advice to honest people is to avoid liquor-imbibing or tobacco-using physicians and ministers. They are devotees of Bacchus or Belial, ignorantly, perhaps, and are no proper guides for weak, sinful, fallible men.

"Touch not, taste not, handle not," is the true motto for those who have used little or none, but an injunction which some do not feel able to obey, and one which thousands would find it so difficult to obey that, unaided by great social or religious influence, they would not summon sufficient self-denial to succeed.

All who use tobacco in any form, and all who habitually drink alcoholic stimulants, are in that proportion perverted and degraded. The quality as well as the power of their bodies and brains is impaired, and their whole nature measurably demoralized, producing degradation, not only physically but morally and spiritually. If they would be restored to normal manhood, let them correct their habits of diet, and with a strong religious purpose, self-denial, and manly resolution they may stand up redeemed.

N. SIZER.

WILLIAM K. BOWLING, M.D.

IN this portrait we perceive a healthy and vigorous constitution. There is plumpness, fullness, and, for a man of his years, youthfulness in the make-up. The tissues seem normal and vivacious. That broad cheek indicates excellent digestion, a marked manifestation of the vital temperament, and the elements of general health and length of life. From that large base of brain, with the depth of chest and fullness of cheek, we infer that he has a very strong hold on life, and that he has inherited from a long-lived ancestry power and elasticity of constitution which enable him to work

both mentally and physically with freedom and force. He has a world of resolution and earnestness that is not appalled by difficulties nor dismayed by length of journey or ruggedness of way.

From the form and expression of the face, we infer that he inherits more from his mother than from his father; the features are comparatively small for so large a head and face. He has not only a strong hold on life, but a strong love of life; he believes that earth and its joys are worth having and preserving. He has a hearty relish for physical pleasures; it does him good to work and walk

and laugh, and to exercise all that goes to make up the physical man.

He has courage to grapple with opposition. He is high-tempered when there is any occasion for it, but has a world of patience when that is the best oar to use. His back-head is large, showing strong social affections. He believes in all the social amenities—in wife, child, in his friends, and home. He will be youthful, and acceptable company for young people, until he is eighty years of age. In fact, he will never be considered an old

man, because he will be full of vivacity, cheer, and sociability, and will always have a great deal of interest in whatever pertains to the passing hour. Some men of fifty stop planting trees, stop painting their houses, never get any new furniture; they fix themselves in an old fashion of dress and manners, and care no more for life's passing affairs,

and learn no more, while this gentleman with his excellent memory carries all the past with him; his intuitions enable him to appreciate all that is new in the present and lead him to adopt it. The crowning element of his intellect is the power to take in with an intuitive grasp whatever is presented for his consideration. His first judgments are best; they are quick, clear, well-balanced, and he has a fortunate faculty of being able to explain clearly what he thinks, knows, or feels.

His language is amply developed; his

expression is full and fluent. His mind is orderly; he does not mix his statements; he discusses a subject, as it were, layer by layer, in proper sequence and order.

He is a natural historian; he remembers facts and faces and places, and he classifies his knowledge well, having it ready for conversation or the pen.

He is an excellent judge of human character; reads strangers like a book, and generally has a pleasant word for everybody who deserves it. His large

Veneration gives him reverence for whatever is great and sacred. He is polite—knows how to condescend to anybody, and is popular with all common people. Bashful young men, unaccustomed to the society of the cultivated and the thoughtful, are readily made to feel at their ease, especially if he is to be their tutor.

He was always popular with

elderly people; from a child he was a pet of old folks. Though he might be full of mischief, noise, and fun, they would excuse his mischief, because he paid respect and had a kindly regard to the old. The grandmother would always take his part.

He is kind-hearted, inclines to help everybody by word or deed. He has a strong religious nature; he may be skeptical as to doctrines, but is profoundly reverential toward the great Center and Source of religious reverence.



WILLIAM K. BOWLING. M.D.

He is firm, ambitious, independent, and has energy enough for two ordinary men. With his clearness of thought, his force of character, his ardent affection and regard for the higher verities of life, he is capable of wielding strong influence on every stratum of society, and on persons of every age. He has a tenacious memory, a critical mind, and that healthfulness of feeling and force of purpose which will enable him to lead people who are in any single particular his equals. Harmony of brain and body, one to the other, and harmony in the various vital functions as well as the mental functions, constitute the secret of his power, his health, and his happiness.

WILLIAM KENDALL BOWLING, M.D., Professor of Medicine in the University of Nashville, was born in Westmoreland Co., Va., on the 5th of June, 1808. Bailey, in his "History of Virginia," published in 1806, says: "His great ancestor was an English gentleman, named Bowling, who married Miss Rolfe, the only child of Pocahontas, daughter of the great chief Powhatan, and from this marriage descended many of the first families of Virginia. The Bowling family have ever been proud of this descent."

When William was two years old his parents removed to Kentucky. His father was a planter; and it was a saying in his neighborhood that he brought with him a greater number of negroes than any emigrant who had preceded him from the "Old State." Mrs. Atwood, his maternal grandmother, held a large property, and his own mother was the only heir to it.

At that day, society in Kentucky existed only in a most rudimentary state, and William, when five years of age, was placed in the way of learning to read, write, and cipher, as taught in the buck-eye log cabin school houses of his neighborhood. Among them he acquired all that they were capable of imparting, each teacher in his "articles of agreement, made and entered into," binding himself *au bout de son Latin*, which never went beyond the Rule of Three, if so far. These teachers were generally itinerant vagabonds, who had heard of Solomon and his

saying about the rod, and their conception of moral suasion was illustrated by the argument of the switch.

His father at this period removed from the neighborhood of Lexington, Kentucky, to Owen County, near New Liberty. Here the country afforded no opportunity whatever for the acquisition of book knowledge. A private tutor was now procured by the father, who was excitedly anxious about the education of his son, the more so, perhaps, as the climate of Kentucky proved very unfriendly to his Virginia fortune. The gentleman engaged was De Towns Maddox, of Virginia, who, having some time before emigrated to the West, had distinguished himself by writing and publishing a "History of the Missouri Territory." He was a classical and *belles lettres* scholar. William Ligon, who some years before had published the "Federal Calculator," at Richmond, Virginia, made young Bowling's home his own, and gave him an insight into the mysteries of mathematics. Lastly, Wm. P. S. Blair, author of a volume of "Incidental Poems," and who was a brother of the political journalist Francis P. Blair, contributed what he could in pumice-stoning down the angles and ungraceful protuberances of the future professor. In the midst of three authors, whom the father maintained for the benefit of the son, the latter developed, acquiring more knowledge by absorption during their animated discussions of everything pertaining to letters or science than by any persistent and prolonged course of systematic study. Forming with their pupil a party of four, the youth could not fail to perceive the importance of his position, and to struggle to make himself worthy of the notice of men whom he looked upon as having greatly distinguished themselves. Dr. Lyman Martin, of Connecticut, a scholar and gentleman, had selected New Liberty as his future home. This gentleman secured means by a general subscription to purchase a select circulating library. It was a great success. It is believed that young Bowling read every book it contained, the value of the contents of the books being greatly enhanced by the excited discussions and criticisms of his instructors. Dr. Martin, who almost weekly mingled in these literary conversations, and who enter-

tained a lively desire to advance the interest of the pupil, took him, in his twentieth year, into his office to give him medical instruction.

He attended his first course of lectures at the Medical College of Ohio, and his second in the medical department of Cincinnati College (Drake's school), at the conclusion of which he graduated.

His eldest brother, James B. Bowling, thirteen years before, had married in Logan County, Kentucky, and settled there in the practice of medicine. The younger brother joined him in the spring of 1831, and assisted him in his practice.

When, in 1849, the people of Kentucky had resolved upon a new Constitution for the government of the State, Dr. W. K. Bowling was chosen with great unanimity as a delegate from Logan County, and while in the convention was prominent among those who aimed to secure for Kentucky a liberal system of free education.

In 1850 he removed to Nashville, Tennessee, and, assisted by medical friends, founded the medical department of the University of Nashville, the prosperity of which has been very conspicuous in the annals of American medicine. The trustees conferred on him the Professorship of the Institutes and Practice of Medicine, which, with the slight change to the Theory and Practice of Medicine, he still holds.

In 1851 he founded the *Nashville Journal of Medicine and Surgery*, which he still edits. This serial contains most of his medical writings, which, if collected, would make many volumes.

The American Medical Congress has upon two occasions elected him to the vice-presidency. In 1858, by invitation of the mayor and aldermen of the city of Nashville, he delivered the oration upon the occasion of laying the corner-stone of the first of a series of splendid buildings for free schools. He was selected for a seat on the first Board of Education, and in 1861 was made President of the Board. For twelve consecutive years he was Dean of the Faculty, and upon retiring his colleagues, by unanimous vote, ordered his portrait to be painted by a celebrated artist, and hung up in the hall of the museum.

Outside of his regular University duties he has delivered frequent addresses and lectures

before medical, civil, and other associations, and his services in this respect are highly esteemed.

In the breaking out of the rebellion he, with two colleagues, was appointed an ambassador by the Governor of Tennessee to the Governor and Legislature of Kentucky, on a mission of peace, a rupture of which was then seriously threatened between the sister commonwealths.

He drinks nothing stimulating; neither smokes nor chews; knows nothing of any game of chance; in all the years he has lived here has not been on the race-course; never struck a billiard-ball or saw a game played; never shot a bird or squirrel or caught a fish; He never argued that exhilarating games or sports like those mentioned were wrong, but he never has had time for them.

When the late Justice Catron was asked to what one thing was he most indebted for his elevation, he said, "Fine clothes!" When the subject of this memoir was asked the same question, he replied, "Work,—work everlasting!"

INSANITY FROM INOCULATION.—A Boston correspondent informs us of a sad incident of late occurrence in his city. A physician of considerable eminence while attending a syphilitic patient became inoculated with the poisonous disorder, and is now insane, the brain having become affected almost immediately. It is feared he will never recover.

This physician possesses, or possessed, a memory of unusual strength, and it is said that on the evening when the insane symptoms were first noticed, he had been to a lecture, and on his return home repeated the lecture *verbatim*.

FRUITS IN CALIFORNIA.—The *Bulletin* estimates the last year's fruit crop in California to be worth \$2,371,612: the grape crop amounts to \$466,160; the apple crop, \$415,100; peaches, \$274,381; pears, \$204,751; cherries, \$203,333; strawberries, \$166,845; apricots, nectarines, quinces, blackberries, raspberries, figs, oranges, etc., make up the sum total of two millions three hundred and seventy-one thousand six hundred and twelve dollars!

Pretty good for this young State; now let California fruit-growers devise some cheap method of drying or canning their fruits, and they may send cargoes to all parts of the world.



NEW YORK,

APRIL, 1871.

STRANGE PHASES OF HUMAN NATURE.

THE Brooklyn *Eagle*, a daily newspaper, of February 27th contained the following:

"About two hundred people assembled last evening at the Simpson M. E. Church, on the corner of Willoughby and Clermont Avenues, to hear a lecture on the above subject by the Rev. J. M. Buckley, of the Washington Avenue M. E. Church.

"The lecturer was introduced by the pastor of the church, and commenced by stating that although human nature was, generally speaking, pretty much the same in all ages, and all the world over, yet there were some strange individual phases of human nature which made rather curious exceptions to the general rule. It was generally claimed by phrenologists that the shape and appearance of a man's head was a sure indication of the quality of his mental capacity, but the experience of the lecturer showed him that this was not only not always, but even as a general rule not the case."

A mistake. No phrenologist ever said "the shape and appearance of a man's head *was* a sure indication of the quality of his mental capacity," and if it was ever so said, he who said it was no experienced phrenologist.

"and Lavater himself, it was said on one occasion, mistook a clergyman for the murderer he was attending."

Had Lavater been a phrenologist, which he was not, he could not have made such a mistake, unless, indeed, *that* clergyman may have also been a murderer. The story, at all events, requires authenticity.

"The lecturer then went on at some length to relate instances of the deception in human appearance as giving indication of moral habits or mental capacity. In Boston once, when twelve men were on trial for a brutal assault, a stranger coming into the court mistook the twelve jurymen for the criminals, and remarked to a friend that they were twelve of the worst-looking men he ever saw."

Was that "stranger" reckoned wise in judging human character?

"Sixty-five years ago, when Judge Taney made his *debut* as a lawyer, no one thought that he had brains or physical health, yet that man lived to outlive almost all his compeers, and died Chief Justice of the United States."

Indeed! Well, if, without physical health, one could live so long, it is no more surprising that, without brains, he should rise so high. "No one thought he had brains or physical health." Why, Mr. Buckley! *what a whopper!*

"The lecturer then spoke of the visit which he made to the House of Parliament in London, and the surprise with which he looked upon the appearance of the great lights of English legislation. For instance, Lord Palmerston was a little, nervous man, only five feet ten inches high, while Lord John Russell was about an inch shorter."

We were heretofore laboring under the impression that five feet ten inches or nine inches was a pretty fair height for a man, even above the average!

"Here the lecturer gave some humorous illustrations of the style and manner of Lord John Russell, Palmerston, Mr. Brougham, and others of the noted English Parliamentarians, which created considerable amusement among the audience, the lecturer exhibiting fine powers of ventriloquism and mimicry."

But *why* select only these? Why not tell the truth, and say that these "little" men were not the rule, in physique, but that *most*, say nine-tenths, of the members of Parliament were large: Bright, Cobden, Gladstone, etc. We found these men weighty; and Lord John Russell has a *large head*. That of Palmerston was above the average. Could they shrink?

"He then went on to describe the appearance of a number of other men. Père Hyacinthe was a little fat man, five feet high, and very common-looking."

Not so. On the contrary, he is every way remarkable. A body of the best proportions for health, endurance, etc., and a brain of good size and *fine quality*. He is one of the most *magnetic* natures we ever met. He, "common-looking!" So was the original Napoleon, in the same sense.

"Thalberg, the great pianist, looked more like a French barber than the illustrious musician he was."

Not to the eye of a phrenologist. We have met him in private and in public; we have also met French barbers, and should never mistake one for the other. To Mr. Buckley's eye, they and all other men may seem "pretty much the same."

"Stephen A. Douglas was a little plain-looking fat man, from whom a stranger never would have expected the amount of talent he possessed."

He was short and stout, it is true, but his brain like his body was large.

"In one of the hospitals in London the lecturer saw a number of lunatics, whom, from the appearance of their heads, a phrenologist would have pronounced men of marvelous intellectual capacity, one of the heads measuring 25½ round. Yet all these men were common idiots."

Not understanding the first principles of Phrenology, and not even believing in it, how does he know what would be the opinions of a phrenologist in such cases? The Rev. Mr. Buckley either ignorantly or willfully misrepresents Phrenology in these assertions. We ask him to first inform himself on the subject, and then, if he will, let him speak; but he has no right to slander or misrepresent. A phrenologist takes the whole man into account in judging his character, size, quality, health, shape, etc.

"The lecturer discussed the subject at some length, detailing the well-known peculiarities of appearance of several eminent men, and on taking his seat was applauded."

A Shetland pony is one sort of a horse, an Arabian steed is another. Pocket-pistols, four-foot rifles, and thousand-pound cannons are very different. A spy-glass reaches objects not far away—a telescope reveals objects in the heavens. Silk is finer and tougher than hemp. A healthy man or a healthy horse can endure and perform more than those which are weak and ill. A sound brain is one thing, a "sap-head" is another. Can not the Rev. Mr. Buckley understand this? Can he not see that size, quality, and condition enter into the calculation or estimate of a phrenologist when he delineates character? Anatomy, Physiology, Phrenology, Physiognomy, Psychology, and all that is visible or invisible to investi-

gation are duly considered, and the measure of the man is carefully taken by the honest phrenologist. There are quacks and pretenders in Phrenology as well as in the pulpit, which fact we sincerely deplore.

THE HIGH COMMISSION.

COMMISSIONS of a national and international character are the order of the day. Great and important questions are being and to be discussed by them, and all for the lofty and truly human purpose of avoiding the monstrous evils of war. In London, the grand convention of European powers, having under consideration the Black Sea and other Eastern questions, has been sitting for some time. In Washington, Great Britain and the United States meet by their respective delegates for the consideration and amicable adjustment of the long pending and weighty "Alabama claims," and other important matters of difference between John and Jonathan.

Perhaps a brief glance at the questions which, as far as we can judge, the High Commission is authorized to examine will not be unacceptable to our readers.

Among the first and paramount is, of course, that of the so-called "Alabama claims." It is not understood that the damages caused to our shipping by the Alabama alone are only to receive the attention of the Commissioners, but it is believed that the damages inflicted by other Confederate cruisers whose armament and supplies were procured at English hands will also be taken into account.

Second in importance, perhaps, is the fishery squabble. Since Congress saw fit to set aside the Treaty of Reciprocity between Canada and ourselves, there have been constant disputes between British and American fishermen, and quite recently the controversy became so warm that the Canadian Government took a strong and rather intolerant stand in the matter, and the United States, with a proper regard for the interest of a large and worthy class of her citizens, at once determined on some action with the view to settle the difficulty. Among other ques-

tions which may be considered are: the right of vessels carrying our flag to navigate the St. Lawrence, the only outlet to the Atlantic of the great lakes on our northern border; the regulation of the embarrassed commercial relations between Canada and the United States; the Canadian demands, if any, for indemnity on the ground of losses sustained by the Fenian invasion; the adjustment of the boundary line between the British possessions and our territory, Harr's Island, which, by the treaty of 1846, establishing the forty-ninth parallel of latitude as the boundary, now lies wholly south of it, being claimed by Great Britain.

The gentlemen composing the High Commission are Secretary Fish, Attorney-General Hoar, General R. C. Schenck, Justice Samuel Nelson, Hon. Geo. H. Williams, on the part of the United States, and Earl de Grey, Sir Edward Thornton, Sir John McDonald, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Lord Tenterden, secretary, on the part of Great Britain.

"HARD TIMES" DOWN SOUTH.

THIS familiar cry has found an appreciative writer in the *Southern Cultivator*, published in Athens, Georgia. His remarks are so suggestive of some of the real causes of hard times that we give them to our readers:

"Since my last article was written, there has been no change for the better. Cotton is still declining, and money becoming scarcer every day. If I were right, that certain causes produce certain effects, then we must look to the causes. One cause of hard times is the surplus number of loafers we have—not only in the cities and larger towns, but at every railroad station, cross-road store, grocery, or even blacksmith shop—at all hours in the day—a promiscuous crowd may be seen standing, sitting, leaning, lounging, some talking, some looking on, and others that don't seem to be interested in any way. All this class have to live—they must have something to eat and a little clothing. Well, who is to blame?—who is at fault? These miserable idlers, or the better classes—the land-owners, the parents or guardians, or those who have the means to give employment to laborers? Some blame may be attached to all, but those having the means to employ and control labor are most at fault.

"We will begin with the land-owner—the farmer. He will tell you that he can't employ

labor on his farm—it won't pay out. Why will it not pay out? The crop will not pay for growing and harvesting. Well, let us examine a specimen farm. Take one in Middle Georgia, and what does it produce? Five hundred pounds of seed cotton, one-third of a bale, twelve bushels of corn, eight bushels of wheat, fifteen bushels of oats, per acre. As to vegetables, they are planted, if at all, in small lots—the garden about one-fourth of an acre. In that there are four short rows of Irish potatoes, one or two rows of early corn, some peas, bush beans, and a few lima beans on one side to run on the fence, a little bed of lettuce, one row of beets, some mustard, two rows in onions, one square in cabbage, and a great many other things, with a good lot not planted at all for the want of the seed. On the whole garden, about six wheel-barrow loads of fresh stable manure, in lumps, are spread. And strange to say, notwithstanding all this, the garden don't do much! Well, we will next examine the stock. We find some horses or mules (sometimes both), a few cows and some hogs—a small lot with the horses, cattle, and hogs all together. The stable is built of small round logs, and if it is possible to get a building site, the stables stand on the bank of a branch, or on a hill-side, so that the litter or manure can be thrown out at a hole in the back of the building, or work out under the sill or bottom log, and wash away. This saves a great deal of trouble. It is not thought necessary to have a very close roof—if it leaks a little, the better. The trough is generally the half of a hollow tree set up on forks, with both ends left open, so the cobs can work out, or the horse can push them out with his nose. It is not thought best to have a rack to hold the fodder or hay—it can be laid in one end of the trough; it will fall down as soon as the horse takes the first bite, but that don't matter—he can pick it up. As to having a cutting knife, that is too much trouble—it costs more than it comes to. There is no shelter or cow stalls—they are not needed in summer nor in pleasant weather, and in cold, bad weather they can not be made. The principal food for the cows in the winter is corn shucks, thrown out on the ground or in the mud, where they can pick them up at their leisure. Sometimes in bad weather a few nubbins are fed out of the hand, one at a time. The cows get very poor during the winter. In the spring they are turned out to grass, a little before grass comes. About July they shed off, and about fall they begin to look pretty well, and if it were not for the next winter coming so soon, the cattle would

do finely. The hogs run on the old schedule, "*root hog or die.*" They are generally killed at about two years old. The fall they are to be fattened, they are kept in the woods to take the mast, and by the first of November their tails curl nicely. Then they must be put up in a close pen. The pen is built with fence rails, and floored with rails—the cracks are rather large, but they soon fill up. The corn is thrown in on the cob, and clear water poured into the trough. Of course it is expected that a hog raised and fattened in this way will do well. He was a fine traveler, and could jump a good high fence like a deer. His rooter had attained a respectable length, and resembled a crow-bar with the beveled side down. He can eat ten ears of corn three times a day, and by the first of January he must be killed. He is not just as fat as desired, but eats so much it won't pay to keep him longer, and he is killed, but don't weigh as heavy as expected. However, the pork has not cost more than fifteen or twenty cents per pound. So you see the farm will not pay, and the laborer can't get employment, and must loaf about."

THIERS AND THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

THIS eminent statesman and historian has been elected by the French Assembly, almost unanimously, President of the re-constituted Government of France, which appears to be Republican. This choice is a wise one for the time, and exhibits a state of sentiment among the several hundred delegates which can not but promise well for a broken, suffering people.

Thiers, in the opening of the war so foolishly inaugurated by Napoleon, stood up boldly against it, and counseled pacific measures, until he was overborne by the pressure of numbers. And yet, with patriotic zeal, and undismayed in the midst of the conflict of arms, he afterward sought to bring about a composition of the differences between France and Prussia, or to secure for his own country help from abroad. Perhaps no Frenchman deserves the honor of being the head of his nation more than Thiers, and although over seventy years of age, he has lately shown a spirit and a mind whose activity and efficiency may be commensurate with the wants of the time. What is needed now is a conciliating, temporizing, yet sanguine policy; and we trust that France will

not challenge her further distress and misery by the assertion of a false pride.

In our December number for 1870 was published a pretty full sketch of President Thiers, with a good portrait, and to that number we must refer the reader who would know more of the new French Executive.

WHO OWNS PHRENOLOGY?

TO hear some persons talk of themselves, and of what "great things" they have done for the science, one would think the next step would be to put a mortgage upon it, and then foreclose at once. But these egotistical boasters are small-minded rattletaps. There is no more monopoly in Phrenology than in teaching, preaching, or practicing law or medicine. It is true that at present only a very few persons are employed as lecturers and delincators of character. And some of these few make their boasts of the money they make out of it. One whose advancing years ought to lessen his greed, "takes" sometimes one, two, three, yea five hundred dollars a week, repeating his old lectures, and giving worthless—because overdrawn and flattering—charts. Of course he lowers the subject in the minds of strangers, and deepens the prejudice with which others regard it. Vain, selfish, sordid, he filches all he can from rich and poor alike, and then, like any other spendthrift, "fools it away," so that he is always in debt, always borrowing. He does not happen to *own* Phrenology. Others work at its dissemination, lecturing and examining, like good missionaries—which they are—looking for a reasonable reward, and realize it. It is not a monopoly. Any one with a fair education—one fit to teach school—can learn and practice Phrenology with profit to himself and usefulness to others. Its patrons will increase in proportion to its *right* presentation. Nor is there a better field in which to practice oratory, conversational powers, close observation, correct reasoning, and vivid practical preaching. Oh, the good a phrenologist may and ought to do! Who will enlist in this work of reform and regeneration?

How to BE NOBODY.—It is easy to be nobody, and we will tell how to do it. Go to the drinking saloon to spend your leisure time.

You need not drink much now; just a little beer, or some other drink. In the mean time play dominoes, checkers, or something else to kill the time, so that you will be sure not to read useful books. If you read, let it be dime novels of the day. Thus go on keeping your stomach full and your head empty, and yourself playing time-killing games, and in a few years you'll be nobody, unless (as it is quite likely) you should turn out a drunkard or a pro-

fessional gambler, either of which is worse than nobody. There are any number of young men hanging about saloons, just ready to graduate and be nobodies.—*Olympia Echo*.

[One or two other habits should be added to the above to make the thing complete, viz., smoking or chewing tobacco, using profane language, and telling "smutty" stories. With these additions, one may be sure of qualifying himself for greatness among nobodies.]

TWO SINGERS—THE ARTISTE AND THE DEBUTANTE.

WE introduce to our music-loving readers the portraits of two persons whose gifts in the art divine made good their claim to a place on our pages. With this simple preface, in the name of that faculty so prominent in the domain of human esthetics, Tune, we present:

CHRISTINA NILSSON.

On the third day of the month of August, in the year 1843, an eighth child was born unto a worthy peasant by the name of Nilsson, who lived in the hamlet of Hussaby, near Wexio, Sweden. This child, to whom the name Christina was given, is the singer whose voice has charmed the world.

In her earliest childhood Christina was not distinguished among her sisters. Like them she was sent to a country school to learn, at the expense of the commonwealth, reading and writing. Her father, an impassioned admirer of music, and the leading singer in his church, taught her, as he had taught his first-born, the first combinations of the gamut.

As she grew up, she was called upon to perform a share of the household labors, and sometimes to go into the fields. But Christina gratified most her own inclination when, alone at home, she seized, like forbidden fruit, the instrument of her brother Carl, the village fiddler, and repeated by ear the national airs she had heard him sound. Carl overheard her one day, and admired her memory and her dexterity. The neighbors were already loud in their approval of the child's voice, which they deemed wonderful in one so young, and Carl conceived the intention, with a view to augmenting his slender gains, of taking his sister to the fairs and weddings at which his services were needed. This idea proved successful. Applause was liberal, and so was the donation of *skillings* thrown into the plate which the child passed about after the entertainment was ended.

While these two performers were delighting a throng at a fair in Ljunby, a local magistrate heard them, and was moved to offer to educate Christina at his own expense. His offer was accepted by the peasant family, and the young girl went to live in the family of her benefactor, Thorerhjelm. There, opportunities offering, she was carefully trained in music; and subsequently at Stockholm, under the direction of the composer Berwald, her capacity became the more marked.

From Stockholm she went to Paris, in the care of a lady who had taken a warm interest in her future. There Christina received instruction from M. Wartel, well known as professor of music. On October 27th, 1864, the young Swede made her first appearance before the French public, in the Theater Lyrique, in the opera of the "Magic Flute," and won a most flattering success. Her successive performances during the term of the engagement she had made with the manager of the Lyrique confirmed and added to her popularity.

Her next engagement was made with the director of the Imperial Academy of Music, and before it was concluded her interpretation of the grandest works of the masters of song had given her name a Continental celebrity.

From Paris Mdle Nilsson crossed to England, and warmed to a bright glow the lethargic esthetics of the merchant islanders. At the Birmingham festival she sang in the oratorio of "Judas Maccabeus." And the next year she appeared at the great Handel Festival in the Crystal Palace. The influence of this festival, let us here remark, is almost overwhelming, at first, upon the spectator. The vast nave is transformed into a concert hall, and an orchestra and a chorus of four thousand musicians are face to face with thirty thousand spectators. Christina Nilsson, surrounded by these masses, sang, with the greatest success, two airs from

"Judas Maccabeus." The first of the two, especially, a florid air, excited a wild demonstration. But it was a justifiable one, for the

of the critics, Christina Nilsson's greatness was vastly increased. Tasks such as these, indeed, make—so to speak—or break a performer. In



artist had mastered the style of the music and rendered it in perfection. The superb recitative was magnificently declaimed. In the eyes

proof of her popularity in Great Britain she was engaged to sing in the principal towns, receiving for her services forty thousand dollars in gold.

A brief visit to the home of her childhood, where much of her earnings had gone to place her parents above want, and Christina Nilsson

had prepared for her. Her appearances before American audiences have been singularly successful, especially when it is understood that



once more entered the arena of active effort. In the fall of 1870 she came to the United States, and found the welcome which her fame

we have been accustomed to resident musicians and vocalists, like Kellogg, Pareja Rosa, and Phillips, besides those who, like Minnie

Hauck and Patti, have gone from us to delight Europe.

This great singer is thus characterized by a leading writer and critic:

"Christina Nilsson, truly one of the ambitious in art, is a conscientious and gifted artist, who has reached her rank, not only by natural ability, but by a thorough education. Her voice is of exceptional beauty, sonorous, and of a peculiar timbre. Her vocalization is exceedingly sparkling, and the *smorzati* on the high notes are incomparable. Her voice has its nationality, and hence the numerous parallels drawn between Christina Nilsson and Jenny Lind. 'But,' says M. Blaze de Bury, 'the voice of the elder artiste never had that brilliancy of vibration. The virgin character of Swedish maidenhood, though, is identical in both.' Christina Nilsson excels in the composition of a scene, in the power of giving it its fullest importance and of concentrating upon it the attention of the spectator. She is most successful in episodes, the saliency of which is added to by her personal beauty, and by her singularity of aspect, rather than by the development of a character or of a complicated situation. Hence her permanency as the ideal Ophelia, the ideal queen of the night, and the ideal Cherubino."

VIENNA DEMOREST.

It is not so many months since a name began to be whispered about in Art and musical circles, which was not unknown to the public, but which had heretofore been associated with another field of usefulness and honorable achievement. "Demorest" is a household word in two hemispheres; but who is Vienna Demorest, the girl composer, the fresh, young singer whose songs Nilsson has sung, whose voice Nilsson praised, and prophesied great future for? As to who this young artist is, it is sufficient to say that she is the daughter of the well-known publisher and leader of fashion, Mr. and Mme. Demorest, and that her career so far justifies the predictions of future success. Since the first dawning of intelligence, Vienna Demorest has displayed the rarest musical capacity, and a gift of musical improvisation, which may be the foreshadowing of genius. Young as she is, and modest to a fault, Miss Demorest is quite exceptional in her gifts and possibilities. Her compositions which first attracted attention are brilliant in expression and varied in character. Her polkas, mazourkas, galops are played by noted leaders of bands, viz., Dodworth, Baker, Grafulla, Operti, and Downing, with whom, and with the public,

they are great favorites. One of her latest songs, "Birdie," written for Mdlle Nilsson, and accepted by her, is charming, and likely to achieve permanent popularity.

It is not as a composer alone, however, that Vienna Demorest has won distinction; her interpretation of music is as pure and true as her written expression of it is rare and conscientious. She has a voice of exceeding beauty, flexibility, and strength; an admirable method, trained under the best teachers; clear enunciation, broad, well-marked, pleasing, and a sympathetic style, and unusual beauty and grace of person. Her voice has a register possessed by very few, even of our first-class singers, and her correct and easy execution even of the most difficult passages excites the enthusiasm of artists and critics.

Undoubtedly dramatic and operatic success are within her reach, but we predict her highest triumphs in oratorio. For this severe branch of musical art she possesses special qualifications: a voice, in the first place, capable of expressing religious ideas with feeling and grandeur; an intelligent appreciation, in the second place, of the poetic thought, and the power of reproducing the imagery of the author.

The interpretation of a grand work, much less its execution, by this gifted young girl seems to rank among the marvels; but those who have heard and seen her will, we think, justify us in placing her in the front rank of vocalists.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

A twig was planted near a cottage door,—

The neighbor cotters numbered three or four;

The sun its circuit often since has made;

Where stood the twig, a tree now casts its shade.

The hamlet to a town, then to a city, grew,

With dwellers many where cotters once were few;

But those whose youth sped side by side with thee,

Pray, tell me what of them, thou ancient tree?

The winds from far to me true tidings bring;

The birds, in mystic notes, their messages do sing;

Dews and rain-drops, from o'er the land and sea,

Make meet that I your oracle should be.

The youths went forth from those few early cots;

Fortune, so fickle, gave them varying lots;

But all who sported in my early shade,

Have, one by one, long since, to rest been laid.

Of all who, later, were in wedlock bound,

But here and there both man and wife are found,—

Such pair I know—most worthy of your meeds—

Of "golden days fruitful of golden deeds."

ENDEAVOR for the best, and provide against the worst.

Department of Literature, Science, History.

In this Department Mr. S. S. PACKARD, of PACKARD'S MONTHLY, will continue his Contributions.

GENIUS AND HONESTY.

THERE was a belief among the ancients that a good or evil spirit presided over man's destiny in life; that it directed his birth and actions, and was to have a ruling and protecting power. This appears to have been merely a personification or deification of the particular structure or bent of mind which a person receives from nature. When an individual was endowed with superior talent, his tutelary deity was supposed to be of a higher type, while ordinary men were guided by ordinary divinities.

This is the manner in which the past recognized native endowment. They beautifully mingled the natural with the supernatural. Genius, according to the common tongue, is simply a disposition of mind for a particular study or course in life. This definition, however, is not wholly correct. We often say "a man has a genius for law, a genius for medicine, or a genius for editing," while at the same time we mean that he has a *talent* for these things. One in a thousand may have a "genius" for something, but it is almost invariably the case that the terms are misapplied.

Genius differs much from talent. "The one," says the lexicographer, "is connected more or less with the exercise of imagination and reaches its ends by a kind of intuition; the other depends on high mental culture." The former, like a diamond, is rare, but readily known when seen; the latter is like the copper beneath the surface, unrecognized by the experienced, but the mill and furnace reduce it to the invaluable mineral.

The race has existed for six thousand years. Looking into its history we see interspersed here and there among its pages, bright and shining stars. Each century opens its leaves to inspection, showing its men of genius, sometimes one, sometimes two, oftentimes none. Nature has lavished her gifts only upon a few. She has given us but one Daniel, one Solon, one Homer, one Shakspeare. Scarcely can each generation claim even the shadow of a man of genius. So forcibly has this idea struck teachers in ethics and metaphysics that they have labored incessantly to impress the fact on

the minds of their disciples, that there are not generally more than half a dozen geniuses among their number. Of course there is truth in this. Enter an extensive library, and among the works of a thousand authors one can scarcely find writings which come from any more than a score of men of real genius. Visit the drama, and it is only here and there that you see an exquisite artist or a perfect delineator; attend the bar where life and death are the issues upon which men speak, and you notice the deficiency of native vigor; go to the battle field where human beings fall like the autumn leaves, and here ambitious enthusiasts dead to physical suffering and mental anguish are misinterpreted, and miscalled geniuses. If men who are simply above mediocrity, and who have achieved a considerable reputation, have not had the highest powers of intellect, how vain it is for those who are intoxicated with a small share of success to imagine themselves as having been born in that class which the poet called *great*! Man generally takes unto himself a model. He studies some character of the past whose mind and actions he deifies. It may be that the original rose from obscurity, achieved his greatness through years of labor and disappointment, and by means of energy, decision, and great forbearance succeeded. The admirer of such a prototype thinks himself capable of doing what other men have done. He labors incessantly, studies prodigiously, applied himself day and night to the mastery of such lines of conduct as will lead him to the attainment of the proudest objects. He forgets that, perhaps, he has not the mental caliber of him whose actions he imitates. Such a one, instead of realizing his anticipations, is most likely to fail in life and support a crushed ambition. It is undoubtedly prudent, nevertheless, to take a model, and the higher the model the higher the ideal and more intrinsic the fac-simile, so long as one does not set his hopes and affections too high. When the student attempts to carve a fame for himself in the same mold that a Regulus or a Sheridan immortalized himself, he must keep in mind the temperament of this man, his

mental vigor, and the age in which he lived. It is true that Alexander was the scholar of Aristotle and that Julius Cæsar studied the tactics of Alexander, and Napoleon those of Cæsar, but each one of them were men of genius, and moreover they were conscious of it from boyhood to manhood. By intuition, simply, they grasped the principles of military science, and comprehended in the twinkling of an eye the most available methods of governing men. What others would acquire only through indefatigable labor and mathematical reasoning, they would reach as it were spontaneously, by a marvelous conception revealing to them the proper channel.

When a man has superior ability, when he is a giant among pigmies, he knows it, perceives it intuitively. Napoleon, when a mere lad at Brienne, would tread the forest paths in early morn, while his fellow-cadets were slumbering away the hours, and wonder whether or not the fates would ever permit him to lead an army. Bismarck, the man whom Europe to-day looks upon as the arbiter of her destiny, when a youth would sit for hours and hours in the night and almost despise himself because he had no *popularity*. Such men are born great. They have both the ability and self-confidence to lead nations. Elevated conspicuously above the common line, they are looked up to as the central system around which revolve those who are guided by lesser divinities. From the moment when the "pear is ripe," to the end of time, they move in the circle of perpetual opposition. Those who are not particularly geniuses must seek some other aid besides intuition and an "eye prophetic" with which to accomplish high ends. Ambition is indissolubly connected with human nature. The man who has no desire to reach positions of emolument and honor, can not justly be called a citizen of an enlightened age. This idea is practically manifest in democratic forms of governments. The grand object of republican institutions is to give free scope to intellectual growth. This right of development implies an eagerness on the part of each individual to be equal if not superior to his fellow-man; every person is a competitor, if he so desire, for the highest offices in the land. The result is progressive ideas. The means, however, by which men reach certain ends are numerous and diversified. Political aspirants are generally disreputable; corruption in politics has become an acknowledged fact. To find one whose honesty and integrity are unquestionable, whose ability is sufficient, and who has decision, energy, and

will, is probably a most difficult task; nevertheless, he who possesses these characteristics is most certain of success. Looking into the history of statesmen and diplomatists we find in the course of their careers that the most consistent and incorruptible are the longest in the field and the most powerful among men.

Our only standard for judging motives and actions is past experience. If it tell us that certain courses are adverse to individual success we should abandon them forever. If its lessons of instruction point us to those rules of action which if obeyed will bring prosperity and happiness to us as they have to others, we should unhesitatingly accept them. Each one should remember that time is an atom compared with eternity, and that an honest and consistent life makes that eternity a gala-day.

Humanity is a mere network. The lives of individuals are so closely interwoven, one with the other, that there are none, however low and despised, but what have some influence in the sphere of mind. Whether we are intellectually above the common level, or more in the circle of mediocrity, we ought rigidly to show a clear and consistent front, remembering that in both,

"An honest man is like an unmoved rock,
Washed whiter but not shaken with the shock."

"ALICE CARY,

BORN 1820; DIED 1871."

THUS read the little silver tablet on the casket of the sweetest of American poets, as it rested beneath the eyes of the largest and most select assemblage of literary people that New York has seen for many a day. The day was stormy and unpropitious. It was the 14th of February; the hour, one o'clock in the afternoon—an hour which generally finds the brain-workers at their toil, and yet the "Church of the Strangers," in Mercer Street, has never had gathered within its walls such a concourse of well-known men and women. They were mourners, one and all, at the shrine of one who, living, had no enemies, and who having passed to her reward has left behind her a fragrance of good deeds and a wealth of good words that must stand through all the days of the future.

ALICE CARY is a name redolent of all that is sweet, sincere, pure, and womanly. Of few among the great writers of this or any country may it so truthfully be said that she has written no word or line which, dying, she would wish

expunged. Her mission in life, which must have been as apparent to her as to any of her friends, was to elevate and purify American womanhood. Well did her pastor, Rev. Dr. Deems, say in his simple tribute to her memory: "One of the finest things that can be said of Alice Cary is that she had such troops of friends among her own sex. When a man loves a woman, it is of nature; when a woman loves a woman, it is of grace—the grace that woman makes by her loveliness." And another thing he said, which it is well to repeat in this connection, both because it presents a beautiful characteristic of the woman, and because it



ALICE CARY.

stands as a useful lesson to those who would profit by her life:

"There was one thing in Alice Cary of which we had better remind ourselves now and hereafter. Many of us are working people—people who work very much with our brains. I see a number of young people who come here out of tenderness to her memory, and there are doubtless among you some just entering upon a literary career, and you have often said to yourselves, and are even now saying, 'Would I could write so beautifully and so easily as she did.' It was not easily done. She did nothing easily but tell the truth and love her friends; but in all that we read from her pen she was a thoughtful, laborious, earnest worker. Up to the last moment of her life she was faithful, painstaking, and careful of improving herself. Yesterday I looked into the drawer, and the last piece of manuscript she wrote turned up. I hold it in my hand. I said to Phœbe, when I

saw it, 'That is copied.' 'No,' said she, 'that is Alice's own writing.' It was so exceedingly plain, it looked like print in large type, though she ordinarily wrote a wretched, cramped, illegible hand. But her sister told me that when she grew so weak that she couldn't write any longer, she began to practice like a little girl, to learn to form her letters anew. And thus to the very last she worked, not only with her brains but her fingers."

It would scarcely be possible within so small a compass to more clearly present the leading characteristics of Alice Cary. She was eminently a woman to be loved for her gentleness, truthfulness, and fidelity, as she was one to be revered for her loftiness of purpose and her unmistakable talents.

For the last fifteen years she has been accepted as the female poet of America; but she has assumed nothing to herself. Her beautiful home in Twentieth Street has been the common ground upon which have met on equal terms the renowned in letters and the unknown aspirant for fame; the rich and the poor; the humble and the proud; people of extreme political opinions, and people of unformed opinions; religious zealots and free-thinkers—each honored and respected for what he was, and no one tabooed for what he thought.

The sisters Alice and Phœbe came to New York by 1851, at the suggestion of Horace Greeley, who has since fully atoned for his temerity by advising every other young man and woman to stay away. While it is possible that to Mr. Greeley's early friendship and counsel the sisters owe their ready recognition and much of their first success, the even hold they have kept on the popular heart for the past twenty years is due to their individual gifts and their fidelity to the noblest and sweetest purposes of life in the use of those gifts.

Alice Cary was a child of genius; and although very little of all she did to make her name famous was done without great painstaking, she had very decided opinions against the somewhat common belief that the lack of genius may be supplied by persistency in labor. In a magazine article, taking issue with Mr. Greeley on this point, she says:

"As a notable example of successful achievement let us take Mr. Greeley himself. He has measured himself according to his measurement. But there was faculty to be measured antecedent to measurement—the incentive to do and the power to accomplish were *born* in him, and his success affords no warranty of like success in every farmer's boy whose ten-

dency may induce him to exchange the grubbing hoe for the goose-quill. Suppose when he took up his knapsack and faced toward New York he had had a thin, feeble brain in his head, blood hot and crazy or slow and sluggish in his veins, weak perceptions—as he must have had—and a general inaptitude for affairs, how far would his ‘Virtue of Persistence’ have advanced him? Not beyond the printing-house, certainly; and he might have worn his cravat at loose ends and his white coat hung on by one shoulder without exciting special comment.

“I do not believe that a man always passes, in the long run, for what he is worth. It seems to me a hard saying. The vision that the poet or the painter transcribes and leaves a joy and a wonder to all time may, I believe, have come all the same to some poor, unlettered man who, lacking the external faculty, so to speak, could not lay it in all its glorious shape and color on the canvas, or catch and hold it in the fastness of immortal verse. No, I can not give up my comfortable faith that in other worlds and far-off ages there will appear a shining multitude who shall, through death, have come to themselves, and have found expression denied them on earth. Beautiful souls, whose bodies were their prisons—who stammered or stood dumb among their kind, bearing alone the slights and disgraces of fortune, and all the while conscious, in their dread isolation, of being peers of the

poets and the kings and of all the royal men and women of the world.”

The early life of Alice Cary was spent in a quiet, unostentatious country home near Cincinnati, Ohio. Her father was a farmer of limited means, and the sisters Alice and Phœbe—it seems impossible to speak of them separately—received whatever preliminary education it was in his power to give them in the schools of the neighborhood. This quiet life and its fruits are cleverly depicted in Alice’s “Clover-nook Stories.”

In her religious faith and practice Alice was liberal and consistent. Without ever forcing her views upon others, she was never without views; and much of all that was lovely and promising in her life had its root in her glorious trust in God and the world beyond. This life, with all its beautiful accessories—as seen through a poet’s eyes—with its sweet compensations for heart-labor, was to her but a brief, uncertain resting-place—a preparatory school for the University of Heaven. Her last months were months of physical agony, but of spiritual joy and content. She cared not to throw life away, however burdensome it might be, and thus set a worthy example of fidelity to the last. She has left behind her sincere mourners and friends—such as the best and noblest might be proud to claim; but she has joined a brighter band, and entered upon her real work.

B. S. PACKARD.

GEOGRAPHY OF FRANCE.

MR. JAMES ELLIS writes the following excellent condensed geographical sketch—he calls it “history”—for the *Iowa School Journal*. This is what may be called a bird’s-eye view of France, which at this time is especially interesting.

GEOGRAPHICAL FEATURES.—This portion of Europe is situated in its western part, and is bounded on the north by the English Channel and Belgium; east by Germany, Switzerland, and Italy; south by the Mediterranean Sea and Spain; and west by the Atlantic Ocean. On the northwest it is separated from England by the English Channel. On every side of its frontier, except the north, it has strong natural barriers, in the Pyrenees, the Alps, the Ridge of Jura, and the Vosges.

EXTENT.—In tracing the general contour of France, the projections and indentations which occur are so numerous, that the country necessarily assumes the shape of a polygon, compos-

ed of many unequal sides. If, however, we connect the more salient points which are on the north, the west, the east, the southwest, and the southeast by straight lines, the included space, constituting a pentagon, will comprise the whole of the French territory, and give a good general idea of its shape. The longest lines that can be drawn across the country are two diagonals—one from the southeast to the northwest extremity, six hundred and seventy miles in extent; the other from the southwest to the northeast, having a length of six hundred and twenty-five miles. Measured on the meridian of Dunkirk, the greatest length is six hundred miles; and measured on the parallel of 48° 20', the greatest breadth is six hundred and eighty-two miles. The breadth near the center is four hundred miles, and between the mouth of the Gironde (*Jee-ronde*) and the frontiers of Savoy, where the country is narrowest, it does not exceed three hundred and thirty miles.

COAST-LINE.—The coast-line is formed by the Bay of Biscay, the English Channel, the Straits of Dover, the Mediterranean Sea, and the Gulf of Lyons. Its length, without allowing for minor indentations, is, along the German Ocean and English Channel, five hundred and sixty miles; along the Atlantic, five hundred miles; and along the Mediterranean, two hundred and sixty miles,—giving an aggregate of thirteen hundred and fifty miles. It is difficult to say what addition would be made by minutely tracing the bays and headlands; but the whole length of the coast-line may be safely estimated at not less than fifteen hundred miles.

CONTINENTAL BOUNDARY.—The continental boundary formed on the southwest by the Pyrenees, is two hundred and fifty miles; on the east by the Alps, one hundred and fifty-five miles; the Jura (*Joo-rah*), one hundred and sixty-seven miles; and the Rhine, one hundred miles; and the northeast by an arbitrary line of about two hundred and ninety miles—thus giving in coast and mainland a general perimeter of about two thousand four hundred and sixty-two miles, including an area of one hundred and ninety-seven thousand three hundred and forty square miles. On taking a survey of this great country, it is impossible not to be struck with the advantages which it derives from its position. It not only forms a continuous and compact whole, but though united to the continent by a line of above nine hundred miles, is so much isolated from it by great natural boundaries, that the only direction in which it can be considered open to hostile attack is on the the northeast, where a line of strong fortresses has made a barrier which was thought formerly to be as impenetrable as those which in other directions have been provided by nature. Again: on the north and west, a long line of coast gives it immediate access to the great ocean thoroughfares, while on the south, its harbors in the Mediterranean give it a commanding share in the traffic of that most important of all inland seas.

BAYS.—On the coast of France are two great gulfs or bays; one the Bay of Biscay, formed by the Atlantic on the west, and the Gulf of Lyons, setting up from the Mediterranean on the south. The former extends from Cape Ortegal (*Or-la-gal*), on the northern coast of Spain, to the island of Ouessant (*Wes-songt*), or Ushant, at the west extremity of Brittany or Bretagne, a distance of not less than three hundred and sixty miles, having an average breadth of about two hundred and fifty miles. The latter ex-

tends inland about eighty miles; the distance across its mouth is about one hundred and thirty miles. The other principal bays are Cancale (*Kong-kahl*), St. Brieux (*Sang-breuh*), on the north. Brest Road and the bays of Douarnenez (*Doo-ar-neh-na*), and Audierne (*Ode-airn*) on the west of Brittany; the bays of La Forest, and Quiberon (*Kee-beh-rong*), and Penerf (*Pen-erf*) Road on the south of Brittany; the bay of Bourgneuf (*Boor-nuf*), south of the mouth of the Loire (*Licar*); Basque (*Bask*) Roads, or the Bay of La Rochelle (*La-ro-shell*), and the Basin of Arcachon (*Ar-ka-shong*), west of the department of Gironde.

ROADS.—The Roads of Toulon (*Too-lon*), Cavalaire, Grimaud (*Gree-mo*), Napoule (*Na-poole*), Jouan (*Jo-arn*), on the Mediterranean. Brittany is a remarkable peninsula in the west, separating the English Channel from the Bay of Biscay; and another projection called Contentin, extends far into the English Channel.

CAPIES.—The principal capes are Gris-Nez (*Gree-na*), in the Straits of Dover; Cape Barfleur (*Bar-flur*), and Cape la Hogue (*lah-hohg*), the former at the northern and the latter at the northwestern extremity; the Bec-du-Bar (*Bek-doo-Bahr*) and the Point-de-Penmarch (*Pong-deh-pong-marsh*), in Finistere (*Fin-is-tair*).

ISLANDS.—The islands of France are few and unimportant; they consist of Corsica, Hyeres (*He-air*), Lerins (*Leh-rang*) in the Mediterranean; Noirmoutier (*Nwar-moo-te-a*), Oleron (*O-la-rong*), Re, Belleisle, Dieu (*Dyeu*), Graix (*Gra*), Sein (*San*) and Ouessant in the Atlantic.

LAKES.—The lakes are of no importance, and so few in number, and individually so limited in extent, as to be undeserving of separate notice. Along the coasts of the Bay of Biscay and the Mediterranean there are lagoons, separated from the sea by thin slips of land; but they are in general extremely shallow. The largest, Grand-Lieu (*Grong-leuh*), in the department of the Loire-Inferieure (*Lwar-ong-fare-ur*) covers an area of only twenty-nine square miles, and is altogether devoid of interest. The next largest, St. Point, in the Jura, does not cover three square miles. Others of still less dimensions become more interesting from their localities in the lofty regions of the Pyrenees, or in the deep hollows of ancient craters in Auvergne (*O-vairn*).

RIVERS.—The great watershed, by which the whole of Europe is divided into two vast basins, the one sending its waters south to the Mediterranean, the Black Sea, and the Caspian, and the other west and north to the Atlantic, North Sea, and the Baltic, passes in a waving

line across France, from southwest to northeast, and divides it into two very unequal portions. In France, this watershed commences at the western extremity of the Pyrenees, and proceeds east in the line of its central axis till it reaches the southwestern extremity of Ariège (*Ah-re-aige*). Here it meets a branch thrown off at right angles from the principal chain, and proceeds with it north to the Col de Narrouse (*Kol-deh-nah-roose*). Its course is now determined by the Cevennes (*Sewenn*), with which it proceeds tortuously, almost northeast, and then nearly due north, crossing the Canal du Nord, and thereafter continuing with the Cote d'Or (*Kot'dor*), to the Plateau de Langres (*Plat-o-deh-long'r*). Having crossed this plateau, the Monts Faucilles (*Mong-Fo-sel*) gives it an easterly direction as far as the Ballon d'Alsace (*Bah'long-dal'eass*), where, as if retracing its steps, it proceeds south-southwest, along the great wall of the Jura, and quits French territory on reaching the slopes of the Jorat (*Zhorah*). The portion of France to the south and east of this great watershed is not equal to a fourth of its whole surface, and is almost wholly drained by the Rhone (*Rohn*) and its tributaries. The only secondary basins deserving of notice are those of the Tech (*Tesh*), Tet (*Ta*), Gly (*Glee*), and Aude (*Ode*), which have their sources in the Pyrenees; and the Herault (*Ha-ro*), descending from the Cevennes. The far larger part of France, situated north and west of the great European watershed, contains, in addition to a number of secondary, four principal river basins—the Rhine, belonging to the North Sea and the German Ocean; the Seine belonging to the English Channel; and the Loire and Garonne (*Gah-ronn*), both belonging to the Bay of Biscay. The first of these basins, though the largest of all, is developed to a very limited extent within the French territory. All the others are wholly French. The more important secondary basins on this side of the great watershed are those of the Somme and the Orne, belonging to the English Channel; and the Vilaine (*Vee-lain*), Sevre-Niortaise (*Sahv-ne-or-tuz*), Charente (*Sha-ronf*), and Adour (*Ah-door*), belonging to the Bay of Biscay. The lengths of the principal rivers are exhibited in the following table:

Miles.	Miles.
Adour (<i>Ah-door</i>).....	204
Allier (<i>Ah-le-a</i>).....	200
Aude (<i>Ode</i>).....	130
Charente (<i>Sha-ronf</i>).....	245
Cher (<i>Shair</i>).....	229
Creuse (<i>Kruz</i>).....	173
Dordogne (<i>Dor-don</i>).....	310
Doubs (<i>Doozb</i>).....	263
Durance (<i>Du-ronse</i>).....	235
Escant (<i>Eshout</i>)—Scheldt	223
Escaut, (French part)...	55
Garonne (<i>Gah-ronn</i>).....	465
Gironde (<i>Jee-rond</i>).....	50
Herault (<i>Ha-ro</i>).....	83
Isere (<i>Ee-zair</i>).....	168
Isere, (French part).....	105
Loire (<i>Lwar</i>).....	645
Lot (<i>Lo</i>).....	266

Miles.	Miles.
Meuse (<i>Mourz</i>).....	434
Meuse, (French part).....	220
Moselle (<i>Mo-zell</i>).....	328
Moselle, (French part).....	167
Marne (<i>Marn</i>).....	201
Oise (<i>Walze</i>).....	158
Oise, (French part).....	148
Orne (<i>Orn</i>).....	86
Rhone.....	962
Rhone, (French part).....	126
Rhone (<i>Rohn</i>)—with lake.	354
Rhone, (French part).....	322
Rhone (as far as Lyons).....	325
Saone (<i>Sonn</i>).....	316
Seine (<i>San</i>).....	497
Somme (<i>Somm</i>).....	117
Tarn.....	230
Vienne (<i>Ve-enn</i>).....	230
Vilaine (<i>Vee-lain</i>).....	130
Yonne (<i>Yonn</i>).....	155

But few of the rivers of France are navigable for large vessels. The greater portion of them flow with a swift current through channels interrupted by shallows or rapids, and many have their entrances obstructed by sandbanks. The Rhine, in commercial importance, is one of the first rivers in Europe, forms part of the eastern boundary, along which it is navigable for steamboats to Basle (*Bahl*), in the north of Switzerland, a distance of about five hundred miles from the sea. By means of a canal its waters communicate with those of the Seine. This last river is navigable for vessels of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred tons to Rouen, and for those drawing six feet of water to Paris. Shifting sandbanks at the mouth of the Seine, together with its extremely tortuous course between the metropolis and the sea, present serious obstacles to navigation. Steamboats require two days for descent, and four days for the ascent. The Loire, the largest river in France, has a navigable channel of five hundred and twelve miles, and is connected with the Seine by the Orleans (*Or-la-ahns*) Canal, and with the Rhone through the medium of a canal which joins it with the navigable waters of the Saone. The rapid current of the Rhone and its large tributaries was formerly a great obstacle to navigation, but the introduction of steamers has, in a great measure, obviated this difficulty, and added vastly to the commercial importance of the river. It is said that France, in all, has one hundred and thirty-three navigable rivers, extending about eight thousand miles.

[By the late negotiations for peace between the French and the Germans, France will lose a considerable part of her frontier provinces which border on Baden, Bavaria, and Prussia, or the new North German Empire.]

THE BOY AND THE FALCON.

LOWER the falcon sweeps; its fluttering prey
Bleeds on the boy's proud bosom; not the sway
Of wings and talons makes the firm eye quail—
The small hand quiver. Wondrous fair, not frail,
In day's new flush, he stands beneath the foe,
His clear eye flashing—turning off the blow
That sweeps so near in all its angry zest—
So near the wounded bird upon his breast.

Old Quercy's weird gray stones, beneath the light,
In fancied figures far, stand Druid-like
By altars. Near the copse, among its leaves
Gathers the silver dawn. One silver beam weaves
On and falls where flushed he stands so nobly fair—
Falls on the upturned face the clustering hair.

Beyond the copse, her fleet course quelled,
Ventadour's bride, in sudden rapture held,
Sees where the falcon sweeps, where proud lips part
Where eyes in anger flash—where throbs a heart

Noble and true.

Her palfrey reined, each gallant chevalier
Draws to her side; her tardy falconer
The hawk recalls. She woos the peasant child
In vain. Her beauty can not turn aside
Remembrance that, for her, good Marguerite
Was treated ill, was sad—poor Marguerite,—
And that the blood-stained bird upon his breast
Was by her hound and falcon hunted from its nest.
She woos awhile in vain, till, thoughtful, fair,
He shakes the waving clusters of his hair
Sadly, and in the outstretched hand
Lays the death-stricken bird, at her demand!

Ventadour's bride one boon must ask her lord;
He bends to listen to her pleaded word,—
Bends smiling his consent. Her rapturous eye
Rests on the peasant boy; "I would that I
Might take this little child for thine and mine,—
He'll do but honor to thy glorious line!"
And in the little hand again she lay
The bleeding trophy of the well-earned day.

GEO. KLINGLE.

WISDOM.

TRUE COURAGE.—A learned man has said that the hardest words to pronounce in the English language are, "I made a mistake." When Frederick the Great wrote to the Senate, "I have just lost a battle, and it's my own fault," Goldsmith says, "His confession showed more greatness than his victories."

WITH our own judgments durst we to comply,
In virtue should we live, in glory die.

A **WOMAN** should be amiable, benevolent, charitable, domestic, economical, forgiving, generous, honest, industrious, judicious, kind, loving, neat, obedient, pleasant, quiet, reflecting, sober, tender, urbane, virtuous, wise, exemplary, and zealous. So should a man.

THE best humor is that which contains the most humanity, that which is flavored throughout with tenderness and kindness.

AMERICA'S great thinker, Emerson, says, "Life is hardly respectable if it has no generous task, no duties or affections that constitute a necessity of existing. Every man's task is his life-preserver."

IN youth, yea, in manhood, we should cultivate mind and character to the utmost, for we know not for what end God may have destined us.

REFINED homes are the end of civilization. The work of all races for thousands of years is represented by the difference between a wigwam and a lady's parlor. It has no better result to show.

RELIGION can never be anything but a poor, puny, sickly growth, a mere effervescence of sentimentalism, until it is based on strict obedience to all the laws of our being, the organic as well as the spiritual.

GENIUS in man to-day is individualism of character and effort, the power one here and there is seen to have to light his own fire and drive his own engine.

WISDOM is the associate of Justice. It assists her to form equal laws to pursue right measures, to correct power, to protect weakness, and to unite individuals in a common interest and general welfare. Heroes may kill tyrants, but it is wisdom and laws that prevent tyranny and oppression.

In every pursuit, whatever gives strength and energy to the mind of man, experience teaches to be favorable to the interests of piety, of knowledge, and of virtue; in every pursuit, on the contrary, whatever enfeebles or limits the powers of the mind, the same experience ever shows to be hostile to the best interests of human life.

FOOD FOR MIRTH.

HOW SAMBO "SWALLOWED THE RAT."—The partiality of the darky for the sun is proverbial. At noonday, with the fierce rays shining down on his bare head, the mosquitoes singing around him, and the flies making amorous dalliance with his nose and lips, he sleeps and dreams. One old darky, in the Fourth District of New Orleans, has daily, for some months past, selected the doorstep of a prominent resident for his noonday nap. Being driven off one day he comes the next. With his head thrown back and his mouth wide open, he snores away to the exceeding discomfort of the inmates. Called to the door by this novel diapason, a few days since, the lady of the house concluded she would try an experiment. For this purpose she procured a small piece of ice and dropped it into the huge orifice that served as Sambo's mouth. It disappeared like a shot, and with a cough and a snort Sambo started to his feet.

"Ugh!" he grunted, as the ice sent violent thrills through his stomach. "What dis?" and his fingers clutched nervously the afflicted parts.

Just then some one in the house cried out that a big rat had run down "Uncle Sam's" throat. This added terror to his pain. He rolled on the banquette and called lustily for help.

"Fore God, missus, he's gnawin' out'n me. I feels him. Oh, golly, he's kill'n me!" and the whites of the darky's protruding eyes, like saucers, and the convulsed and anguished face, showed that real pain was strongly enhanced by his imaginary terror. "Oh, golly, how he do jump and kick about!" and Sambo again gave himself up to a paroxysm of lamentation.

"Drink warm water, Uncle Sam, and drown him," the lady suggested.

Without a moment's hesitation Sam started for

the water-plug. He turned on the crank and the water started. Sam glued his lips to the nozzle until his sides were puffed out like an inflated balloon.

"How do you feel now, Uncle Sam?" the lady inquired, as Sam staggered back to his feet.

"I guess he's drowned, missus; but here's what's troublin' dis chille: how's dat rat gwine to git out'n dare?"—*New Orleans Exchange*.

HIS BAGGAGE?—

"That seat is engaged," said a pretty young maid,

As I entered a carriage one day; [she said.

"To whom?" "A young gentleman," pouting,

"Then where is his baggage, I pray?"

Her ruby lips opened like rosebuds in spring,

Her face in deep blushes was dyed,

As muttering crossly, "You hateful old thing,

Why, I am his baggage," she cried.

A COUNTRY poet, after looking about over life, has come to the following rhyming conclusion: "Oh, I wouldn't live forever. I wouldn't if I could; but I needn't fret about, for I couldn't if I would."

It was slippery the other day in Waterbury, Conn., says the *American*: "Is there any show goin' on here?" said a rude boy, as he stuck his head into a store door. "No, sonny; why?" "'Cause there's so many people sittin' on the sidewalk with their hats off."

"THERE's two ways of doin' it," said an Emerald Islander to himself, as he stood musing and waiting for a job. "If I save me four thousand dollars I must lay up two hundred dollars a year

for twenty years, or I can put away twenty dollars a year for two hundred years. Now, which way will I do?"

A WASHERWOMAN who has been suffering from an attack of the tender muse thus pathetically alludes to her ills and trials:

Oh, cramp and spazzum!
I often has 'um,
Nooralsy, too, and tic,
And roomatics in style—
Which I rubs in ile
With op-ped-delly-dick!

THE following outrageous libel has been published by a Western paper:

"A literary society in Pennsylvania wrote to Horace Greeley to lecture for them next winter. When the reply came, nobody could read the handwriting, and it was confidently believed by the members that Horace had sent them some Egyptian hieroglyphics from the tomb of Cheops, for the purpose of hinting at the subject of his lecture. But the letter was submitted to an expert, who spent two weeks in translating it, with the following result:

NEW YORK.

Dear Sir: I am vaccinated and yawning at Ishmael; he surely is not Fishing shad all the while at Lima's: but I wrote a line to fetch her forth; deception is thus underrated viciously if Idaho falls. Carrots promise to wait. Perhaps spirits are ended—entirely; my bow. Bored.

(Signed,)

HORACE GREELEY.

"What he meant to say, nobody has yet been able to ascertain, and so a messenger is on his way to the *Tribune* office to "interview" the remarkable chirographer."

Our Mentorship Bureau.

[In this Department will be noticed such matters as are of interest to correspondents and to the general reader. Contributions for "What They Say" should be brief, pointed, and creamy, to secure publication.]

To Our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" ONLY will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify idle curiosity. One question only at a time, and that clearly stated, must be propounded, if a correspondent shall expect us to give him the benefit of its early consideration. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter, if a stamp be inclosed for the return postage.

BALDNESS OF WOMEN.—Why is it there are no bald-headed women? In fact, I never saw one, yet it is a common thing among men.

Ans. Some women are partially bald, though it is not very common. We know of no other reason why men are so often bald and women not, unless it is that the beard by "a long pull, a strong pull, and

a pull altogether" takes the hair element another way, arresting it before it can rise to the top. Baldness does not come from mental activity solely or chiefly. J. C. Calhoun, Rufus Choate, Lyman Beecher, and Henry Ward Beecher showed no baldness, while many a boor, who "never had a dozen thoughts in all his life," is bald. In a family inclined to baldness, one mentally active would be earliest bald. Wearing over-warm or air-tight hats is one of the principal causes.

THE EYES.—Will rubbing the eyes toward the nose or from the nose help to preserve the eyesight? and does the shape of the eye make any difference? I have heard that near-sighted persons retain their eyesight to a greater age than others.

Ans. John Quincy Adams fancied that by rubbing the eyes from without inward, as one can with the thumb on one eye and a finger on the

other, he made them more convex, and thus retained his vision longer. Age tends to flatten the eyeball, making the focus or point of vision longer, and the object of spectacles is to compensate for this lengthening of the focus, and bring the object looked at upon the retina. Persons are *near-sighted* because the eyeball is very convex, which makes the focus short; this throws the object before the retina, and as age flattens the eyeball, it is much later with them before the focus gets so long as to throw the object back of the point of vision.

Eye-cups have been invented with a view to exhaust the air over the eye and make the front of the eyeball more rounded and permanent, so as to shorten the line of vision in old people, and obviate the necessity for glasses; but we do not approve of this apparatus. Some people have suffered seriously in consequence from congestion of the eye. We recommend people to live on a plain diet, avoiding stimulants of every kind; and when their eyesight gets so long they can not see to read, let them get the common glasses, which will bring the focal point to the right place, and not be ashamed of wearing them. Cupping eyes or putting cups upon them can hardly be of permanent value, whoever may recommend it.

DERIVATION OF "LADY."—This term, which I think ought to convey a meaning significant of purity and nobility of character, has become of late more a catch-word than anything else. Can you give us some facts with regard to its derivation?

Ans. From an English writer who has examined the subject we take the following: It is not probably generally understood that the term is compounded of two Saxon words, "leaf or laf," signifying a "loaf of bread," and "diam," to "give or to serve." It was customary in times of old for those families whom God had blessed with wealth and affluence to give away regularly a portion of "bread," and other food, to those poor families in their respective parishes and neighborhoods who might stand in need of assistance, and on such occasions the "lady" of the family, or mistress of the household, herself personally officiated, distributing with her own hands the daily or weekly dole. Hence she was called the "laf-dy," or the "bread-giver;" and in course of time this word, like many others in our English language, became abbreviated to its present expressive form of "lady." An English writer of the last century, in reference to this derivation of "lady," observes that "the meaning of this word is now as little known as the practice which gave rise to it, yet it is from that hospitable custom that to this day the ladies in this kingdom alone carve and serve the meat at their own tables."

STRAWBERRIES.—Why is this delicious fruit called "strawberries?" I can understand the significance of blackberries, cherries, raspberries, and others, but I do not see any relation be-

tween "straw" and the berry which the prefix designates.

Ans. Strawberries are so called from a custom once prevalent in England, of children stringing the fruit on straws, and carrying them about for sale, at so many "straws" for a penny.

"A SCHOOL TEACHER."—From your description of yourself we infer that you have large Secretiveness and average Language, with an excitable temperament and moderate Self-Esteem.

MEMORY.—My memory as to what I see, read, or hear is very dull. How can I cultivate this organ?

Ans. These different kinds of memory depend not upon one organ but upon many, to wit: Individuality, Form, Size, Color, Eventuality, Tune, and Language. Our work entitled "Memory, and Intellectual Improvement" explains all the organs of memory, and gives lengthly and lucid instructions how to cultivate each. The price of the work by mail, post-paid, is \$1 50.

FORCE OF CHARACTER.—What developments give force of character?

Ans. Primarily, Combativeness and Destructiveness; but Firmness, Self-Esteem, Approbativeness, and Hope, with a strong Motive-Vital temperament, greatly add to or sustain the elements of force. A *distingué* bearing comes from active Self-Esteem, Approbativeness, and Ideality.

DROWNING.—When a person is drowned, is it caused by his lungs being filled with water, or simply by suffocation?

Ans. It is altogether probable that in most cases some water is swallowed by a drowning man, which contributes to the suffocation which produces death. In the excitement attending an accident where a person is suddenly precipitated into deep water, he is liable to lose self-control and swallow considerable water in his violent convulsive breathing, and thus hasten strangulation.

What Chen Say.

SIoux CITY, IOWA.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.—*Mr. Editor:* For about twelve years—more than a third of my life—I have been a casual phrenological student. Not till lately have I thought of making any use of it except for the entertainment of myself and my personal associates. Phrenology is indeed an almost fearful truth. Its finger points like that of fate. It stands out to-day in beauty almost equal to revelation. Time continues to bless it. It has given me a self-knowledge. A similar experience crowns every earnest student thereof, and this fact accounts for the unyielding faith which its advocates have displayed in the science. Like some other beginners, however, I have a few innovations to urge. First, I can never consent to call

an organ, except in the animals, by the name of Destructiveness. Executiveness is the true term in my opinion. It impels a man to clear difficulties from his path. It is as useful in art and religion as it is in war. It makes a successful corn-field as well as a successful battle-field. I would also change the name of Mirthfulness to that of Originality. Mirth is simply one of the phases of originality. I am certain that this organ endows a person with a vast amount of original sagacity in conversation, poetry, logic, oratory, and so on. It is a union of reason and imagination. It is logic without the aid of rules. It is mockery without fear or care of consequences. I have also a new name of a heretofore overlooked organ to propose. Physiognomy has pointed out the organ for some time. However, it belongs to Phrenology. I should call it Passion. It is formed by the space between the eye and the brow. If the space is large, the organ is likewise large. But if the brow fits close and sharp over the eye, the person is phlegmatic, cold, and critical. It is, I have found, a most unerring guide in this particular, and should be added to the regular list of organs. You will observe that Passion and Language are in many respects similar. True oratory is a kind of methodical passion. For some reasons both organs might be called by one name. There are other reasons, however, for preserving a difference. Language, commonly speaking, expresses the meaning of voluble word-power only; whereas passion is the silent heart-power which, in many of the deeds of love and hate, never speak in words. I am proud of the fine appearance of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. I fancy, however, that it is becoming too much of a general magazine.

J. M. H.

[This spirit of inquiry and investigation pleases us, since it shows the earnest, progressive student in phrenological science. There are, doubtless, other organs to be discovered—perhaps many. Even those which figure on the chart may be demonstrated as compound in nature. We shall hail each well-authenticated and well-defined discovery with great satisfaction.—EDITOR A. P. J.]

EXTRAVAGANCE OF WOMEN.—How much is said and written upon this subject! Now pause a moment, my dear masculine friends, and let us compare notes. To be sure, we sometimes wear diamonds; but, my dear sir, this "single-stone" and that rich "cluster," with its opal center, tinted and rainbow-hued, cost not half so much as the regal *solitaire* sparkling upon *your* little finger! Our ribbons and laces, which look such a prodigious pile to your unfeminine eyes, could easily be bought with the money thrown away on your cigar-stumps! (By the way, we think there might be "mustache cups" invented for *smoking* as well as drinking—why not?) Our darling bonnets, though grown so lilliputian of late, we admit cost a trifle, but so do all those luxuries over the way, where *we* poor souls never care nor *dare* to enter. Our silks and satins cost less than your

broadcloth, while our boots (dear, dainty little things) are scarce half the price of your own. Now, saying nothing of your clubs, and the secret associations to which you belong, in what are not all the superfluities of our sex overbalanced by those of your own? *Where are they?*

MRS. WILKINSON.

SOME EXPERIENCES IN CANVASSING.

—A lady friend, both a contributor and subscriber, writes us from Elgin, that center of Western watch manufacture, as follows: You say you are sorry to hear of the drawbacks to my enterprises, —I am sorry also; but what I once really adopt as an object I do not spare effort to accomplish, and I believe those who work earnestly, determinedly, and perseveringly *will* succeed soon or late. I have found often in my experiences with the ways of this world, that in a present disappointment, properly understood and treated, one may frequently find the germ of future success. There is truth in the maxim which says, "We make most progress when we hasten slowly." The mushroom though of quick growth is not the most useful nor most hardy sort of vegetation.

Though I have canvassed more thoroughly and persistently this year than the last, and only succeeded, as yet, in obtaining the names I send you, I believe more firmly than ever that judicious effort in making generally known the true nature of the science, and a steady influence exerted in its favor, will obtain for it in the end an almost universal acknowledgment, and the JOURNAL a corresponding circulation in this as well as other places.

I never until now realized the diversity of human tastes and opinions, nor felt so keen a sympathy for editors in general, and the editor of the A. P. J. in particular. Truly, it is little wonder that the man who tried to please everybody pleased nobody, including himself.

One person, to whom I lent several JOURNALS, would not take it because it contained biographies of persons whom he said he "didn't *know* nor *care* anything about." I do not doubt that were you acquainted with his personal history you could entertain your readers with the biography of a "person" he *did* "care about," if you were not troubled with misgivings that too great a number, upon perusal, might raise the same objections he had done. Another person liked the biographies very much, but thought "so much talking about *Phrenology* tiresome." Another still, had come to the conclusion that there was not much real information to be gained about Phrenology by reading the JOURNAL. I told this person, who seemed to be in earnest and groping after first principles, that the science of Phrenology was by no means *new*, and that its advocate, the JOURNAL, was in its fifty-second volume, and therefore locating organs, defining the different temperaments, and otherwise rehearsing long-admitted facts would be to old readers and students as A B C to more

advanced scholars in school; but these, I further told him, were clearly and fully defined and explained in your books and charts, and having your book list and some charts, I referred him to these. He seemed interested, and whether he will pursue his research further I do not know, but I will do all I can to encourage interest and investigation.

Another class of people frequently tell me that they are "well acquainted with Phrenology—know *all* about it, in fact," and it is "only partially true," or "not worth a row of pins." In such cases I ask some questions, and generally find that this sweeping judgment is caused by a very promiscuous and superficial skimming over of Phrenology, or because of some pet prejudice disturbed, or some disagreeable truths told them by it. And not infrequently a former acquaintance with some phrenologist is put in the balance against the science, because of said phrenologist's individual peculiarities and failings (as they view them), and which they identify with the principles taught and believed by that person.

An amusing incident, which occurred when I was canvassing, will illustrate this and the difference in individual tastes at the same time. One gentleman looked at the JOURNAL and asked if "*Fowler and Wells*" were not the proprietors. I replied that Fowler had formerly been in that connection, though for some time I had not seen his name mentioned as one of the proprietors. "Well," he said, "I know all about it, then. I used to know Fowler, and I haven't the least respect for him." I urged that the JOURNAL was not a reflection of any one person's character or opinions, but was the advocate of Phrenology as a science, giving every chance for the formation of a candid judgment on the subject by not merely advancing arguments in favor of it, but also giving an impartial hearing to what might be said against it, and asked if he had ever examined it carefully for himself. He said, "Yes, thoroughly," for five or six years ago he had read several of these books, and he *knew* what "*Fowler believed*." At my request he examined the specimen number, but though seemingly pleased with it, declined with the plea of "hard times."

Well, I have said quite enough of my experiences with other people's conflicting ideas, and I have reason to think your own trials in that line, during all the years you have piloted the good bark Phrenology safe past many a Scylla and Charybdis of public opinion, would, if written, make a harrowing volume. — B. H. E.

MR. GEORGE SOULE, of the *Commercial College Journal*, of New Orleans, under the title of "QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS," prints the following:

BEST MAGAZINES AND BOOKS.—What magazine would you recommend for a young man who desires to improve himself, and whose reading hours are limited? Which is the best book published?

Ans. To your first interrogation, confining our-

selves strictly to magazine literature, and thus giving a categorical answer, we would recommend the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. This is, beyond question, the best magazine to direct the improvement of the body, the expansion of the intellect, the deepening and extending of the morals, the promoting and increasing of the knowledge and happiness of mankind, that is published in the world. The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL presents to its million readers, in each number, a perfect feast of intellectual food, all of the most healthy and palatable character.

To your second question we answer, King James' edition of the Holy Bible.

OUR MUSEUM PROJECT.—A young subscriber says: Noticing in this department of the JOURNAL a review of the sights at "389," closing with a notice of your desire to found an ethnological museum, I found that the idea created a strong desire to give you the desired half million, but one thing was lacking—the requisite "pile." As I am yet too young to be expected to "paddle my own canoe," I can't say when I shall have it; but should my muscle or brains ever make me independent of other aid, I shall be pleased to give a tenth of my income to the filling of such a museum. I have great faith in the future of Phrenology. Wishing you all the success in the world, I remain your well-wisher, G. E. H.

Literary Notices.

There is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books no less than in the faces of men, by which a skillful observer will know as well what to expect from the one as the other.—BUTLER.

A MANUAL OF ANCIENT HISTORY, from the Earliest Times to the Fall of the Western Empire. Comprising the History of Chaldea, Assyria, Media, Babylonia, Lybia, Phoenicia, Syria, Judea, Egypt, Carthage, Persia, Greece, Macedonia, Parthia, and Rome. By George Rawlinson, M.A., Camden Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford. One vol., 12mo; pp. 633; cloth. Price, \$2 50. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Would you go back to the beginning of written history? Here you have it—not exactly "in a nutshell,"—but in a handy volume, in handsome type and paper, so inviting, that, like a sweet orange, one will not put it down until he has absorbed it. Here are genealogical tables giving the pedigrees of Alexander the Great; Antipater; Antigonus; The Selucidae; The Ptolemies; also, of the Kings of Pergamus, Bithynia, Pontus, and Cappadocia; The Jewish, Maccabean, and Herodian Kings; The Julian, Claudian, Constantine, and Theodosian Roman dynasties; and the Parthian dynasties of Arsaces I., of Sanatroeces, of Artabanus II., and of Vonones II., and others. Those who are interested in these studies should read this handsome "Manual of Ancient History."

ARCHÆOLOGICAL REVIEW AND HISTORICAL REGISTER. Devoted to Archæology, Anthropology, and History. Willis De Hass, Editor and Proprietor, New York.

Paleontologists, and those interested in researches having in view the discovery of whatever may throw light upon the early history of man, will welcome this new edition to our periodical literature. The prospectus furnishes a brief survey of the field to be embraced by this Review, and from it we quote:

"The necessity for a journal devoted to the rapidly increasing interests of American Pre-Historic Archæology, Anthropology, and collateral Sciences, has long been experienced by those interested in scientific progress;—by all engaged investigating the Natural History, Antiquity, or Philosophy of Man in America. This necessity demands a medium of inter-communication between explorers, scientists, and the public. The undersigned, sensible of this great want, has determined, after free interchange of opinion with leading scientific men, to establish a journal which shall be a free and liberal exponent of the special sciences to which it will be devoted. The *Review* is not designed to meet the wants of men of science only, but all interested in the origin and antiquity of Man. These subjects now attract attention of the most advanced minds of the age. Scientists and divines, the religious and secular press, are earnestly discussing the vital questions of origin and development, now assuming such momentous importance. The *Review* will afford a medium for those who seek to gain or impart information on these absorbing issues. The *Review* will be published monthly, if subscriptions warrant; if not, quarterly; executed in the best style of typography, and illustrated, as far as practicable. Subscription, Five Dollars per annum."

We trust the undertaking will have that support which its importance so greatly merits.

FROM FOURTEEN TO FOURSORE. By Mrs. S. W. Jewett. One vol., 12mo; pp. 416; cloth. Price, \$1 50. Hurd & Houghton.

Woman is a *better* talker than man. She begins to practice with her first doll baby, and continues all through life. She is a more natural teacher than man; first teaching the child to talk, then to read, to sing, etc. Were it left for men to teach the child to talk, it would be late in life, if ever, and then not so well done. "Baby, say pa." "P—pa." "Now say ma." "M—ma," and she teases the little one for hours and days until it begins to talk. When educated for it, and practiced, she also writes as well, if not better, than men. How much is written which never sees the light we do not know—but we think not a little.

Mrs. Jewett has given us—through Messrs. Hurd & Houghton—the story of a very interesting and well-spent life, which it will be profitable for all young people to read. Read her journal, and be thankful.

BOUND, AND HOW; or, Alcohol as a Narcotic. By Charles Jewett, M.D. 12mo; paper; pp. 24. Price, 10 cents. New York: National Temperance Society.

The venerable Dr. Jewett is doing good service in the cause of Temperance. He treats the subject according to scientific principles. Read him.

REPORT of the Commissioners and Superintendents of the INDIANA HOUSE OF REFUGE to the Legislature.

This document deserves more than a passing notice, for it not only embodies in a succinct form the management and work of the past year in a State Institution, but also furnishes data relating to certain new features which have been introduced into the reformatory system adopted by the directors. The features are principally the classifying of the wayward youth according to age and propensity in "families," each family being under the supervision of a competent person who is called the "house father," and the gradual development of the better nature in the boys by means of suitable instrumentalities, kindness, good counsel, work adapted to their capacity, intellectual and moral instructing, and not a little liberty of action. It is most interesting to read the specimens of letters from boys who, having been inmates of the House, and learned "to do well," have been discharged. "One of the peculiar features," says the Report, "of the Indiana House of Refuge is that it regards the boys placed under its fostering care as sons of a common parent, breathing the same air, possessed of the same nature, inspired by the same hopes and fears, having the same substantial intelligence, subject to the same moral laws, and looking forward to the same end."

The management of this Institution have gotten hold of the right principle. It is reformation, not punishment, which is wanted in the case of juvenile offenders against law and order. Let the youth be correctly trained in the elements of truth, justice, and humanity, and the adult criminal will disappear.

A HAND-BOOK OF LEGENDARY AND MYTHOLOGICAL ART. By Clara Erskine Clement, author of "A Simple Story of the Orient." With descriptive illustrations. One vol., 12mo; pp. 497; cloth. Price, \$3 25. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

This is the best—indeed the only—work of the kind. It will prove a rich feast to artists and all lovers of art. It is a concise history of all the most notable productions of the most noted artists extant. Visitors to galleries, cathedrals, and museums may, by the aid of this hand-book, see, and understand what they see. The large number of illustrative engravings in outline give correct representations of paintings, statuary, etc., each of which, with its wonderful history, is given with sufficient fullness to be very instructive.

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD; and Master Humphrey's Clock. By Charles Dickens. People's duodecimo edition. Pp. 440; cloth. Price, \$1 50. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Everybody knows all they care to know, or are ever likely to know, about this last "mystery." Messrs. Peterson must needs add it to their catalogue to complete their People's Edition of Dickens, and this is "the end."

THE SCIENCE OF EVIL; or, First Principles of Human Action: together with Three Lectures. By Joel Moody. 12mo; pp. 342; tinted paper, fancy muslin. Price, \$1 75. Crane & Byron, Publishers, Topeka, Kansas.

As a specimen of book-making, it is a most creditable production. But what shall we say of its contents? This,—the author was no doubt brought up in severe moral restraint. He went West, breathed the free air of the great prairies, and began to think. He then began to write. Here are the subjects of his thoughts—in chapters: The Eternity of Evil; Perfection of Man Forever Impossible; Diversity in Unity; Matter and Force; The Origin of Morals and Science; How Theology Evolves Science; Special Evils; The Social Evil; Salvation and Damnation before Birth; Sunday; Prayer. The theology of this author is not orthodox. Judged by his writings, it would require a religious engine of more than forty-horse power to start him in the right direction. If there are any earnest exhorters in Topeka, we commend them to try their powers on Mr. Joel Moody, the author of "The Science of Evil." They will find a "hard case."

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ALFRED TENNYSON, Poet Laureate. Numerous Illustrations. One vol., octavo; pp. 308. Price, \$1 25. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Besides his complete poems, we have the following, set to music, in an appendix of 54 pages: The Lights and Shadows Fly; Vine, Vine, and Eglantine; Gone! Gone till the End of the Year; The Frost is Here; Birds' Love and Birds' Song; Where is Another Sweet as my Sweet; The Mist and the Rain; Winds are Loud and You are Dumb; Two Little Hands that Meet; Sun Comes, Moon Comes; Lights so Low upon Earth. Portraits of the author, with an engraved view of his residence, is given in this edition.

DISTINGUISHED WOMEN.—MR. PRANG, of Boston, has published a group embracing likenesses of **LCRETIA MOTT, ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, SUSAN B. ANTHONY, LYDIA MARIA CHILD, GRACE GREENWOOD, MARY A. LIVERMORE, and ANNA E. DICKINSON,** titled *Representative Women*. The price of the picture is \$5, and may be ordered through this office.

AFTER DARK. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins, author of "The Woman in White," etc. One vol. octavo; pp. 195; paper. Price 75 cents. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brother.

A suggestive title, which, with the name of this versatile author, will no doubt sell the book. It is all about that sort of injudicious, may we not say inordinate, love which never did run smooth.

OLIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE—Our Boys and Girls—formerly once a week, now monthly—Boston: Lee & Shepard—is \$3 50 a year, and well worth twice the sum for those who would keep up with the times.

HEATH'S GREATLY IMPROVED AND ENLARGED INFALLIBLE GOVERNMENT COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR AT SIGHT. The only Infallible Method of Detecting Counterfeit, Spurious, and Altered Bank Notes, Government Bonds, etc. Applicable to all Banks in the United States and Canadas, as now in Circulation, or that may be Issued. With Genuine Designs from the original Government Plates. By authority from the United States Treasury Department, and the American, National, and Continental Bank Note Cos., New York and Boston. Banking House and Counting House edition. One vol., octavo; pp. 100 or less. Price, \$10. Boston: Laban Heath & Co.

We would vote for a law to imprison for life every counterfeiter. We would thus place him where his services would result in something useful, if not ornamental. The book under notice is probably the best in print. —

STORIES AND TALES. By Hans Christian Andersen, author of "Wonder Stories Told for Children." Illustrated by M. L. Stone and V. Pederson. Author's edition. One vol., 12mo; pp. 532; cloth. Price, \$3 25. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

Always refined, chaste, just, and exceedingly entertaining and instructive, this author teaches valuable lessons in kindness, good nature, affection, and in nearly all the interests of life. It is such a work as will please every member of the family, from the youngest to the oldest. What a fund of thought, experience, and suggestion is here! Indeed, parents, teachers, and others need never want for conversational topics, or the means of entertainment with this book within reach.

WE have received the Twenty-second Annual Catalogue and Report of the **NEW ENGLAND FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE**, for 1870, by which it appears that during the term of 1869-70 there were twenty-three students in attendance, of whom five graduated. A long list of the patrons of the College who have paid twenty dollars or more is annexed, by which it appears that upward of five hundred and sixty persons are interested in this substantial way in the cause of medical education for women. A new and handsome building was lately dedicated to the purposes of this Institution in Boston. —

A TEXT-BOOK OF ELEMENTARY CHEMISTRY, Theoretical and Inorganic. By George F. Baker, M.D., Professor of Physiological Chemistry in Yale College. One vol., 12mo; pp. 342; cloth. Price, \$1 75. New Haven: Charles C. Chatfield.

Education and book-making are combined in the Elm City. Old Yale has educated and sent out many of the finest intellects that grace society. And now, the young and vigorous firm of **CHARLES C. CHATFIELD AND COMPANY** are publishing some of the best books in the English language. Elementary Chemistry is destined to have a popular run wherever that most useful science is taught. Well written, well illustrated, well printed, and nicely bound, we congratulate all concerned in this useful enterprise.

THE PRAIRIE FARMER ANNUAL for 1871. Containing valuable information for Western Farmers, Fruit Growers, and Housewives. Together with a List of Implement Manufacturers and Dealers, Seedsmen, Nurserymen, Stock-Breeders, etc. With illustrations. 12mo; pp. 144; paper. 50 cts. Prairie Farmer Co., Chicago.

A good thing for those for whom it is intended. Indeed, the information which it contains is well-nigh indispensable to farmers. It will prove an incentive to judicious improvements.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE CURE OF INEBRIATES. Proceedings of the First Meeting, held in New York, November 29th and 30th, 1870. Printed by order of the Association, by H. B. Ashmead, Philadelphia.

This document is an important one in the interest of Temperance reform, embodying as it does the views of many eminent physicians on the subject of alcoholic beverages. The essays read at the first meeting form a valuable contribution to Temperance literature, and we shall have occasion to refer to them in our department of Physiology.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION made to the Secretary of the Interior for the year 1870, with accompanying papers. One octavo volume; pp. 579. Washington, D. C.

Mr. John Eaton, Jr., Commissioner of Education, will please accept our thanks for a copy of this most excellent report. Americans have good reason to give their cordial support to every measure calculated to advance our popular educational system, until it shall include every child born within these United States. —

SCIENTIFIC ADDRESSES. By Prof. Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S., Royal Institution. One vol., 12mo; pp. 74; paper. Price, 25 cents. New Haven: Charles C. Chatfield.

No. 5 of the University Series. Prof. Tyndall is one of the bright and shining lights in the galaxy of modern science. Those who read him will learn something. —

MAD MONKTON; and other Stories. By Wilkie Collins, author of "Man and Wife," etc. One vol., octavo; pp. 132; paper. Price, 50 cts. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

It is more of the same sort, viz., clandestine marriages, love and lucre, mismatches, etc. In short, it is more of Mr. Wilkie Collins.

COMMON SENSE vs. Judicial Legislation; being the Review of a Law recently enacted by the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. By a Layman. 12mo; pp. 34; paper. New York: G. F. Putnam & Sons.

Lawyers and legislators will find it useful to peruse this "hard hit" at absurd law making.

THE SEALED PACKET. A Novel. By T. Adolphus Trollope, author of "Garstang Grange," etc. One vol., 12mo; pp. 407; cloth. Price, \$1 75; paper, \$1 50. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The curiosity to pry into anything that is hidden is great. Novel readers will, of course, be ill at ease till they have looked into this "sealed packet."

WE have received the REPORT of the Superintendent and Physician of the NEW YORK STATE INEBRIATE ASYLUM for the year 1870, and find it a most interesting document, especially with regard to the statistics of intemperance which it tabulates. The whole number of patients received into the Asylum in 1870 was 230; the number discharged during the year 208. Of the 230 received, 113 were periodical drinkers, 92 were constant drinkers, and 15 users of opium. About 30 per cent. are free patients.

AN ESSAY ON FOOD AND DRINK. With Some of the Principal Laws that Govern Health and Life. To which is added some Providences, as witnessed by Christian Ministers. Arranged and compiled by James R. Keffer. Pamphlet. 12mo; pp. 10. Journal Press, Muscatine, Iowa.

THE AMERICAN NATURALIST, published by the Peabody Academy of Science, Salem, Mass., for February, contains the usual amount of scientific research in Natural History. Monthly. Price, \$4 a year.

BIENNIAL REPORT of the Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of Arkansas, for the Two Years ending September 30th, 1870. Octavo; pp. 77; paper. Little Rock: Price & Barton.

Mr. Thomas Smith, Superintendent, gives us a hopeful view of educational prospects in this young rich State.

WESTERN KENTUCKY—Above Ground and Below; or, A Trip to the Mammoth Cave. Written by T. J. M., author of "The Unfinished Wedding," etc. Paper. Price, 25 cts. Albion Job Press Company, Albion, Ill.

An interesting pamphlet. In our next number we purpose to print the long-promised sketch of the great cave.

SIR HARRY HOTSPUR of Humblethwaite. By Anthony Trollope, author of "The Vicar of Bullhampton," etc. Illustrated. One vol., octavo; pp. 112; paper. Price, 50 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

No. 354 of Harper's Library of Select Novels. A spirited love story, intended to stir up the—sinful—affections of morbid men and morbid women. But it is no worse than the majority of such stories, which are written to sell.

FRANK SPENCER'S RULE OF LIFE, and How it Led to his Prosperity. Founded on Fact. By John W. Kirton, author of "Buy Your Own Cherries," etc. One vol., 12mo; pp. 179; cloth. Price, 50 cents. New York: National Publication Society.

A capital book for boys; intended to encourage and to inspire right thoughts and right actions.

HANS BREITMANN AS A UHLAN, with other New Ballads. By Charles G. Leland, author of "Hans Breitmann's Party," etc. Pamphlet, octavo; pp. 47. Price, 75 cents. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

This is the fourth series of the Breitmann ballads, and will be as highly relished by the fun-loving Germans as by the Yankees. Mr. Leland has evidently found his "sphere" in literature.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL

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[WHOLE No. 382.

May, 1871.



EDWARD HARRIS,

THE EMINENT MANUFACTURER, OF WOONSOCKET, R. I.

IN the organization of this gentleman there are several striking peculiarities. In the first place, he has marked activity, which belongs to both body and mind. Another trait is his physical tenacity and endurance, which im-

presses with an emphatic power all that he does. He is not one of the mellow and pliant kind, but of that character which adapts surrounding conditions to his own will and purposes. The vine takes form according to the trellis or the tree to which it clings; the hammer compels the iron to take shape under its influence; the rasp and file affect the objects on which they act; and some characters are impressed upon life and its duties in such a manner as to shape everything to their purposes.

This gentleman is a natural controller. Those excessively large perceptive organs which give such great length as well as such overhanging prominence to the forehead, contribute a great degree of judgment in relation to the quality, condition, and substance of things. That is the kind of development which gives off-hand practical sense, qualifying a man to be an inspector of lumber, leather, iron, cloth, land, and of anything which men deal in. He would have excelled also in physiology, natural history, natural philosophy, mechanics, or practical mathematics. Observe how full the head as it rises from the root of the nose to the hair. That central line is sharp, indicating great memory of facts, places, and things, and power of analysis, criticism, and discrimination. He also has first-rate judgment of human nature, and though he probably never flatters and seldom uses bland and mellow measures, he handles men as skillfully as the pianist does the keys of his instrument. He knows what men can do; where to find them; how to call out their best traits and suppress their worst ones.

The height of the head from the forehead backward indicates large Benevolence—kindliness and broad liberality of view and feeling; strong veneration for greatness, goodness, eminence, and truth. The great height of the head from the

opening of the ear shows Firmness in a very large degree; his will is not only his own law but a law unto others. A natural governor, his word is not disputed as to its truthfulness or sincerity. He is cautious without being timid. He is frank almost to a fault; goes straight forward in his efforts; can be understood and read like a book; has few if any concealments. His conscience leads him to act without favor, except where poverty or weakness or ignorance needs to be favored. Then he is gentle and generous; but strong, healthy men are expected to do their duty promptly and thoroughly. His head is well developed back of the ears, showing a strong social disposition; he is a natural friend; men trust him, believe in him, for his heart as well as for his head. We much mistake if, while he is eminently a self-made man, he has not afforded the means for making many others—of opening their way to success and fortune.

He understands boys; sees the man in them; knows how to awaken truth and develop it. We see the teacher in that head; we discern the power to get knowledge, the power to hold it, and the power to impart it, all three qualities in rare measure.

Conspicuous among the names of the most enterprising of the New England manufacturers for more than a quarter of a century stands that of Edward Harris. His woolen fabrics have for years claimed the attention of the American people because of their unsurpassed excellence; their popularity is evinced practically enough by the extent and number of the mills employed in their production. To him more than to any other American manufacturer of cassimeres is due the successful removal of the prestige once so prevalent against domestic cloths, and the resultant building up of a most important manufacturing interest.

He deserves mention in our pages, not only on account of his great business enterprise, but also on account of his lofty character as a man, and the noble use to which he has

applied a large part of the profits of his business.

He was born on the 3d of October, 1801, near Lime Rock, Rhode Island. His parents subsequently removed to Dutchess County, New York, where they remained until about the year 1818, when, actuated by the spirit for Western emigration which was at that time beginning to be felt, they removed to Ohio, and settled in Ashtabula County. His youth and early manhood, like that of most of the enterprising young men of his time, were spent in the routine duties of farm life, attendance at the district school, and in teaching. When twenty-two years of age he left Ohio and returned to Rhode Island, and there entered the counting-room of an uncle, William Harris, who was a manufacturer of cotton goods. A clerkship in a large mill being offered him, he left his uncle and entered upon its functions, and with so much success that in a comparatively short time he rose to the position of manager.

At thirty years of age young Harris determined to make a start in business for himself. Having saved upward of twenty-five hundred dollars from his earnings, which amount was increased by one thousand more received from his father, he secured the control of a small woolen mill, situated at Woonsocket, on the Blackstone River, and, in company with another, commenced the manufacture of that species of cloth known as satinet. Owing to a sudden and heavy decline in the price of wool soon after this venture, Mr. Harris lost the greater part of his capital; and seeing no immediate course to pursue for the retrieval of his fortune, left his partner to manage the satinet factory, and returned to his former place as superintendent of the Albion Mill. The next year, however, a marked advance in the price of fabrics such as he manufactured put him on his feet, and laid the foundation of his princely fortune.

In 1837 Mr. Harris dissolved his partnership relations, and continued his milling enterprise alone. We are indebted to a co-temporary for the following details relating to his progressive operations.

In 1836 he had erected a new stone mill, five stories high, which is known as Mill No. 2, the original factory, or Mill No. 1, being still operated by him, and now contains two

sets of machinery and thirteen looms. About this time he began to manufacture what are called merino cassimeres, but which were soon superseded by fancy cassimeres, first made in these mills in December, 1842.

In 1844 another factory was built, and in the following year a fourth structure, of six stories, was erected. These four mills are known as the "Old Works," and contain an equivalent of thirty-six sets of cards, one hundred and forty-six looms, fifty-four spinning-jacks, with eleven thousand spindles, about thirty gigs, ten shearing-machines, forty fulling-hammers, and produce an average of twelve thousand yards of cassimeres each week.

The continued expansion of his business demanded even further facilities in the way of the production of his fabrics; and responsive to the pressure Mr. Harris, in 1860, laid the foundations of the most extensive woolen mill known in the United States. This structure is of brick, five stories in height, and has an average width of sixty feet, with an average depth or length of over four hundred feet. Among its equipments are eight self-operating mules, of three hundred and thirty-six spindles each, which were imported from Europe, and thirty-five sets of forty-eight inch cards, one hundred and forty broad looms, equal to two hundred and eighty narrow, forty fulling-hammers, and other equivalent machinery. The motive power is supplied by a Corliss engine of one hundred and seventy-five horse-power, and an immense water-wheel twenty-eight feet wide and forty feet in diameter.

In connection with this mill are a brick dye-house, a boiler and engine-house, and in the immediate vicinity is a foundry, a blind and sash factory, besides boarding-houses for the operatives, and forty tenement houses. Taken altogether, we regard this as one of the most extensive and interesting manufacturing establishments in the world.

The system pursued throughout the numerous departments of the works is most admirable, securing the highest attainments in the grades of cloth produced. Every yard of fabric undergoes careful scrutiny, and nothing is allowed to go into the market which is in any respect defective. Five weeks are required for the conversion of raw

wool into cloth, and two or three more in reducing it to that finished condition in which it appears on the counter of the merchant. Upward of three hundred different styles of woolen fabrics are manufactured by Mr. Harris.

His mode of conducting his business has always been distinguished for its peculiar adherence to the strictest line of honesty. He is so much above the usual influence of wealth that he has never hesitated to sacrifice his pecuniary interests whenever they conflicted with his conscientious convictions of duty. A singular exhibition of self-confidence and individual responsibility was his requiring the commission merchant in New York who sold his goods to agree, in writing, to place all notes received for the sale of Harris' goods in a separate package, and hold them as a special deposit, not to be used without his consent first obtained, under penalty of punishment in the State Prison. It is said

that before the late war he refused credit of more than six months when others gave eight, and yet, when the rebellion commenced, and others declined all credits, he allowed a credit of three months. All of these positions were taken on far-sighted and, as it proved, sound views of the commercial situation.

That he is not grasping and sordid in any sense is not only well shown in the conduct of his business affairs, and in the generous relations subsisting between himself and his employes, but also in his numerous acts of public benevolence. He erected and gave to the town of Woonsocket a handsome block of buildings for the establishment of a free library and lyceum.

As a New Englander, he may be regarded in physique and mind a noble representative of that forceful propelling class of men whose genius underlies and substantially vindicates the elevation of American character.

"I WOULDN'T BE A PHRENOLOGIST."—WHY NOT?

WHEN the writer entered the phrenological field as a lecturer he was severely criticised by his brethren in the church for engaging in such a profession. Indeed, the day was appointed by the church to investigate the subject as a misdemeanor. But some of the brethren, disposed to "prove all things and hold fast that which is good," proposed to have a course of lectures on the subject, to ascertain the nature, the drift, the tendency, and the morality, not to say religious tendencies, of Phrenology; and *then*, if necessary, proceed to the investigation of the propriety of a Christian man engaging in a profession at that time largely "spoken against." The lectures were delivered, the minister himself as well as the whole congregation being present. All the public examinations were made by the lecturer blindfold, because he was acquainted with all his auditors. Nothing further was heard of the inquisition, and most of those who interested themselves in the subject have since become cordial believers and firm supporters of Phrenology.

Now, what relation does the study and

practice of Phrenology—the belief in and support of it—bear to other vocations? What is the meaning of the word Phrenology? Many persons do not stop to ascertain that the two Greek words—*φῆν*, *phren*, mind, and *λογος*, *logos*, discourse—of which this term is composed mean a discourse upon the mind. Phrenology teaches the nature, the tendency, and the proper training of every power of the mind; of every passion and propensity; of every sentiment, esthetical and religious. It is a system of mental philosophy. It grasps the intellect in all its varied powers. In short, the MAN, in his social, secular, animal, intellectual, and moral nature, is the topic of its investigation, the field of its labor. Who, then, shall call it unworthy? Who shall think it of less importance than any other? Indeed, rightly understood and properly treated, it need not bow its head in the presence of any of the other professions.

The architect plans houses and bridges, and for this society needs and rewards him. The builder, with his adze, saw, and chisel, follows the architect, and produces in stone,

brick, wood, and iron the ideal of the architect, and we have houses to dwell in and bridges to span our rivers. The machinist constructs the instruments of industry which do our work, and his machine weaves our cloth, hammers our iron, saws our timber and planes it, and draws our weighty trains over the iron track. But these blessings come to the body, and, indirectly only, minister to mind and soul; they are still outside the man himself. He that constructs the house builds the outer garment. He that constructs the coat and hat is still working at the outer garments. Such are ministrants of the body. The physician himself, called to aid in treating the sick, treats the body, just as the tailor and the shoemaker minister also to the body, though the physician comes a little nearer home. But if the physician deals with the body in sickness, the grain producer, the miller, and the baker also minister to the body in health. All are servants of the body. The teacher trains the intellect, and the major part of his labor bears the same relation to mind that the grindstone does to the axe, simply sharpens it for use. The province of the lawyer is to settle the quarrels and difficulties and to adjust the secular rights of men. All these are more or less external. The teacher's duties are more intrinsic than those of the lawyer; still the lawyer's proper duties are useful and indispensable. So are the teacher's and the physician's. The minister of religion is acknowledged to rank among the first, or as the first among men, because his functions relate to this life and to the life to come—to the welfare of the soul as well as of the body. In fact, if the clergy, as a class, knew five times as much about the body as they now do, and would preach to their people the gospel of physiology, so that they might have sound minds in sound bodies, that they might be more successfully led in the path of righteousness and holiness, it would be better for the human race. Abstract theology is good,—so is the roof to a house,—but it needs something to go with it to make it in the highest degree serviceable.

What is the function of the PHRENOLOGIST? What is the material on which he works? He must be a physiologist, and must know and teach that which the doctor knows, and ought to teach, but in far too

many instances does not. He must study the intellect in all its phases, that he may guide people to the right use of the mind in the various directions of science, industry, and usefulness. He should appreciate the moral and the spiritual, and in the administration of his profession should know how to use these elements in a normal manner, so that if he does not preach theology *per se*, he can lead people quite up to the point where theology can be understood and accepted. But the true phrenologist is also a theologian, teaching men not only that which relates to the physical life but also to the spiritual life. All the social faculties which bring to us happiness and unhappiness, through which, indeed, both the smiles and tears of the world flow, come within the scope of phrenological investigation. Every passion and propensity, every hope and fear, every ray of light and joy, every flash of wit, every scintillation of sentiment, every aspiration for the good, the true, the beautiful, belongs to the sphere of phrenological investigation and instruction. Other professions are partial and fragmentary. Take the mathematician; he addresses himself to three or four faculties only. Take the mechanic; he may be wise in the direction of four or five faculties, and there his study practically ceases. The theologian has hitherto dealt mainly with the moral faculties. The teacher thinks he has finished his work when he has instructed the intellect; the physician, when his patient recovers his health; the lawyer, when he has adjusted our differences, or rectified the blunders and mistakes of ignorance and selfishness, regards his task as accomplished. When the clothier or carpenter have clothed and sheltered the body, they congratulate themselves on receipt of their compensation, and that they have fulfilled their duties.

But the phrenologist has to do with faculties through which and toward which all these professions minister. As he deals with every faculty, and others have to do with a portion of them only, as every interest that belongs to the body, mind, and soul come under the administration of the phrenologist, if he be a true man, well instructed in all that belongs to his vocation, there is no one who should rank higher, because no one has so much to do with the weal and woe of men.

If any reader thinks Phrenology is a small profession, let him rectify his opinion from this hour. If weak or wicked men in the phrenological field have disgraced themselves and damaged the science and its application, it should not be the standard for judging all. One in twelve, perhaps, of phrenological teachers may have disgraced themselves and their subject, but the eleven should not be condemned for one Judas. Those who work in the phrenological cause, and those who contemplate entering it, if they will for a moment consider the importance of the sub-

ject, the material with which they have to deal, viz., the bodies and souls, the intellect, the affection and the sentiment of humanity, that no other has so wide, so interesting, and so important a vocation, let him stand erect and be thankful for a field of effort second to none in importance, in value, and dignity. And let it be his privilege, as it is his duty, to faithfully work in that field, and by culture of head and of heart make himself worthy his high vocation, that it may be said of him at last, "Well done, good and faithful servant! Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

Physiognomy, or Signs of Character.

Of the soul, the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.—Spenser.

OBSERVATION AN ELEMENT OF SUCCESS.

BY WM. M. THAYER.

SELF-MADE men are generally keen observers. They "study men, and not books," as Patrick Henry did. Not that they neglect books and make no use of them; but books are not their chief aid to success. All the books in the world would not make them successful without *observation* and kindred qualities by which the nature, tendency, and relation of things are known. Call it discrimination, discernment, penetration, if you will, we mean all this by observation—these being but different modes of the same power. The Arabian tale of the dervise will illustrate our meaning precisely.

A dervise was traveling through a desert alone, when two merchants met him.

"You have lost a camel," said he to the merchants.

"Indeed, we have," they answered.

"Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?" inquired the dervise.

"He was, certainly," replied the merchants.

"Had he not lost a front tooth?" inquired the dervise still further.

"He had," rejoined the men, somewhat surprised.

"And was he not loaded with honey on one side and wheat on the other?"

"Surely he was," they answered, thinking they were about to recover the lost animal; "and since you have seen him so lately, and

marked him so particularly, you can, in all probability, conduct us unto him."

"My friends," responded the dervise, "I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him but from you."

"A pretty story, truly," said the merchants; "but where are the jewels which formed a part of his cargo?"

"I have neither seen your camel nor jewels," repeated the dervise.

By this time the suspicions of the merchants were aroused, and they seized the dervise, hurried him into court, and tried in vain to convict him of robbery. Failing in that, they had him arrested and tried as a sorcerer; but to no purpose. He was acquitted, when he thus addressed the court:

"I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long and alone, and I can find ample scope for observation even in a desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route. I knew that the animal was blind in one eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of the path. I perceived that it was lame in one leg, from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand. I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth,

because, wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage was left uninjured in the center of its bite. As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on the one side, and the clustering flies that it was honey on the other."

That is what we mean by observation. Successful men, whether merchants, artisans, philosophers, or statesmen, possess it; and not a few persons regard them as the favorites of fortune—very *lucky* toilers in contrast with the host of "unfortunates" around. Many people seem to think that *luck* constitutes the chief difference between successful men and the opposite class, unless it is where a sort of legerdemain or sorcery lifts them to the highest pinnacle of fame. This is a very superficial view of life and labor, and he who entertains it is doomed to failure. The inspired penman was right when he declared, "*The wise man's eyes are in his head*"—not in his elbows or feet, though multitudes act as if they were. In other words, the "wise man" is a careful observer; he possesses this faculty of comprehending the nature and reason of things. He views things as he ought, both in business and morals. His eyes being just where they ought to be, and being used just as they should be used, the result is good—success. Not that observation alone insures success; but this is one of the leading, indispensable elements of success. One man possesses a higher type of it than another by nature; but all may cultivate it as they cultivate other powers.

In daily life, we notice a striking difference among men at this point. Ten men observe a steam-engine only to admire its novelty, while one studies each valve and screw until he understands, in a good degree, the principle on which it is constructed. Ten travelers pass through the country without noticing special peculiarities, while one observes each tree, flower, hill, valley, and river. One purchaser discovers the least defect in the cloth or other article which he is buying, while another makes a purchase without noticing defects at all. One reader skims over a book, catching only its general drift, while another criticises style, expression, and thought; is rapt with its beauties and sensitive to its faults. One scholar commits his lessons parrot-like, with little or no disposition to understand the *whys* and *wherefores*, while another studies and inquires until he comprehends the *reason* of all that he learns; one masters each branch of study, and the other does not.

In these and kindred examples there can be

traced the prominence and use of this faculty clear back to childhood. Newton was the youthful inventor of the kite and windmill. Other boys knew how to use them; he knew how to *make* them. Others cared only for the sport which they furnished; he cared for the principles behind the sport. Galileo was a toy-mender in his boyhood. All the boys in the neighborhood resorted to him for assistance when their toys were reduced to wrecks. He knew just how to repair them; they did not. The power of observation was large in him, but small in them.

The celebrated Ferguson owed his triumph as much to observation as to any one thing. In his boyhood he learned how to make a clock by examining his father's. Then he desired to know how to construct a watch. He could not comprehend the motion-principle of the watch, though he knew something of its mechanism. About that time a gentleman was passing his father's house, on horseback, and stopped to inquire the way of young Ferguson. After giving the information required, the lad asked the traveler what time it was. He was told, when Ferguson asked for the privilege of looking into the watch. His curiosity was gratified, when the boy inquired:

"What makes that box go round?"

"A steel spring," replied the gentleman.

"How can a steel spring in a box turn it around so as to wind up all the chain?" inquired the lad. His question was answered, but the boy said, "I don't see through it yet."

"Well, my young friend," continued the accommodating gentleman, "take a long, thin piece of whalebone; hold one end of it fast between your finger and thumb, and wind it around your finger; it will then endeavor to unwind itself; and if you fix the other end of it to the inside of a small hoop, and leave it to itself, it will turn the hoop round and round, and wind up a thread tied to the outside."

The whole thing was plain to him now. He went to work and constructed a wooden watch, which he put into a case about the size of a tea-cup.

To be sure, these are remarkable cases; but an observation akin to the foregoing is indispensable to success in every pursuit. Each calling of life opens a wide field for its exercise. It aids the merchant, as it did the late Amos Lawrence, to understand the market and signs of the times; to read the characters of customers, and avoid impostors; and to master the laws of trade. A merchant will accomplish little without it.

In morals it is no less important. It enables the young man to see the tendency of particular acts; to understand that vicious courses are the result of departure from certain fixed and well-understood principles. Amos Lawrence, —to whom allusion has been made,—one of the merchant princes of Boston twenty years ago, once wrote as follows to a college student about five boys who were in the store at Groton with him in his youth :

"The five boys were in the habit, every forenoon, of making a drink compounded of rum, raisins, sugar, nutmeg, etc., with biscuit, to eat and drink. After being in the store four weeks I found myself admonished by my appetite of the approach of the hour for indulgence. Thinking the habit might make trouble if allowed to grow stronger, without further apology to my seniors, I declined partaking with them. My first resolution was to abstain for a week, and when the week was out, for a month, and then for a year. Finally, I resolved to abstain for the rest of my apprenticeship, which was for five years longer. During that whole period I never drank a spoonful, though I mixed gallons daily (liquors were sold in the store) for my old master and his customers. I decided not to be a slave to tobacco in any form, though I loved the odor of it. I have never smoked a cigar; never chewed but one quid, and that was before I was fifteen; and never took an ounce of snuff, though the scented rappee of forty years ago had great charms for me. Now, I say, to this simple fact of starting *just right* am I indebted, with God's blessing on my labors, for my present position, as well as that of the numerous connections around me."

There we have it. Observation taught him the consequences of tippling. He saw that dallying with the incipient allurements to vice might lead to intemperance; and he wisely decided not to run the risk. His companions did not thus observe the drift of particular acts, and they went to ruin.

The same is true of other forms of evil. In our populous towns and cities there are large numbers of young men ruined because they thought only of present gratification instead of future results. The billiard-table, gaming-board, theater, and kindred allurements, multiply their victims with the assistance of that lack of discernment or discrimination which fails to mark the legitimate tendency of such amusements. Keener observation would have shown this class that the needle does not point to the pole more certainly than these things

lead to vice and ruin. No wonder that "one in four of young men who go to the city for a fortune turn out badly!"

By the scale of a fish Agassiz can tell to what species of the finny tribe it belongs. By a piece of a bone or a single tooth Owen will describe the animal of which it was once a part. So the "wise man," whose "eyes are in his head," as the highest authority declares, predicts that particular acts will lead inevitably to certain results.

A BUST OF LORD BYRON.

OUR friend, Mr. Wisner H. Townsend, of this city, has deposited in our cabinet temporarily a marble bust purporting to be a likeness of the great poet. Its history is obscure; it is not known who was the artist or under what circumstances it was made. We are not aware that there is any cast of the head of Byron extant, or that one was ever taken of him. There are models, but they are colossal or miniature.

In this bust the hair is arranged in masses an inch thick on each side; yet around these masses of hair the whole does not measure twenty-one inches in circumference. Hence we infer that it is an ideal head, so far as size is concerned. It may be Byron in miniature, and just as correct a likeness as those which are made in the usual manner, larger than life. In our collection of busts there are, perhaps, half a dozen specimens from models, while the remainder are casts from living heads, and represent their exact size. Byron is said to have worn a small hat; but a hat does not go usually very low down on the head, and thus measures around the upper section only. His Cautiousness was doubtless small, as indicated in the head, as it was in his character. We should expect the head would be narrow at those points and upward. In this bust this narrowness at Caution and the sloping off at Conscientiousness is specially conspicuous, and the head widens toward the region of the ears wonderfully; and this is in harmony with the character of Byron, indicating fierceness of temper and rashness of character and conduct, without a high regard for moral principle. Self-Esteem and Firmness are well represented. The strong social nature, especially Amativeness, is amply indicated;

and the large neck, the prominent chin, the pouting eye, the rolling lip, and that stern and severe element of character which belonged to him, are fairly represented in the face. If it be a likeness, it is only about two-thirds the proper size for the head and face of the great poet. We regard it as unworthy the original, either as a work of art or as a likeness.

Before the age of photography, a general resemblance was all the world could claim,

but now we demand accuracy of detail in portraiture; and since Phrenology has claimed public attention, the actual size of the head, and the proper proportions of the head and face, are regarded as matters of importance for the sculptor's consideration. Therefore a bust, though ever so carefully chiseled, should be of the natural size in order to be valuable; unless it is made for some lofty niche where the heroic size is required.

Department of Religion and Psychology.

Know,

Without or star, or angel, for their guide,
Who worships God shall find him.—*Young's Night Thoughts.*

The soul, the mother of deep fears, of high hopes infinite;
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears, of sleepless inner night.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

SUGGESTIONS TO PUBLIC SPEAKERS, PARTICULARLY MINISTERS.

BY REV. S. H. PLATT, A.M.

IN the analysis made, in the March number of this magazine, of the pulpit and platform ability of Dr. Talmadge, five or six points were noted to which we again call attention, for the sake of the practical suggestions which occur in connection with them; and we will consider them in the order then given.

The first was defined as an "impersonation of the *esprit du corps*" of military bodies, etc., and is a compound of self-esteem and enthusiasm. If the enthusiasm be forceful enough to communicate itself to the audience, the addition of large self-esteem in the speaker will give increased zest to the service; but if the enthusiasm be defective, the self-esteem will be looked upon as vain conceit; while if both be present, there will be a captivating *éclat* in the incidents which will prepare the way for substantial good.

That the professional stiltedness which passes for dignity does much to erect barriers between the pulpit and pews, which the social means of grace fail to break down, is undeniable. Therefore if the minister can find a way, not to lower his dignity, but to transform it from starched rigidity or rut formality into genial business-like effectiveness, which relies for respect upon character and aims rather than mannerisms, he will vastly

increase his usefulness by getting nearer to the hearts of the people.

Self-assertion, as a quality either natural or acquired, is of great value to the public speaker. Self-possession may be a merely negative state, arising from obtuseness too dull to see embarrassments, or constitutional insensibility too great to feel them; but self-assertion may be keenly alive to all disturbing influence, while holding the helm so steadily in hand that its triumphs are most marked amid the fiercest gusts of the tempest. The minister may not often be called to stand, as did Mr. Beecher, in England, during the great Rebellion, before a yelling mob of frantic partisans, and quell them by a matchless presence, which all the billows of their rage could never move, and master them by the peerless art which deftly stole their hearts while they were all unconscious of the larceny; but the occasions are not infrequent when the projection of a commanding and consecrated selfhood upon the foreground of the platform will call in thoughts that fly away from abstract truth, and chain attentions which waver before theological dogmas.

Nor should this fact be disregarded by him who aims at the largest usefulness. For what are the peculiarities of our individu-

ality of thought and manner given but that they, as an embodied self, may work results?

To him who has a practical faith in the arrangements of God's providence, there is an ever-present authorization to identify himself as a chosen agent of the Most High in all the services which he renders, and to draw from such self-recognition all the encouragement and inspiration which the assurance is calculated to impart.

If I have been chosen to do this particular work, it is because the Master sees in me some special adaptation to it. Why, then, may I not conclude I am equal to the undertaking? And with this calm assurance of sufficiency, surely I shall be far more likely to do the work well than if burdened by a consciousness of inadequacy or tormented by a fear of failure.

The use of startling phrases and extravagant statements, when not in themselves objectionable on the ground of irreverence or untruthfulness, may often be serviceable, particularly to them whose thoughts run in channels too deep for popular appreciation, or whose delivery is too soporific for general wakefulness. To many congregations the dropping here and there of a percussion phrase would be a perfect godsend in breaking up the dreary monotony of nasalized orthodoxy, or lifting off the numbness produced by an hour's unvarying orotund; for if the flexibility of nature has not been utterly destroyed by the tight-laced stays of professional intonation, such things cannot be uttered without some marked departure from the beaten track.

Yet it should not be forgotten that the occasional jolt which suffices to keep the stage-coach passengers awake, if repeated at too short intervals, becomes provocative of roistering mirth on the part of those who, by youth and vigor, are brimful of spirit, while equally tending to the discomfort, if not disgust, of those who, by age and trials, have little energy left. Hence, the habitual use of these elocutionary or temperamental cobblestones in the highway of pulpit utterance should be guarded with the utmost care, lest a state of mind be induced directly the reverse of impressible or tractable.

Imaginative conception and rhetorical expression are not necessarily found together.

The last is always pleasing, except it be brought to bear upon one of those crisis occasions when every word should be a lightning bolt and every sentence a thunder peal. Then, any attempt at rhetorical display is like wrapping the whetted sword-blade of the charging dragoon with the silken scarf of holiday parade. But at other times the flowing drapery of rhythmic terms and the modulated harmony of written speech are but the graceful setting of the pearl-thoughts which seek expression.

A rhetorical faculty is therefore ever a desirable accomplishment in him whose mission it is to "persuade men." But valuable as this is, the possession of a lively imagination is of far greater worth. The power to apprehend and utter truth is, in its results, so largely dependent upon ability to illustrate truth, that the first is practically almost neutralized in the absence of the last. The prime element in the use of illustrations being imagination, it follows, therefore, that this faculty is of first importance to all who hope for the acceptance and appreciation of the truths which they declare.

Illustrate, illustrate, illustrate, illustrate, should be written upon the four study walls of every minister. And the more profound his thoughts and didactic his method, the more carefully should he train his imagination to frequent illustration, since oftentimes a train of argumentation, as conclusive as demonstration itself, will be utterly lost without it, while a single plain illustrative example will flash the whole truth in conviction clear as sun-light upon the reason and conscience of the hearer. True, the faculty has so much spring and elasticity that, if exercised freely, it will need the curb frequently, or it will exhaust energy in mere prancings that ought to be saved for earnest work. But better have the heat gleamings of the summer evening than no lightning at all; and better the wastage of excessive picturings than the insipidity of discourse unenlivened and unillustrated by the creations of imagination.

The gift of personal magnetism should not be underrated in a pulpit orator; for by it the barriers of prejudice, thoughtlessness, and preoccupation of mind are swept away as if by magic. And he who has it to

such a degree as to put his audience involuntarily in sympathy with himself, must be notably deficient in other elements of power if he fails to win himself a name, his labors rich fruitage, and his cause success. While to many this may not be attainable, all may do something toward its acquisition by the right exercise of their own will-power. Not that this magnetism is will-power, or, at least, not will-power alone; but as, by the grand law of compensation prevailing in the human organism, one sense may do much toward making up for the deficiency of another unlike itself, so will-power, exerted in the right way and at the right time, may do much toward supplying the lack of personal magnetism: *c. q.*

Rev. Mr. A. rises to address his congregation. His mind is burdened with his theme. He begins in a hesitating, perhaps dull and languid manner, or in that of stolid indifference or of wrapped abstraction, trusting the gradual development of his subject to secure attention and command assent.

Meantime the audience, rarely on a higher plane of appreciation than the speaker is in interest, have lapsed into a corresponding mood, from which he must be a man of unusual power if he can wake them before the first half-hour has flown. And when, at last, they are aroused, the unity of thought and completeness of impression are gone, lost in the listlessness of the ante-waking-up time. Now, let Mr. A. enter his pulpit with this thought: "I have something worth your hearing, and you *shall* hear it, and that from the very first!" Let him go at it as the general does who knows that the outworks must be stormed upon the first approach, or the siege will prove a failure, and, our word for it, he will capture his auditors before they shall have taken breath.

The propriety of the exhibition of the dramatic in the pulpit has ever been seriously questioned by a large part of the church. Yet the fact remains, that many, perhaps nearly all, of the most successful preachers whom the world has seen, have made that power a chief element of their might. Not designedly, nor even consciously so, perhaps; yet Whitfield's marvelous intonations, Summerfield's wonderful simplicity, Beecher's taking impersonations, are only examples

of the various kinds of dramatic talent which have won place and name upon the sacred platform. And there is a philosophy in this that should not be forgotten. The merest child knows the difference between a story told and that story acted; and that which universally meets the acceptance of all ranks, ages, and nations, as the preferable mode, must find its root in some basal principles of mind which it were folly to ignore. Yet, forsooth, because the preacher handles *sacred themes*, he must decline the effective method, and wage an aggressive warfare armed with cross-bows and bone-pointed pikes, because the great wicked world will use rifled cannon and repeating small-arms.

Away with the suicidal policy! If this world is ever to be won for Christ, it will be in the use of all the elements of human power, electrified by Divine inspiration, and directed by a Wisdom which will seek its justification, not in the sham dignity of professional inefficiency, but in the control of the governing forces of this work-day life.

That the love for dramatic entertainment, in some form, is one of those forces, who can doubt? It will not do for the preacher to denounce it as altogether of the devil, or treat it so gingerly that the result will be the same. He should, with a bold front and manly self-reliance and clear-cut individuality, enter the field and use it for his Master. Nor need he become theatrical in the objectionable sense in which the term is sometimes applied to ministers—in the use of the dramatic. The theater has a sphere and a morality of its own, but the dramatic belongs to all professions and all ages. If the theater has localized and perverted it, there is all the greater necessity that the pulpit should broadcast and restore it. And happy is he who has the courage, skill, and poise sufficient to enable him to use without abusing this regal gift of nature to the glory of nature's God.

A CONDENSED SERMON.

We commend the spirit of the following beautiful little poem by Mrs. C. C. Field, of Athol, Mass.:

The poor you have to-day,
Close to your very doors;
Search out their needs without delay;
Give from your hoarded stores;

Nor deem that with the setting sun
Your work of charity is done.

Forgive your enemies ;
Let not your heart be set
On still remembering injuries ;
Forgive and then forget ;
And know for once how sweet is life
Lifted above ignoble strife.

Then if you can be free
From lust of power and gain,
From pride, self-love, and vanity,
And all their luring train,
You'll surely have that peace of mind
So many seek in vain to find.

Easy enough to do ?
Simple as one could ask ?
Easy to do as preach, say you ?
Try, then, the simple task ;
And let me know next Sunday morn
How many souls anew are born.

WAS IT A GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN ?

FROM the *Pittsburg Leader* we copy the following extraordinary account of trance experience, the circumstances of which are so well attested that we feel warranted in thus placing it before the reader.

"On the 7th of November the Rev. Joseph Pershing, of the Saltsburg circuit, began a series of meetings at Kelly's Station, on the West Pennsylvania Railroad, where the Methodists have a small unfinished church and a feeble society.

"During the second Sabbath evening of the meeting Miss Emeline Taylor, a daughter of Mr. John Taylor, of White's Station, a young lady of quiet and amiable disposition, came forward for prayer. She remained at the altar for quite a length of time, appearing to be calm in mind, and yet earnestly and devoutly looking for the mercy of God. About nine o'clock her prayer seemed to have been answered. Her face wore an expression of unusual brightness as she, looking upward, repeated several times with distinct emphasis, 'Oh, that beautiful place over there!' She became entirely unconscious, and was carried to a house near by, it being thought inadvisable to remove her to her father's house, which was about three miles distant. In this condition she remained for seven days, in the mean time taking no nourishment whatever.

"On Tuesday she began to speak in a low voice, and for half an hour told of the scenes of another world, after which she remained silent for several hours.

"The first of whom she spoke were two ministers; one was the Rev. A. H. Thomas, of

the Pittsburg Conference, the other was the Rev. Mr. White, of the Presbyterian Church, once the pastor of the church at Saltsburg.

"Many expedients were used to restore her to consciousness, among which were singing and animated religious services, but all without the desired effect. On Friday her friends became very much alarmed, owing to the opinions expressed by the physicians, that having been so long without food she would never be restored. The effort was made to give her some nourishment, but in vain. She was asked whether she would ever be able to rise, when she replied, 'My Saviour has not yet told me.' At different times she had spoken of her Saviour as present with her as her guide and instructor. Shortly after this she told them that her Saviour had just informed her that she might return to earth on Sabbath evening, at nine o'clock. This statement occasioned a joyful surprise to her anxious friends. The father said that, should it thus come to pass, he would believe all she would say concerning the future state.

"On Saturday evening a large company of the neighbors had gathered to learn the sequel. There was no clock in her room, nor any way in which she could mark the flight of the hours, for her eyes had remained closed from the first. At three minutes before nine o'clock she raised her right hand and waved it, as if to give farewell to persons vanishing in the distance, and then raised her left hand in like manner; and at precisely nine o'clock she opened her eyes, spoke a greeting to her friends, began praising the Lord, and called upon those around to join in praise for His great mercy. When asked if she was hungry, she replied that she was not so in the least; that she had been fed with milk and honey; and, indeed, her strength had been so wonderfully renewed that it seemed that she had been fed by an unknown hand.

"The original paper on which these statements were written as they fell from her lips is in the hands of the Rev. J. Pershing. It is a most remarkable narration of events, and a description of scenes that she still avers were as real to her as any other in her whole life."

MISSIONARY MOVEMENTS.—A Boston paper alludes to the work in prospect of American missionaries as follows:

During the next three or four months the American Board will send out twenty-one missionaries to their stations in the foreign

field. Their names and designed stations are as follows: Rev. G. W. Wood, D.D., and Mrs. Wood, of New York, mission at Constantinople; Miss Julia A. Shearman, in Nicomedia. She is now in Germany studying the Deaconess' Houses with reference to their adaptation to her field; Miss Dwight to Central and Miss Williams to Western Turkey; Rev. O. H. Gulick and wife to Japan; Rev. L. D. Chapin and wife to North China. These sail the present month (February). In March Mr. Teele expects to sail for Smyrna; and at later dates Miss Nye, now completing her medical studies, for Constantinople; Rev. M. D. Sanders and wife, with Mr. T. S. Smith and Miss Emily Fairbanks (to become

Mrs. S.), for Ceylon; Rev. B. G. Snow and wife, with Mr. Whitney and Miss Bailey (to become Mrs. W.), Rev. A. A. Sturges and Mrs. C. H. S. Doane, for Micronesia. Misses Shearman, Nye, Dwight and Williams go out under the auspices of the Woman's Board. Of the twenty-one, five—Mr. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Gulick, and Misses Dwight and Fairbanks—are children of missionaries, making the number of missionary children (of the American Board) who have taken up the work of their parents, thirty.

From this it appears that woman is not only asserting her rights, but finding appreciation in a field of effort to which she is as well adapted, perhaps, as her more stalwart brother.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE; OR, LAW AND PSYCHOLOGY.

BY HENRY C. PEDDER.

SETTING aside as far as possible the superficial estimate which most of us entertain with regard to progress, and substituting in its place that profound signification which really attaches to the term, it surely can not be denied that the circumstance which has most seriously impeded and paralyzed all efforts in social improvement and the general development of the human race, has consisted in the fact that there have been very few minds clear-sighted and bold enough to ask themselves the radical question, "What is the noblest tone and reach of life for men? and how can the possibility of it be extended to the greatest numbers?"

In a certain sense, it has, it is true, been frequently asked, and as frequently answered. But in the question and the answer there has been rather more of what may be described as *vox preterea et nihil* (simply a voice, and nothing more) than there has been of a rational and searching investigation having for its object the derivation of facts from a careful survey of nature, and not the hasty construction of hypotheses based upon a careless and indiscriminate blending together of causes and their effects, of appearances and realities. It has been answered broadly, generally, and rashly, that virtue leads to happiness, vice to unhappiness; that wealth is good, that knowledge is good, and that

art is refining. But in all these ideas there has been altogether too much stress laid upon their character in the abstract, and too little on their relation to man as a living soul, governed quite as fully and distinctly as the material world is, by fixed and universal principles or laws which he has neither the power to suspend nor increase nor diminish. In the one case it may be true that the material world is governed and acted upon by the cosmic forces of nature; whereas man, as a spiritual being, is acted upon by laws of a higher character, having their origin in the world of mind. But this difference in the character of the laws, and the nature of the objects they act upon, does not in any way deny the universality of law, nor does it in any way circumscribe the field which psychology has yet to explore in its examination of the human soul. Instead of this, it declares to us in the most unmistakable manner, that we have hitherto labored under the delusion of an arbitrary difference between the natural and the supernatural which does not really exist; and thus that the laws of the spiritual world are, in the highest sense, laws of nature, whose universality, obligation, operation, and effect are grounded in the constitution of things.

This, it will be seen, brings us necessarily to the *realization of human nature as a*

science, and the necessity for placing it in the foreground of modern thought as an indispensable element in all our ideas of progress. In the departments of material science, worlds have been explored, hidden uses and mysteries revealed, and an altogether new interpretation given to those phases of natural phenomena which so completely bewildered the imagination of an earlier race. Certainly, therefore, if there be any consistency in progress, it follows, as a fair inference, that the explorations and glimpses of sunshine which have so far illumined the physical world, are the precursors of a far more beautiful and sublime refulgence, introducing us more and more into that profoundest of studies, man.

Reasoning on that immense importance which attaches to our consciousness as individuals, and keeping in mind the deep significance which has always attached to this branch of knowledge in the highest schools of philosophy, is it not a self-evident truth, that the education of the world can never be complete until an *examination of ourselves* is more generally cultivated and understood? Indeed, in an age such as the present, when transition is written everywhere, it is almost impossible to urge its importance too strongly as the great necessity of modern times. As students of antiquity, it is not enough that we should occasionally follow in spirit the enraptured Greeks as they listened to the sublime Socrates, the divine Plato, or the profound Aristotle. As far as their keen observance of human nature is concerned, combined with the strict regard which they evidently had for certain principles inhering in the nature of things, it would be well for us to visit these great minds frequently; and from the fountain of their thoughts imbibe some of those impressions which, though generated under the tainted atmosphere of Paganism, have still traversed the ages, and to-day shine with an amazing brilliancy in the firmament of thought. In comparison with their mythological ideas and peculiar notions respecting the powers that govern the universe, we are certainly very much superior, under the teachings and influences of Christianity; but, after all, the fact still remains, that the thoughts of these men have outlived the lapse of centuries, because their

philosophical studies were mainly regulated by that comprehensive motto, "Know thyself."

And this it is which constitutes the study with which, as rational and immortal beings, we are really most interested. In its strictest definition, it is a subject which enters most minutely into the most trifling and the most important affairs of life, and which, the more thoroughly it is prosecuted, the more clearly it will bring us into a realization of God—not as an ever-changing deity, acting as caprice may direct, but as an infinitely perfect father and friend, operating always through the instrumentality of divinely instituted laws, which have been organized for the preservation of integrity in the moral as well as in the material universe.

In its application to and its effect on the individual and society, it does not, and it can not (as is sometimes supposed), in any way necessitate a belief in the existence of an inexorable fate, neutralizing the idea of man's freedom and responsibility. On the contrary, it is the surest possible preventive against such a tendency or disposition; for as in the realm of physical science it would be impossible to believe in a universe without a purpose, so in the sphere of spiritual science—or the science of human nature—it would be a literal impossibility for any one to contemplate and in a measure realize the mysteries of his nature without being deeply impressed and affected by that immeasurable wisdom which has made it so.

As we progress in this scale of knowledge, it may be true, or, indeed, it certainly will be true, that an advanced system of psychology will more and more convince us how absolutely our welfare depends on conformity to these laws; but this, instead of being a disadvantage, is one of the greatest advantages that could befall society. As a rule, there has hitherto been too great a belief in *special* interpositions of Providence, and too little regard for the universality and existence of law; as a consequence of this, the injurious effects being easily discernible in all those peculiar and contradictory notions respecting man, which, even though they admit that he is something rather more than "a biped without feathers," yet fail entirely to realize that, as a human being, he is as much

subject to law as though he were a crow, and that his progress and development do not depend upon special and occasional grants of the Divine favor, but in the cultivation of his faculties in accordance with certain spiritualizing energies which are none the less expressions of law in that they come to us from a sphere beyond the region of sense. Nor is it anything against the drift of this argument to urge, as is sometimes done, that the supremacy of law in psychology tends in many ways to diminish the beauty of virtue, and to relax the fear of doing wrong.

Falling into the error which is common to most of us, viz., the disposition to construct our opinions upon evidence of a superficial character, this may, seemingly, be the great objective point of law, and its attendant consequence the investigation of human nature according to scientific principles. But every honest mind will ask, "Is this really so, or is it merely one of the many phases of that argument *a terrori* which theologians in all ages have been so fond of resorting to?" For the present, the majority may prefer to hold their verdict in suspense; but, nevertheless, there must come a time when even "the great concurrent judgment of common minds" will vindicate the claim that there is such a thing as a science of human nature, established, regulated, and determined by certain psychological laws, which, though absolute and inexorable, are still the expressions of an infinite wisdom whose ways are necessarily just and good. For the present there may be some virtue in the doctrine

which denies the supremacy of law in the world of mind, while it is compelled to acknowledge its existence and inestimable value in the realm of physical life. That, however, it can be permanent, or even of lengthy duration, is, under the present spirit of modern thought, simply an impossibility. From the earlier impressions of an unsophisticated credulity and its consequent superstition, the human mind is gradually rising to the realization that God can not consistently be thought of as an imperfect ruler, perpetually tinkering with the universe. Nor will it rest in its investigation until it has reached that point wherein the operation of a universal law brings man into a clearer and more direct appreciation of that infinitely perfect Being who is the "same yesterday, to-day, and forever." In her endeavors to penetrate from the material to the spiritual realm of life, science will, without doubt, meet with many impediments which time and a more liberal education alone can remove. But that she will ultimately triumph in establishing a systematized knowledge concerning human nature, and a more enlarged view respecting God, man, and nature, there can be no doubt. At the same time, the older we grow, and the more clearly we understand her purposes, the more clearly will we perceive that her object is not the apotheosis of materialism, pantheism, or any other *ism*, but the introduction and establishment of a reign of truth, which, having its foundation on the earth, has also its crowning point in heaven.

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

A NOTHER poet gone. A good man and a friend of good men departed.

William Henry Burleigh died at his residence in Brooklyn on Saturday, March 18, in his fifty-ninth year. Mr. Tilton says, "He should have died hereafter." We think he should not have died at all; and in that broader, higher view which had come to him, directing his labor and beautifying his life, he is not dead—he can not die. It is even doubtful, could he have chosen for himself, whether he would not gladly have taken the path wherein Providence has directed his feet, thus anticipating by a few days the greater joy and more

perfect labor for which he was here in preparation.

Mr. Burleigh had lived long enough to make a name for himself, and to gather around him such friends as any man might well be proud to own. He was singularly pure and unselfish in his promptings and labor. Asking the greatest liberty for himself in thought, word, and action, he as freely granted it to others. Entirely unsuspecting, he was ready to accept every man upon his own showing, and to unite with all comers in common labor for common good.

The writer hereof has a most distinct and

pleasing remembrance of his first personal contact with Mr. Burleigh. It was on a cold winter morning, at the office of a literary friend. As we were talking, the door turned gently on its hinges, and the white hair and genial, ruddy face of the poet appeared. A hearty greeting and a hurried introduction followed.

"I don't want to interrupt you a moment," said he. "I only want three dollars,"—there were three of us in the room—"to add to a little collection I am making for a poor sick woman, who is quite destitute and sad;" and then a brief, clear statement of the case followed. The woman was a writer, and when able to work had supported with her pen a family of children and a drunken husband. It was the old, old story; but it was told in such a simple, heartfelt way that scarce a dozen words were spoken before the three dollars were forthcoming. In an impulse of enthusiasm, one of the three drew from his pocket five dollars, and thrust it into the good man's hands. "No," said he, "I want but a dollar now. It is a common case, and there are plenty more like it. I will come for the rest at another time. We poor fellows who live at the end of our pens must be careful of our wealth. Charity, with us, has to be so common a thing that we can never afford to gush. We must always dribble."

A few years of more intimate acquaintance has not changed the estimate of character formed from this interview; and the incident related may be taken as a fair measure of Mr. Burleigh's single-hearted, homely charity,—a charity which did not expend itself in sweet words, but blossomed into good deeds.

This thorough sympathy with his kind made him, perforce, a progressive man; and there was no public movement which had in it the promise of bettering the human condition that did not find in him a ready and an able champion.

He was a born anti-slavery man. It was as natural for him to hate oppression of every kind as it was to breathe and love. From the first of the anti-slavery agitation, he was a champion of freedom. On the platform, in the editor's sanctum, by written and spoken words, wherever words were weapons for the right, he was in season and out of season; and his name is intimately associated in this labor with such eminent workers as Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Samuel J. May, Horace Greeley, and others. He was an earnest and consistent advocate of Temperance, and

has the deserved credit of doing efficient service in this cause. Among all the friends of equality, without regard to nationality, color, sex, or condition, no name stands out in brighter characters than his. His fealty to woman in all her struggles for the right to labor and to enjoy the full fruits of her work, has been so constant and unswerving that it might almost be called his religion. He never neglected an opportunity to speak or act, when speech or action would avail for advancing the cause so near his heart. A partial explanation of this fervor may be given in the fact that the wife of his riper years was a living argument in behalf of woman's intellectual and moral right to stand side by side with man.

One strong point in Mr. Burleigh's character was the interest he always took in honest aspirations for literary excellence. Nothing was so pleasing to him as to watch the growth in power and reputation of young writers of both sexes. In him these "coming" men and women were always sure to find a friend and counselor—one to whom they could go when in trouble or in joy with equal assurance of sympathy and honest appreciation.

No one has claimed for him—nor he for himself—that he was a great poet. But a poet he was, nevertheless. Poetry was to him not merely an agreeable pastime; it was an earnest study and a growing passion. His thoughts were clear and pure, and the structure of his verses careful and symmetrical. There was in all his poetry a healthfulness of sentiment that spoke for the man more than for the artist. In the following extract from a recent poem entitled "No Home," his characteristics of thought and style may be discerned:

"Oh, for some spot to call our own!
Some humble roof, however lowly,
Where we can say, 'This place is holy
Because 'tis home! ours, ours alone,
From roof-tree to foundation stone!'
Some garden-close where grass can grow
Untrodden by the stranger's foot,
And roses shall have leave to blow,
And strawberry beds shall blush with fruit;
And lilacs with their purple blooms,
The daisy and the violet,
And heliotrope and mignonette
Bow all the winds with rich perfumes,
And add to these some two or three
Exotics, with their crimson flames
And unpronounceable sweet names,
All 'beautiful exceedingly';
With here and there an apple-tree,
Beneath whose shades my gentle May
Can watch our children at their play,
As happy and as pure as they,
And lovelier than the rarest flowers
That beautify this home of ours."

Mr. Burleigh was born in Woodstock, Conn. His father was, at the time, Preceptor of the Woodstock Academy. His educational advantages were better than those of the great majority of New England boys; and when, at the age of seventeen, he commenced life for himself as an apprentice to the printer's trade, he had a fair capital of acquired knowledge to work on. He made good use of it, as his after-life has abundantly shown.

He was a member of the Congregational Church, although in his application of religious truth he was more liberal than a strict construction of the Westminster Catechism would warrant.

Upon the last visit of his pastor, the Rev. Mr. Chadwick, he filled two small wine-glasses, and handing one to his friend, while he held the other, he said, "Let us drink to the new recognition!" To him the new recognition was something more than the power of individual discernment in the happier sphere; it was the recognition of man's immortality; his individuality; his claims upon God's infinite love; his place in the great universe of labor and instrumentalities, here and hereafter. And thus do we pledge our friend who has gone from us, and yet is still with us—who is dead, but liveth more than ever.

S. S. PACKARD.

Department of Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue.

DEAD OR ALIVE—WHICH? OR, MEN AS WE FIND THEM.

BY ALTON CHESWICK.

A N aged colored man named Barney, though an active member of a church, had the weakness of taking occasionally "a sup too much." He was present at a prayer-meeting one evening and was asked to relate his experience, but unfortunately being under the influence of liquor he gained his feet with some difficulty, and casting a curious and maudlin glance over the assembly stammered out: "Bredren, my 'sperience is dat I'm alive." The congregation discovering his condition could not repress a smile at the ludicrousness of the incident, and Barney collapsed into a sitting posture. Now there is seemingly nothing in this incident which is worthy a second thought, and indeed by some I might be deemed guilty of irreverence in thus relating it if it were not for the solemn and startling import which really lies concealed in the apparently senseless remark of a half-tipsy old man. Ponder it attentively for a moment without any regard to the ludicrous side, but with an earnest endeavor to discover the deep meaning which may be attached. "My experience is that I'm alive." How many of us can truly thus assure ourselves that we possess to the full extent the precious boon of life? that we are really and truly *alive* to every faculty and capacity of our being?

And first, what is the great test of life? Is it not the faculty of sensation? If there be a

temporary cessation of feeling in any part of the body, can that part be truly said to be alive? No; we have then an instance of suspended animation in that part—a suspension of life there. Has the faculty of experiencing sensation departed forever? We have then a total suspension, or rather a cessation of animation, which is nothing else than death.

Some months ago I received a letter from the relatives of a man whom I had long known and highly esteemed, and who when I had last seen him—about a year previous—was in the full tide of that health and animation which attend the prime of magnificent manhood. The letter informed me that he had been recently seized with a stroke of paralysis in its worst form, and that the terrible malady had made such progress that his life was despaired of, and that my immediate attendance at his bedside was necessary, or it might be forever too late.

As may be readily imagined, I made all possible haste to respond to this so urgent appeal, and was soon by my old friend's side. I found him sadly changed indeed, but looking much better than I had been led to expect, although, as I shortly discovered, one side of his body was completely paralyzed.

He greeted me with a clasp from his unaffected hand, which was as warm and hearty as ever, so that at first I could scarcely realize

his condition, the tide of life seemed still to throb within him so full and steadily. But after the first greeting had passed he directed my attention by a slight gesture to his helpless limbs and said: "You see, my dear fellow, I am in a bad way."

I responded with words of commiseration, expressing a hope that his condition might be neither permanent nor irremediable, and declaring the gratification I experienced in finding him still alive.

"Alive, my dear fellow," he exclaimed, with a shade of sadness in his tone, "do you call a man 'alive' who is already half dead?"

"Half dead," I repeated; "oh, no—not so bad as that, I hope."

"It amounts to that," he replied. "In all this side there is neither sensation nor the power of motion, and where is the life when such is the case? Could this hand and arm, this useless limb, be more dead than they are, think you, if I were laid in my grave?"

"But it is only for a time, I trust," replied I, after a moment's pause; "the right side is as yet uninjured. The current of life is still strong within you and may yet assert its supremacy."

"Ah, no!" he replied, "that can never be. Death, not life, is the strongest here, and is fast winning the victory. The right side, you say, is not touched; that is true, but the left side, you know, is nearest the heart, and the disease may at any time reach that organ. I am in hourly expectation of it; the next stroke may be my last."

For a time I could not reply. I felt that my friend's words were too true. When, however, after a long pause, I attempted to offer words of cheer and consolation to this terribly afflicted man, I found that though his physical powers were so depressed, his intellectual and moral faculties were unimpaired, and that the inner life bounded more freely than ever as the mere corporal decayed. I had always believed my friend to be a man of large and vigorous heart and brain as well as physical frame, but never till now had I imagined, much less realized, the depth and freshness, the strength and copiousness of that vital tide which throbbed throughout his whole being. Already half dead as regards the body, my friend was more truly alive than ever. He needed no words of consolation to prepare himself for the great change. He looked forward to it with joyful anticipation, as an ushering into a new and extended sphere of existence, a higher plane of usefulness, wherein all his varied faculties, not one of which had been suffered to perish or even to

decay through neglect or misuse, should expand into a higher, fuller realization of life than he ever had known or ever could know here.

And when, shortly after, we were called upon to perform the last sad offices for him, through this apparent victory of death I first fully awoke to the realization of what life might be. Over the wreck of mortality I first fully comprehended the immortal. Nor shall I soon forget the lesson I then and there learned.

If, then, the capacity to feel and the power to act be the test of life, to how many can it satisfactorily be applied? Not but that we find enough of vigorous and active vitality, but so low, so contracted, that it scarce merits the name of life; not such life certainly as was breathed into man by the great Creator at the commencement of his existence. We have young men—plenty of them—fully alive to the merits of a fast horse, but dead as sticks and stones, apparently, to anything higher, to the grand march of improvement, for instance, that is going on all around them; but which, whether they know it or not, they are doing their "level best" to retard in themselves if not in others. We have older men thoroughly alive to business and business interests, and well "up" in all that may be necessary to the successful prosecution of the same, but hopelessly dead to the interests, the claims, the needs, the capacities for improvement, or the terrible results of neglect of these poor, downtrodden, yet immortal *business auxiliaries* out of whom they contrive to grind, by usually hard, too often cruel, means, what is to them the "one thing needful." Again, we have men with a brilliant capacity for spending money, but none for performing the slightest service to others whereby they might honestly earn it; and others with a grand capability for making money, but with little ability to spend it with any real advantage to themselves or others.

If this is to be alive, wherein the best part of the being is dead, rest assured that even this small modicum of life will gradually but surely die out before the encroachment of that deadness that has already taken possession of the most vital part; and the result will be, not death, perhaps, as we are accustomed to regard it, but the far more dreadful fate of living death.

We have read somewhere of a fiendish practice, not unfrequently resorted to by those monsters of the dark ages when they wished to produce a refinement of torture, of chaining a living prisoner limb to limb to a loathsome corpse, and leaving him thus in some noisome dungeon until horror turned the brain or fairly

released the spirit of the miserable victim. But fearful as this may be to contemplate, we do not consider that by the neglect of the higher life that has been implanted within us, and which, alone shall survive the wreck of time, we make living corpses of ourselves, from whose hideous companionship we shall never, never be released!

But, enough of generalities; let us turn to the contemplation and consideration of a single instance, selected from among many, but by no means the worst, that may be constantly met with, and which may serve to illustrate the point more clearly, as it will be more readily recognizable by all who ever bestowed even a casual glance upon the characteristics of their fellow-men.

A few months ago we paid a visit to the country seat of an acquaintance, whom we had known some years before as a smart business man,—“a live man,” his business friends and associates used to call him, with an approving smile,—one fully up to the spirit and enterprise of the age. We found him occupying a splendid country residence, situated in one of the most charming localities within a hundred miles of the city. Nature and Art seemed to have combined to form one of the most delightful situations that could be devised for the abode of man. On every side were scenes calculated to inspire the purest delight in the mind of any one alive to the sweet influences of nature. Splendid scenery, superb views, charming walks and drives, and objects of interest without number abounded on every side; and with plenty of leisure to devote to the enjoyment of all these, and abundance of wealth to insure the comfort of himself and guests and enable him to enjoy to the full the exercise of the rites of hospitality, we fully expected to find him passing the remainder of his days in a manner such as falls to the lot of comparatively few men, and were prepared to envy him accordingly.

He received us with some show of cordiality, though not with that heartiness we had expected or that we felt we should have evinced had we been welcoming a friend to share with us the feast of such good things. We had not been long beneath his roof, however, ere we discovered that an expression of discontent seemed almost constantly to cloud the brow of our host. It is true that, during the first day or so of our stay, he seemed to wake up to something like interest, and even enthusiasm, as he took us around his fine and extensive property to show us his possessions, and the improvements which he had added. Surprised

and pleasantly disappointed by the exquisite manner in which everything was laid out around his well-ordered estate (for we had not hitherto given him credit for the perfect taste that was everywhere manifested around us), we congratulated ourselves upon being in company with such a congenial spirit, and began to descant with much enthusiasm and delight upon the beauty of the surroundings. But we soon found that we touched no responsive chord. Our host could tell us to a fraction what every one of his much-admired improvements had cost, whether he had made a good bargain in getting a certain amount of work done below market price, or whether, as he savagely termed it, he had been “confoundedly swindled” in the transaction; but beyond these interesting items he seemed to have nothing to offer.

Disappointed again, and this time not so pleasantly as before, we turned the conversation from topics of general to more particular interest, and began complimenting him upon the perfect taste that characterized the arrangement of his grounds. Here again we missed our mark. He listened quietly for awhile, but without any appearance of interest in, or even intelligent understanding of, what we were saying; and at length, in an indifferent, careless manner, just tinged with the slightest shade of impatience, he remarked, “Oh, yes, it’s all right, I suppose. I don’t know much about these things, so I leave everything in the hands of W—. He does pretty well, only he’s rather inclined to be extravagant. He’s all the time bothering about improvements; and I suppose if I humored him enough he’d about ruin me in six months. For instance, he wants me to put up a marble fountain in the center of that lawn there, just in front of that clump of shrubbery. There’s a group somewhere by L—, or some other artist,—I have forgotten his name,—which he says would be just the thing there; but, confound it, I’ve no fancy for such fol-de-rols, and it would only be a useless waste of money.

“The fact is,” he continued, as we were returning toward the house after a final survey of everything, “this is a fine place, I suppose; in fact [with a slight kindling of enthusiasm], I know it is, for Col. B—, and he’s a judge of these things, told me only the other day that with the improvements I’ve put upon it, \$20,000 would be but a fair price for it. I paid \$12,000 for it, you know. But the fact is [with a resumption of his old discontented tone and manner], I have to be out of pocket all the

time on this place, for one thing or another, and the whole concern is getting to be a confounded bore to me; so I've about concluded to sell out this fall, and go back to the city, where I can see life."

This time astonishment kept us silent. This lovely place, which seemed a very paradise to our eyes, weary and worn as we were from the sharp and unrelenting contest of life in the great city, tired and panting from its whirl and roar, dust and tumult,—this charming retreat from all the worry and vexation of the great world without, the possession of which we had been silently envying the fortunate owner ever since our arrival, was a confounded bore and an encumbrance to be rid of as soon as possible!

"I was thinking," said he, some time after, as we were sitting in silent and delighted contemplation of the splendid view from the cupola of his mansion, and feeling our very soul expand within us as our gaze took in the noble stretch of country that surrounded us,—
"I was thinking that if this property were situated in the city somewhere, say in the vicinity of the City Hall, now, it would be worth while to be the owner of it."

"Worth while!" we echoed in astonishment; "why, is it not worth while now? Could the possession alone of the whole city of New York—of the business portion of it, at least—compensate for the loss of all the charms of this delightful scenery,—the calm, the quiet, the inspiring influences that are here drawn in with every breath?"

A half-amused, slightly contemptuous smile passed over his features as he replied, "Ah, yes, my dear fellow, it's all very fine, I suppose; but then, you know, it don't put money in a man's pocket; in fact, it's constantly taking money out of it. I see you are full of romantic notions; but take my word for it, my dear fellow, they *don't pay*. You'll think so yourself when you become as old as I am."

Should we, forsooth? If such a thing could ever be possible; if we could ever become as dead as seemed the man beside us to all the ennobling, elevating, purifying influences that surrounded us among such scenes as these, silently claiming recognition, and seeking admittance into the inner sanctuary of our being, our prayer then would be that we might never be permitted to grow thus old in mind and body; that we might never be called upon to resign thus the best part of ourself, to drag through the remainder of our days as dead to all the higher realities of life as the senseless floor beneath our feet.

That night, as was our usual custom, we sat awhile by our open window to indulge in a quiet reverie before retiring. This window, as we shortly ascertained, commanded a view of the same lawn which the tasteful W—— had recommended as a desirable site for a fountain. We had seen the exquisite group which our host had spoken of so indifferently, and the purchase of which he had denominated a useless expenditure of money; and as we thought what refinement and dignity its marble purity would impart to the surroundings, a sense of poignant regret came over us that we could not at once behold it there enshrined, and satisfy our longing soul with the inspiration of loveliness which it would breathe forth. And in our dreams that night that marble group, in its severe and majestic purity of taste and sentiment, seemed continually hovering before our mental vision. Sometimes we seemed to see it by moonlight, amid desolate wastes and ruins, where its now awful beauty was enhanced tenfold by contrast with the devastation and confusion around. Again, we beheld it occupying its fitting place in that leafy shrine, and, seemingly instinct with life, diffusing that life through all around it. Then suddenly a hideous, black shadow seemed to come between us and this incarnation of beauty which we were holding in such rapt and loving contemplation; and then we beheld it overthrown and brought down to the dust, while the hateful black shadow seemed to triumph over its dethroned loveliness. And then we awoke, to wonder if what we had just beheld was in truth but the fantasy of a dream, and not, rather, a too faithful representation of that which is continually taking place in this world of ours, where the grosser passions of man—avarice, greed, mammon, the love of the world, by whatever name we designate them—are continually striving to dethrone, and eventually to utterly destroy, in his soul the perception and love of the good, the beautiful, the elevating, which raise him above the mire and dust of this world and serve as a connecting link between him and heaven.

Owing to the discovery that we had made of the mental quality, or rather want of quality, of our host, our stay under his roof was necessarily shortened. After he had shown us around the place, and had given us the exact cost of every feature about it, and its precise market value at the present time, together with the profit that he expected to realize by selling out in the fall, he seemed to think that he had fulfilled all his duties as host, and appeared to

see nothing further of any interest in it, he roamed about in an aimless, discontented way, evidently very much out of his proper element, whatever that might be. In fact, not only did he not share in our appreciation of the esthetic beauty of the place, but the few expressions of delight and admiration which now and then involuntarily escaped us seemed even to annoy him, as if, incapable of perceiving any cause for pleasurable emotions in these things himself, he was piqued and chagrined that others should be able to derive more enjoyment from his possessions than he could.

We were pondering over the subject on the afternoon of the last day of our stay, and wondering how any man could be so dead as regards all real life as he seemed to be. He had been more than usually dull and gloomy that day, and now, as he sat leaning back in his chair, his brow contracted as if in deep and even painful thought, and the old expression of discontent darkening all his features, our thoughts in regard to him took a new turn. "Can it be," we thought, "that the man really feels his need? that he is conscious of a want of something higher than he has ever had or experienced before? Or can it be that he is really not as indifferent as he appears, and that this incapacity of his to appreciate the beautiful in art and nature is partly assumed to hide his real feelings upon the subject? And if so—why?"

While we were cogitating thus, Mr. W——, who has already been mentioned as the architect of these grounds, entered, to urge the acceptance of some new improvement which he was projecting. A fine, intelligent man we found him, fully *alive*—yes, that's the word—to the beauties of the place and its capabilities for improvement. We entered into an animated conversation with him, while our host sat listening with a cynical, contemptuous smile upon his lips, evidently sneering at what he either could not or would not sympathize with. At length, being appealed to by Mr. W—— for his decision in regard to the matter of improvement, he grumbled something about the "cost."

"But surely, with your wealth, Mr. N——," exclaimed the enthusiastic W——, "you will not consider that trifling amount of any moment compared with what you will receive in return. I only wish," he continued, with energy, "that I had your wealth at command; I would soon surround myself with such forms of beauty as I can only imagine now."

"What would you be the better for it all?"

demanding our host, in a bitter tone. "What good would your forms of beauty do you? You couldn't eat 'em, nor drink 'em; you couldn't wear 'em, nor make money on 'em. Now then, I ask, what good would they do you?"

Seeing that we made no reply, for indeed we were too much shocked at the grossness of his ideas upon the subject to find words in which to answer him, and imagining thereby that he had fairly silenced us by the force of his argument, he continued with some energy, still addressing himself to Mr. W——;

"I tell you what, young man, you are mistaken if you think that I am so much richer than you are. I eat, and drink, and have clothes to wear; you do the same. Then, where's the great difference between us?"

"But, sir!" we exclaimed, aroused to reply, "you surely do not mean to say that a man's wants are to be limited to the mere items of food, drink, and clothing?"

"Well, what more does he want? Come now, what more does he want?" demanded our host, standing erect before us, with his hands in his pockets, and looking very much as Diogenes might be supposed to have looked when preparing to uphold the superior advantages of his tub as a place of residence. Certainly the crusty old philosopher himself could never have looked more surlily defiant than did our host at this moment as he stood waiting for our reply, only that he might crush our argument to a nonentity beneath the weight of his ponderous logic.

"There is the soul to be gratified," we returned, "in its two departments of the mind and heart, or the intellect and the affections; and just as certainly as the body requires nourishment to sustain physical life, just as certainly must the mind and soul be fed, or they will become debilitated, and, so far as it is in the nature of immortal things so to do, will perish; the faculties, at least, will become paralyzed, so to speak, if not utterly destroyed. Wherefore the taste must be cultivated and ministered to by whatever is correct, pure, refining; the heart——"

"Stuff and nonsense! sheer stuff, romantic nonsense, nursery and boarding-school prattle," exclaimed our host, with considerable asperity; "we men of the world know better, as you will learn and acknowledge, too, one of these days, if these wild fancies don't altogether ruin you."

A sudden thought here entered our mind, and we resolved at once to test its plausibility.

This man's intellect, in all that related to the highest and best faculties of it, was evidently sadly warped and distorted, but for all that, the affections might as yet be unimpaired. Much may be pardoned the intellect if the heart be right. So we thought, and determined to solve the question at once. Accordingly, we observed, quietly:

"Well, sir, as you seem to think that you have no great advantage over Mr. W— by reason of your possessing more of this world's goods than he, and as, on the other hand, he seems to think that he could extract more benefit and real solid enjoyment from the possession and free use of them than you have hitherto been able to do, as you confess, suppose you act the part of a generous man and turn over to him what you have just acknowledged is of no special benefit to you, reserving for yourself merely enough to satisfy your very modest requirements, which you seem to consider amply sufficient for any reasonable man, and thus prove that you do sincerely believe in the truth of the proposition that you are so earnestly endeavoring to establish."

A look of the blindest amazement swept over the countenance of our host at this suggestion, and for a moment he regarded us fixedly, as if he thought he either had not heard aright, or that we had fairly taken leave of our senses, of which, by-the-by, he seemed to accredit us a very small share. Then, seeming to come to the conclusion that we were merely quizzing him, he smiled a slightly contemptuous, somewhat weary smile, as if he thought that the humor of the joke, if joke it was, was rather strained, threw himself into the luxurious depths of a well-cushioned arm-chair, and relapsed into dignified silence.

There was something, however, in the expression that had swept over his countenance, and, to our fancy, still lurked in his eyes, which awakened our indignation; and happening to be acquainted with some particulars in regard to his family relations neither very creditable to him nor calculated to elevate him in our estimation, which, forgotten till now, were thus brought very forcibly to our recollection, we resolved to push him still further.

"Or, sir," we continued, in pursuance of this resolution, "if this disposition of your means would not please you, and if you have a mind to exemplify the truth of the old adage, that 'charity begins at home,' you may easily find another, and perhaps better, way of disencumbering yourself of your surplus wealth, which you seem to find so burdensome."

Our pertinacity seemed at last to rouse our host to a sense of irritation. "Who said anything about its being burdensome?" he growled. "What do you mean, young man, by your proverbs? what are you driving at, anyhow?" and he partly raised himself from the depths of his arm-chair and bent an angry, suspicious, searching glance upon us.

"Why," we replied, now thoroughly aroused, and determined not to spare him, "you have a widowed sister, we believe, now residing in the city, who is in anything but affluent circumstances. Indeed, to the best of our knowledge, she can barely contrive by the greatest exertions to support herself and little ones on her scanty earnings as an overworked, underpaid seamstress. But a very small part, comparatively, of your wealth would suffice to place her and hers in comfortable circumstances, and to remove from her weary shoulders the burden which is fast wearing her into the grave. Your poor consumptive brother, too, and your struggling artist nephew might both be greatly benefited by——"

But we were not suffered to continue. The man was not quite dead yet; we had touched a nerve still sensitive, and it responded to our touch. Unfortunately, however, it proved to be the wrong chord that we had touched; and the result was not what we could have wished.

"What do you mean by your confounded impudence?" he thundered, glaring at us savagely. Then turning suddenly upon Mr. W—, who had been a silent and interested spectator, he continued: "As for you, begone; and bother me no more with your confounded schemes for extracting money from my pocket. There's been too much of it already. You're all alike—a set of leeches, determined to suck a man till he's dry. And you, sir," turning to us once more, "firstly, since you're so fond of quoting proverbs, let me recommend for your consideration the following, which you would do well to act upon, viz., 'Mind your own business, and leave other people to mind theirs;' and secondly, unless you wish to be regarded as a candidate for a lunatic asylum, I'd advise you to talk more sensibly in future;" and having thus discharged the vials of his wrath upon our devoted head, he indignantly quitted the room, leaving us to our own reflections.

"Poor man!" we exclaimed, the next day, in deep commiseration, turning to take a farewell look at the noble property we were leaving behind us, as we were slowly wending our way on foot toward the nearest

railroad station, for our worthy host, having permitted the sun not only to go down, but also to rise again on his wrath, had, upon politely intimating to us that our presence was no longer desirable, neglected to facilitate our departure by placing his horse and carriage at our disposal. "Poor man!" we repeated; "doubly poor through the mockery of wealth by which he is surrounded. He thinks he is a very live man, but he is already more than half dead, and is slowly, but surely, dying by inches—dying while the rich generous tide of life is lavishing itself on all sides of him, starving in the midst of plenty, pining and wasting away amid all that is conducive to mental and moral health!" Was not benevolence, and even conscientiousness, well-nigh dead within him, that he, while rolling in wealth, and even groaning under a burden almost too great for him to bear, certainly far greater than his needs, as he himself acknowledged, should permit his only sister, *and she a widow*, to struggle and die amid toil and poverty when he could so easily afford her all the assistance she required? And moreover, when reminded of his obvious duty in the case, that he should take the alarm; and with the demon of covetousness aroused in his breast clasp to his bosom his beloved though burdensome weight of yellow dust, and fiercely resenting all interference, should, like the dog in the manger, snarl o all would-be participators in that from which he could neither derive benefit nor enjoyment himself, nor would permit others to do so?

"Lovely spot!" we exclaimed, as we took a parting glance at it, before turning a bend in the road which hid it from our view; "thou more truly belongest to the poorest wayfarer who stops for a moment to rest his tired frame and soothe his troubled spirit with the brief contemplation of thy refreshing loveliness, than to him who calls himself thy sole possessor." And thus it is wisely ordained of God, that even the insatiable greed and avarice of man can not deprive his fellow-men of *all* the blessings that have been prepared for each and every one of them. Through the cruelty of man the body may suffer want, but verily the spirit shall be fed.

We are constrained to confess that such examples of mental and moral deadness as we have just described are by no means rare. We ourselves could instance many more such, but we forbear. Enough if we are not compelled to class ourselves in the same category. How many of us can safely say that we are not?

Day by day a thousand appeals are made to the various faculties of our being—to our intellectual appreciation, our kindly sympathies, our benevolence, our best affections; and how often do they touch a chord which by its quick responsive throb testifies to its warm vitality! But how much oftener do they fall on dull, inattentive ears, and by the indifference with which they are passed unheeded bear silent but effective witness to that fatal numbness which is the precursor, if not the proof of death!

We are one-sided beings. Numerous are the capacities with which we are endowed; nor can we afford to lose one. And as surely as one corporeal member, if suffered to fall into disuse and die, will affect and impair the usefulness of the whole body, so from the loss of one spiritual member, if it be neglected and suffered to become deadened, will spread numbness and death throughout the whole spiritual frame.

Let us look well to ourselves, therefore, that we lose none of our God-given powers. And may the experience of every one of us, now and henceforth, be that we are really and truly in the highest sense "alive" in every faculty of our highly endowed being.

MY PICTURE.

THE following is one of the sweetest poems from the pen of the late Alice Cary.

Of all the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all;
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland
Where the bright red berries rest;
Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother
With eyes that wore dark and deep;—
In the lap of that olden forest
He lieth in peace asleep;
Light as the down of a thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And one of the autumn eves
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immaterial beauty
Silently covered his face:
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright

He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth best of all.

WOMAN vs. WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY AUGUSTA WHEELER.

ARCHIMEDES, reasoning on material nature, proved to himself that a lever long enough would move the world, and the world has long since accepted the hypothecated fact. We of this middle nineteenth century have found that a lever of agitation *thirty years long* was equal to the overthrow of slavery and its precipitation into stupendous civil war, the greatest that history has recorded among an enlightened people. It is true that the sun sets clear over our Aceldama; that there is hope in the moral atmosphere of the outlook in that direction. We expect brighter, sunnier days again, for whether the negro shall slowly abrade or hold his own, our cardinal dogma, "the greatest good to the greatest number," will be sustained. *Requiescat in pace.*

But "the world moves" in America. There is no trusting to our inertia for a season of repose. We have too much motive power, and too much space to move it in. We require force meeting force—a balance of power to hold us. It is therefore not amiss that we begin now to consider this new agitation that is besetting us, for if it grows at all, it is likely to be a growth of much less than thirty years, and subversive in effect.

Slavery is dead past any resuscitation, but the restless minds that still hunger for something to do are not dead, and as a direct sequence it would seem that woman has come in asking *à la* Oliver for more,—at least, so the champions of woman's rights would have us believe. They have already put it to us in many forms, and made a very harrowing case of it. In view of all that they are doing to affect her status, proclaiming her the equal of the negro, and by inference a candidate for conversion to his grade—a creature capable of far other duties than she now occupies herself with, etc., she might reasonably soliloquize in the language of Hamlet, "To be, or not to be, that is the question." And if these things are really to come upon her, she might go on with the soliloquy for receiving all that is demanded in the name of Woman's Rights: Could she be woman? and, if not woman, could she be man?

Could the fireside exist and woman at the rostrum? Could she do man's work there or anywhere?

Certainly it is the part of wisdom to consider before this woman's rights agitation attains to much greater dimensions, whether the proposed change would not have in it more of the elements of evil than of any good.

We do not question but she could do a great deal of work which man does, and do it as well; but it is properly woman's work, and not his. Habits, customs, and time-honored ways have assigned him many forms of labor which woman could not do with equal facility and ease. Some of these usages probably originated in our own country when there was not a surplus of women, and should not be credited to selfishness nor injustice in any respect. And in the very nature of the case they must yield to the first demand that woman makes on them, for man's labor will not compete with woman's. Legislation on that much of woman's rights would be but a tablet to a dead fact.

The truly palpable grievance of the Rights' schedule is that woman is poorly paid; but the evil is in the innate nature of our social condition; and could woman herself, armed with the power of legislation and legislating for her own benefit, make any better distribution of the rewards of labor than are now made? Woman, by virtue of the fact that she is woman, is properly the consumer, and not the producer. A late French writer calls her the "sick man." The definition is Frenchy, but a fact. Under normal circumstances, her place is at home, among womanly ways and womanly things. Father and husband are a perpetual protector and supply. To equalize the wages of men and women would be to reduce *all* women to the necessity of seeking their own livelihood. No man could accumulate a surplus wherewith to provide for those of his own household; and the two, the man and the woman, would be fellow-workers in the fullest sense—toiling shoulder to shoulder. Would either account such a state of things a blessing?

Assuredly woman could not, except she adopt the civilization of the aborigines. The men, too, would need to be very much other than he now is, and being so, might not be any more appreciated by these advocates of woman's rights than the present man.

Certainly these woman's rights are clamoring for they know not what. They would have the rocks fall on us. Our protest is not because there are no woman's *wrongs*, but because these woman's rights would add to them a Pandora's box, without Hope at the bottom. The Nemean monster that they would slay they touch not. They begin with an effect, and want a remedy, without reference to the inducing influences which produce it.

The causes that destroy and debase men are the arch enemies of woman. Those that take away her natural support and destroy her heart and home are the unpardonable sins against her, and help against them must come from the deepest and most intricate sources, not from idle harangue. Wars, drunkenness, and debaucheries are the great spoilers; and whoso can remove those shall lift the burden. If any of these advocates of her rights would truly do anything for her let them set themselves to be corner-stones to this work. Certainly no act of legislation, no free-will offering, can lift the burden from the woman of this generation. Our late war has strewn the land with too many blasted hopes. The nation's slain must have been over a million; and counting the women and children that were dependent upon those men, we may estimate that two millions of women have been added to the surplus that was already largely in excess in the Eastern and Middle States. Also, we are receiving increased numbers from the old countries. We have always been an *entrepot*, as it were, for the women of the better classes of Eastern Europe when impoverished by wars or other causes. They have come in here by thousands since the surrender of Sedan; and now that the Franco-German war has ended, we may expect to be the recipients of many thousands more. Cuba is also adding to the number. There has not been a revolution in any of the West India islands but has added something to this class in our country. Their influx before the war was more appreciable, perhaps, in Southern cities and the South generally than here. They compete with the American woman, and cheapen the price of her labor. But can civilized legislation touch it? Can the genius of our government lift its hands against them? By no means; they

must come, though they are no relief to the toiling American woman.

There is no chance of doing what these woman's rights want done short of the funeral pyre of the Hindoo or strangling a given percentage of female infants at their birth, making the estimate according to the number of males likely to be disqualified as a support or taken off by wars, drunkenness, and other causes that as a rule do not overtake women. But let woman never give up her struggle, as woman, for all that is great and good and just, and she shall yet be the mother of a race of men that shall know wars and drunkenness no more.

Woman's rights, too, would have the ballot. The individuals who make this demand would probably not be daunted by anything; they seem endowed with special nerve for the occasion; but they make it in the name of the most cultivated and refined of women, who as a rule are not so endowed. Their special plea is that educated, capable, and superior women lack a field worthy of their ability. Well, granting the ballot, would these so long and much abused women be the first at the polls, or would Bridget and Dinah constitute the rush? We all know the exceeding zeal of Pat and Sambo about their *rights* and *duties* to the country on such occasions. Would cultivated women go there for the sake of voting, or because it would become a paramount duty to neutralize the votes which the most unscrupulous demagogues would control?

The right once given, there is no question but that the most ignorant would take to it with great unanimity, although, so far, they have not dreamed of wanting it.

The very state of the case would be likely to *compel* an entire vote, however undesirable the privilege might be to the majority. But what gain? Parties would balance the same as now, only with the additional labor of counting twice the usual number of votes. If, therefore, the ballot in the hands of woman could be confined to the simple matter of voting, less the usual accompaniment of election campaigns, it would not be of great import. But such *in statu quo* is not the onus of this pseudo philanthropy. It would still be seeking other heights. If it contemplates anything in its onslaught it must be more than the bare matter of voting. It must include office and election to office by the popular vote of the people. God be praised that, so far, the majority of women are not willing to descend from their high estate and trail their sacred garments through the mire that leads to office!

But these agitators are sowing seed that is taking root and spreading. Young girls, dreaming of power and queenly reign, are coming upon the stage. And how should it be otherwise, with all this talk of women for Congress, the Senate, and the highest office in the gift of the people? Some doubtless expect to be commodores.

One branch of this Sixteenth Amendment clique advocates it on the plea that drunkenness can never be exterminated till women vote.* If the assertion is not true, the refutation is so many generations ahead that, as a matter of practicableness, we would rather admit it. But if woman had the franchise, and should poll an entire vote on the liquor question, would drunkenness be any nearer extermination? Would the power brought to bear in that direction be *greater* or *less* than without her vote? The number of women who would vote in opposition to their fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons would be very small. They would be those related to drunkards in some way, and would be American-born women almost without exception. The women of our very large German, Irish, and other foreign population, very generally, drink the same as their husbands, and of course would cast their votes with them, which would make double the usual number against prohibition from that source. The result would be likely to be the same as on any other occasion—double the number of votes, and nothing more; but if there were a preponderance either way, it would be as likely to be on the side of drunkenness as against it.

But suppose the women should be of one mind in sufficient numbers to make drunkenness a penal offense of one grade or another,—to pass excise laws *ad libitum*,—would she have any more power to enforce those laws than she has now? Is she going to be her own police force, standing in wait over drunkens, with club in hand? Could she devise any plan for making her statutes any less a dead letter than our present ones are? They have been *as* defunct during the past year as if they had been repealed; and yet the letter of them is clear and decisive.

The rumsellers will sell liquor and the

drunkards will drink whatever the law; and the late Governor Andrews of Massachusetts advised the repeal of the prohibitory law because it had the effect of increasing drunkenness rather than diminishing it. Plainly, the law is so far a failure, and it is very far from obvious that woman, as a law-giver, could make it any less so. *But she can train up sons who will not drink*, who will not sell rum, and will enforce excise laws.

In a Christian sense, perhaps, all things work together for good; but it is too much to say of all temporal things in a temporal sense, and most especially of this advent of woman's rights if it should finally get possession of us. So far it may have done good; it may have given woman courage to come out from her cloister and compete with man in many forms of labor from which she formerly kept aloof.

Woman should perhaps have a right to vote on the corporate questions of the place where she resides and holds real estate, for she is often the chief owner of the taxable property, yet having but a limited income, and hence should have a voice when taxes are to be levied upon it. The right would probably be granted if fairly brought to the notice of legislators, the same as the right to hold property separate from her husband has been.

But woman underrates herself. She doubts her own power when she asks for the popular franchise. She does not comprehend the influence she already exerts, and she makes no estimate of how much she might increase it. Shakspeare's dogma that "it is not in nature not to scorn a fool," is entirely convertible. It is not in nature not to respect intellect, and man respects it in woman, even though his notions of his superior relation may be as austere as the ex-artilleryman in "Bleak House," who could say of his wife, with great conjugal gusto, "Whatever the old girl says do, do it! Whenever the old girl says I'll do it, she does it. She is color-sergeant of the Nonpareil battalion. But I never own it before her. Discipline *must* be maintained."

She will have influence so far as she is capable of making herself equal or superior. She can achieve political power as well without the ballot as with it, and can do it at home, where it will be an elegance and a joy. Can any doubt the ennobling effect? *Woman has already a power greater than man*; and yet what would she? or, rather, what would these woman's rights have for her? Is there so much friction in the world only because woman is not in man's place? By no means. The

* The whole number committed to the city prisons of New York for drunkenness, for 1869, was 16,670—of whom 8,506 were men and 8,165 were women. For delirium tremens, the total was 204—of whom 104 were males and 100 females. The whole number committed to the city prisons for drunkenness for the last ten years is 132,363—of whom 66,629 were men, 65,634 were women.

earliest, the deepest, the most lasting impressions are the seed of her own sowing. If she has raised sons who are ignoble and unjust, is it because they are men or because their teaching was defective? Oh, woman! man is the chiseling of thine own hand! Great men have great mothers.

But woman at the polls, the caucus, electioneering, bargaining for office, running a tilt with man, is shorn of her divinity. Man will not respect her as he does now; and when he respects not her, he respects not himself. She can not go alone out of her Eden. Infidelity and immorality would of necessity come in with such an epoch. Bribery would be for a price. The impure and dissolute would sit in higher places than they do now. We could not then point to France, hollow, corrupt with falsehood and intrigue, crushing in the collision of nations like a shell, when her day comes. We should be more than France. Her Salic laws—forbidding women on the throne—have doubtless saved her a measure of infamy. We should be more than the nations have yet seen.

Next, when these woman's rights have undone woman what is to be done with man? They seem to ignore his character as much as they do woman's relation to him. At least, they make no note that he has traits which, being forces, might mar their little plans.

The elephant is reported to be yielding and teachable, even when taken full grown from the jungle, but of uncertain continuance, for without apparent cause, except it be the *ennui* or chagrin of his altered circumstances, the great beast will lay down in his full strength and die.

Man is proud; he is proud that he is man; he is proud that he is athletic and strong. But man, too, is the drunkard and the suicide of the race, the creature not having the moral courage that woman has to dare to live and face misfortune. But if man shows this disposition now, what might he not do under the new *régimé*? Would it be calculated to diminish it?

Equality in politics and labor could scarcely make man any more a man, and if not more, then not more content or happy, and if less, then less so. He toils, and builds, and strives that woman may share. Honors were not honors but to crown her as well; and laws were less laws if woman were less loved. But if he is no longer her support, as under the equal labor system, how long would he be content to serve soberly and faithfully for self?

The stimulant to labor would be gone, and idleness of itself is littleness and a fatigue. He would estimate himself and his place in the world at far less than he does now, and would be much more likely to be unhappy in his social relations; for with the divided responsibility and less care there would be more strife and less love binding him to his own.

It is when all these things come upon a man that he sinks and holds his taking off as no robbery, whether by sloth, drunkenness, or the shorter process of dust to dust.

Assuredly there is work that woman may do and does do, if she will, without let or hindrance. Prejudice has been a tyrant rather than laws, but its power is well-nigh broken. We remember hearing a German woman imploring piteously to be employed in the hay-field, and when the owner refused she went to his neighbors, entreating their influence with him. But the gallantry of twenty-five years ago was not persuaded. She could go to the same place now, however, and not be refused the privilege if she aspired to it. There is no field of labor but is open to woman if she has the personal bravery to go into it; and first and last she has been made honorable mention of in most of them. She is frequently known as the farmer, merchant, and manufacturer on a large scale, and where she controls capital and labor her profits are of course the same as man's. She keeps hotels, restaurants, and bakeries. All the lighter branches of trade might be in the hands of woman. But she is not ready; she is not yet educated to it. The times are forcing her on, but her progress is slow compared with her need. Since the first shot at Fort Sumter too many have been coming day by day.

"Learn to labor and to wait."

And women capable of doing other than woman's accepted labor must have felt it a duty to lay down their woman's tools and take up man's. We estimate it as hardly more a sacrifice to have been laid in those soldiers' graves, early as most of them were, than to have been left to toil, singly, feebly, and with so little hope of competency as woman does, but there is no reprieve.

The more fortunate might perhaps bear their fortunes a little more as by the grace of God, and make poverty seem less humiliating; but any legislation, except it were *pro tem.*, like our bankrupt acts, would not be a manifest good.

[We open our pages to the above writer and print her protest, and then hand her over to the kind care of her sisters, Anna Dickinson,

Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Stanton, and others who are "agitating" the question in the interest of the sex, and if she comes to grief, it is

not our fault. We shall not take sides in this contest, nor shall we oppose free discussion. Our JOURNAL is open. The world moves.]

Department of Physiology.

The truths of Physiology should be inculcated and enforced early and earnestly, and with the emphasis of high religious duty.—*Yeomans.*

THE FEET—THEIR DRESS AND CARE.*

THE practical observer and thinker who brings to the notice of society the need of reform in some general habitude or usage, and at the same time prescribes a remedy or

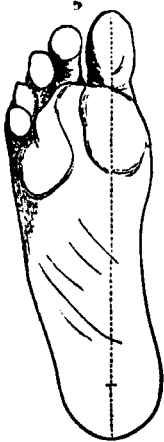


FIG. 1.

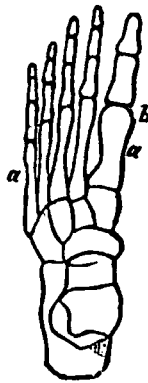


FIG. 2.

mode of reform, deserves the respect and gratitude due to philanthropy. In no department of dress or costume has there been shown more impropriety or disregard of nature's requirements than in the foot-coverings which have been in vogue among the nations claiming the highest civilization during the past one hundred years (figs. 1 and 2). Disfigurements thrust themselves upon our attention every day: crooked feet, stumpy feet, flat feet, feet with enormous joints, feet with crossed toes, with nails grown in, with corns hard and corns soft, with callosities on the bottom, or on the sides, or on the heels, etc.,—any

of which infirmities affect the sufferer's gait and render his walking more a pain than a pleasure. Now, the principal causes of these depravities are found in the earnestness with which people follow the mandates of fashion with respect to the shape of boots and shoes, quite ignoring the adaptation of the "style" to the shape and condition of their feet.

If we examine the foot of a child which has not yet been subjected to the cramping distorting process inflicted by badly selected shoes (figs. 3 and 4), we will find the toes lying straight forward in the line of the foot's length, with ample space between them for free movement. This is nature's beautiful, symmetrical arrangement, but the mechanical effect of the ill-shaped shoes so universally worn has been the crowding of the great toe toward the outside of the foot. A New York manufacturer of boots and shoes, of twenty years' standing, stated that having made drawings of thousands of feet, and always finding the

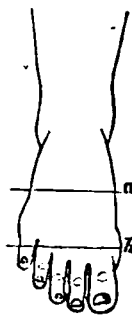


FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.

big toe turned more or less toward the outside, he presumed that was its normal shape. The great toe plays the most important part in walking, and unless it be free to exercise its function in that particular, the ease and

* THE FEET—THEIR DRESS AND CARE: Showing their Natural Perfect Shape and Construction; their present Deformed Condition; and how Flat-foot, Distorted Toes, and other Defects are to be Prevented or Corrected; with Directions for Dressing them Elegantly yet Comfortably; and Hints upon various matters relating to the General Subject. With Illustrations. 12mo; pp. iv., 202. Price \$1 25. New York: Samuel R. Wells, Publisher, 1871.

naturalness of one's walk will be more or less impaired. The springy, elastic tread of the Indian, so much remarked upon by travelers in the Western wilds, is due to the fact that his moccasins in no way hamper the play of every part of his feet (fig. 5).

One's foot has a right to grow in all directions in accordance with the symmetrical rule of development in the case of the person, and any method applied to dwarf or modify that growth must result in injury. That form of covering only is suitable which gives to all the toes the freedom which properly belongs to them, and to that form the shoe-maker should endeavor to approximate. The

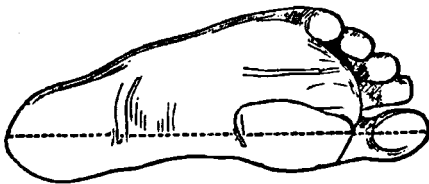


FIG. 5.

shape of the shoe which produces such a deformity as seen in figs. 6 and 7 can not be too much censured, and yet this deformity is very common. The shape of the sole determines the general outline and style of a shoe; that which is very generally in use is fairly represented in the accompanying fig. 8. A refer-



FIG. 6.

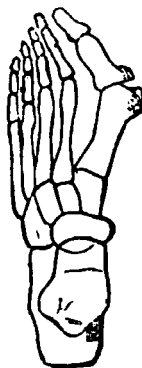


FIG. 7.

ence to fig. 1 shows how disproportioned such a shape is to the natural foot. Fig. 9 contrasted with the other is a form of sole occasionally to be seen in use by our best boot-makers, and it is far more serviceable than the other. The line *cd* shows where the great toe ought to be; whereas in a boot of such shape it would be turned aside

toward *e*, and the result could not be otherwise than distortion. The sole, the author of "Dress and Care of the Feet," suggests as

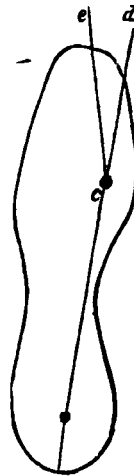


FIG. 8.



FIG. 9.

coming nearer to the wants of a foot-sore community is that shown by fig. 10. Here is an approximation to the form of the ancient sandal (see fig. 11) which, as is well known, afforded the old-time wearers all the room their toes, great and small, demanded, and saved them from the numerous pedal diseases of modern days.

While narrow-toed shoes and boots contribute to the production of corns, callosities, inflamed and enlarged joints, bunions, etc., high heels also do their share in the same direction. They cause the foot to pitch downward on the toes, and thus crowd the



FIG. 10.

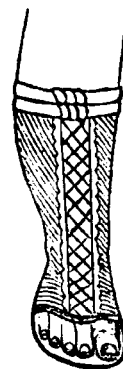


FIG. 11.

latter into a smaller space than they would settle in were the heels but reasonably elevated. High heels to-day are fashionable, particularly with the styles of shoes worn by the

ladies. We have seen some that were so lofty that the wearer seemed either lingering upon the point of a precipitate fall upon her face, or practicing tip-toe gymnastics. It is intended by nature that the heel should perform the major duty in sustaining the body, therefore an adjustment which throws the bulk of weight forward upon the ball and toes of the foot can not fail to be productive of injury.

It is particularly important that parents consider the suitability of the shoes worn by their children. By permitting a child to wear an ill-shaped and too short shoe, perhaps because the mother wishes its foot to be small, the result will soon exhibit itself in a distortion, which will become worse and worse if the imprudence be persisted in. If parents but half do their duty for their children in this matter, *i. e.*, select those shoes from the prevailing unnaturally shaped styles in the market which come nearest to what common sense and anatomy prescribe, they will save them from much torture and mortification in their after-years, and bless them with far more pedal comeliness than is now the rule.

Fashion, fickle and arbitrary as this goddess of society is, should not be allowed to meddle with the shape of the *lasts* on which our boots and shoes are made when we shall have secured that model which nature approves; and here let us declare in the language of the "Dress and Care of the Feet," that "the business of the last-maker is to learn what is the true shape of the natural, healthy foot, and then to imitate it as closely as possible, making only the slight differences for different kinds of coverings that have been pointed out. And, when so formed, let it be considered as a thing not to be altered, except to make it resemble the foot still more perfectly. Fashion and taste may change and dictate the cut and style of the upper parts of the boot or shoe to almost any extent, but they must not be allowed to shorten the length of the heel, nor to interfere in any manner with the shape of the last."

"The best fitting boot or shoe is one made of the right shape to adapt it to the particular foot; which is just snug enough to confine it without any uneasy feeling, and into which it goes easily and naturally to its

proper position. There is sufficient length to allow the toe to move without pressure on the nail, and sufficient width to let the toes lie side by side, in which position they appear much better than when piled one over another. There are no wrinkles made by loose leather—none by over-tightness—the room is entirely filled, while at the same time the foot is easy, and can make its natural movements in walking with ease and grace, which it can not do when squeezed into a boot that is too tight." On the whole, tight-boot-wearing is a humbug. It is entirely unnecessary, doing no good, while often defeating itself, when its object is to improve the foot's appearance.

Dr. Dio Lewis' experience as an educator in the matter of shoes, as detailed in his new book, "Our Girls," is so interesting, so appropriate, and so admonitory, that we can not forbear presenting a lengthy extract here. He says:

"One evening, at Lexington, I was discussing before the assembled school the subject of shoes for women, and had been remarking that the soles were uniformly too narrow, when Miss B. spoke up:

"Why, Doctor, my soles are perfectly immense. Why, they are twice as broad as my foot."

"Miss B., will you be kind enough to take off one of your shoes, and send it forward?' It was cheerfully and quickly done.

"Henry, please bring the rule. Now we will measure this sole.

"Miss B., I find this sole is two and one-half inches wide; do you think your foot is narrower than that?"

"Oh! a great deal. That shoe sole is twice as wide as my foot."

"Miss B., will you please come to the platform a moment?' So, limping along, one shoe off and one shoe on, she presented herself.

"Miss B., will you be kind enough to put your foot upon that sheet of white paper? Now hold up the other foot, and let your full weight press upon this one. There, now, hold still a minute, and let me draw the pencil around your foot. There, that will do. Now we will measure this mark, and see just how broad your foot is. Why, Miss B., I find that your foot is three inches and three-quarters broad;—no, stop, it is three inches and seven-eighths;—no, stop again, it really is four inches broad. Now what do you think? You may take the

rule and measure yourself if you doubt it. The sole is two inches and a half, and your foot is four inches broad!

"But, Doctor, it is four inches broad only when it is spread out by standing my whole weight on this one foot."

"Yes, Miss B., but that is exactly what takes place every time you step. For example, when, in walking, you lift up the right foot and push it forward, your whole weight is not only on the left foot, but, pushing with the left foot in propelling the body forward, you have, in addition to your weight upon that foot, the effort of pushing forward with it, which makes the toes still broader, and that takes place every time you step. So I presume when you are walking briskly, that if your foot were at liberty to spread, it would reach four inches and a quarter."

"This shoe sole, which you think is immense, is two inches and a half wide. Now what do you suppose becomes of the inch and a half of foot which has no sole to rest upon? Either the upper leather holds the foot, and prevents its spreading, or the foot spreads on either side beyond the sole, and presses down upon the edge of the sole."

"Very few girls walk in a firm, strong way. Notice one. You can see that she is balancing upon a narrow sole. There is an unsteadiness, a sidewise vibration. Besides, as she has not breadth of toe enough, she can not push her body forward in that elastic way which we all so much admire."

"Again, the pressure of the upper leather checks the circulation in the foot and makes it cold. If you check the circulation in any part, it becomes cold. The tight shoes, with an elastic worn about the leg just below the knee, so check the circulation in the foot, that the great majority of girls have cold feet. It would, indeed, be rare to find one with warm feet like a boy."

"Miss B. took her shoe and limped back to her seat quite crest-fallen. Now a dozen girls eagerly put up their hands."

"Selecting one, Miss R., I said, 'What do you wish?'"

"My shoe is broader than my foot."

"Well, send it forward and let me measure it."

"I found it two and a half inches, or, perhaps, a shade less."

"Come, stand on the paper and let me measure your foot."

"I found it fully three and three quarter inches; one inch and a quarter of foot with nothing to rest upon."

"Six or eight other girls insisted on having their shoes and feet measured, but among them all we did not find one that had less than an inch and a quarter of foot not matched by the sole."

"Miss S., a quiet, earnest girl, who was always on the *qui vive* for the *ought* of life, rose and said:

"I have always thought that shoes should have broad soles, and I have tried for years to induce my shoemaker to give me broad soles. He always says he will, but he never does. How can a young lady get broad soles if the shoemaker won't make them? I am sure I should be glad to have mine as broad as the widest spread of my foot, but I can not get them."

"SURE WAY TO GET BROAD SOLES."

"Miss S., if I will tell you how to induce your shoemaker to make the soles of your shoes as broad as your feet, will you try it?"

"I will, and should be very thankful for the suggestion."

"Go to him and say, 'Mr. Smith, please let me put my foot on a sheet of paper, resting my whole weight upon one foot, and then, if you please, mark around it with your pencil.'"

"Of course he will do it very cheerfully. Indeed, for some purpose, which I am sure no man can explain, shoemakers are quite in the habit of taking the size and shape of the foot. I am sure I never saw any evidence that they paid the slightest attention to it in making the shoes."

"Then say to Mr. Smith, 'Please measure that and tell me just how wide it is.'"

"Mr. Smith measures. You look on. He finds that the width is exactly three inches and seven-eighths."

"But," he will say, 'Miss S., what is all this for?'"

"No matter. Now, Mr. Smith, will you please to make the soles of this pair as broad as my feet?"

"Certainly, Miss S., I will make them all nice and broad."

"Mr. Smith, *please* make the soles as broad as my feet this time."

"Why, certainly, miss, what is the trouble? I will give them to you real nice and wide."

"You always tell me so; but when they come home, they are always those little narrow ones."

"Miss S., you shouldn't say so. I always make the soles of my shoes very broad. It will be all right. You needn't worry about that."

"Well, Mr. Smith, you need not send these shoes to me; I will come for them. The width of my foot is three inches and seven-eighths. Very well; when I come for these shoes, I shall measure the width of the soles; if they are one-eighth of an inch less than three inches and seven-eighths, I will not touch them."

"That struggle is all over. Mr. Smith will, for the first time in his life, keep his broad-sole promise."

"BEAUTY OF BROAD SOLES."

"Besides the advantages I have named, broad soles are much handsomer than narrow ones. They make the foot look smaller. If one puts his foot into a shoe too short, and too narrow, and the toes and sides of the foot press out all around over the sole, it makes the foot

look big; but if the sole be large enough to let the foot rest in its natural relations, it looks much smaller.

"Another advantage may be mentioned for the benefit of those who study economy. Such shoes will not only keep in shape, but they will last two or three times as long as those with narrow soles. The uppers, not being stretched as they are with narrow soles, will, if of good stock, almost never wear out, while the soles will remain square and even.

"I have spoken of the advantage of a greatly improved circulation, which would result from the introduction of the wide soles. I may add that the change which would at once appear in the manner of walking, would strike every beholder."

IN THE MAMMOTH CAVE WITHOUT A GUIDE.

BY R. S. WILLIAMS.

THERE is, perhaps, no stupendous work of nature more generally known—or, rather, known *of*—than the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. Its fame has spread wherever enlightenment carries instruction to a civilization willing to receive it. It ranks in the popular mind, as in the school-books and catalogues of the grand phenomena of nature, with every other mighty work that is the greatest of its class. There are many cataracts, but only one Niagara; many deserts, but only one Sahara; many whirlpools, but only one Maelstrom; so there are many caves, but only one Mammoth Cave. Nor are its glory and sublimity liable to diminution, either from terrestrial alterations or from the closest scrutiny of the skeptic. Niagara may wear its way back to Lake Ontario, and subside into a rapid; science and industry may redeem vast portions of the great desert; the iconoclasts who have no reverence for traditions have already laid rude hands upon the Maelstrom, and obedient to their "Peace, be still!" it has moderated its legendary fury, ceased to swallow huge vessels and cargoes for luncheon, and become quite an inoffensive, mild-mannered, and generally well-behaved eddy. But unless some mightier earthquake than any this country has ever yet experienced shall cause a tremendous caving-in of the superincumbent earth, the Mammoth Cave will remain for all time the great cave of caves, undergoing no change except in the increase of its "avenues" and the enlargement of its awful pits and splendid domes. Such a

catastrophe as its destruction by an earthquake is not anticipated. A gentleman was being conducted through its immense vaults when a severe shock visited that section of country, and though the outer world reeled as if drunken, and houses and trees rose and fell on the waves like ships on the ocean billows, the force seemed exerted only in the upper crust of the earth, as no unusual motion was perceptible in the cave. Its vast length of vaulted passages lay in frozen stillness, like a mighty serpent in his den, whose hibernation even an earthquake failed to disturb. It is argued from the fact that a considerable shock produced no effect at all in the cave, that the severest convulsion known would not seriously affect its proportions.

The entrance to Mammoth Cave is in Edmonston County, Ky., about half way between Louisville and Nashville. The Louisville and Nashville Railroad passes within a few miles of it. Visitors stop sometimes at Cave City, nine miles from the cave, but generally at Glasgow Junction, only seven miles distant. The latter route is almost invariably to be preferred in returning from the cave, as it leads by two of the most attractive caves in this country—"Proctor's" and "Diamond," the former especially abounding in the most beautiful and magnificent stalactite and stalagmite formations. At one time, it is said, the entrance to Mammoth Cave was at an opening in an avenue called Dickson's Cave, which now terminates near the great cave and has no open

connection with it. The old entrance is some half-mile from the present one, which was formed by the caving-in of the ground near the bed of a ravine, where Dickson's Cave approached the surface, and where there was fortunately a spring of water to accelerate the event which closed up the avenue leading to the mouth and opened a new gate to the subterranean mysteries in a more convenient and suitable place.

The Cave Hotel is situated within a few hundred yards of the entrance, and the grounds around it are very beautiful in summer. The hotel itself is capacious and comfortable, and during the summer season is generally well filled with guests. Handsome costumes for ladies, and rough caps and jackets for gentlemen, are procured at the office, where also the moderate cave fees are paid. The temperature of the cave is the same in winter and summer, being fifty-nine degrees. When the weather is very warm, parties coming out of the pure air of the interior are almost suffocated by the rank smell of vegetation with which the exterior atmosphere is loaded.

The Mammoth Cave is not celebrated for the beauty and variety of its stalactites and stalagmites—though its treasures of these in some of its chambers are unsurpassed,—but mainly for its vast extent, its miles of vaulted archways,* its immense chambers, its towering domes, and pits whose depths are lost in a gloom so profound that one is forcibly reminded of the old figure of a “darkness so thick you can cut it with a knife.” Ever since its discovery the cave has been a constant subject of exploration, both scientific and topographical, and eminently a theme of admiration and wonder. So thoroughly have its various avenues been described, and so frequently have the beauty and splendor of its subterranean scenes been depicted by pens gifted in the art of word-painting, that little can be written of the great cavern which the public has not already heard or read. It is true that new discoveries are frequently made by adventurous and indefatigable explorers—new avenues opened, increas-

ing the already unequalled extent of the cave, and new scenes of beauty or sublimity, or gloomy terror revealed which add to the awe and wonder with which it is regarded. The natural causes, too, which first wrought out this tremendous subterranean labyrinth are still incessantly at work enlarging it. The waters receding by wearing deeper beds or finding new outlets, and other mechanical and chemical agencies, are constant and industrious artisans; and while these produce no marked difference in the aspect of the original cavern, which remains, without their aid, the grandest known in the world, yet they are continually adding to its catalogue of scenery. But little is said, however, of the new developments. Visitors are not advised to explore their recesses. No one is prohibited from doing so if he chooses, but the descriptions of the cave avoid laying sufficient stress upon the scenery of the unfrequented routes to excite the curiosity of amateur explorers to the point of contempt for the danger and fatigue which these routes involve. They are generally difficult of access, as well as dangerous and laborious to travel; and on the principle that nine out of ten of those who come to see the cave would prefer the greatest amount of wonder that can be had for the smallest amount of trouble,—a conclusion that is found to be pretty generally correct,—the “Main Cave” has been divided into the “Long Route” and the “Short Route,”† and by fencing in or bridging the pits and removing the worst obstructions, visitors are satisfied with an extensive view of the interior obtained with comparatively little danger, and at the cost only of a walk that many an active business man takes every day.

It must not be understood, however, that either of these routes is so entirely free from danger as not to require the exercise of considerable caution in passing over them. The pits are numerous, and the weak light of the oil-lamps used in the journey would scarcely be sufficient to render the Long Route perfectly safe, especially for eager and excited tourists, were it not that the warning voice of the guide is raised at every point where carelessness might result in harm—where precipitation in the traveler might end in his precipitation into a chasm. “Be careful on the right!” “Pit on the left!” are admonitions frequently addressed by the guide to those in his charge during their

* There are about one hundred and fifty avenues in the cave which have been explored, the total length of which is more than one hundred miles. Besides these there are many passages that have scarcely been entered—some not at all. If all the avenues of this mighty underground labyrinth were explored, its extent would doubtless be found to be nearly double what is now known of it. Very probably, too, many scenes of beauty and grandeur would be revealed, equalling, if not surpassing, those which now challenge the wonder and admiration of the world.

† The Long Route is estimated to be nine miles in length, and the Short Route about four miles. The first generally occupies visitors from ten to twelve hours, the latter from three to four.

passage through the cave. Several of the pits are without railing to protect the visitor from the danger of falling in, which, if he is short-sighted or his vision otherwise defective, or if he is so eager as to be in some degree careless, is not at all an improbable misfortune. "Side-saddle Pit," especially, over which lie some timbers, that indicate the commencement of a rude platform, from which it was intended to illuminate the Cimmerian depths and the dome above, but which was abandoned on account of the difficulty of rendering the structure perfectly and permanently safe, is a yawning abyss of darkness, looking awful in the lamp-light, and the path as it approaches and passes this point is slippery and slopes a little toward the mouth of the chasm. A false step here might precipitate the unlucky explorer to the bottom, ninety feet below; but the warning voice of the guide, echoing through the vault with hollow and solemn tone, is regarded as sufficient precaution against the danger.

A short distance beyond is the famous "Bottomless Pit." A strong bridge has been thrown across an arm of the chasm, and the railing affords additional protection. At the "Dead Sea," also, there is an iron railing between the narrow path at the foot of the wall and the edge of the gloomy lake. The "Dead Sea" is a long and deep gorge, partially filled with water, sometimes, indeed, overflowing its banks when the exterior waters are high, showing, in common with the other important bodies of water in the cave, a connection with the streams of its vicinity—Green River, I suppose, as that stream passes within a few hundred yards of the mouth of the cavern.

At some future day some enterprising Yankee will line the avenues with gas-pipes and illuminate the routes, at least, at all the prominent points of danger or interest. Such an illumination would not, as is popularly believed, mar the sublime effect of the scenes, but would rather add to their grandeur. They are illuminated by the guides in order to display their beauty or sublimity to the admiring view of visitors, and an illumination by gaslight would certainly be better than that produced by lighting a piece of oiled paper. During the visit of the members of the Kentucky Press Association last June, hundreds of lighted candles were scattered along the routes, assisting the lamps very much in lighting up the vaulted passages, and the effect was such as to completely explode the general idea that the great cavern would lose its awe-inspiring

influence if illuminated. The weak light of the lamps renders it necessary for explorers to keep their gaze closely bent upon the ground as they walk, in order to avoid a mishap more or less serious. It is very easy to get a joint severely wrenched by "treading on the side of one's foot," or straining (or spraining) one's ankle, and either generally involves the necessity of immediately carrying the victim out of the cave in the arms of his comrades. In exercising the caution required to avoid such an accident, much is missed that would otherwise be seen. If gas is ever introduced into the cave, a sensible public will vote the enterprise a benefaction.

It is seldom, if ever, that parties enter the Mammoth Cave unaccompanied by one of a number of guides who are thoroughly acquainted with its various recesses, know every turn and corner of the avenues, every branch which is likely to lead the novice off into uncertain or dangerous directions, and who could, if blindfolded and deposited in any part of the cave, tell at a glance, on removing the bandage from their eyes, exactly where they stood and which direction they should take to reach the entrance.

I have never heard of any one falling into any of the pits, but the guide-books and the tongues of the guides abound with stories of persons lost in the cave, and picture the effect of such a disaster in the gloomiest colors. According to these interested authorities, a gibbering idiocy, from which the victim recovers only after a long time, if at all, naturally follows the terror inspired by the situation of one lost in the cave, and groping about in danger and uncertainty, amid a silence that is awful and a darkness that can almost be felt. I can imagine the oppressive horror of such a situation upon a nervous organization, but I really can not see the necessity, with all the precautions usually taken, for any sensible person to become involved in all the conditions required to produce such terrible results. In the first place, one must be lost from the guide, either by rushing far ahead and entering a wrong avenue (a very improbable action) or by lingering far behind and getting bewildered in the mazes of the passage. But the guide and each member of the party are constantly on the watch lest such an accident should happen, notwithstanding that the contingency is indeed slight. Besides, the lamp which one carries, and which is calculated to burn for ten hours, and is refilled at convenient stages on the journey, must be extinguished in order to

produce the darkness, which plays an important part in the melancholy drama, and the improvident explorer must find himself without the supply of lucifer matches which ought always to form a part of his outfit. To all this may be added the fact, that one knows if he gets astray that he has but to sit down and wait, and some one will be sent to his relief as soon as he is missed, involving at most but a few hours' delay; and, farther, that the feeling of awe wears off in a short time after entering the cave (such was mine, and is the general experience), and there is nothing to obstruct or divert the simplest exercise of reason. In view of these facts, the stories of the sufferings and insanity of persons lost in the tortuous passages of the great cavern are reduced to one of three conditions: either the mishaps did not occur at all; or, if they did, they were not followed by such terrible results; or, if they were, the victims must have been persons possessing such self-confidence and courage as to wander away from their party without fear, and at the same time prove so weak and cowardly as to be frightened out of their wits in the dark, which last hypothesis is very much like a *reductio ad absurdum*. This is my reasoning outside of the cave. It is but fair to the reputation of the subterranean wonder that I should say that these arguments did not occur to me while traveling through its echoing vaults. Nevertheless, the fearful stories excited no special feeling of dread, aroused no unusual sense of danger, nor caused the adoption of any care or precaution that would not have been taken had I never heard them.

There is sufficient danger, however, or at least people think so, to deter visitors from attempting the exploration without a guide. Besides, it is a feat to which the proprietors are somewhat averse, but which I believe they do not positively interdict. But the chief difficulty in the way of such an attempt is not so much in the danger of getting hurt as of missing one's way and becoming bewildered in the labyrinth of passages. Many avenues lead off from the main cave; some for a short distance only, others for miles; and the latter in turn have branches of various lengths. The openings to these are sometimes of such a character as to mislead a stranger, and he would probably get considerably out of the way before he discovered his error. The absence of the marks of travel observable in many parts of the most frequented routes would lead him to the conclusion that he was wrong, but at the same

time it would be the source of much confusion in his effort to return to the right path. There are such a number of passages, and such a multitude of turns and obstructions—all sufficiently similar to add to the difficulty of the task—that one must possess an observation unusually acute and a memory unusually accurate to note and retain the points of difference well enough to be able to retrace his steps exactly without wandering through the same branches often. For these reasons no one ever attempts the Long Route especially, unless accompanied by "Old Matt," an American citizen of the African persuasion who has been a guide for thirty years, or by some one of four or five others employed in that capacity. The last time I visited the cave an incident occurred when about one-third of the Long Route had been traveled, which threw the party I accompanied on its own resources—left it with the option of exploring the remainder of the route without a guide, or giving up the object of a long-cherished desire when almost in our grasp, as it were, and ingloriously returning to the realms of upper day. Only one of us had ever been through the famous Long Route, and he but once when he was a mere boy. Now, grown to manhood, the utmost efforts of his memory could scarcely recall, even as the vague shadows of a half-forgotten dream, the most striking features of the cave as they were presented to his view in passing through it the second time. Of course he knew nothing at all of the way. My own experience consisted in having gone, in the excursion of the members of the Kentucky Press Association in June last, over the Short Route and as far on the Long Route as the Dead Sea, where we were stopped by high water. The rest were utter novices. Nevertheless, such was the desire of all to make good use of an opportunity which might never occur again, that we summoned all our confidence and courage and determined not to return until we had penetrated to the extremity of the Long Route—come good or ill as the reward of our daring!

There were ten in the party, three of whom were ladies, and all (which may, in a great measure, account for our success) faithful followers of the cold water banner. Returning from the Grand Lodge of Good Templars which adjourned at Hopkinsville, Ky., on Friday, October 14th, 1870, we alighted at Glasgow Junction, seven miles from the cave, and struck off across the country in a couple of springy wagons to visit this and other subterranean attractions in its vicinity. It was

late when we left the train, but we determined to reach the cave that night if conveyances could be had, despite the advice of the landlord at "the Junction," given with many shakings of the head and muttered doubts of our safe journey. We could not divest ourselves of the idea that his advice was not entirely disinterested, but was probably influenced by the prospect of a smart bill for lodging and breakfast. Detailing one of our number to hunt up vehicles, the comfortable conveyances above-mentioned, which ply regularly between the cave and the Junction, soon made their appearance. Dividing the load between them, five to each, and promising the drivers an extra fee for extra carefulness, we swept over the distance in little more than an hour, and without adventure enough, though we traveled entirely by starlight, to bring even a timid exclamation from the lips of the ladies. The drivers were relics of "the barbarous institution," and overflowing with the humor peculiar to their race. They bore well the "chaffing" of the light-hearted party, and retorted with many a jest they had picked up from their passengers. People, they told us, were not nearly as liberal now as they were before the war. Then quarter and half dollar fees for little attentions were frequent, induced, doubtless, in many instances, by sympathy for their condition; now, they said, "people say nigger's free—got to shuffle fur hisself."

"But you ought to lay up a little out of your salary and perquisites," said I to one of them. "I expect the truth is that you melt the most of it in a tumbler."

"No, indeed, sah! Don't drink nuffin, sah—nuffin to speak of. Jest take three drinks a day—one 'fore ebery meal; an' I's totle abst'ence 'tween times—less some fella treats me, or I treats him."

"Ah, Mann," said Miss Sallie,* "you ought to give your wife the money you spend for liquor."

"Dunno, miss. What you s'pose she do wid it? Go buy some foolishness! 'Clar' to gracious, dese here hoops an' carbobs an' bracelets an' shin-ons an' Grecian bends is nuff to break a poor nigga up, root'n branch. Las' Sunday I jess tole my wife—tuk her half'n hour to fix fur meetin'—she's a-flyin' in de face o' Providence. Ole Marster made her jess right, but she say he's'n old fool—dunno what he's about—didn't make her head right,—an' so she claps a mons'ous bunch o' black hemp on de back

* I have used the Christian names only throughout, for reasons that will be obvious to the intelligent reader.

ob it, big's a half a bushell! S'pose she'd a been born'd dat way?—Golly! wouldn't she ben a sight! Woosh 'twould grow dar!"

This very unconjugal wish, as well as the comments on the fashions, was uttered with an assumed air of annoyance, as of one relating a personal grievance, that was truly comical. So tickled was the pretended victim of fashion with the ludicrous picture suggested by his last remark, that he burst out with a loud and hearty "Yah! yah! yah!" and chuckled and rolled about on his seat in a manner so irresistibly funny that we could not help joining in the laugh.

We were welcomed with courteous hospitality at the Cave Hotel, and after a short consultation, in which the programme of the next day was satisfactorily arranged, we were ushered into pleasant rooms where slumberous couches wooed us to refreshing repose. I had scarcely lifted the snowy counterpane when it became the mainsail of fancy's pleasure-yacht, and I was borne hither and thither over the misty sea of dreams. My voyage was interrupted by the breakfast-bell at 8 o'clock the next morning, which summoned us to a much more excellent breakfast than we had anticipated. The guests being few at the end of the season, and coming one or two at a time, at intervals of several days, preparations for their entertainment were supposed to have fallen off in proportion. After breakfast we were marshaled upon the long veranda in front of the hotel, where we found "Old Matt" in waiting. The ladies had donned their picturesque costumes, and bore good-humoredly the merry quizzing of the gentlemen, who, though in rough caps and jackets that made them look like backwoodsmen, could not forego the opportunity of teasing "the Bloomerites." The hours for entering the cave are fixed at 9 o'clock A.M. for the Long Route, and 9½ o'clock for the Short Route. This is necessary to enable the parties to return in time, from the first route for supper, from the latter for dinner. There was a few minutes' delay for the inevitable arranging of the scanty skirts and setting of jaunty hats, and we moved off in couples toward the mouth of the cave, where we found that a supply of lamps had been deposited with a can of oil for replenishing them when their stock should burn low. A country bumpkin sat on a rock near by while Matt lighted the lamps, and offered for sale a number of rough sticks cut from the woods around and rudely trimmed. The price was fifteen cents apiece, or two for twenty-five cents! The amount of

check required for that transaction would have done credit to a New York jockey. It was here I first observed that an addition had been made to our party that boded disaster to the expedition. A lady who had left her cradlehood at least fifty years behind her, stepped forward in turn and took a lamp from the hand of the guide. I looked at her in dismay. The undertaking was a serious one for the rest of the party, who were young and lithe and strong; for her it seemed an impossibility. Even in her prime a walk of eighteen or twenty miles would have been undertaken with doubt and dread, prosecuted with infinite pains and labor, and ended, if at all, with a fatigue which would have laid her up for a time. Now, though the underground journey was not as fatiguing as the same distance along even a level road or the surface would have been, it looked like a piece of transcendent folly in one of her age and "oft infirmities" to voluntarily essay the task. Taking Matt aside I indignantly demanded what he meant by imposing upon the old lady in that manner, and learned from him that every effort within the bounds of politeness had been made to deter her from joining the expedition, but she had insisted upon going in such a manner as to disarm opposition and enlist sympathy on her side. She said that she had, from early childhood, cherished a desire to see the wonders of nature as exhibited in the largest and most famous cave in the world; that this desire had grown to be almost a passion; that she had never before had an opportunity to gratify it, and probably never would have another; that though extremely anxious to reach home, and though it was very important that she should do so as soon as possible, she had diverged from her route on coming within fifty miles of the cave in order to satisfy this one darling ambition of her life. She insisted that she was stronger than they thought; that her delight at the gratification of her intense desire to see the cave would sustain her; and that, in short, she *must* go. Of course there was nothing left but submission in the face of such an earnest and determined plea from a lady. No one had the heart to deny her a pleasure she had so long looked forward to. It had formed the one bright spot in the future on which Hope had fixed her longing eyes; and now that she had reached it after years of fruitless journeying, and was about to stretch out her hand and grasp the boon that lay basking in its light, who could be so cruel as to snatch it from her trembling fingers? Reason and prudence yielded to

sympathy, and tossing doubt and care where Shakspeare wisely advised us to "throw physic," we swung our lamps, gave a last look at the blue sky and the mottled foliage of the forest, and followed Matt down into the huge mouth of the cavern with the proud and heroic bearing of Odin when he

"Saddled straight his coal-black steed,
And down the yawning steep he rode
That leads to Hecla's drear abode."

Some thirty or forty rude steps, the upper half of the number cut in the earth and laid with rock, the rest in the native rock itself, led to the bottom of a depression probably forty feet in diameter and fifty feet deep, over one side of which hung the frowning brow of the cave. Under this we passed, and, leaving the blessed light of the day behind us, boldly entered the throat of the monster. I thought of the story of the ichneumon watching the crocodile go to sleep on the sands, with his mouth open, and springing down his throat to eat its way out through his side. But all comparisons seemed too tame for the occasion. A sense of awe comes over even the gayest-hearted on entering the great cave, mingled with an emotion of wonder which is more like an immense but undefined expectation of some mighty something just at hand, than anything else I can think of to convey the idea. The fitful light of the lamps only serves to reveal, not dispel, the awful gloom, and the sensation one experiences when he stands for the first time in the vast chamber of the "Rotunda," must be akin to that which a man looks down from the brink of death into the impenetrable gloom and mystery that lie at his feet—yet without that thrill of fear with which the evil see their doom. I can only define the feeling as the involuntary homage paid by our being to the grandeur and might of nature. Its weight is impressive but not oppressive, and as we proceed it passes off, to be revived in a measure in the presence of the magnificent chambers or the terrible pits that are revealed to us, or is lost in wonder at the huge and fantastic stalactites and stalagmites, or in rapt admiration of the beautiful and graceful forms of the saline efflorescence on the walls and ceilings of some of the avenues.

The "Narrows" is a low archway extending from within a few feet of the mouth of the cave to the Rotunda, and is probably less than two hundred yards in length. The large hall to which the name Rotunda is given, contains a number of vats, pipes, etc., used by miners in the war of 1812 in making saltpeter. The tim-

bers are apparently in a perfect state of preservation. The ceiling of this hall is about one hundred feet above the floor. When the guide informed us gravely that the Rotunda was situated under the dining-room of the Cave Hotel, I accepted his statement without question; but after noting its location on our return as carefully as I could under the circumstances, I came to the conclusion that the assertion was a piece of unnecessary humbug. I could see nothing to justify it, either in the direction or distance from the entrance. From this point, after passing through an avenue whose wall juts out near the top, on the left, in a form which is nearly an exact copy of some noted cliffs on the Kentucky River near Frankfort, we entered a room eighty feet in diameter and forty feet high, called the "Methodist Church," on the floor of which lie the logs used for seats when the room was first occupied for the purpose which gave it its name. Here, more than half a century ago, from the "Pulpit," a ledge of rocks twenty-five feet above the floor, the plan of salvation was expounded to the rude miners by some unlearned but earnest itinerant. It was truly an appropriate temple—built by the mighty hands of nature and dedicated to the service of nature's God! I could imagine the gray-haired minister standing above his little flock, amid the grandest scenery in the world, his voice echoing through the solemn vaults, and the very shadows that stood in the corners or glided like ghosts over the walls, and the somber darkness that rose like a barrier at either entrance, adding impressiveness to his words.

As we left this point the old lady began to exhibit palpable signs of fatigue. She was yet loth to acknowledge, even to herself, that she might fail, and she was more loth to intimate such a thing to us. She knew that her failure would involve us in a serious disappointment, and she bore up with an effort that rather overdid the matter, and excited our suspicions as to the truth. With a kindness that did credit to their Kentucky training, the young men proffered their assistance by turns, and hopeful of thus avoiding the threatened trouble, we moved on in lively spirits, the awesome feeling having given way to the buoyancy and ardor of youth. Our steps were timed, however, by those of our *protégé* (for we had tacitly installed her as the charge of the party), and as we progressed the march grew slower and slower, till the snail's pace at which we moved became a severe trial to the patience of all.

The "Gothic Galleries" were slowly left be-

hind, and passing through the "Grand Arch," fifty feet high and about the same in width, we came to the "Giant's Coffin." This is an immense rock which has been detached from the side of the avenue, and as we approached it, all were struck with its remarkable resemblance to a coffin, even showing a crevice near the top, which extends the entire length, and which gives the upper portion the appearance of a lid. The Coffin is eight feet high and forty feet long. Visitors traveling the Long Route leave the Main Cave at the foot of this rock, passing behind it toward "Deserted Chamber."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Dave, "behold the burial-casket of the Cardiff monster!—more honored in his obsequies than when he stood among admiring crowds, for nature is a magnificent undertaker."

At that moment the guide directed our attention to a picture on the ceiling called the "Ant-Eater," a black figure having in its outline sufficient likeness to the animal to justify the name:

"Ant-eater!" said Dave, determined that his wit *should* be noticed; "well, I have a rich old aunt—"

Before he could utter the horrible suggestion intended, Matt shouted, "Move on!" and we were soon halted under two large black figures, one on each side of the ceiling, with a smaller one about midway between them. Only when the guide informed us that they were called the "Giant and Giantess," and that the little figure was the "Baby" they were tossing from lap to lap, could we trace any resemblance whatever to any form we had ever seen or heard of; and even then the outline had to be considerably assisted by our imaginations. Dave was irrepressible. Said he:

"Companions of my travels! I acknowledge my error. It was not for the hero of Cardiff, but for this precious pair, that the Coffin was made."

"What are they doing on the ceiling, then?" asked Miss Minnie.

"Pshaw! don't you see? They were those wicked ogres that eat up little children in the nursery books. When that noble hero, Jack the Giant-killer, put an end to their bloody lives, they were condemned to pass the brief period of eternity in this cavernous abode of gloom; but the common adit was too good for them, so their black souls just seeped through, and that's the stain!"

Now, the guides are sometimes jealous of any one who undertakes to enliven the journey, considering that their own especial province.

So Matt broke into this learned and valuable dissertation with—

"Ladies an' gemmen, when *dat other guide* gits frou wid his smartness, I'll explain de natur ob dese figgers."

Completely snubbed by this unexpected application of the leveling principle, the exuberant young man subsided, and we were told that the figures were an efflorescence of black gypsum upon white limestone. The statement was undoubtedly correct, as the guide derived it from the report of a scientific exploration of the cave by Charles W. Wright, M.D.*

Returning from this point to the Giant's Coffin, we passed behind the huge rock and soon entered Deserted Chamber. There is no special interest attached to this point, and I was unable to learn from what circumstance it derived its name.

The way was somewhat difficult, and told with serious effect upon the old lady's power of endurance. Notwithstanding frequent rests, old Matt, who regulated his march by her ability to travel, lifted his No. 15 brogans and set them down again with great deliberation, apparently weighing his feet critically as he raised them one after the other, and then, as if satisfied that they had lost none of their ponderousness, carefully deposited them again on the ground. This was very chafing to the eager spirit of the rest of the party, but politeness still prevented them from showing their annoyance, except by an occasional suggestion to the guide to "get along a little faster."

"Wooden Bowl Cave,"—so named from the fact that a wooden bowl was found in it when it was first discovered—then a winding and gloomy passage called "Black Snake Avenue," and lastly a large room entitled "Martha's Palace," though far from wearing a palatial aspect, were passed without a pause, as they possessed no object of special interest, and no claim to notice beyond the fact that they were portions of the great cavern.

Moving on through the "Arched Way," where the ceiling is a smooth and regular arch, and the walls exhibit strongly marked traces of the action of water in excavating these mighty tunnels, we reached Side-saddle Pit

* Dr. Wright has published a brief "guide-manual" of the great cave, which contains much valuable scientific and other information concerning it. The book is very useful to visitors from the accuracy of its topographical details. I regretted not having seen it before I went in, as it would have saved me much trouble in taking notes, etc., being a complete book of reference on which I could have relied whenever memory was at fault concerning any point.

and Minerva's Dome, of which I have already spoken, and a short distance beyond we stood upon a rude but substantial bridge, called the "Bridge of Sighs" (for what reason I could not satisfy myself, either by inquiry or guessing), and peered over the railing into the black depths of the famous Bottomless Pit—certainly one of the most fearful-looking chasms I ever saw. The name of this pit has accompanied that of the Mammoth Cave into every part of the civilized world. Indeed, a reference to the cave almost invariably involves mention of the pit. Their fame is coextensive and inseparable. An account of the cave without a description of the Bottomless Pit would be like Othello without Iago. In the popular mind the great pit is the great feature of the great cave. It is an awful chasm, its gloomy surroundings being a complete realization of the idea of the abode of despair, and its yawning mouth of darkness looking as if it might well be the entrance to the infernal regions. There are other pits in the cave which are as deep as this, but no other presented, to my mind at least, that terrible aspect which thrills with a deep feeling of dread, while at the same time it attracts the shuddering beholder. Wild and dismal and apparently unfathomable, I almost listened to hear the hoarse growl of Cerberus issue from its throat. Yet, notwithstanding its name and its forbidding aspect, it is only one hundred and seventy-five feet deep and about twenty feet in width. "Shelby's Dome," sixty feet high, is directly over it. Both were formed from the same causes, the agencies which hollowed out the dome descending to burrow out the pit.

The guide lighted a piece of oiled paper, and after displaying the size and grandeur of the dome, threw the blazing sheet down into the chasm, lighting up the dark shaft till we thought we could see the glisten of the water at the bottom far below. The sides were rough and seamed, and in some places strata of rocks that had resisted the solvent action of the water jutted out from the walls. On one of the ledges thus formed the burning paper lodged, and illuminating the whole shaft below gave us a grand view of the horrors of the pit. Silence fell upon our little party the moment we approached the spot, which was not broken till we left the vicinity—except once when the light cast into it illuminated the whole interior, and the involuntary exclamation came shudderingly and half suppressed from the lips of all: "How terrible!" I glanced around at the group, and did not wonder at the pallid faces

and wide-staring eyes. Shrinking back from the awful brink of the chasm, we followed the guide into "Revelers' Hall," where we paused to give the old lady a chance to rest, and to suffer our nerves to recover from the shock. The impression produced by the frightful scene soon gave way to the buoyant spirits of the younger portion, but our *protégé* was not so readily revived.

"You don't think of going any farther, do you?" she asked appealingly of one of the ladies. "I think it is positively awful. It is not nice for ladies—now is it?"

"She's hunting a way to get out," whispered Price, amused in spite of his vexation.

"Indeed," replied Miss Minnie, "I don't dream of giving up now. I may never have another opportunity to explore the cave, and I am just bent on seeing all there is to see before I leave it."

"Well, I don't think it's *nice*. I don't believe ladies ought to be *allowed* to go through such a place."

"Oh, my! Not *nice*, indeed!" and forthwith there rose such an indignant chorus of female voices in clamorous protest against the insinuation, that the poor woman was fain to relinquish her stratagem for escape, and accepted the situation with a doleful sigh that, unfortunate as the case was to all, could not but excite our sense of the ridiculous to the point of a suppressed titter. But Searcy kindly prevented her from observing it by politely offering her his arm, as it was "his turn."

"Don't this put you in mind of the Arabian Nights?" some one asked, as we walked on.

"Yes, by Jupiter!" said Dave, in a stage whisper. "Sinbad the Sailor had his 'Old Man of the Sea,' and we have our 'Old Woman of the Cave.'"

A turn to the left caused a lull in the conversation, and we entered the "Valley of Humility," a low archway (with a beautiful white ceiling) through which we passed in a stooping posture, sometimes bent nearly double.

"Here's whar de ladies larn de Greeshun bend," explained Matt.

"Ouch!—at the expense of their heads," exclaimed Miss Frankle, who had collided with the ceiling.

"Gracious! You don't mean to say that we must go through *that* place!" cried all the ladies in concert, as we halted in front of "Scotchman's Trap."

"Dis here's de way," said Matt, sententiously, coolly pushing through.

It was a dangerous-looking place. A large

rock, twelve to eighteen inches thick, leaned like an immense "deadfall" over the path, where it made a sudden descent, leaving an aperture beneath some four or five feet in diameter. There was ample room for us to pass down, but the point of the "deadfall" rested upon the ledge above our heads in a way which seemed to require only a slight jar to dislodge it. In the days of my ingenious laddhood I have set many just such traps (only much smaller) for rabbits, and I involuntarily looked around for the "trigger." We concluded, at length, that the rock had not allowed thousands to pass through in safety, waiting and watching more years than man could tell for the opportunity to fall on this particular party. So the gentlemen gallantly preceded the ladies through, and passing what is called the "Lower Branch," we soon found ourselves in a part of the cave that is the special terror of all explorers of corporeal ponderosity. It was "Fat Man's Misery," a narrow and tortuous passage about fifty yards in length, through which it would seem that a man of no more than medium size would not pass with ease; and there are a number of gentlemen in my own circle of acquaintance, whose aldermanic proportions indicate generous living put through a digestive apparatus capable of performing the work of a chemical laboratory, to whom I am confident that the passage would be almost as impossible as it would be for Gambrinus himself to take sanctuary in one of his own beer-barrels by entering through the bung-hole. An attempt upon it by the Fat Men's Club would result as disastrously as Thermopylæ to the Persians. I thought, as I worked my way through its narrow contortions, of that distinguished statesman and soldier, Gen. Humphrey Marshall, of this State, who weighs between three and four hundred pounds, and has nearly as much brains as body, and heart enough to keep up an ample supply of the "milk of human kindness" in both, and I felt supremely happy in the fact that he was not in the party. This passage varies from four to ten feet in altitude, but at the height of the head is wider than below. Through a great part of it there is a ledge about level with the shoulders or waist, and below that the water has cut a jagged channel varying from fifteen to thirty inches in width, and as zigzag in its route as the trail of a serpent in the dust of the highway, or the course of a vessel sailing against the wind, or the career of a professional politician, or the convolutions of a corkscrew. (There! I am fairly out of breath

with similes, and haven't done half justice to the case.) Our party, though none of us was inclined to adipose, literally *wormed* its way through the passage with the loss of a button or two, some damage to costume, and a slight enlargement of the phrenological developments of several who, at the low places, forgot that they must "stoop to conquer," and made the painful discovery that the stone arch was harder than their heads. Searcy brought up the rear, having managed to get our *protégé* through by pushing in the tight places, and willingly resigned his post to Price when we emerged from the narrow path and straightened ourselves up once more in a short avenue appropriately named "Great Relief," which is about forty feet wide and ranges from five to twenty feet in height. The hollow sound observed in many places while traversing the avenues of the cave was due to branches or detached caves beneath; but here it was owing to the existence of a passage directly over us, entitled "Bunyan's Way," which forms a communication between "Great Relief" and a long arm of the cave called "Pensacola Avenue."

Entering "River Hall," we turned a little way to the right to see "Bacon Chamber,"—so named from the fact that the solvent action of the water which once filled the chamber has left small masses of rock projecting from the ceiling, which present the appearance of hams hung from the rafters of a country smoke-house. From here a branch leads off to "Mammoth Dome" and "Spark's Avenue." These are very interesting parts of the cave, but as they did not belong to our route we resumed the road through River Hall, passed the Dead Sea (to which I have already referred),

and shortly afterward looked down into the waters of the "River Styx." As far as is known, the River Styx is about one hundred and fifty yards long, from ten to forty yards wide, and the guides say about thirty feet deep. The services of Charon were not needed, as the "Natural Bridge" spans the river, rising some thirty feet above its surface at the stage of water at which we saw it. As we stood on the bridge, Matt illuminated the hall, and the scene was one of gloomy grandeur. The presence of the grim ferryman of Hades would have been strikingly in keeping with the surroundings.

A short walk brought us to another Plutonian derivative, "Lake Lethe." It has about the same body of water as the Styx, but the arch overhead is much higher, being about ninety feet from the surface. It lies directly in the avenue, and old Matt, with his black and wrinkled skin and a charnel-house breath, resulting from his frequent sly recourse to a flask he carried in his pocket, was a complete personification of Charon, as he bailed out the boat and bade us enter. It was a frail craft, and "teetered" with a perfect recklessness that brought many a little scream from the lips of the ladies ere we reached the opposite bank.

"My bark is on the sea," I quoted, as we glided over the water.

"That's what my English pointer said when he was crossing the Atlantic," shouted the incorrigible Dave from the other end of the boat.

"I say, Matt, where's the sail?" asked Grinstead, determined to show *his* wit.

"Dis boat's not for sale, young master," was the answer; and, caught in his own trap, Grinstead was silent thereafter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SUGAR-MAPLE TREE: ITS USES AND ADAPTATIONS.

[The following article furnishes several valuable suggestions with respect to the availability of the sugar-maple for different uses. It comes to us too late this spring for those of our readers who are in the habit of going into the sugar-bush, but its instruction will be profitable if applied at the next season.—ED. A. P. J.]

A SWEET employment this, especially for the young folks, not yet soured by hard work or too much rubbing against the world. The time for it has just passed. Exactly when to tap the tree is not easy to say; but when the sap flows freely and there seems to be good reason, comparing the current season with past years, to hope for continuous fair, sunny days, it is time at least to be ready.

Throw the old troughs away, if not done with them long ago, and procure, or, if you have them, bring forth from their summer and winter quarters, good, well-made sap tubs. Wash them thoroughly, scalding with boiling water, and repair, if any hoops are off or heads leaky, and then put them in a dry place where they will be free from smoke and dust until wanted. If you aspire to produce the best article and to secure a liberal price for the sugar in excess of the home supply, every thing used in the reduction must be *clean*. A barely tolerable sugar can be made without special cleanliness; but an article that will

bring twenty-five cents per lb. when good West India muscovados bring but twelve and a half cents, can not; nor can a syrup which will tempt a fastidious millionaire to pay almost any price you may choose to ask. Gathering pails, of large size, but light when empty, will be wanted; also a large hogshead or a cistern for storing sap; and the spiles should be in readiness. Let these latter be made of elder, or, better still, of pine or sumach, from three-quarters of an inch to an inch through, and sharpened to fit a five-eighths augur or bit. A bit is more convenient for boring horizontally. The lengths may vary from five or six to ten inches.

As trees are not always round at the place of insertion, it is found more convenient, in many cases, to have the spiles of unequal lengths, in order to insert two in each tree, so as to bring the outer ends near each other, and both nearly over the center of a tub, suspended by a wrought iron spike from the tree.

COMMENCING THE WORK.

When the time, according to the best judgment you can summon, has come, insert two spiles in each tree. This, as a general rule, is better than more or less, though in very large trees it may be better to use four, two on each side, and but one only in a quite small tree. Bore the holes with a half-inch, or perhaps, if the trees be large, with a five-eighth bit, sloping downward slightly, that the sap may be less likely to freeze and cause an overflow before reaching the tub. As regards the depth for boring, it should be considered that the *alburnum*, or white wood, gives nearly all the sap. The boring may therefore be discontinued when the bit begins to throw out red chips. In case of large trees, we would bore four or five inches, if the white wood extends to that depth. In small, thrifty trees, nearly the whole stem being white wood, we would prefer not to bore over an inch, or an inch and a half, at most.

Collecting the sap was done in former times, when men now grown old were young, by carrying two pailfuls at a time, suspended from the ends of a neck yoke, through snows and over rough ground. By all progressive men it is now done by horse power, on sleds or on wheels, as the snow or bare ground may require.

STORAGE.

If the facilities for boiling rapidly are adequate, no great amount of storage is needed. For a small sugar bush, say of thirty trees, a single molasses hogshead will suffice. For larger ones, the storage may be in proportion,

For very large ones, a cistern of twenty or thirty barrels' capacity would be convenient, and would be labor-saving if so placed that the sap would flow from it into the boiling pans. But it should be remembered that the sooner sap is made into syrup or sugar the more and the better the product. It should therefore be made into syrup or sugar as soon after leaving the tree as may be, especially after the season becomes warm, and induces fermentation.

BOILING.

Fifty years ago this was effected by suspending from a long pole sustained by two logs five-pail iron kettles, more or less, as the extent of the business might require, and placing the fuel in, around, and under the kettles. This way of boiling was succeeded by the substitution of one large kettle, suspended over a central fire. Much fuel and considerable labor in preparing it were saved by this change. Boiling pans, long, about half as wide as long, and shallow, in order to offer a large bottom surface to the fire, made of sheet iron, and laid on a brick arch, with a chimney at the farther end, some ten or twelve feet high, to create a draft, succeeded the great potash kettle, and is now in general use. This is labor-saving and fuel-saving beyond anything that preceded it, and has made maple-sugaring a paying business, by improving the quality of the products and raising the prices, both of the syrup and sugar. It is now a settled point, that good livers of uncorrupted taste will have these articles, if made as pure as they can be with present appliances, at *any* price, and will use them so freely as to remove all danger of a glut in the market. For particulars, see description of these boiling pans in all agricultural and some other papers.

Something might be said of *straining* and of *sugaring off*, but this article is already lengthy, and as much has been written on sugar-making at this season, we leave the rest to them. Our wish is, to see the time when maple-sugar from American soil will be craved the world over as a choice luxury, worth paying well for, and we believe that time will come.

AS A SHADE TREE.

The sugar-maple, besides furnishing a valuable adjunct to the table, has claims in the way of being a tree sufficiently ornamental to be grown as a setting to farm and village houses. From the Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture for 1869 we copy:

"Mr. Hogeboom, of New York, thinks that in regions where the sugar-maple grows

thrifflily it ought to be carefully guarded and its cultivation encouraged. It is no uncommon thing, however, to see whole groves of the second growth swept away by the axe, and often, too, where the land is of little value for tillage. If they had been allowed to remain, in a few years more, after the winds and other causes had exterminated the maples of the forest, these groves would have become fine sugar orchards, yielding an annual and constantly increasing product of more value than the best crops from the same

ground, while the growth of timber would have paid an interest of at least twenty-five per cent. on the price of the land. As the old forests gradually disappear these groves would be more and more appreciated, as enhancing the value and appearance of the farm, while eventually they would increase the attachment of the children to the homestead. A tract ever so well farmed, yet denuded of its trees, is wanting in the evidence of high civilization. This looking only to immediate profit in dollars and cents is simply a species of barbarism."

CHARLES SUMNER.

THIS distinguished senator has been brought into especial notice lately on account of his bold denunciation of the movement for the annexation of San Domingo, and his removal from the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Relations, a position which he had occupied with eminent ability for upward of ten years. The agitation which the latter incident has produced in political affairs is by many deemed serious in its effects upon the integrity of the Republican party, and serves to show how great the influence which may be exerted upon national affairs by one masterly mind; and also suggests the great danger which may imperil a nation when the representative of a powerful popular sentiment stands up in determined opposition to measures of the acknowledged head of that nation.

As an earnest and conscientious champion of the equal rights of man Charles Sumner has had our respect and admiration. Many of the most important measures which have been put in operation by the general Government during the past fifteen or more years, have owed their successful introduction wholly or in

great part to the interest of Sumner. He has been for years the recognized mouthpiece, on the floor of the Senate, of American senti-

ment with reference to our rights and privileges as a nation at home and abroad. Perhaps he has at times exhibited more of the ultraism of the theorist than of the conservatism of the practical thinker; but his spirit has contributed in no small degree to advance and ennoble the character of our civilization.

The qualities of the man are indicated by those of his ancestry, some account of whom we compile from various sources. The grandfather of Senator Sumner, Major Job Sumner,

was a native of Milton, Massachusetts. He entered Harvard College in 1774, but when, after the battle of Lexington, the students were dispersed and the college edifice was converted into barracks, he joined the Continental army, in which he continued until peace was declared. He was second in command of the American troops who took possession of New York on its evacuation by the British, November 25, 1783, and was also second in command of the battalion of light infantry which ren-



dered to General Washington the last respects of the Revolutionary army, when, on the 4th of December, 1783, at Francis's Tavern, New York city, he took leave of his brother-officers and comrades in arms.

Major Sumner died on the 16th of September, 1789, and was buried, with military honors, in St. Paul's churchyard, New York city. Alexander Hamilton was one of the pall-bearers at his funeral. Major Sumner's tomb is inscribed as follows:

"This tomb contains the remains of Major Job Sumner, of the Massachusetts line of the army of the Revolution: who, having supported an unblemished character through life, as the soldier, citizen, and friend, died in this city, after a short illness, universally regretted by his acquaintances, on the 18th day of September, 1787, aged 35 years."

Charles Pinckney Sumner was the only son of the foregoing, and the father of the present Senator from Massachusetts. He graduated at Harvard College with distinguished honor in 1796, and studied law under the guidance of the Hon. Josiah Quincy; and though he never rose to extensive practice, he acquired a reputation for the accuracy and extent of his legal lore. He early attached himself to the Democratic party, and was, throughout, a firm and consistent advocate of its principles.

He served for many years as sheriff of the county of Suffolk. Through life he was characterized by the ripeness of his scholarship, his integrity, and the ease and grace of his deportment. He was often styled the "best-mannered man in Boston." His memory will be venerated in his descendants as long as eloquence, literature, science, and moral purity are esteemed among men.

Charles Sumner received his early education at the Boston Latin School, was graduated with brilliant reputation at Harvard University in the year 1830, and soon after commenced his professional studies at the Law School in Cambridge. He was a favorite pupil of the late Justice Story, and, at his instance, was appointed editor of the *American Jurist*. Admitted to the Boston bar in 1834, he was at once recognized as a young man of rare legal erudition, of singular devotion to study, and of elegant classical attainments. He became reporter to the United States Circuit Court soon after commencing practice, and three volumes of reports attest his assiduity and legal acumen in that office. During the absence of Professors Greenleaf and Story he lectured, at the request of the Faculty, for three successive win-

ters, to the classes in the Cambridge Law School. He won golden opinions from the students who enjoyed his instructions, and enlarged the basis of his professional reputation.

Deciding to devote some years to the study of European institutions, he sailed for England in 1837. He was speedily introduced to the best circles of society, was received with marked distinction by the members of the bar and the bench, and was admitted to a degree of familiar intercourse with the highest intellectual classes, at that time rarely enjoyed by private gentlemen from this country. While residing in Paris, he formed an intimate acquaintance with Gen. Cass, then United States Minister at the French Court, and, at his request, prepared a defense of the American claim to the northeastern boundary. This able argument was republished in the American journals. He remained abroad for three years, and, upon his return, again occupied the chair at the Cambridge Law School, and after the death of Justice Story, in 1845, was unanimously pointed out by public opinion as his successor. He was disinclined, however, to the office, and accordingly the appointment was not made.

Though decided in his political opinions, Mr. Sumner abstained from all active participation in the politics of the day, until the movement for the annexation of Texas. Although his tastes and habits were averse to public office, he consented to become a candidate for the United States Senate as successor to Daniel Webster, and was elected to that post by the Massachusetts Legislature in 1851.

His first important speech was upon the Fugitive Slave Act, and in it he argued that Congress had no power to legislate for the rendition of fugitive slaves, and that any positive enactment in that interest would be cruel and tyrannical, as well as in conflict with the principles of the American Constitution.

In the debate on the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and on the Kansas outrages, which took place at the session of 1856, Mr. Sumner was one of the most prominent speakers. Some passages of an elaborate speech which he pronounced on the situation of affairs in Kansas so irritated the members of Congress from South Carolina, that one of them, Preston S. Brooks, assaulted Mr. Sumner with a cane, while he was writing at his desk, and continued to strike him on the head until the Massachusetts Senator fell insensible to the floor. This brutal and unparalleled outrage,

not only against common decency, but upon the order and dignity of a national assembly, created an immense excitement throughout the whole country, and had a most powerful effect upon the action of Congress with reference to those measures affecting the interests of slavery.

From the injuries sustained in this assault, Mr. Sumner can not be said to have yet altogether recovered. For over three years following it he was almost disabled from attending to matters of public business. Two years were spent in Europe under medical treatment. When he appeared on the floor of the Senate in 1860, he resumed with even more ardor than before his hostility to slavery. He took an active part in the Presidential contest of that year, advocating the cause of Lincoln and Hamlin.

During the war he was generally found in the front rank of those who urged extreme measures in the conduct of military operations. He was conspicuous also for the part he took in the celebrated impeachment proceedings against Andrew Johnson.

As a member of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, from which it was thought expedient to remove him, he has usually shown an ultra spirit in urging the claims of the

United States against Great Britain. With reference to the "Alabama Claims," his stand has been particularly conspicuous for its severity. As an orator, he has been pronounced as one of the most brilliant of the day, and as an exponent of American ideas his career has been as honorable as it is conspicuous.

In person, he is of commanding presence, with a tall figure and dignified bearing, which would awaken attention and command respect in any assembly.

His brain, as a whole, including the intellectual lobe, is decidedly large—exceeding twenty-three inches in circumference—and the organs of Firmness, Self-Esteem, Approbativeness, and Combativeness are conspicuous. He is a natural critic, proud-spirited, self-relying, tenacious, persevering, and plucky. It will be found that he is a ready and steadfast opponent of anything and everything which does not meet his views. In Congressional proceedings, where he has taken part, the following observation, "I object," will be frequently met with. It grows out of his disposition to criticise, and is the natural language of Combativeness. Is it not this very spirit which has caused the present change in his relations with the Government?

THE UTAH GENTILES—WHO AND WHAT THEY ARE.

THE Gentiles of Utah have of late become as conspicuous in the public mind as the Mormons themselves, and it may be interesting to the reader to learn who and what they are. The Mormons stand for a modern Israel—Gentiles converted to Abrahamic ideas and systems; while the Gentiles are the un-Abrahamic peoples of the same races. It is an anomaly of distinctions, but a social fact; and as the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL is an encyclopedia of character, it would hardly be complete without a group of those eminent persons who are at once a part of Utah and a misfortune to Mormonism proper.

GOVERNOR J. WILSON SHAFFER.

Dead, but living in his work, no man is more a live fact in Utah to-day than the late Governor Shaffer. On our trip to Salt Lake City we visited the man whom the Gentiles and reformers esteem as the first and only Governor in fact of the United States' appointing since Brigham Young's term of

office expired. The Mormon President has been in reality the Governor of Utah for over twenty years, and it has been so understood by all the world.

The Government of the United States resolved at last to take Utah into its own harness. We shall not discuss with our friends the Mormons nor our friends the Gentiles the abstract right or wrong of this, but simply state the fact. To find a man to execute the will of the Government was the important point, and the appointment fell not upon a candidate for office. General Shaffer was the choice of President Grant himself, who selected him solely for the reason that he esteemed him the right man to carry out the purposes of the Government in Utah affairs. Under the circumstances, General Shaffer left Washington with the realization of a special purpose in his call to a new campaign, and he went up to Utah much in the same spirit that he went into the late war. This was understood both by the

Gentiles and the Mormon leaders, and as the steady, inflexible character of General Shaffer was well known, very thorough measures were anticipated.

When the new Governor, however, arrived and was brought into frequent consultations with the Utah reformers, he became convinced by them that all that was needed was a firm and judicious assertion of the national authority and supremacy, and not special legislation or extreme measures. Desiring nothing more than this, and to be just and considerate over the family complexities involved in polygamy, he wished for a natural solution satisfactory to the Mormons and to the nation rather than special legislation and the application of penalties for past acts. He, however, deemed it his duty, and strictly in the line of the purpose for which he had been appointed, to take the militia out of the hands of the church authorities, displacing the acting Lieutenant-General. Here is the famous

PROCLAMATION.

"EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, SALT LAKE CITY, }
UTAH TERRITORY, September 15, 1870. }

"Know ye, that I, J. Wilson Shaffer, Governor of the Territory of Utah and Commander-in-Chief of the Militia of said Territory, by virtue of the power and authority in me vested by the laws of the United States, have this day appointed and commissioned P. E. Connor Major-General of the Militia of Utah Territory, and W. M. Johns Colonel and Assistant Adjutant-General of the Militia of Utah Territory. Now, it is ordered that they be obeyed and respected accordingly.

[Seal.] "Witness my hand and the great seal of said Territory, at Salt Lake City, this the 15th day of September, A.D. 1870,"

J. W. SHAFFER, Governor.

GENERAL P. EDWARD CONNOR.

If the rank of the Gentile is to be estimated by the might of his antagonism to President Young and his Government, before us stands the first Gentile in all the land. General Connor is also the most historical of his class in his relations with Utah.

Just after the breaking out of the late rebellion the "California Volunteers" were enrolled and placed under the command of Colonel Connor. The enthusiastic men enlisted with the full expectation that they

were going direct to the seat of the war to engage against the rebels. With this understanding they took up their line of march toward Utah, but found in the sequel that they were set apart for special service in that Territory, much to the dissatisfaction of many.

There can be but very little question that the Government at that time looked upon Utah with its polygamy, and the "rebellion" of 1857-8, much as it looked upon the South with her slavery and secession. To watch Utah, to hold her in check, and, if needs be, to make war upon her as a rebel Territory, was the purpose for which Colonel Connor and his California volunteers were sent.

On the approach of the volunteers there was great excitement in the city, and the opinion prevailed that President Young would forbid their entrance and call out his militia to repel the "invasion;" but as something of the stern, uncompromising character of Colonel Connor came reported through the Western papers, the "authorities" deemed it not wise to send to him a similar proclamation to the one sent to Colonel Alexander, of the first "Utah expedition." Had they done so, there would inevitably have been a conflict, for Connor had resolved to fight his way to his post, though it cost him every soldier under his command. There was no resistance, however, and he marched his troops quietly through the city, and planted Camp Douglas on the bench, about three miles distant, overlooking the capital of Utah. Soon afterward, other companies arrived, with a quantity of small and heavy ordnance, and the post at Camp Douglas became formidable.

There is a point which even the priesthood grant to General Connor. It is that he has been a declared and not a secret enemy. He treated Brigham Young and all the Mormon leaders as disloyal men, and plainly avowed through the *Valette*, and in all the shaping of his acts, his settled determination to break up their rule, while he urged the *people* to forsake their theocracy and go over without reserve to the republic of the United States. At one time there was an expectation that their great enemy was about to make a descent upon the city, and the alarm bell called the citizens to arms by thousands.

almost in a moment. The alarm bell also called them out on another occasion at midnight, in consequence of the firing of guns at Camp Douglas. It was found out, however, that the alarm was groundless, the firing of guns being in honor of a grand circumstance to the camp, the news of which had just arrived from Washington. These alarms will give an idea of the sensation which P. Edward Connor, who was now Brigadier-General, created in the capital of Utah. It was believed that his contemplated *coup-d-main* was to seize Brigham Young by surprise, and run him off to Washington for trial.

Notwithstanding the cordial enmity between the Mormon priesthood and General Connor, the Gentle commander was for potency of character worthy to be matched against Brigham.

He has quite the Wellingtonian face and head, and had he gone to the great battle-field in the South, and survived, he not unlikely would have risen among our foremost generals of the time. He is now out of the Government service, but working for the mineral interests of Utah.

MAJOR C. H. HEMPSTEAD.

Major Hempstead at one time held office in the State of California. He came to Utah with the California volunteers, at the head of the commissary department, but the real service for which he was designed was the establishing of a United States paper in the Territory. With the Major as the editor and General Connor as the proprietor, the *Vedette* was started, and circulated both in the camp and the city. Its aim was to impress the people with the fraternal spirit of the officers toward them as United States citizens, and their desire to bring the Mormons into full fellowship with the nation, while it carefully sought to undermine the hierarchy. With so much masterly policy and intellectual subtilty did the classical soldier edit the *Vedette* that President Young, who admires men of fine policies, declared that Hempstead was one of the best editors in the world. After awhile, however, the Major's military duties drew him away from the editorial sphere, and the *Vedette* passed into less competent hands. Strong, and often able, articles were written, but the statesman's pen

was gone; the fine methods of policy were no longer to be traced, nor was there that graceful snap and professional lack of malice which characterized the editorials of Major Hempstead. The scientist will cut off your head to re-adjust it for your good, or professionally cut you up without the least personal intention to hurt, and this the Utah priesthood realized the classical soldier was doing with them. He has continued to do it to this day, first in the camp and next in the courts. He is now United States District Attorney, and is ranked as a very able and eloquent counselor. If the Gentiles get power, C. H. Hempstead will most likely be the Secretary of State of Utah.

CHIEF JUSTICE MCKEAN.

We have here a superior man. His friends affirm that J. B. McKean is the best Chief Justice yet sent to Utah, and this is also the opinion entertained of him in Washington. He was appointed by the President of the United States for the same considerations that General Shaffer was appointed Governor. He was considered *the* man to do in the judiciary department of the Government of Utah what Shaffer was to do in the Executive, viz., the setting aside of the rule of the Mormon priesthood, and the establishing of the authority of the United States.

We have nothing to do with the controversy between President Grant and President Young, but simply state the facts. General Shaffer performed his part, and made himself Governor in reality, and Commander-in-Chief, and Judge McKean has duly performed his half of the work, and taken the United States Courts entirely out of the hands of the Mormon authorities. Of course, in all such radical changes there must be some seeming unfairness, and it is fortunate that a man so constitutionally just as Judge McKean is should be the Chief Justice of Utah, for were he an extremist, and not strictly the "just judge," our nation would not be represented in Utah as we would have it represented.

Judge McKean served in the war, and rose to the rank of brigadier-general. He has a commanding person, is a fine type of the American gentleman, has the iron and the nerve in him—the Motive and the Mental temperaments nicely mixed. His face is strong, his nose and features are prominent,

his eye calm and considerate, but resolute. He has a massive head, and a clear and powerful intellect; Causality and Comparison are large, giving him a logical and analytical mind, while Human Nature is also large, enabling him to read men and to know the right from the wrong. But he has a quality of mind even more important in the judge than clearness of intellect, it is that of Conscientiousness, which, as a ruling quality, is not often found in the organism of men of intellect. The Chief Justice of Utah could not play the unjust judge without doing great violence to the constitution of his own mind, and as he has Benevolence and Cautiousness abundant, he will be both prudent and considerate rather than sternly exacting. He is slow to express a grave opinion on men and things. His own words will illustrate him: "Utah at this important period needs a Governor who knows when not to act as well as when to act." As far as such an opinion is applicable to his own office, of course he applies it. He was named among the men most fit to succeed General Shaffer as Governor of Utah.

M. P. PATRICK.

The important decision of Chief Justice McKean has made United States Marshal M. P. Patrick a prominent personage in a capital circumstance. As the case before stood, Utah possessed United States courts and Mormon grand jurymen, with a Territorial Marshal the superior of the United States Marshal. In reality, it was the "kingdom" and the republic contending for the ground. Marshal Patrick undertook to win the situation as far as he was concerned, and he reached it by affirming in action the right of the United States Marshal to call the jurors in the Supreme Court.

The grand jury being called, Mr. Hoge, for the other side, challenged the array and filed his objection thereto. The Court requested the views of counsel upon the subject, and the case was argued by the counsel on either side for three days. On the fourth the Judge reviewed the arguments, and on the fifth notified that he would give his decision at the next sitting of the court. The issue came; Marshal Patrick won it, and thereby has made himself a chief name among the Gentiles of Utah.

J. M. ORR.

Here is the predecessor of Marshal Patrick, and the man who served as foreman of the grand jury in question. He was formerly a banker in Salt Lake City, and by a long residence has earned the right to be considered a legitimate Utah character.

As a United States officer Marshal Orr—he is still called so—was very firm and determined. He was not an extremist, but a thorough United States man; not perverted with sectarian malice against the Mormon theocracy but a man who knows absolutely nothing of "God's kingdom," either "in the heart" or "on the earth." He is no more a Methodist than a Mormon; but is a political man, with no gospel, excepting that of republican institutions. In Kansas he voted with the Free State men, with threatening revolvers at his breast. He has manifested the same thorough-going American spirit in Utah, and has been a principal personage in working up the present political party rising in that Territory. President Young and his Apostles may run all the ecclesiastical machinery for all Marshal Orr cares, providing the political machinery gets fair play. He is a Gentile of the "best blood;" is highly valued by his class, and cordially liked by the Mormon Reformers.

JUDGE C. M. HAWLEY.

It is understood that Associate Justice C. M. Hawley was the person directly hinted at in the famous conversation between President Young and Senator Trumbull. The Judge himself so understands it, and the circumstance has not lessened his conviction that between the Mormon priesthood and the nation there is an irrepressible conflict. He has acted upon that conviction to all intents and purposes. In every direction he worked for the passage of the Cullom Bill, and did all he could to strengthen the Reform party of the Elders by establishing confidence between them and the United States men. It will give no offense to him to affirm that no man in the same space of time has moved more to uproot the hierarchy of Utah than Judge C. M. Hawley.

He belongs to the Methodist Church, and is a personal friend of Senator Turnbull and Dr. Newman, and was prominent in the discussion between the Gentile divine and the Mormon Apostle Orson Pratt. Judge Hawley

has also been greatly instrumental in forming a branch of the Methodist Church in Utah.

JUDGE O. F. STRICKLAND.

The First Judicial District of Utah is presided over by Associate Justice O. F. Strickland. He is esteemed by the Government as a reliable man, or he would long ere this have been removed, for the fact can not be hid that the Administration exacts from its officers in Utah a persistent action against the theocratic rule, and that Congress as a whole is equally imperative upon this matter. The Federal officers of that Territory have been repeatedly removed by President Grant upon the slightest charge of favor or leaning toward the government of President Young; but during it all Judge Strickland has kept his place and been above suspicion. He has also been fortunate not to win the personal dislike of the Mormons. He is a Gentile and a Judge within their province, which, in the eyes of the orthodox, is almost as bad as to be a Protestant Elder: but as O. F. Strickland is a capital specimen of the thorough manly man—a maliceless Anglo-Saxon, and not a “lean and hungry Cassius,” he is a rather popular man both with the Saints and with the sinners. He has served the Government several years in Utah.

GEORGE R. MAXWELL.

General Maxwell, of the United States Land Office, in the last election contested with Delegate Hooper for the seat in Congress. It is not a small compliment to the fighting qualities of the General that his party united upon him in commencing the electioneering and political warfare, henceforth to be waged in Utah.

This gentleman served in the war; is a comrade of Phil. Sheridan; did some hard fighting, and got disabled in a leg. Several years ago he was appointed Register of the Land Office, since when he has been in a state of warfare with all the old situations of the Territory. He hobbles through the city with his honorably maimed leg and short walking-stick, as though he were a part of the action of a perpetual campaign, ready at a moment to use his walking-stick upon the back of the first Apostle or Elder who should question the supremacy of the United States in Utah. Notwithstanding this, he is rather a favorite with the people, and is de-

cidedly the champion of his party. When General Sheridan, under whom Maxwell served, visited Salt Lake City, to establish other military posts in the Territory, the two fighting men had a good time together.

R. N. BASKIN.

This is a legal gentleman and the author of the Cullom Bill. It is generally understood out West that the bill was gotten up in Salt Lake City, and the merit of the measure belongs to lawyer Baskin. Undoubtedly it contained the merit of purpose, and was acceptable to the legislative mood of Congress. His measure was passed by a large majority in the House of Representatives, but laid on the table of the Senate. Of course Baskin is cordially hated by the Mormons, especially the sisters, but he must be esteemed certainly a representative man, though not quite the *ultimatum* for Utah.

DR. TAGGET,

—the United States Assessor for the Territory of Utah, has made himself famous by levying taxes on the tithing revenue of the “Trustee-in-Trust,” and forcing an issue. He has been one of the chief causes of President Young’s resigning that office, which he held for a quarter of a century, and his abolition of the tithing economy of the Church for that of a donation system. Though President Young did not thus intend by the change, it is almost certain that it will go far to break up the temporal economy of his church, for tithing has been esteemed as a divine and *unchangeable* law. That impression gradually removed from the people’s mind by this change, and that strong financial administration of the Church which has attracted so much attention and half-made President Young, will in a few years pass away. Such laws as tithing or polygamy, once repealed through policy, can never be re-established in the same dispensation. It may be found that Dr. Tagget has accomplished much more than he aimed for.

MARSHALL AND CARTER.

The legal firm of Marshall and Carter is the principal one in Salt Lake City, and both gentlemen are highly respectable. Mr. Marshall is a man of influence and of first-class connection in America. He ranks as one of the great lawyers of the nation, has had a solid professional training, and is not

a mere expert who has set up in the legal business in a Western Territory. Marshall is not only a man of social influence and character, but a man of more than ordinary mental capacity. He is about six feet two, with a powerful frame and a large brain. His massive forehead and bold face strike the eye in a moment, and when he speaks to the Court he does so as a man having authority—at least the authority of a clear case and a sound head. There is power in him, and it would be quite difficult for the Court to frown him down. He stands upon the integrity of his suit and his own moral dignity. He is one of those counselors who impress a jury that they and their clients are on the right side. Their moral power will carry a case through when no eloquent smartness or special pleading could.

In the massive forehead of Mr. Marshall the eye of the phrenologist detects large Causality, Comparison, and Human Nature; going to the coronal region, it finds large Conscience and fair prudence; and farther to the back and base of the head abundant propelling power. He has the head and face of a great lawyer, or a great statesman. Should the changes or circumstances of the West throw him into Congress he will prove the correctness of our words.

WARREN HUSSEY.

Among the banks which have sprung up in Salt Lake City that alone of Hussey & Dahler remains. It is generally spoken of as Hussey's Bank, that gentleman being the one most known to the people; but it bears the legal denomination of the First National Bank of Utah.

Mr. Hussey's family was on visiting terms with the family of President Young, but the death of his wife caused him deep affliction, and ended this family association. We believe that the liberal-minded banker has no enemies in Salt Lake City, either among the Mormons or Gentiles, but many friends.

ANTHONY GODBE.

This gentleman is the cashier of the First National Bank, and is the brother of William S. Godbe. He properly ranks with the Gentiles rather than with the Elders, either of the orthodox or the reform side. Very naturally drawn to Utah by the marked career of his elder brother, yet Anthony never

fairly identified his interest with or embraced the faith of the Mormon Church. He was educated in a lawyer's office in England, and was rather too keen and modern in his thoughts for theocratic institutions. He sustained his brother in his movement, but rather sustained him as a social than a religious reformer. In the first contested election of the city Anthony Godbe was placed on the people's ticket as one of the councilmen.

NAT STEIN.

Mr. Nat Stein is a very popular Gentile, and for many years has been connected with Utah. He was first the agent of the Overland Mail Company, afterward belonged to Wells, Fargo & Co., and is now in the First National Bank of Utah. But he has qualities of mind and character outside of this sphere. He is by nature an artist and a literary man. His talents run in the line of classical satire and political caricature, in which he is capable of making a decided mark. *Diogenes*, the new satirical paper of the city, which commenced its career with a stinging "Interesting Letter from the President to Dear Bro. Pius," and signed "Brigham I.," has much of its parentage in Nat Stein.

BISHOP TUTTLE.

The Episcopal Church was established in Utah some seven or eight years ago. A church for the Gentiles had become a necessity, and the Independence Hall was built for religious service. The first minister sent was a young Scotch clergyman, who came as a missionary from California to convert the Mormons. This, of course, was a great mistake for a young divine to go to a *nation of missionaries*—elders who had come out of other churches and who had stood on the platform in discussion with learned divines. He simply earned for himself the title of "Friar Tuck." But the Rev. Bishop Tuttle has given dignity to his church and his sacred calling in the "City of the Saints," and though he has not converted the city he has commanded its respect.

The reverend gentleman pursues his calling as a legitimate bishop of an old-established and legitimate church, attending to his own flock, leaving the Mormon bishops to attend to theirs. He does, however, exert a general influence for education and civilization, and

recently gave a lecture on "Washington and the Union," for the benefit of the Salt Lake Exchange and Reading-rooms.

REV. G. M. PIERCE.

Finding that the mission of the Episcopal Church was a success in Utah, the Methodists, about a year ago, sent out the Rev. G. M. Pierce, to establish a branch of their influential and popular order. Schism had already taken place among the Mormons, and they deemed that the field was ripe for the harvest.

The ministers of the Methodist denomination are very practical and sagacious, and are not apt to start a mission in a place before the time. They have as keen and unerring a scent in missionary labors as the Jews have for the direction of commerce, and it led them to Utah to find proselytes among the Mormons at a time when society there was in its upheavings. The Rev. Mr. Pierce had the honor of being the first missionary of his sect in the new field. The prospects, too, were greater than anticipated, for it was not generally known among the Methodist ministers that nearly all the Mormon people originally came from the Methodist body, and that the majority of the Elders were educated in Wesleyan Sunday-schools, and that hundreds of them started their religious career as Wesleyan local preachers. As missionaries, the Mormon Elders have even surpassed their Methodist parents; but as they are now making something of a reaction, it is not unlikely that hundreds of them will return to the parent church, or that they will allow their children to be trained under its teachings. The Gentiles also, who will pour into that Territory on account of the mines, will be sure to swell largely the Methodist ranks. All things considered, there is a fine prospect, and we think one may safely risk the prophecy, that the church of the Apostle John Wesley will by-and-by be found as powerful in the *State* of Utah as in any State of the Union. It will then doubtless be gratifying to the Rev. Mr. Pierce to remember that he was the first missionary of his people to that place.

COLONEL KAHN.

In this gentleman we have the very singular example of the Jew-Gentile, which illustrates how much our Mormon brethren have confounded distinctions. The Colonel has long

been a resident of Utah,—we believe over fifteen years,—and is one of the most influential merchants of Salt Lake City. He has gone shoulder to shoulder with Walker Brothers, and has entered into every movement of a revolutionary and political nature with "full purpose of heart." He donated liberally to start the first magazine of Utah, and has for years continued his liberality for the support of a free press. He is a United States man rather than a Jew or a Christian.

SEVEN MODERN WONDERS.—The much-talked-of Seven Wonders of the ancient world bear little comparison with certain seven wonders of modern date. While the former do little more than excite our admiration because of their beauty, or our amazement because of their stupendous size, the latter claim our interest because of their indefinite utility, and the great impulses they have given to art and science. These seven wonders can be readily named, as follows: the art of Printing; Optical Instruments, such as Telescopes and Microscopes; Gunpowder; the Steam-engine; Labor-saving Machinery, such as the Mower Sewing-machine, and others; the Electric Telegraph; the Photograph.

GOOD-NATURE.—

As welcome as sunshine
In every place
Is the beaming approach
Of a good-natured face.
As genial as sunshine,
Like warmth to impart,
Is a good-natured word
From a good-natured heart.

Good-nature is no less a privilege than a duty. Parents should teach their children to be good-natured, amiable, and kindly. Those who indulge in "sulks," pouting, and growling, spoil both heart and face. We are, in great measure, responsible for our very thoughts; so also for the expression of our faces, whether they be attractive or repulsive.

A PREMONITION—WHENCE?—It is currently reported that a button manufacturer in Brooklyn was so much tormented by a dream one night that his dryhouse was on fire, that he finally arose, dressed himself, and hastened to the dryhouse, and arrived there just in time to extinguish a fire which had begun in the part of the building indicated by his dream. A few moments later and a serious conflagration would have broken forth.



NEW YORK,

MAY, 1871.

A FREE PULPIT—A NEED OF THE TIMES.

A LOVE of liberty is instinctive in all living creatures. Neither insect, bird, reptile, or animal forfeits its freedom voluntarily. A sense of independence and self-reliance is a manly quality, without which we fall into subserviency, and fail to develop those nobler traits which distinguish a manly man from a slave or a sycophant. A true man holds himself subject, not to the rule of priest, pope, prince, or other earthly potentate, but to God. It is a lack of self-respect and of self-reliance which permits one to passively submit to dictation. Self-Esteem and Firmness have their proper functions to perform, as well as those of Benevolence and Veneration. Meekness in a child toward its parent is beautiful to behold. Humility in man toward his Maker is the same. But to clothe an equal with superhuman power, and then to superstitiously worship him, is heathenish.

Is the American pulpit the creature of money bags or of other worldly influence? Are our clergy in the lead with Christ for their chaplain? or are they subjects of their fears and of Mrs. Grundy? Do they rebuke sinners in high places, or do they go to foreign parts to find objects on which to vent their wrath? Do they teach the people how

to live and how to die? how to subjugate appetite and passion to reason and religion? Are they slaves to antiquated or meaningless customs which the progress of ages has outgrown and should have left below the strata of the "old red sandstone?" Are they still children or juveniles in leading-strings?

Liberty is not license; nor are we afraid to leave every sane and properly qualified clergyman to act according to the dictates of his own best judgment, without the fear of being fettered and hampered at every step he may take in advance. If one prefer it, and can keep his people content on the ancient Psalms, why, let him do it. But if another prefer a mixture of modern hymns, why turn him out? If one face one way when he prays and another face another way, what of it? All are not cast in the same mold. Let us ourselves be free, and let us not restrain others of their freedom. Let our clergy not be held in subjection through fear of displeasing rich and selfish sinners. Because a "pillar of the church loves liquor," must the lips of the preacher be sealed on the question of Temperance? No, no; none of this sickly slavishness. Did not our Saviour and all the Apostles speak and live the truth, without respect to persons? Shall our pulpits be free to lead and to lift up the people? or shall they play second?

In America, where we have a free press and free education, let us have and *sustain* a free pulpit. We boast loudly of our free institutions, and yet seek to hamper the expression and action of conscience. Is not the moral sense a private right equally of each of us? Let our clergy hold themselves accountable first to God, and then to their fellow-men. Let them be dignified, not distant or haughty; firm, not willful or obstinate; just, not censorious; kindly, but not weak; brave, not timid. In short, let

them be godly, manly men, and the world will willingly follow their spiritual lead.

IS "W." A GOOD MAN?

A WRITER in the *American Christian Review* of Jan. 17th, over the letter "W.," "cuts us up," and "pitches into" the BEECHERS, in the following lively style. We quote, and intersperse remarks in brackets.

"THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, an illustrated monthly edited and published by SAMUEL R. WELLS, New York, is regularly laid upon our table. This journal is chiefly devoted to physiology, phrenology, physiognomy, education, art, science, literature, and the general improvement and elevation of mankind. Portraits and biographical sketches of noted characters are made a leading feature. In this we fear that truth and fact are sometimes sacrificed for the sake of gaining the admiration and influence of a certain class. The January number, for instance, has the leading article devoted to the 'Beechers of To-day,' with five portraits, the Rev. Henry Ward gracing the center. Then follows a lengthy, extravagant, and sickening account of the 'wonderful deeds' of this 'wonderful family,' evidently written by some 'brother-in-law' or time-serving admirer. [You are all wrong here, Mr. "W." It was not prepared by a brother-in-law nor by a "time-serving" admirer, but by one who knows the facts in the case, and the truth as written.] We think it exceedingly indelicate and in very doubtful taste for a first-class literary journal to print such labored and fulsome sketches of living men and women. And the unmitigated self-conceit and egotism that would not only allow such things, but probably pay a handsome premium to secure their publication, should be contemned and despised by all right-minded people. [Supposing it had been Mr. "W." instead of the Beechers; would not his pen have been stayed and his wrath softened? We never publish such things for pay.] As to the Beechers, while some of them have natural talent, and proportionate vanity beyond many of their cotemporaries, we sometimes seriously question whether or not their influence upon society in the main has not been more vicious than virtuous, and tending rather to the deterioration than to the elevation and improvement of mankind in pure religion and sound morality. [Now, Mr. "W.," aren't you just a little jealous? Are you a loyal man? Is it *Christian* in you to speak thus of a brother minister?] The Rev. H. W. Beecher, 'the bright, particular star' of the group—the central sun around which all the other members of the Beechers revolve—is a reckless iconoclast, and has probably done more to weaken public confidence in the supreme authority of God's Word, and to sow broadcast the seeds of *Liberalism*, than any other man of the present age. [Whew! How it smells of brimstone!] He asserts substantially in a late sermon that Christianity permits or ignores at the caprice

of the worshiper all manner of helps, such as ordinances, priests, creeds, churches, etc.; that there is nothing binding. We are under no obligations to have a church, or a Lord's day, or a creed, or anything else, only as we may choose. Everything is free. The utmost liberty is granted to all. The whole tendency of his preaching, so far as gospel system and theory are concerned, is in the direction of the most alarming latitudinarianism and licentiousness. He respects Christ's authority when it may secure his purpose, but frequently disregards it entirely. And yet some of our leading papers vie with each other in sounding his praises abroad as 'the foremost man of his time.' We have a supreme dislike for such slavish sycophantism."

[Will the writer be kind enough to name the sermon in which those "substantial" statements of his find their confirmation? We can point Mr. "W." to a late sermon, viz., that preached by Mr. Beecher on the morning of the 12th of March, in which "W.'s" "substantial" assertions as above set forth are completely and entirely refuted. The text of the last discourse to which we refer is, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." And the sermon itself abounds in the highest expositions and illustrations of Christian precept and example. It would be difficult to find in the language of any other living divine more earnest admonition, more genuine, gospel utterances. But we shall leave the brave and plucky Beechers to defend themselves, while we defend the JOURNAL.]

[In a later number of the same *American Christian Review*, Feb. 7th, we find the following from the same "W."]

"THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for February is before us, with its usual attractive table of contents. The portrait of E. W. Stoughton greets the reader on the first page, followed by a well-written and interesting phrenological and biographical sketch of this distinguished member of the New York bar. The fourth paper is devoted to *The 'Christian' Church and its Eminent Preachers*, particularly the 'Eminent Preachers,' who, like the 'Apostles of the Modern Heresy,' number twelve. We have no comments to make on the biographical sketches, save that the valuable space occupied by their undue length could have been better used in giving the readers of this magazine a fuller history of the rise and progress, and the principles and practice of the religious movement in which we are so deeply interested. Nine pages, solid, are devoted to these sketches, telling where certain men were born—who their ancestors were—under what religious influences they were reared—when and where they became Christians—who they married, and when—their ages, color of their eyes, height, size, and number of pounds avoirdupois, etc., with many other unprofitable and uninteresting details, while only two pages,

scant, are occupied with a meager and unsatisfactory account of the history, doctrine, and practice of the Christian Church—the important end which, above all others, should have been steadily kept in view in such a paper. As specimens of art, the woodcuts are unfortunate, but, perhaps, the drapery of Silence will best conceal their defects; hence we forbear. [Oh, now, don't. We were careful to secure fine photographs, and to employ one of the best engravers in New York to make the pictures, and if they are not good, it is not our fault. We paid a good price to have the work well done.] In a concluding note the editor, after informing his readers that the foregoing is the *eleventh* of the series of American religious societies or denominations already noticed in this JOURNAL, informs us that he has 'deemed it best to permit a church, through some eminent member, to make its own representations with regard to the faith held and the ceremonials observed.' He does not tell us, however, the name of the 'eminent member' to whom the honor is due for the present 'representations of the faith held and the ceremonials observed' of the Christian Church, but allows him to remain *incognito*. There is a little curiosity on this subject."

[Ah, Mr. "W.," isn't it a *big* curiosity? Verily, we may affirm, that it was written by one of the "cloth," whose white cravat, white locks, and venerable bearing marks him as every inch a man of truth and veracity.]

It is not our sphere or purpose to discuss or elaborate religious denominational peculiarities. Our JOURNAL is not a sectarian periodical; hence it was our purpose to give only such a synopsis of the principles held by these gentlemen as would comport with our limited space and the objects of our publication. But biography, though it may be "unprofitable and uninteresting details," when jealousy or sectarian pride guides the pen of its detractor, is, nevertheless, the basis of our defense of the specialties of our work, Phrenology and Physiognomy. When Form, Size, Order, and other qualities in human organization, as exponents of character, are sustained by the life of the individual, our principles are established. Hence these very "unprofitable and uninteresting details" become a very important feature in the education of the public in true mental and moral science. Men of superior organization, and hence of superior character, can afford to bear the flings and slurs of such writers as "W.," who are ever ready to insinuate a "consideration" as the motive for their appearance on our pages. Such insinuations, too, come with a poor *gracé* from the book reviewer of a religious journal upon whose pages are frequently found the most fulsome eulogies of its friends in the form of biographical

sketches with no other apparent object in view besides the glorification of the individual or his advancement in some business enterprise. On the very page where we find the criticism we are now reviewing is one of these sketches, prepared, as we infer from the remarks of its author in other journals of the denomination, as one of a regular series, and that, too, for certain considerations.

MORAL: Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones.

OBITUARY.—Died at the residence of his sister, near Burlingame, Kansas, on the 17th of February, of malignant erysipelas and typhoid fever, Edward M. Perrin, in the fortieth year of his age. Mr. Perrin was born in Thompson, Windham County, Ct., in 1831. In 1835 his parents emigrated to the then wilds of Michigan, where his parents died, and he was left an orphan at ten years of age. He emigrated to Kansas in 1855, and took an active part on the free State side in the struggle between slavery and freedom for the possession of his adopted State. Although almost without means, and dependent on his labor for maintenance, he acquired a superior education, and two years before his death entered the Phrenological Class of 1869. Afterward he spent a short time lecturing, and then returned to Kansas, where he spent the remaining year and a half of his life in more thoroughly preparing himself for a lecturer. Being an earnest Christian, he also studied theology, intending to combine in his labors the duties of a lecturer and Christian minister. Like some, he considered Phrenology a great aid in the spread of Christianity, and proposed to devote his life to the elevation of mankind in this manner. Through his entire sickness of four weeks he displayed all the fortitude of a Christian, and seemed only to mourn that he had not completed the work he had thought the Lord had for him to do; but that Lord called him, and he passed away as peacefully as though falling asleep.

S. R. L.

THAT is an excellent suggestion which a writer makes in one of Harper Brothers' publications, that there should be training schools in which young women may learn how to rear infants in accordance with the established principles of medical and social science. Notwithstanding the immortal spark in our composition, we can not ignore our subjection to material laws while in this mortal state.

Department of Literature, Science, Education.

WHY WE NEED WOMEN AS PHYSICIANS.

HON. S. L. WOODFORD AND MRS. STANTON BEFORE THE WOMEN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE OF NEW YORK.

THE Eighth Annual Commencement of the New York Medical College for Women took place on Thursday evening, March 23d, on which occasion six young ladies received diplomas, the customary certificates of ability to practice the healing art.

Hon. Stewart L. Woodford delivered an address, in which he acknowledged himself a new convert to the system of educating women as physicians, and having become convinced that this was indeed a good cause, he could not refuse the invitation he had received to be present. "Why," said he, "should not women minister to our bodily sufferings? She who had cared for us in the cradle, with a tender hand and loving heart, why should she not continue, as we grow older, to care and tend our bodies? Surely it is time that the doors of this sacred profession should be opened to those who have already done so much for us."

ADDRESS BY MRS. STANTON.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, in behalf of the trustees, delivered the diplomas to the members of the graduating class, and also addressed them in such effective and appropriate terms that we have been at some pains to secure a copy of the address for the perusal of our readers. Mrs. Stanton spoke as follows:

As one of the trustees of this College, in the absence of the President I have the honor to present to you this diploma, which certifies that, in the time devoted to your studies, and your acquirements in the different branches of the profession, you have complied with the laws of the State and the institution from which you now graduate.

In thus publicly acknowledging your fitness for the profession you are about to enter, I think I shall speak the mind of the whole Board of Trustees in expressing to you the hope we feel that you will dignify your work by giving to it all the best forces you possess, careful study, intelligent zeal, religious earnestness, moral rectitude, and a tender love for humanity.

In accepting these grave responsibilities, you have a double duty before you, not only to honor your profession, but your sex, in this new sphere of employment. After years of labor

and discussion, the College doors, the professions, the world of work are all opening to woman, and as those who take the initiative steps will be closely watched and criticised, it is of the greatest importance that your manners and conversation should be uniformly refined and elevated, and that you should be governed in all things by high moral principle. Remember that every unworthy word or act of yours will not only lower your own moral tone, but reflect odium on those who come after you, and on all of us who have labored so long to build up this College and secure for you the place you hold to-day. And so, too, if you do well; if, by patient study and research, you shall add new discoveries to the healing art, and by your refining influence elevate the tone of our medical colleges, in the lecture and dissecting rooms, the glory of your achievements will be reflected on all woman-kind. Together we have suffered in the long past, and together we shall enter into all the joys and fullness of the new civilization now dawning upon us.

I hope women are not to enter this profession as men, merely to follow in their footsteps and echo their opinions, but to bring the feminine element into this science, which, in its greater tenderness, caution, and affection, naturally seeking to ward off evils, will teach the laws of hygiene rather than different systems of therapeutics. It would be a proud record for our sex if the page of history should show that simultaneously with the scientific education of woman, and her practice in the healing art, there arose among mankind a conscientious observance of the laws of health, a religious creed requiring of its disciples faith in pure air, simple, nutritious diet, regular exercise, daily baths, a dress for girls adapted to a free use of the lungs and limbs, and a holy preparation in both sexes of body and soul for the high duties of parenthood.

The human family are to be perfected by the observance of the same laws by which we have made such marked improvements in the lower animals; and as mind acts through matter, the conditions of the body are of the first importance.

If we desire to see a generation of men with enlarged brains—and if we look in our colleges, churches, courts, editors' chairs, legislative halls, Wall Street, and the White House, and all will admit we need them—we must have women with enlarged lungs, and opportunities for thought and action. Deep breathing has much to do with deep thinking.

Napoleon once said "You can not make a soldier out of a sick man." Neither can you make a race of heroes and philosophers, saints or scholars, out of a nation of sick women.

The *New York World*, in a recent article on dress, says: "The average weight, all the year round, of women's clothing which is supported from the waist is between ten and fifteen pounds." "Are weak backs a wonder?" I do hope all physicians will stop talking of the *natural* weaknesses and disabilities of woman; there is no such thing, they are all *artificial*, the result in all cases of violated law. Maternity is not a weakness, but an added strength, making woman in her creative power second only to God himself. A well-organized woman, who understands and obeys physical and moral law, may enjoy a life of as uninterrupted health and happiness as the man by her side. You might as well call tobacco-chewing, spittoons, delirium tremens, keno banks, and panel houses the *natural* weaknesses and disabilities of man, as to attribute all the long train of evils that flow from the dress and sedentary habits of our girls to the *natural* weaknesses and disabilities of woman.

We desire that the graduates from this College shall go forth to preach the new gospel of health and happiness, to roll off the soul of woman that dark cloud, that nightmare of the past, that false belief that she is cursed of Heaven in her motherhood, and that pain and sorrow through all her earthly pilgrimage must be her portion. What a monstrous idea "to emanate from the brain of man;" and its twin heresy is the appalling crime of infanticide, which we all deplore to-day. There is always some well-established idea behind every overt act, and we can never remedy the one until we uproot the other.

The mission of the true philosopher is to trace effects to their causes and then begin his work. A strict observance of Nature's laws, in the generation of the race, would do more to end vice, crime, intemperance, poverty, and disease than all the systems of medicine, and all the laws of repression and prohibition, that our Solons have passed in the century. And we are but dipping out the ocean until we

begin here. And now, young ladies, if you will teach our daughters how to live, to secure for themselves that greatest of all blessings, sound health, and warn them against young men who are governed by appetite rather than reason, by passion rather than sentiment, who gamble, chew tobacco, and drink whisky, who have no appreciation of the nobility and worth of true womanhood; if you will so enlighten our sons that they will shun all girls with small waists, pale faces, poor teeth, and flabby muscles, who can not walk five miles, or ride ten on horseback without fatigue; if you will emancipate oppressed babyhood from tight bandages, constant feeding, pins, long robes, impure air, and Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup; if you will change our homes from the gloomy hospitals they now are to abodes of health and happiness, I am sure our good Dean (Mrs. Lozier), the Board of Trustees, and the very able Faculty whose instructions you have so long enjoyed, would all feel that they were richly repaid for their labors in educating such practical common sense young women.

The time is coming when we shall feel the same guilt in violating physical as moral laws, when we shall be as much ashamed of headaches, fevers, dyspepsia, scrofula, consumption, as we now are of perjury, theft, burglary, and arson.

Then religion will be life; saints will live in pure tabernacles; tobacco-chewers and wine-bibbers will not officiate at the altar, and there will be one more proviso added to the articles of the Westminster Confession of Faith, requiring that every man and woman who enters the church must have a sound mind in a sound body. The mission of the true physician is something higher than simply to patch up broken-down humanity as he finds it, which is the common idea.

A distinguished editor in this city called on an equally distinguished physician long since to prescribe for him. After listening to his ailments, the physician asked what he had been doing? "Partaking too freely," said the patient, "of a late supper with some friends at the St. Denis." "Ah," said the physician, "you should not eat all manner of indigestible things, specially at midnight." "I know that," replied the patient, "but I do not want a physician to tell me the laws of health, but to help me to break them with impunity."

When I thought of the dinner the gentleman had eaten, and the infinitesimal remedy he had taken, I was reminded of Train's story of the gourmand who, having stuffed himself with

turtle soup, fish, roast beef, game, lobster, pickles, oysters, chicken salad, wines, etc., while rolling in a paroxysm of pain, took three globules of *nux vomica* on the end of his tongue. "As inadequate to the work to be accomplished," said Train, "as two grains of powder in a ram's nose to blow his horns off."

I do not say this to ridicule homeopathy, for I have been a faithful disciple of Hahnemann over thirty years, but to assert that no one can break a law with impunity. We may get temporary relief, change a pain from one organ to another, but every shock to the constitution tells in the long run; indignant Nature scourges her children some time for every act of disobedience.

We shall all suffer, no doubt, from the impure air we are breathing here to-night. When women understand the science of pneumatics and architecture, I hope we shall have our houses, schools, churches, and public halls well ventilated. Horace Mann once said, "that as the air is forty miles deep all round the globe, it is an unnecessary piece of economy to breathe it over more than once. If we were obliged to trundle it in wheelbarrows to fill our abodes there might be some excuse for our parsimony, but as it is free to all, and bountifully supplied, there is no reason why we should not be prodigal in the use of it."

The Rev. W. H. H. Murray, of Boston, in a sermon on care of the health, said that a man's happiness, usefulness, and spirituality depended on the conditions of his body, and that theological opinions and Scripture interpretations were often determined by the state of the stomach. He claimed that Christ, the Apostles, and ancient worthies were all "out-door men," and evoked the risibilities of his hearers by the gravely uttered remark that Adam lived principally in the country.

When the pulpit begins to talk of air and diet, it is certainly time for physicians to pay some attention to teaching hygiene, the most important branch of their profession.

With the general ignorance and indifference of people in all these directions, the one great need of the race to-day is scientifically educated women. Leading men in the universities of Europe, as well as in our country, are waking up to this fact, and generously offering their services, and opening the colleges and hospitals for their more thorough medical instruction.

When the religious enthusiasm of woman's nature, so long wasted in dogmas, traditions, and superstitions, shall be directed into chan-

nels of practical usefulness, she will bring herself into line with immutable law, and teach her children how to live pure, noble lives here on earth instead of concentrating all their thoughts on the hereafter; then will religion and science clasp hands, and galvanize to new life the patient seekers after truth. In the words of John G. Whittier, in a late poem, "To a Young Physician," I would say,

"The paths of pain are thine. Go forth
With healing and with hope;
The suffering of a sin-sick earth
Shall give thee ample scope.

Smite down the dragons, fell and strong,
Whose breath is fever fire;
No knight of fable or of song
Encountered foes more dire.

The holiest task by Heaven decreed,
An errand all divine,
The burden of our mortal need
To render less, is thine.

No crusade thine for cross or grave,
But for the living man.
Go forth to succor and to save
All that thy skilled hands can.

Before the unvalled mysteries
Of life and death, go stand
With guarded lips and reverent eyes,
And pure of heart and hand.

So shalt thou be with power endued
From Him who went about
The Syrian hill-paths, doing good
And casting devils out.

That holy Helper liveth yet,
Thy friend and guide to be;
The Healer by Gennesaret
Shall walk the rounds with thee!"

[With respect to medical colleges for women, it may be proper to add in this place that by legislative authority they are brought under the same restrictions as affect those for men. It is required by the Statutes of New York "that all graduates shall be not less than twenty-one years of age, and of good moral character; shall successfully sustain a critical examination in all the related branches of medical science; shall have pursued the study for at least three years after the age of eighteen years with some physician or surgeon duly authorized by law to practice in the profession, and shall also after that age have attended two complete courses of all the lectures delivered in some incorporated medical college."]

PHOSPHORUS.

D R. J. MOFFAT publishes some curious experiments with respect to the luminosity of phosphorus, which are interesting in themselves, and he also adds certain re-

marks on its uses in food, which are confirmatory of the views maintained by the JOURNAL and some American dieticians for many years. He says: Phosphorus is non-luminous in a temperature below 39° Fahr., but luminous at 45°, although the pressure of the atmosphere varies those properties, and so does the course of the wind. Vapor arising from phosphorus is attracted by heat, but repelled by cold. A sea-breeze, or rather equatorial wind, is charged, it would appear, with phosphorescence and ozone, while a land-wind possesses no such qualities; hence it is suggested that the ocean is actually a reservoir of ozone, and the phosphorescence of the sea is measurably due to that circumstance. Phosphorus abounds largely

in all land animal bones. Several pounds might be extracted from an adult human skeleton, if properly treated for that object. Scrofulous persons, and particularly rickety children, are deficient in that element, which is a cause of their condition. Persons having a tendency to an early decay of their teeth are also suffering from the same cause. Phosphate of lime is essential to the development and sound state of those organs. Those who subsist on the coarser kinds of food—as corn-bread instead of wheat flour—ordinarily possess better and sounder teeth than those whose bread is deprived of the bran (in which that material resides, and not in the flour), from which the hull of the grain is bolted out.

OUR DEFECTIVE EDUCATIONAL METHODS.

SUGGESTIONS IN THE WAY OF REFORM.

OUR friend and patron, Mr. JOHN HECKER, contributes the following to the N. Y. *Evening Mail*. It will be better appreciated by the readers of this JOURNAL than by those not educated in the line of the subject.—Ed.

Dear Sir: Science being the precursor of opinion and the arbiter to which final appeal is made when differences arise, I feel that, on the subject of education, the public should be put in possession of the scientific principles which underlie the processes of mental development, and which should govern in all matters involving issues of so momentous a nature as educational reform.

The life of the child during the first seven years is chiefly in the body. The brain is comparatively quiescent. There is, indeed, a mental process, but it is largely subordinate, acting in response to the temperamental requirements. In the sensorium, ideas can not be said to have a place; notions have. As development advances, perception is born from the pre-existent notions. From perception conception naturally arises. Science here unfolds to us the order pursued by nature. School systems invert this order, and teachers allow themselves to be lamentably ignorant of its practical advantages. *Posta nascitur, non fit*, is not true of the teacher. He is *made*, not *born*.

The babe in its mother's arms gives indi-

cations of physical necessities, and the mother affords relief. The sensibility of the mother is awakened into sympathy with the needs of her child, and thus is begotten the united sympathy of mother and child. The condition of the mother is in continual *rapport* with that of her child. To disturb this correspondence is to break a law of nature. Pain to the child and injury to the system is the result. Sympathy is weakened and aversion is experienced. The secret of education during the period when physical development is in excess of mental, hinges upon this law of nature. The necessity must first be felt through the bodily needs, then sympathetically supplied.

The gratification of one desire is the exciting of others. The ordained teacher will, therefore, so administer to the desired needs as to train the longing to legitimate objects. These objects will be so disposed that, when the desire is gratified, the boy will pride himself on being in part his own purveyor. Confidence in making advances to his teacher will be inspired, and a tide of sympathy will ebb and flow between him and the dispensing hand.

The defects of educational systems, as at present understood, may be learned by carefully observing the physiological and phrenological development during the time of bodily growth. The tuber annulare, a gan-

gion situated near the central part of the base of the brain, is in direct relation with the nervous system. It receives impressions from the different parts of the body, through the temperamental supply and demand, and converts these impressions into conscious sensations. These sensations are then flashed to that part of the brain wherein are located the faculties that are essential to the child's development. By means of this ganglionic influence the impression of depletion in the stomach is, in the brain, converted into the sensation of hunger, and the organs of special mental sense are stimulated in the quest of supply. And so of other impressions, becoming sensations and appealing to particular localities of the mental organism.

The brain at birth is in a state of lymph. It becomes pulpy and fibrous through sympathetic activity, sensuous influences, and its own native conditionality. We have seen that a direct sympathy reached that portion of the brain known as Alimentiveness and Destructiveness; an indirect, at the same time, was felt in that region known as Cautiousness and Secretiveness. The first longing for food, and the making of the want known through crying, is the provoking of incipient fibrosity and the putting into force of the great law of life—action and the restraint of action, brought in by needs of bodily supply.

Fibrosity in the brain and muscularity in the body are subject to laws in many respects similar. Each is strengthened by exercise; each is impaired by undue taxation.

In the muscles, power may be estimated by size, but in the mind activity is a measure of strength. Every fiber has an individual and a sympathetic activity. The latter in a great measure controls the former; it underlies the fundamental individual activity and is exerted upon contiguous organism. It guides physiologically in the estimation of character, inasmuch as it gives specialty and sharpness to each of the faculties. Bulk and sharpness of faculty indicate the volume and activity of its power. In applying these data special regard must be paid to the temperaments.

Fibrosity commences at the base of the brain and spreads, laterally, until it affects those of the intellectual faculties that are in-

dispensable to the child's sustentation; it then proceeds to the higher faculties, until (at the age of puberty) the anterior and posterior lobes are under its influence. By the development of the cerebellum youth then enters into manhood, and is in a condition of spiritual responsibility. Fibrosity, at this stage, commences in the superior lobe. Beginning with the religious life in Veneration, the crowning faculty of the group, it is imparted to the several associate faculties until (at the age of maturity) the whole brain is in a state to be actively exercised.

The teacher, in the earlier stages, must be so far conversant with the laws of Phrenology as to enable him to look further than the mere outward form of the head. He must ascertain what is the fundamental physical or mental peculiarity of the child, and what feature of the body or mind physiologically presents this fact. Particularly should he regard the temperaments. These determine the character of the activity of the mental peculiarity; the form of the head determines whether that is inherited or produced by incidental surroundings. Physiology and Phrenology must go hand-in-hand. Could organizations be found equal in the leading faculties of the lobes, or in the clusters in the intellectual group, but associated with temperaments differing either largely or in part, it would be seen that the activity of the leading faculty is always proportionally subjected to the temperamental influence.

If the nervous predominate, the tone of the activity will be sharp, clear, and well defined; if the sanguine be in excess, this activity will be spasmodic; the lymphatic prevailing, it will give an instability and indifference; and the bilious will be marked by a severe reticence and unobtrusive continuity. Thus premonished, the prevailing combination of the temperaments and the activities indicated by the form of the head will be intelligently utilized. The dominant peculiarity gives its own modifying tone to every faculty of the mind in each of the clusters. This is the key placed at the disposal of the teacher for opening up the secret approaches to the child's intellectual development. Knowing the varied phases and manifestations of the temperamentality and peculiar mentality of the child, his own

opinion and idiosyncrasies will be held in conscientious abeyance to the dictates of nature, and he will follow up in every particular the order indicated in her living chart. Noting that the indirect is more important than the direct in the professional course, he will regulate his advances by the

peculiar progress of the child, and, unconsciously to the pupil, he will become the absolute possessor of his interest and the holder of his leading attention. Pleasurable emotions will be excited and lessons will be entertained with avidity, which, if otherwise presented, would have been met with aversion.

MEASUREMENT OF THOUGHT-MOTION.

WHEN it comes to the relation of mental action and time, we can say with Leibnitz, "*Calculemus*," for here we can reach quantitative results. The "personal equation," or difference in rapidity of recording the same occurrence, has been recognized in astronomical records since the time of Maskelyne, the royal astronomer, and is allowed for with the greatest nicety, as may be seen, for instance, in Dr. Gould's recent report on trans-Atlantic longitude. More recently the time required in mental processes and the transmission of sensation and the motor impulse along nerves have been carefully studied by Helmholtz, Fizeau, Marey, Donders, and others. From forty to eighty, a hundred, or more feet a second are estimates of different observers, so that, as the newspapers have been repeating, it would take a whale a second, more or less, to feel the stroke of the harpoon in his tail. Compare this with the velocity of galvanic signals, which Dr. Gould has found to be from fourteen to eighteen thousand miles a second through iron wire on poles, and about sixty-seven hundred miles a second through the submarine cable. The brain, according to Fizeau, takes one-tenth of a second to transmit an order to the muscles, and the muscles take one-hundredth of a second in getting into motion. These results, such as they are, have been arrived at by experiments on single individuals with a very delicate chronometric apparatus. I have myself instituted a good many experiments with a more extensive and expensive machinery than I think has ever been employed, namely, two classes, each of ten intelligent students, who, with joined hands, represented a nervous circle of about sixty-six feet, so that a hand pressure, transmitted ten times round the circle, traversed six hundred and sixty feet, besides involving one hundred perceptions and volitions. My chronometer was a "horse-timer," marking quarter-seconds. After some practice, my second class gradually reduced the time of transmission ten times round, which had stood at fourteen and fifteen

seconds, like that of the first class, down to ten seconds; that is, one-tenth of a second for the passage through the nerves and brain of each individual; less than the least time I have ever seen assigned for the whole operation; no more than Fizeau has assigned to the action of the brain alone. The mental process of judgment between colors (red, white, and green counters), between rough and smooth (common paper and sand paper), between smells (camphor, cloves, and assafoetida), took about three and a half tenths of a second each; taste twice or three times as long, on account of the time required to reach the true sentient portion of the tongue. These few results of my numerous experiments show the rate of working of the different parts of the machinery of consciousness. Nothing could be easier than to calculate the whole number of perceptions and ideas a man could have in the course of a lifetime. But, as we think the same thing over many millions of times, and as many persons keep up their social relations by the aid of a vocabulary of only a few hundred, or, in the case of some very fashionable people, a few score only, of words, a very limited amount of thinking material may correspond to a full sense of organs of sense and a good development of the muscular system. The time relation of the sense of vision was illustrated by Newton by the familiar experiment of whirling a burning brand, which appears as a circle of fire. The duration of associated impressions on the memory differs vastly, as we all know, in different individuals. But in uttering distinctly a series of unconnected numbers or letters before a succession of careful listeners, I have been surprised to find how generally they break down in trying to repeat them between seven and ten figures or letters, though here and there an individual may be depended on for a large number. Pepys mentions a person who could repeat sixty unconnected words forward or backward, and perform other wonderful feats of memory, but this was a prodigy. I suspect we

have in this and similar trials a very simple and mental dynamometer, which may yet find its place in education.—*Dr. Holmes.*

THE OLDEST KNOWN FOSSIL REMAINS.

THERE has been received at the Geological Museum of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C., a greenish-colored limestone containing *Eozoon Canadense*, a foraminiferous creature of microscopic dimensions, which lived in communities and built up its stony receptacles in the ocean, in a manner analogous to the corals of the present time. The limestone owes its coloring to an admixture of serpentine, and when properly shaded or blended is classed among the verd-antique marbles. The specimen in question came from a railroad cutting on the Adirondac and Lake George Railroad, about twenty-five miles from Saratoga, near Thurman Station, Warren County, New York, and therefore from the most southerly portion of the Adirondac Mountains, thus giving us not only a new locality of *Eozoon*, but one of great extent. By treating with chlorohydric acid, the structure can be developed beautifully in the specimens received.

Naturalists and geologists may congratulate themselves in having a source of this curious fossil within a moderate distance, where specimens are abundant, as the whole mottled serpentine marble deposit is found to be one mass of *Eozoon Canadense*.

This fossil owes its distinction to the fact that it is found only in a class of rocks which, from their low position in the geological scale, had always been regarded as azoic, or not inclosing any evidences of organic life, at the time when they were deposited, and as belonging to an age previous to the appearance of life upon the globe.

It was first made known to the scientific world by Sir Wm. Logan, the director of the Canada Geological Survey, in 1858, at a meeting of the American Association of Science, held at Springfield, Mass. It was first discovered by Mr. J. McCulloch, on the Grand Calumet Island, in the river Ottawa, and has been obtained from many other localities since in different parts of the Laurentian Mountains in Canada, and the Adirondacs in the United States.

Several zones of limestone are found in these ranges, consisting of alternate layers of calcareous rocks and a magnesian silicate of serpentine aspect, which was seen filling up the interspaces of the fossil, rather than replacing it, as is common in petrifications. Specimens of the stone were sliced and polished for examination under the microscope, by Principal Dawson, of the Montreal University, who found it to consist of clusters of a sessile organism, which had grown up by increasing at the surface by the addition of successive layers of chambers separated by calcareous laminae. The interior of these spaces exhibited bunches of firmly branching tubuli. By aggregation of individuals it acquired an enormous size, and assumed the aspect of a coralline reef. Dr. Dawson assigned it a place among the foraminifera, and his conclusions have been affirmed by the researches of Prof. Carpenter, the eminent microscopist of London. Its place in creation is far down in the scale below the Silurian rocks, and is only found in the lowest series of the Laurentian formation, and therefore millions of years before the lingulae and fucoids, once regarded as the oldest inhabitants of the rocks.

A. R. ROESSLER.

Geological Rooms, U. S. General Land Office.

DILIGENCE vs. HEEDLESSNESS.

TWO boys were apprenticed in a carpenter's shop. One determined to make himself a thorough workman; the other "didn't care." One read and studied, and got books to help him understand the principles of his trade. He spent his evenings at home reading. The other liked fun best. He often went with other boys to have "a good time."

"Come," he often said to his shopmate, "leave your books; go with us. What's the use of all this reading?"

"If I waste these golden moments," was the boy's answer, "I shall lose what I can never make up."

While the boys were still apprentices, an offer of \$2,000 appeared in the newspapers for the best plan of a State House, to be built in one of the Eastern States. The studious boy saw the advertisement, and determined to try for it. After careful study, he drew out his plans and sent them to the committee.

We suppose he did not really expect to gain the prize; but still he thought, "there is nothing like trying." In about a week afterward a gentleman arrived at the carpenter's shop and asked if an architect by the name of Washington Wilberforce lived there.

"No," said the architect, "but I have an apprentice by that name."

"Let's see him," said the gentleman.

The young lad was summoned, and informed that his plan was accepted, and that the \$2,000 were his. The gentlemen then said the boy must put up the building, and his employer was so proud of his success that he willingly gave him his time and let him go. This studious young carpenter became one of the first architects of the country. He made a fortune, and stands high in the esteem of everybody, while his fellow-apprentice can hardly earn food for himself and family by his daily labor.

THE *Astronomische Nachrichten* says Prof. Struve, of Pultowa, has been for years watching the rings of Saturn; and the inner one of the three rings, an obscure, partly transparent mass of what appeared to be vapor has been seen to approach the body of the planet, and to widen its distance from the other rings, which seemed to be fluid in character, or perhaps made up of myriads of small bodies, moving together like the streams of meteors which supply the meteoric showers. But during several months past this inner ring has fallen more rapidly, and finally the attraction of Saturn entirely overcame the centrifugal force, and it closed upon the body of the planet, forming a belt, which was gradually diffused over its surface, so that there is now no trace of the ring left. Is this to be the fate of the other rings? or will they ultimately gather into satellites?

THE TRAVELLER—ILLUSTRATED.

OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THIS Poem is said by the biographers of Goldsmith to be founded on his adventurous wanderings, "flute in hand," on the continent of Europe in the years 1754 and 1755. One says: "In these wanderings he encountered many privations. After a hard day's toil he knew what it was to be refused a night's shelter at a peasant's cottage. His flute did him good service except while in Italy, where, as he says, 'every peasant was a better musician than I.' He had also become a good disputant; and by maintaining his ground in the open discussions going on in the universities and convents on certain days, he was open to claim the gratuity of a small sum of money, a dinner, and a bed for one night."

"The Traveller" was published in December, 1764, and for the first time Goldsmith's name appeared as an author, the numerous works which he had written previously having been published by the booksellers without allusion to their authorship. Dr. Johnson examined the proof-sheets, and favorably considered it in the *Critical Review*. The Poem proved a great success, and made Goldsmith's name famous. It had been his dream for eight years, and the writing of it his principal solace in many hours of affliction. So much care did he bestow upon the work, that Johnson pronounced it to be "a poem to which it would not be easy to find anything equal since the death of Pope;" and Charles Fox said that "The Traveller" was "one of the first poems in the English language." Up to the time of its author's death there were nine editions published; and yet it is said that all Goldsmith received for this Poem was twenty guineas, in small installments, a marked exhibition of the estimate then placed on poetry by either the publishers or the reading public.

"The Traveller" was dedicated to "The Rev. Henry Goldsmith," brother of the author, at that time a curate in Kilkenny, "a man who, despising fame and fortune, has retired early to happiness and obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year." A summary of the nature and aim of the work is contained in the closing paragraph of the dedication, which is as follows: "What reception a Poem may find which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I can not tell, nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right.

Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavored to show that there may be equal happiness in states that are differently governed from our own; that each state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few that can judge better than yourself how far these positions are illustrated in this Poem."



EMOTE, unfriended, melan-
choly, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or
wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude
Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger
shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain
forsaken lies,

A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend:



Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire:
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair:
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;

Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care;
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;



And plac'd on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lake, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless Pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor crown'd
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;

For me your tributary stores combine :
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

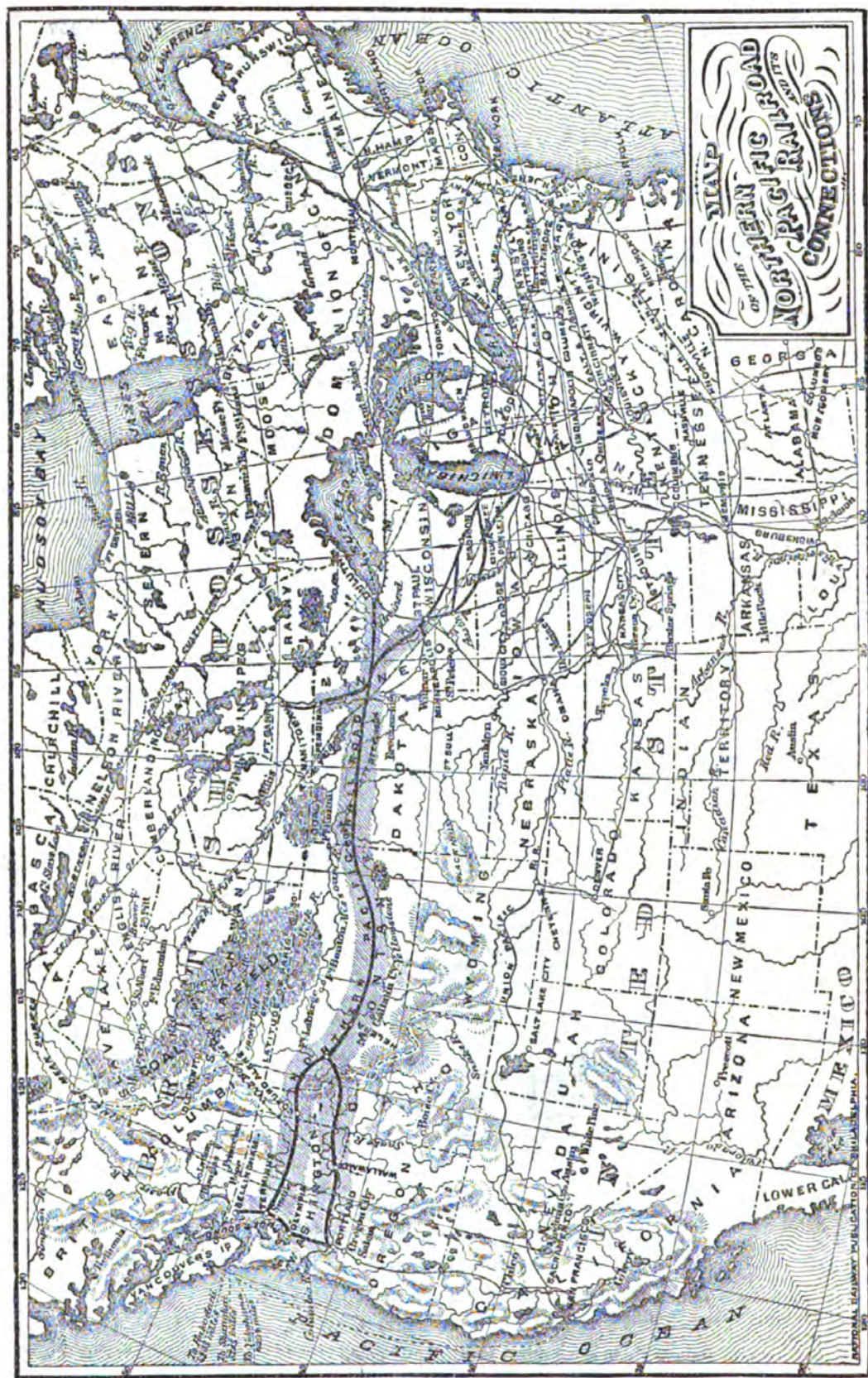
As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er ;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still :
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that Heaven to man supplies :
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small ;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know ?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own ;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease :



The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

By SCHUYLER COLFAX,

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

MIDWAY across the continent—at the head of twelve hundred miles of Lake navigation—a thousand miles from Buffalo, the western terminus of the Erie Canal, and as near to it by water as Chicago—a hundred miles west of the longitude of St. Louis or Galena—is the young city of Duluth, the initial point of the Northern Pacific Railroad. That great work, so magnificently endowed by the Government, is already being pushed rapidly westward, under its energetic controllers; and before the snow flies next Fall it will be completed to the western line of Minnesota, where it crosses the Red River of the North—which runs northward to Lake Winnipeg—and one-eighth of its distance to the Pacific Ocean will have been accomplished. Commencing, too, this season on its western line, the work will be prosecuted from both directions; and long before the nation celebrates its Centennial Anniversary of Independence the lakes will be united by iron bands with that Mediterranean of our Northwest, Puget Sound.

Of the auspicious influence of this enterprise, which but a few years ago would have been considered so daring, the most sanguine of its friends have scarcely yet a full realization. Even taking Chicago as the starting point, it will be (*via* St. Paul, where an arm of the Northern Pacific Railroad is reached), two hundred miles less distance to Puget Sound than to San Francisco. Besides this, vessels from the Golden Gate to China sail on what is called the grand circle, instead of in a straight line; and any one testing this by a string on a globe will be surprised at the result, if they have not previously studied the effect of the rotundity of the earth, and its diminished portubérance as you go northward toward the Pole. Hence, when they have sailed eight hundred miles from San Francisco they are only one hundred miles from the entrance to Puget Sound; and this striking fact shows the advantages this route will have in commanding the through traffic of Asia with our Atlantic States, or that portion of it which will pass over the soil of this nation on its road to Europe.

Nor is this all. Development is the great duty of the Republic, after all its recent trials. Resources are the gift of the Creator. Developing them depends on the work of man. Along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, as it follows up the water-courses, the Missouri and the Yellowstone on this side, and descends by the valley of the Columbia on the other, a vast body of agricultural land is waiting for the plough, with a climate almost exactly the same as that of New York, except that, with less snow, cattle, in the larger portion of it, can subsist on the open range in winter. Here, if climate and fertility of soil produce their natural result, when railroad facilities open this now isolated region to settlement, will soon be seen waving grain-fields, and happy homes, and growing towns; while ultimately a cordon of prosperous States, teeming with population, and rich in industry and consequent wealth,

will occupy that now undeveloped and almost inaccessible portion of our continental area.

But this Road is fortunate also in its pathway across the the two ranges of mountains which tested so severely the Pacific Railroads built on the central line, and the overcoming of which reflected such well deserved honor on their energetic builders. At the Deer Lodge Pass, in Montana, where it crosses the Rocky Mountains, its altitude above the sea is 3500 feet less than the Union Pacific Railroad at Sherman, which is said to be the highest point at which a locomotive can be found in the world. And on the Pacific side of the Continent it is even more fortunate. From Arizona up to the Arctic Circle the Columbia is the only river which has torn its way through that mighty range, the Andes of North America, which in California is known as the Sierras, but which in Oregon changes its name to the Cascades. Nature has thus provided a pathway for the Northern Pacific Road through these mountains, the scaling of which, on the other line, at an elevation of over seven thousand feet (a most wonderful triumph of engineering), cost the Central Pacific Company millions of dollars, and compelled them, for seventy miles, to maintain a grade of over one hundred feet to the mile—twice the maximum of the Northern Pacific at the most difficult points on its entire route.

It is fortunate, also, in its terminus on the Pacific coast. No one who has not been there can realize the beauty of Puget Sound and its surroundings. One hundred miles long, but so full of inlets and straits that its navigable shore-line measures seventeen hundred and sixty miles, dotted with lovely islets, with gigantic trees almost to the water's edge, with safe anchorage everywhere, and stretching southward, without shoals or bars, from the Straits of Fuca to the capital and centre of Washington Territory, it will be a magnificent *entrepot* for the commerce of that grandest ocean of the world, the Pacific.

* * * The Land Grant of the United States, exceeding Fifty Millions of acres in the winter-wheat region of our nation (ten times as large as the area of Massachusetts), is doubtless sufficient for the completion of the Road; but, beside this, millions of private means are already invested in it. The bonds based on the Land Grant, and a mortgage on the Road itself, in addition, are being sold as rapidly as the money is needed; and, as an investment, yielding about eight per cent. per year in currency, rank already with the best class of railroad securities. And thus the good work will go on with unchecked step to its final consummation, carrying the blessings of settlement, development, civilization, and Christianity with it in its progress, and literally causing the wilderness to blossom as the rose.—*N. Y. Independent*.

[At the moment of going to press the accompanying map of the N. P. R. R. has been completed. We give herewith Vice-President COLFAX's Letter, and in an early number will refer to this more extensively.—*Ed. A. P. J.*]

WISDOM.

POETICAL PROVERBS.

Who augments his treasures with bribes and by stealth,
Shall grieve like a pauper when rolling in wealth.

Who gathers a fortune like niggardly knave,
Must afterward serve it, as miserly slave.

The purse of a pauper and proud haughty heart,
Will be more congenial when farther apart.

No mendicant pauper is ever so poor
As he, 'mid abundance, who coveteth more.

The rule and the balance, ink, paper, and pen,
Prevent strife and quarrels of pugnacious men.

Fly not to the court for redress of each grief,
Nor of a physician seek daily relief.

The cost and chagrin to avenge a great wrong,
Will often preponderate bearing it long.

Take unwelcome counsel of every true friend,
Though seemingly adverse to wishes and end.

Who hurls with his tongue a calumnious dart,
Must shield his own head from the rebounding smart.

His wounds may recover, and pain be relieved;
But ill name and character never retrieved.

In feuds and in conquests, in sporting and love,
The victors and lovers a thousand griefs prove.

Who aims by industrious efforts to live,
May work out a character no one can give.

As soon as his daily companions are shown,
The knave or an honest man truly is known.

Who gain reputation without real worth,
Without fault may lose it, in spite of high birth.

A lack of activity, industry, care,
Will end in distraction, remorse, and despair.

The indolent crumble far sooner to dust,
Than they who are never permitted to rust.

Precipitate errors, when frankly confessed,
And trespass acknowledged, are easy redressed.

Extirpate each loose thought before it is heard,
Lest sorrow oft urge to recall a stray word.

Let thoughts be corrected when no one is near,
And tongue be garrotted when others can hear.

Talk kindly, or roughly, or fair as you will;
Who love to think evil, will ever speak ill.

A taciturn dullard, when savans among,
May pass for a doctor—by holding his tongue.

A garrulous savant, by speaking but once,
When silence is wisdom, is written a dunce.

By showing respectful regard for superiors,
A comely example is left for inferiors.

The liberal donor who gives in a trice,
Oft doubles the gift of the thoughtful in twice.

By chastising children for venial sin,
We whip out one devil, and whip seven in.

The meek and the haughty, the stupid and wise,
In six feet of earth measure equal in size.

SEEKING EDWARDS TODDS.

It is our own vanity which renders the vanity of others insupportable to us.

THEY who practice deceit and artifice really deceive themselves more than they do others.

It is wise and well to look on the cloud of sorrow as though we expected it to turn into a rainbow.

As the shadow of the sun is largest when his beams are lowest, so we are always least when we make ourselves the greatest.

A HAPPY life is made up of happy thoughts, and man should be a very miser in hoarding conscientiously every mill of the true coin.

It is another's fault if he be ungrateful, but it is mine if I do not give. To find one thankful man, I will oblige many that are not so.—*Seneca*.

MEN think of happiness as something without rather than within, and hence they seek for it in travel, society, and occupation rather than within themselves.—*Becher*.

AN eminent American once spoke of this, his own, country as that "in which there was less misery and less happiness than in any other part of the world."

FOOD FOR MIRTH.

"SAMBO, did you ever see the Catskill Mountains?" "No, sah; but I've seed 'em kill mice."

AN Irish magistrate, censuring some boys for loitering in the street, argued, "If everybody were to stand in the street, how could anybody get by?"

A GENTLEMAN, evidently not of the period, declares that he can tell whenever he crosses the border of Massachusetts, because all the women begin to have "views."

AN auctioneer selling books, being asked by a suspicious customer, "Is that binding calf?" replied: "Come up, my good sir; put your hand on it, and see if there is any fellow-feeling."

ANXIOUS TRAVELER—"Hullo, there! What boat is that?" Captain—"Tow-boat." Traveler—"But what line is it?" Captain—"Tow-line." Traveler—"I want to get aboard." Captain—"Get one off the fence."

FAMILY QUARRELS.—

"A fool," said Janette, "is a creature I hate;"

"But hating," quoth John, "is immoral;

Besides, my dear girl, it's a terrible fate
To be found in a family quarrel."

"WHICH do you think the merriest place in existence?"

"That immediately above the atmosphere which surrounds the earth."

"Why so?"

"Because there all bodies lose their gravity."

HOW TO SPELL HORSE.—The English style was illustrated by a warm and loyal son of Britannia thus: "Well, if a haltch hand a ho hand a har hand a hess hand a hee don't spell 'orse, then my name hain't 'Enry 'Ill." The American thus: "Wa'al, if h-o-r-s-e don't spell hoas, then you can shoot me."

Our Mentorial Bureau.

[In this Department will be noticed such matters as are of interest to correspondents and to the general reader. Contributions for "What They Say" should be brief, pointed, and creamy, to secure publication.]

Go Our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" ONLY will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify idle curiosity. One question only at a time, and that clearly stated, must be propounded, if a correspondent shall expect us to give him the benefit of its early consideration. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter, if a stamp be inclosed for the return postage.

SKIN DISEASES.—Our oldest boy is about four years old. When born his skin was as smooth as any child's, and remained so until about six months old, when it began to get very rough, and is so at present, all over his body, excepting his face, neck, and hands. His knees and the fore part of his ankles are especially rough. We have called the attention of two physicians to the matter, but can get no satisfaction. We have given the boy baths, using good soap freely, thinking this would soften the dry scales and enable us to rub them off, but to no purpose. The child is apparently healthy and hearty, with red cheeks and fine skin in face. Will you do me the kindness to tell me if you think this is anything alarming? or will you give me a remedy, if one is necessary, and oblige * * *

Ans. This child has what is sometimes called dry letter, or, more strictly speaking, *Pityriasis*. There may be some hereditary taint to account for it. Whatever would benefit the general health would help nature to throw it off. Turkish baths would be one of the very best methods of treatment. In the absence of Turkish baths, it would be well to use warm baths, wet-sheet packs, or any form of sweating bath that could be conveniently arranged. For full instruction in regard to skin diseases and their proper treatment, see the Illustrated Hydropathic Encyclopedia.

Is tobacco injurious, and in what way?

Ans. Yes; it is injurious because it is a deadly poison. If a strong decoction is put on sheep which are afflicted with lice or ticks, it kills the latter dead—the application makes the sheep sick for a while, but seldom kills them. If applied to cucumber plants or rose bushes, it kills or expels bugs and worms. They feel assured that tobacco injures them, and they are right in that conclusion. Human beings who are so unwise, or so selfishly careless of other people's comfort, as to use tobacco in any form, are more or less injured by it. Some become dyspeptic, rheumatic, and nervous to the last degree, and thousands die suddenly from a spasmodic action of the heart caused by the use of tobacco, and many thin people

would gain many pounds in flesh if they would quit using it.

Three classes of beings are not injured by it: the first is a large, light-green personage, ribbed with rings, and by some called beautiful. He may be seen feeding on the plant in the field; he likes the tobacco and is fat and healthy from its use. But he is not permitted to live in peace and luxuriate on the plant made for his use; his two-legged foe disputes the field with him, and often unjustly wins the victory. The second class not injured by it is to be found among the numerous consumers who are so low in organic conditions that they can not be spoiled or made filthy by anything; and the third and last class not injured by it is composed of those who are too wise and decent to touch the nasty stuff. For further information send for "Tobacco, its Physical, Intellectual, and Moral Effects," price 25 cents. —

THE LUSTS OF THE FLESH.—A young man writes us from Kentucky: "Can you tell me what to do to tear all carnal desires out of my nature? I have been a slave to lust and passion for seven years, and my mind is breaking down under it. I must get it under or it will send me to the grave." The young man is not alone in this infirmity. And—after writing him by post—we quote his words as a text on which to make a few brief remarks for the benefit of others.

High and holy thoughts are possible to all well-organized men who try to live aright. Every carnal propensity, passion, lust, appetite, and morbid desire should be subordinated to intellect and moral sense. Are you greedy of unlawful gain? say no to inordinate Acquisitiveness. Does the appetite crave stimulants or narcotics, which are neither healthful food nor drink? say no to Alimentiveness. Is it a weakness in you to show temper at every trifling annoyance? Combative-ness and Destructiveness must be checked before they get you into a riot. Are you troubled with lewd and lascivious dreams? Amativeness is rebellious, and you must put on the brakes. If one gives way to Acquisitiveness, he becomes a thief; to Alimentiveness, a glutton or a drunkard; to Destructiveness, a savage or a murderer; to Amativeness, a libertine; and he is only fit for the almshouse or the prison. But how are we to overcome the lusts of the flesh? Prayer is a good thing in such cases. And so is temperance in eating, in drinking, and in all things. But if one's blood and body be filled with whisky and tobacco, he will find it "up-hill work" to keep down these passions. So, too, if he ignore religion, and de-

pend alone on a poor weak human will. It will require all he can do, with the grace of God added, to keep on the moral track. But this is a long chapter, and we must take it up at another time.

MINERAL SPRINGS.—Are the waters of the mineral springs beneficial as a drink, or are they injurious?

Ans. We believe pure water and plain food to be promotive of health, and that every deviation from their use is more or less detrimental. Many a person lives wrongly ten months in a year, and as a choice of alternatives drinks mineral waters at a great cost of money and time, or gets rid of the morbid matter accumulated from ten months of unwholesome habits by means of a bilious fever. He who lives according to hygienic law needs neither the sulphur spring water nor the bilious fever. We can supply the numbers of the JOURNAL you ask for. —

"MAY I MARRY MY COUSIN?"—In your JOURNAL of January last, you stated as a fact that consanguineous marriages are productive of weakness, imbecillity, idiocy, etc., thus virtually declaring such disabilities general in consanguine marriages. My experience, strengthened by comparatively recent statistics, has convinced me that such is not the case; consequently I deem it an impropriety, in thus answering a question of such vast importance, without giving any reason for your conclusions, as your opinion will probably be adopted by many of your readers as an incontrovertible fact, by which barriers may be formed between pairs of truly loving souls, who may thus be made unhappy for life. I have for more than twenty years taken much pains to satisfy myself in regard to the erroneous impression so generally adopted concerning consanguine reproduction, by which I have been forced to my present position. Again, it must be admitted that certain conditions only are capable of producing such disabilities, and that such conditions *may* or *may not* exist in consanguine progenitors as well as where consanguinity does not exist. Should opposite conditions exist in *either* case, opposite results would be the consequence, therefore precisely the same precautions would be necessary, whether in or out of consanguinity. D. L. D. S.

In our brief categorical answers to such questions we do not propose to argue the points at length, nor to give reasons for our statements. Time and space would not permit. We did not, in this case, suppose for a moment that there could be difference of opinion among intelligent persons. The matter has been duly considered, and a chapter devoted to it, in our work on "WEDLOCK, or, Who May and Who May Not Marry." Besides, several States have, through their Legislatures, passed laws to prevent consanguineous marriages, seeing the evils of idiocy, imbecillity, etc., resulting from them. We also read in Holy Writ the following: "None of you shall approach in marriage to any that is of kin to him." Are not cousins "kin?" Our investigations for more than twenty years convince us of the correctness of the views advanced, and we beg Mr. S. to look further, and when convinced, to do all he can to dissuade marriages likely to result disastrously to posterity.

MORE ABOUT THE HAIR.—Many questions come to us as to how to prevent hair from growing, how to make it grow, how to prevent it from turning gray, from falling off, etc. Here is a letter from Utah:

Having read in the JOURNAL for January the article headed "BALDNESS IN CHURCHES," I wish to ask your advice. I am nearly twenty-eight years old; have been the mother of seven children, the youngest being five months old. Six years ago I had the longest and thickest hair I ever saw on any woman's head. When I had the scarlet fever, which disappeared on the second day, I was pregnant with my fourth child, and nigh unto death. The doctor administered calomel, and I became salivated. When my child was born, nearly eight months after, she apparently had the scarlet fever also. Since that time, in child-bearing, salivation has always returned. Last winter I was taken sick, and nearly died. I could not eat, and refused to take medicine, saying I never had a doctor but twice in my life, and was salivated both times—once more would kill me. When my children are about two months old, my hair begins to fall out, and continues to do so for months. I have very little now to what I once had, and it is still falling out. I have for a few weeks past used "Ayer's Hair Vigorator," but to no purpose. If you could give me any information as to my best course to pursue in regard to salivation, also as to my hair, it would be thankfully received.

Ans. Work the calomel out of the system by wet-sheet packs, Turkish baths, etc., and restore the general health. Then with a little fine toilet-soap and soft, tepid water wash the hair and scalp occasionally. Brush it thoroughly every morning, and use no greasy substance, except a very little sweet oil, and the less of this the better. Keep the head cool, and if there be no physiological obstructions in the way, the hair may grow again. It will be much more likely to grow if you cut it off *d la* Anna Dickinson, Florence Nightingale, etc. As to salivation, the way to escape that is to abstain from the drugs which produce it. Would it not be as well to let nature take her course? Old physicians say "*the less medicine one takes, the better.*" Then why take any?

UNEVEN HEADS.—My head is very uneven on its surface, being covered with little hills and hollows. What does it indicate?

Ans. An uneven development of the head indicates eccentricity and excitability. But there are sometimes little knots on the surface which do not indicate largeness or smallness of organs, but an uneven disposition of the bony matter of the skull. We judge of the size of the phrenological organs by the distance from the center of the brain, not by little hills and hollows, or "bumps" as they are sometimes called.

STAMMERING CURED BY AN ART.—One "Dr. Moses" publishes a circular in which he claims to be "unequaled in this or any other country" in curing stammering. His name implies a love of money. He proposes to sell his "secret," or the right to use it, in the different States. He says: "I can impart the art to any one desirous of purchasing, and at a price that a

great deal of money can be made out of it. Stammering is not confined to any section of country or condition of men, and there is nothing which a person will pay for more liberally than to be relieved from this distressing misfortune."

He asks something like a hundred and fifty thousand dollars for his secret, and will sell State rights, if he can find any one to buy, at from \$1,000 to \$10,000. We have no personal knowledge of "Dr. Moses," nor of his "art," but we have not the slightest inclination to invest in the same, though "a deal of money can be made out of it," nor would we advise others to "go into it," and get "taken in." The only scientific method yet proposed, by which stammering and stuttering can be successfully treated, is given in our COMBINED ANNUALS, which may be had at this office for \$1 50. Look out for quacks and impostors!

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."—What light is spoken of in Genesis on the first day of the creation, when the sun and moon were not made until the fourth day?

Ans. The statements in the first chapter of Genesis, especially the first five verses, may be understood as a general statement of what was done without regard to the time or order of doing. The first verse says, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," but it does not say when that beginning was,—that is to say, how long before the other facts occurred. All once believed, and many now believe, that the creation of heaven and earth, animals and man, was completed in six of our *days*. Geology proves that numerous ages must have elapsed after the land and water of the earth existed before any animal could exist on it. The crust of the red-hot and molten mass must cool, and an atmosphere be established fit to be breathed before land animals could live, and probably tens of thousands, if not millions, of years elapsed before the earth was a possible abode for man—yet "in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Perhaps the light of other spheres ministered to the earth as soon as the densely thick vapors surrounding the earth were sufficiently condensed into water to admit the light of planets which were older than our earth. Perhaps several things were true which we do not fully understand, and never shall on earth.

What They Say.

A WANT OF PHRENOLOGICAL KNOWLEDGE.—Taking up the *Chicago Tribune* the other day, I read in it an account of the opening of a "Medical College" in Chicago; and was quite astonished at some of the remarks made by the Professor of Medical Jurisprudence, who delivered the opening address. Among other things he said: "Among the great subjects naturally allied to that of medicine stands first in importance the

subject of insanity. To study it as we should, we should know something of the laws of mind in its healthy state. We receive our impressions and derive our knowledge entirely through the physical senses. They are the vehicles by which impressions in their crude state are received into the mind, and in the mind those impressions are analyzed and prepared for use, and then the will sends forth the results into the world of matter again through these same senses."

We take it that the Professor meant that his audience were to study the laws of mind *apart* from the brain,—a feat which he nor they can not successfully perform. We hold that the cause of insanity is to be found in the deranged material of the brain. Get the brain back into its normal condition, and the insanity is cured.

What would the Professor's audience have thought if he had recommended them to study the sense of sight *apart* from the eye, the sense of hearing *apart* from the ear, or digestion *apart* from the stomach? They would have been astonished either at his ignorance or his assurance.

He further said:

"The imperfect working of the physical senses is no evidence of disease of the mind, any more than is the imperfect working of a defective instrument and telegraph wire an evidence of want of skill in the operator."

We say, that we know nothing of the mind—in this life—but in and by the brain. According to the Professor, the mind can not become diseased or deranged,—it is only the physical senses which do so. We hold that the mind is deranged when the brain is so; and that a healthy mind can not exist in a diseased brain.

To say that sight may be perfect with a diseased optic nerve would be sheer nonsense; and it is equally absurd to say that a man can have a diseased brain and yet have a perfect mind. A telegraph operator is not connected with his instrument or his wires in the same manner as the mind is connected with the brain. If telegraph wires could be connected with an operator's brain, in a similar way as the nerves of the body are connected with the human brain, and let a derangement take place in these infinitely fine wires, then we should find a deranged operator.

The simile made by the Professor is imperfect. To carry out his own illustration—to cure a deranged wire, he would begin upon a sane operator! "Study the operator," he would say—"pay no attention to the wires!" Again, he says:

"The mind sits enthroned in its immaterial majesty upon the brain." The Professor dwelt at some length on this point, to show that the mind was the source of all action.

The mind's "immaterial majesty" may be all very well to talk about, but where is the majesty of the mind in a lunatic? No; the mind is governed by the condition, size, and quality of brain.

Again, he said:

"He agreed that the mind could never be the subject of disease; that life was union, and death was separation; that sleep was a total cessation of the action of the vital functions of the relation between mind and matter, and that dreaming was

a partial cessation of such action. He showed that all dreams could be accounted for upon scientific principles, giving some interpretations of dreams, which he urged showed conclusively that no dreamer could dream of anything of which he knew or had heard nothing.

He argued that it is the relation between mind and matter which is diseased. The connection was the seat of the trouble, and not the mind itself."

In our humble opinion, the grand mistake made by the Professor was in considering mind as a *separate* entity. Here lies the fundamental error. What condition the mind takes on after it leaves the body is a great mystery, but while it is in the body we know it is subject to organization. It is not a sovereign.

He says "the mind could never be the subject of disease,—that it is the RELATION [mark!] between the mind and matter which is diseased." The mind is not diseased, and the matter is not diseased,—it is the "relation!" The "connection," he says, was the seat of the trouble. How does this look: the wires are not deranged, neither is the operator,—it is the connection formed between the wire and the operator which is diseased!

Has all that Gall, Spurzheim, and Combe written on the functions of the brain never been read? Have the fifty and odd volumes of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL been of no avail? Have all the hundreds of lectures delivered, and the hundreds of books printed on Phrenology, all been thrown away? No, we think not; but we are afraid that many of our Professors pay no attention to Phrenology, consider it beneath their notice; and hence we see the result in the strange jumble of crude ideas delivered to a respectable audience of thinking men and women

L'ÉVÉNEMENT, a lively newspaper published in Quebec, thus notices and comments on the JOURNAL:

Envoi.—Nous avons reçu ces jours derniers le 3e numéro du 3e volume d'une publication mensuelle intitulée *Phrenological Journal and Life Illustrated*. Ce journal qui forme une jolie brochure de 120 pages, élégamment imprimée, renferme une foule de renseignements utiles et amusants, des études de mœurs, de physique, d'économie politique et domestique, de la poésie, de la littérature, etc., et plusieurs gravures, entr'autres les portraits de Noah Webster, l'éminent lexicographe, de Dr. Thomas de Witt Talmadge, orateur émule de Beecher, du général espagnol Juan Prim, et du nouveau roi d'Espagne le Prince Amédée.

FACTS AND FANCIES.—T. H., one of our warm Canadian friends, writes from Quebec;

"I have never read a treatise on any of the subjects which you have made specialties without having felt immediate benefit in strengthening my ability to practice self-control, which I believe to be at the basis of all virtue, and I can only understand the insane prejudice which even good men manifest to those subjects as a most successful device of Satan. There are doubtless thousands of facts (and facts are stubborn things) to prove not only the truth of Phrenology as a science, but its virtuous and elevating tendency on the minds which have studied its lessons and obeyed its

teachings, and these are surely more valuable as evidence than the thousands of *fancies* which multitudes so thoughtlessly yet so freely express."

THE CLERGY AND THE JOURNAL.—It may be gratifying to those who know how we have been opposed from the pulpit, to be informed that opposition from that quarter is rapidly passing away. We now have as subscribers more than a thousand clergymen on our books, and others are daily joining. Here is a copy of a note just received from a reverend gentleman of Maine. When we have the clergy with us, we shall also have the people.

DEAR SIR: Last evening I received a specimen copy of your magazine, and while perusing its pages obtained much of profit and pleasure. I am aware that there are not a few who look with suspicion and perhaps with ill-concealed disdain upon your commendable enterprise, but I am glad to number myself among those who are not blinded by prejudice or bigotry. Please send me the JOURNAL for six months—I have no doubt that I shall like it so well as to subscribe permanently. S * *

Literary Notices.

There is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books no less than in the faces of men, by which a skilful observer will know as well what to expect from the one as the other.—BUTLER.

NOTES, Explanatory and Practical, on the Acts of the Apostles: Designed for Sunday-school Teachers and Bible-Classes. By Albert Barnes, author of "Notes on the Psalms," "Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity," etc. Revised edition. One vol., 12mo; pp. 418; cloth. Price, \$1 50. New York: Harper & Brothers.

What is the meaning of this, that, and the other expression which seem so contradictory, and lead to so much bitter controversy? Different commentators come to different conclusions. One gives a Calvinistic interpretation, another the Arminian; one makes everything bend to "total depravity," or to baptism by immersion, etc., according to his school or creed. The God of one delights in "punishing the wicked," of another, in his "all-merciful attributes," and so on according to the faculties—colored glasses—through which different persons look at the same object. Dr. Barnes is believed to have been one of the most impartial and truthful of our Scriptural commentators. Certain it is, his "Notes" are accepted the world over, and nowhere more heartily indorsed than in Edinburgh, London, and in other centers of learning and civilization. Messrs. Harper are bringing out revised editions.

EARLE'S DENE. A Novel. By R. E. Franellon. One vol., octavo; pp. 187; paper. Price, 50 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers. No. 355, Library of Select Novels.

THE APPLE CULTURIST. A Complete Treatise for the Practical Pomologist, to aid in Propagating the Apple, and cultivating and managing Orchards. Illustrated with engravings of Fruit, Young and Old Trees, and Mechanical Devices Employed in Connection with Orchards and the Management of Apples. By Soreno Edwards Todd, author of "Todd's Young Farmer's Manual," "American Wheat Culturist," "Todd's Country Homes," and "How To Save Money." One vol., 12mo; pp. 331; cloth. Price, \$1 50. New York: Harper & Brothers.

From the seed to the blossom and the fruit, here is everything about the apple: preparing the ground, laying out, selecting best sorts, planting, trimming, grafting, growing, gathering, grinding, wintering, drying, cooking, and eating. It is really a most useful book, fully illustrated, and adapted to the comprehension of common minds. It is worthy the widest circulation. We hope Mr. Todd will take up other fruits, and treat them in the same popular manner.

OUR GIRLS. By Dio Lewis, A.M., M.D., author of "New Gymnastics for Men, Women, and Children," "Weak Lungs, and How to Make them Strong," etc. One vol., 12mo; pp. 338; cloth. Price, \$1 50. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Dr. Lewis "lets himself out" on "Our Girls." He loves the dear creatures; loves to talk to them, train them, take their measure periodically, and note how they grow and develop in body and mind. In this volume we have the methods practiced by the Doctor in his training school, and pages of such practical information as all should possess. If the instruction of Dr. Lewis be followed as to the physical training of our girls, there will be fewer sick and feeble women in the world. Read "Our Girls" and be wise.

THE TRADE CIRCULAR ANNUAL FOR 1871 has been received by us, and a brief examination assures us that Mr. Leypoldt has contributed a most valuable work to American literature. The preparation of a bibliographical guide of this kind has been scarcely attempted before on account of the numerous difficulties necessarily besetting a compiler, and the large expenditure which the publisher must incur before any substantial return could result. But the editor has ventured through the untrodden and dark way with a success, in so far as the work itself is concerned, which must encourage him, and we trust that the literary world will supplement in a substantial manner that encouragement, so that he may be invited to the preparation of successive annual issues of the work. The extent of the undertaking may be inferred from the title summary of contents, viz: "Including the American catalogue of books published in the United States during the year 1870; with their sizes, prices, and publisher's names; also, a list of the principal books published in England; a publishers', manufacturers', and importers' directory, and alphabetical list of nearly eight hundred

articles suitable for sale at the book, stationery, music, and fancy-goods stores; a summary of American and English novelties, and miscellaneous literary and trade information." There are four fine steel portraits with accompanying biographical sketches of eminent American publishers, and other illustrations, which add not a little to the value of the "Circular." Supplied to the trade at the office of The Trade Circular and Literary Bulletin, 25 Bond Street, New York.

MAX KROMER: A Story of the Siege of Strasburg, 1870. By the Author of "Jessica's First Prayer," "Nelly's Dark Days," etc. One vol., 12mo; pp. 184; cloth. Price, \$1. New York: Dodd & Mead.

If one would realize something of real war, its effects on families in domestic life, let him read this little book. Here are the headings of chapters: Our Home in Strasburg; Lisbeth and Elsie; Refugees Seeking Shelter; Awaiting the Bombardment; The First Shell; A Fearful Night; The Terrors of the Siege; Danger Nearer at Hand; Sylvie's Escape; Sergeant Klein; The White Flag; The End of the Siege, etc. Oh, the horrors of war! Where are the Quakers?

POEMS BY LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON. With illustrations by F. O. C. Darley. Edited by M. Oliver Davidson. One vol., 12mo; pp. 270; cloth. Price, \$2 50. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

The acme of plain book-making has been reached by these publishers. Here are the sweet poems of one long since departed, but whose memory can never be forgotten; set in the most legible type, and printed on the finest of tinted paper. It is a luxury to possess such a book as this. Will it "have a run?" Not commensurate with its merits unless copies of it be placed in every public and private library. We need not particularize. Our word for it, it is one of the most excellent and sumptuous works of the season.

THE COUNT OF MONTE-CHRISTO. By Alexander Dumas, author of "The Three Guardsmen," etc. Two volumes complete in one. Octavo; pp. 557; paper. Price, \$1 50. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

After the death of Dickens, the *Evening Post* asked this question, "Will he live?" and answered in the negative. This Frenchman has written much, vastly more than the Englishman, filling both continents with his stories, and now that he, too, is dead, the same question may be asked, will he live? We beg to inquire why should he? Of what use would it be? Is it not better that he should not? How much better is the world for his having lived in it?

HOWE'S MUSICAL MONTHLY. No. 15. Boston: Elias Howe. Contains the following Songs and Instrumental Music: Original Boston and Dip Waltzes; On the Rhine Waltzes; Juliet Waltzes; Blush Rose Waltzes; Feuille d'Amour Polka Mazurka; On to Paris March; Conferenz

Polka; Leight Zu Fuss Polka; Um Die Wette Galop; L'Amour Rheinlander Polka; Roslein Auf Der Halde; Chatelar to Mary Queen of Scots; The Agreeable Young Man; Down Below the Waving Lindens; Come Sing to Me Again; Morning and Evening Star; Memory of Happy Days; The Tree; The German Rhine; Where the Grass Grows Green; Crossing the Brook; Wearing of the Green; Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep; He Will Return. All this for 35 cts. Is not this cheap enough? —

THE ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WEEKLY is the title of a new paper published under the auspices of the American Tract Society. Lyman Abbott, of New York, the well-known clergyman, is editor-in-chief. The first number indicates no small amount of taste and enterprise in the matter of its getting up, and we will own ourselves in error if the venture of its publication do not find ample support. Price for a year \$2. Single numbers 5 cents. —

THE SHAKER is the title of a new monthly paper published at Mount Lebanon. It is devoted to the exposition of religion according to Shaker theology. Price, 50 cents a year. It is under the direction of the Mt. Lebanon Bishopric. Address, G. A. Loomis, Resident Editor, Shakers, Albany, N. Y. Among other interesting articles in the first number are the following: Who are the Shakers? Visit to the Shaker Settlement; Lines Suggested by a Visit to the Shakers—a Poem—by Charlotte Cushman; and the first part of the Biography of Ann Lee, the Founder of the Shakers. —

THE MERCHANTS' AND BANKERS' ALMANAC for 1871. One vol., octavo; pp. about 300; cloth. Price, \$2. New York: Bankers' Magazine and Register, 23 Murray Street.

A complete list of all the banks in the U. S., with just such other information as bankers and financiers are supposed to need, is given in this indispensable annual. —

THE KINDERGARTEN. A Manual for the Introduction of Froebel's System of Primary Education into Public Schools, and for the use of Mothers and Private Teachers. By Dr. Adolf Donal. With sixteen plates. One vol., 12mo; pp. 152; cloth. Price, \$1. New York: E. Steiger.

A German idea carried out and rendered practically available to American parents, teachers, and educators. Mr. Steiger has performed a most useful service by issuing in English and German this excellent manual. —

WONDERFUL ESCAPES. Revised from the French of F. Bernard, and original chapters added. By Richard Whiteing. With twenty-six plates. One vol., 12mo; pp. 308; cloth. Price, \$1 50. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

Facts vastly more entertaining than any manufactured fiction, because true to the life. This series of wonder books promises to become immensely popular, and they are worthy.

THE MORNING WATCH is the title of a neat and cheap monthly for Sunday-school teachers and young Christians, published at 50 cts. a year by W. W. Dowling, Indianapolis, Ind.

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THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL

AND
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[WHOLE No. 383.

June, 1871.



JOHN SIMMONS,

FOUNDER OF THE BOSTON WOMAN'S COLLEGE.

THE wants of the nation chiefly consist in education. Within the past few years this fact has found several noble hearts whose endowments in worldly pelf enabled them to exemplify their appreciation of it. The names of

Cornell, Cooper, Peabody must long remain in the front rank of the bright illustrations of wise philanthropy—a philanthropy that seeks, by affording well-methodized mental and physical training to worthy youth, to promote the intellectual, social, and religious welfare of the State and of the nation,—a philanthropy which is philanthropy indeed.

Now another name appears with good claim to share with those mentioned in the honor due to well-directed benevolence. John Simmons, an old resident of Boston, died in the summer of 1870, leaving an extensive estate, the greater part of which he bequeathed for the purpose of founding a college for the practical education of young women in the various arts, sciences, and industrial employments of life. In the language of the provision in his will, this bequest reads: "An institution to be called the Simmons Female College, for the purpose of teaching medicine, music, drawing, designing, telegraphy, and other branches of art, science, and industry best calculated to enable the scholars to acquire an independent livelihood."

The portrait indicates an organization of fine quality, with a marked predominance of the Mental temperament. The symmetrical and almost classic facial proportions show balance and harmony of faculty, while the keen eye, direct nose, and thin, positive lips evince clearness and quickness of insight. The expanded brow shows the man of reflective tendencies, the man of prudent counsel, and yet the man of resources. Such a man is adapted to superintend the operations of a large business. Such a man can administer on finance with efficiency. We take it that Mr. Simmons was a natural financier; not a speculator by any means, but a sagacious manager of money interests in unimpeachable channels. We would presume that "hazard" is a word which

had nothing in common with his practices in the daily business of life; that he maneuvered for no heavy "strikes;" made no bold ventures, but calmly and systematically conducted his business, measuring his plans and purposes by the standard of high moral principle.

That he was cautious, guarded, and even polite, the full side-head impresses us; that he was strongly influenced by scruples of conscience, justice, and propriety, the breadth and fullness of the top-head appear to warrant us in believing; and that he was kind, forbearing, benevolent, and at the same time urbane, polite, and delicate in manner, the fine development of the upper part of the forehead amply testifies.

The prominence in the region of Ideality and Constructiveness, together with the well-marked reflective intellect, indicate a scholarly order of mind. Had he been able to give his attention to literary pursuits early in life, or found circumstances favorable to the cultivation of his esthetic faculties, he might have won notice and reputation as a writer. There is much of the poetic character in that face.

MR. SIMMONS came to Boston in his sixteenth year from Little Compton, Rhode Island, where he was born in October, 1796. His brother, Cornelius B. Simmons, had preceded him, and established a small clothing business in the little store on Ann Street, which is now amplified into the large establishment of his son, Mr. George W. Simmons. In this little store, no bigger than its present counting-room, Mr. Simmons began his business life, in company with his brother, with whom he remained five years. At the age of twenty-one he went into business for himself, in a store on the opposite side of Ann Street, and the next year he was married to Miss Ann Small, of Providence. He subsequently moved his store to North Market Street, and, as his business increased, in 1840 he opened a clothing department in a section of Quincy Hall, above Quincy Market. He was the pioneer dealer in ready-made

clothing, a trade in which Boston has always maintained the first place, and was one of the first, if not the very first, to adopt the "one-price" system. His business grew very rapidly. In two years he hired another section of Quincy Hall, and in 1848, finding his accommodations there entirely inadequate, and being subjected to some trouble by having to move out once in three years, on account of the holding of the Charitable Mechanics' Association Fair, he purchased the site at the corner of Congress and Water streets in 1849, and erected the building known as "Simmons' Block," into which he moved his business in that year, and which is part of the property devised to the uses of the College. In 1854, having accumulated a fortune which was deemed a large one in the years before the war, he retired from the clothing business and devoted himself to the purchase and improvement of real estate; it is very probable that his benevolent purpose was conceived about that time.

In pursuance of this very laudable aim, Mr. Simmons has done as much if not more than any other resident of Boston toward the creation of the beautiful business structures which adorn Devonshire and Franklin streets. He was one of the first to build on Franklin Street, and it is said that by agreeing to procure tenants for the owners of the old buildings, he was the means of securing the erection of all the fine stores on that street. In the first years of his business life he resided on Sheafe Street, afterward removed to Staniford Street, and from there to his late residence on Tremont Street. He also erected the fine houses at the corner of Arlington and Beacon streets, which he afterward sold. He invested largely in lands in that part of Boston known as the Back Bay, and owed much of his fortune to the increase in the value of those lands.

Mr. Simmons was a man of close business habits, and applied himself to the management of his affairs with great persistency. He was genial in nature and fond of social intercourse, but he seldom confided his plans to others. He was naturally a very kind-hearted man, and performed many acts of charity which were known to few. Unostentatious in all things, he never sought or held public office. He was always straightforward and scrupulously just in his transactions, and

when he made a friend, the friendship was a lasting one.

The beneficent purpose of his life grew out of his business observations. As a manufacturer of ready-made clothing he had occasion to employ great numbers of workwomen, and he early became acquainted with the needs of this class, which has grown to be very numerous in this country. He found that most of them were incapacitated for their labor by their lack of training. He was constantly beset with applications for work from those who were unable to sew a single seam properly, and he saw much of the suffering among the class of destitute needlewomen which it became the object of his life to mitigate. He was at once convinced of the uselessness of charity in relieving them from the difficulties and evils which oppressed them. He saw that it was industrial education which they needed, and determined to devote his fortune to the foundation of an institution for the purpose, which should supply young and indigent girls with a practical training in some of the pursuits of art, science, or industry, by which they might be enabled to get a living. And for this purpose he planned and toiled constantly during the last ten years of his life.

Always frugal in his habits and style of living, he continued to practice self-denial and self-sacrifice in the later years of his life, when his rapidly accumulating fortune and the fashions of the day would have warranted a freer personal expenditure. Yet he never was penurious, and never ceased to enjoy the pleasures of rural life at his country home in Little Compton, which he spent much of his time in beautifying, and where his death occurred. He used to visit the home of his boyhood frequently in his later years, and often sought new health and strength in the sports of hunting and fishing, to which he was much attached.

Mr. Simmons would have gladly witnessed the operation of his benevolent plan during his life, but he never considered the amount of his property sufficient to endow properly such an institution as he proposed to found. He has therefore left the execution of his purpose to others, and the responsibility is certainly great. The property is valued at \$1,400,000, and will accumulate till it shall

have reached \$1,900,000, before the work of erecting buildings will be begun, so that the gift really will amount to the latter sum. The time when the institution will begin to take outward form can not be determined at present, but it is understood that funds will accumulate very rapidly. The buildings will probably be erected somewhere in the suburbs. It is quite possible that the State

may be induced to assume a share in the care and management of the "College." The details of the plan, so far as they have been decided upon, are contained in the statement of the will. During the later years of his life Mr. Simmons often consulted with Mr. Brooks, one of the trustees, upon the subject, and there can be little doubt that his intentions will be faithfully carried out.

GROWTH BY HALF-REVELATIONS.

BY REV. A. MCELROY WYLIE.

THE late Dr. J. W. Alexander remarked, in effect, that speakers and literary men must study more in this crowded and busy age, to deal in "seedlings of thought."

The suggestion is one of those terse and wise sayings which often proves of more practical value than a ponderous volume of elaborated lore. Who that has gone any distance into the field of thought, or has had more than a youth's experience as a hearer in the average church or lecture-room, has not cried out, "Why will men, whose business it is to write or preach—why will they elaborate, and split hairs, and chop logic to the painful end of the remotest details?" Figures are alighted upon, and they are ridden to death in one's presence, until that which gave an agreeable surprise by its novelty, ends by exciting horror at its dying gasps and desperate death-throes. Arguments are drawn out and feebly extended until they break by reason of their very attenuation. History ceases to be philosophy speaking by fact, and degenerates into a panorama of anecdotes, or a drama acted for mere amusement.

Any thoughtful man, who has reached middle age, will see certain teachers, standing forth from out of the past, who have been the successful molders and directors of his character. And he will invariably find that these teachers were what men call, "the suggestive thinkers."

One such comes bursting into the class-room on a biting winter's morning, his whole air full of crisp energy, and his eyes sparkling with the light of a great thought which he has been feeding in his soul, till now it has grown too big for confinement, and it must

leap forth like Minerva from the head of Jupiter. The professor does not, can not, wait for the recitation to begin, but out comes the fledgling of wisdom, it may be, borne on the wings of a direct question. That question, not perhaps answered at the time, lies as a most powerful excitant upon the mind—draws, draws, draws upon the spirit of inquiry; goes with the student; arouses him to earnest thinking and persevering investigation, until he is established in that most delicious of all delicious experiences—the habit of reflection, earnest search after truth.

Perhaps a few of these "seedlings of thought" have stood out upon the way of the past as great sign-posts, directing us on through the confusions and doubts of inexperience, until we have reached the high and plainer way of usefulness and duty.

The human mind is so constituted that it is more allured by that which is only half revealed—half suggested. It has often been noticed that children are longer gratified by the rag-doll with its ink strokes for mouth, nose, and eyes, than they are by the more perfect specimen of cunning art. In the latter case, there is no room left for the exercise of imagination, and little for curiosity, both of which are powerful in the childish mind. Besides this, there is great pleasure and profit derived from the exercise of the mind as there is from the exercise of the body. Easy games, calling for little bodily exertion, and less of skill, are despised by the sturdy, growing youth. He demands something which will task his muscles and challenge his skill, for there is a mine of profitable pleasure in the development of these.

It is thus with the mind, and much more true of the soul. We do not thank any man for undertaking to chew our victuals for us, and we are indignant when we see an old-time nurse doing it, even for an infant. The world is already too full of those grown-up weakly specimens who all their life long have had their food chewed for them. They had their nurses who would scarcely allow their feet to touch the ground, or permit them to play or work lest they should soil their immaculate clothes. Later on, they had their tutors and teachers, who sat by their side, and feared nothing so much as the pain of a little self-reliant thinking. Their lessons were studied for them, they leaned upon translations, upon full-extended explanations through their entire course, and at last were metaphorically propped up when they stood to receive their diploma and take their degree.

These are not the men who shake the world with those steel-knotted arms which bring down the reluctant fruit. The men who do this sort of thing are they who, from the first period of growth, have worked on hints and suggestions; men who have never enjoyed more than a half-revelation, and this very indistinctness has awakened their curiosity, challenged their ambition, and aroused their determination to seize that which has toyed with their fortune.

Natural history affords us numerous illustrations of parents early thrusting off their offspring, even abandoning them, and using harshness to effect their purpose. It is thus that the vigor of the race is kept up. And the whole of nature and revelation seems to be organized upon this model. A mere suggestion of gold or silver, copper or coal, lies winking out of the surface, while the affluent veins lie far below, and demand the heroic development of mankind as the condition upon which their riches shall be seized and appropriated. Revelation is sometimes questioned on this very ground, that it is obscure, dark in its hints, and indistinct in its utterances. Now, we should expect from all the analogies of nature and the course of Providence that the Creator would do just this thing in a series of revelations. He would maintain the same sort of style; and we open the Bible and find that He does.

The Scriptures are full of grains of gold scattered on the surface, which tell us of the massive mines of solid bullion which abide beneath. The treasure is hid in the field, and is forced upon no man. To buy and to search are his duties. Light comes to the spiritual eyes, and distinctness increases to the bodily eye, going into the dark by steadily gazing and contemplating. We make bold to say that God always carries a man up through all the grades of development, by an unending series of hints and suggestions.

We are told that the very *angels* desire to look into these things; by which we understand that there was no full revelation given to even the hierarchy of heaven; that the dispensation toward them was the dispensation of "seedlings," and not of the full, broad fruitage of a complete development. It is thus that even angelic powers are drawn on toward the higher degrees of a heavenly growth, and so of ever-increasing delight.

This whole subject, therefore, carries a very simple and important application. If we mean to be wise, we must follow closely the analogies of divine wisdom as it is displayed in creation, providence, and revelation. Parents, preachers, writers, speakers, guardians, and educators must deal more in the "seedlings," the suggestions, hints, and thrust off their protégés (and all of us are protégés in reference to those above us), and compel the undeveloped to put forth their own self-entertained energies and purposes, for the law of all healthful growth is from within outward.

And just here lies the danger and damage of wealth. Everything is chewed and put into the mouth. There is neither motive nor necessity for self-reliance and manly exertion, and so the undeveloped youth remains undeveloped ever in the period of manhood, and is fortunate if he can sustain merely a negative and quiescent character.

Coming back, for a conclusion, to the literal application of the phrase, here is the advantage of the well-conducted family newspaper. It is not a treatise for the few. It is a gantlet of suggestions, perpetually recurring. It meets the great want of a busy age. It takes busy men on the wing, when no time could be given for bringing

up the ponderous volume. It reaches, therefore, the million, and benefits the mass, by the perennial current of vital suggestions which, more or less, must find a lodgment in the minds and hearts of multitudes of readers, and start them vigorously onward in the

course of far higher and still higher attainment. The well-conducted family newspaper is the garden of seedlings—the nursery—which can supply an entire colony, and set them upon the cultivation of their own farms and gardens.

WHAT CAN I DO BEST?—PURSUITS REQUIRING STRENGTH.

THE BLACKSMITH.

SOME persons are so organized, mentally and physically, that anything like hard work awakens dread and aversion. They do not lack the spirit of industry; they are willing to give attention, thought, and such effort as they can bestow, but they can not take hold of heavy, hard work. They could ride all day, and half the night—the steam-engine or horse doing the drudgery. They can think, talk, watch, wait, negotiate, and do light work. These persons generally have light muscles, a comparatively small chest, and not very much digestive power. They make but little steam; the base of their brain is comparatively small, and most of their cerebral development is forward of the ears.

Another class likes hard work; as it has been said, “their muscles ache with pure strength,” and if they are confined to light occupations or sedentary pursuits, they fret, are discontented, and are likely to quit the business at the first opportunity. Such a boy, put to engraving, type-setting, watch-making, or tailoring, will straighten up a hundred times a day, and every fiber in his system will yearn for liberty and for labor. Therefore physiology—bodily development—is to be considered in selecting a pursuit as well as mental disposition and talent.

Among the trades requiring robustness of constitution, with strong bones and muscles, large lungs, and a broad base of brain, we would name blacksmithing—including carriage-ironing—bricklaying, carpentry, coopering, iron-founding, milling, millwrighting, tanning, stone-cutting, stone masonry, mining, farming, lumbering, and sea-faring. Each of these pursuits demands a similar general bodily organization, because each requires bone and muscle, strength and energy, hardness and health—in short, the power to generate vitality by converting food into nour-

ishment, thus giving muscular force and constitutional vigor to perform the necessary labor. But the mental differences required for a first-class blacksmith, miller, or farmer might cause a failure in one or all if their vocations were exchanged.

BLACKSMITHING.

We regard the blacksmith as the prince of mechanics. He is at once an artist and a mechanist. He who can mold a statue, having in his mind the image, while the clay is yet but a rude mass, and knows how to remove the excrescent parts, and mold the mass into the requisite forms, has the same talent which the blacksmith requires, who withdraws from the forge the flaming bar of metal, and is required to mold it with his hammer into the desired shape. This shape must exist in his mind as the statue does in the mind of the sculptor, and though the fact of repeated heavy blows seems a rude way of working out his artistical thought, it is only so because his metal is less malleable than the plastic clay. We contend that whoever can be a first-class blacksmith could be also an artist in clay and marble. But the blacksmith, in order to reduce the firm metal to the form required, must have muscle, strength, executiveness, resolution, thoroughness, power, and, if we might say it, the elements of fineness joined with the elements of coarseness; the elements of taste with the elements of strength.

A first-class blacksmith requires to be a first-class man; and though his face be blackened and his hands hard, he will generally be found with a fine, strong brain.

We are speaking, it will be remembered, of the first-class blacksmith. We have visited large factories where edge-tools were manufactured, and in the examination of a hundred or two of the forgers we have found them to be very superior men, capable of tak-

ing and maintaining a good rank in any field of industry or education. In such places the best workmen are required. Ample compensation attracts the best class. Competition weeds out the poorer, and presents as a result a class of men who are an honor to any age or country.

The faculties which the blacksmith must have to be first-class, are, large Form, to give the idea of shape, and enable him to realize the form required in the article which is hissing on his anvil. He does not, like the carpenter, map out the article he chooses to make, and hew off all the unnecessary parts, but molds the whole mass into the thing desired, or so much of it as is required, wasting nothing. He must have the organ of Size, which measures proportions and magnitudes, and so nicely is this faculty exercised, that rivets, nails, and other small articles that are made without measurement, will be found almost exactly alike in size and weight. We may say that the wood-turner also requires the organs of Size and Form in an equal degree of development and culture, but he does not require so much imagination or creative talent as the blacksmith.

The blacksmith requires Constructiveness, to give him an idea of mechanical adaptation, and also facility in the use of tools. He must understand the mechanical laws which are involved in the construction of the thing in hand, and the mechanical forces required to produce the desired result. He needs Ideality, to give appreciation of style, beauty, and harmony, and to aid in creating the thing in his mind's eye, before the iron begins to take form—in short, a clear conception of what is to be done before it is commenced. If he is making edge-tools, and has to temper them, he needs the faculty of Color, to appreciate the requisite shade or color of the steel when, by the action of heat, the temper has come to the right point.

The faculty of Imitation, also, enables a man to imitate his own processes until his whole body, as it were, becomes habituated to the doing of a particular thing. We believe that an experienced blacksmith, if he would work a month in making horse-nails, or knife-blades, or any other small affair, he would become so accustomed to it, that he could make an article with his eyes shut,

guided by the sense of feeling, communicated to him by the handle of his hammer, and by his sense of hearing—Imitation aiding if not lying at the bottom of this state of facts. In other words, the process becomes automatic, just as does the using of the knife and fork, walking, dressing one's self, and the like.

These, then, are the talents required by this most useful of mechanics. We say most useful, because he not only makes his own tools, but the tools of every other mechanic, or the tools by means of which every mechanic's implements are constructed. But the blacksmith requires, in addition to these talents, the disposition, as well as the bodily conditions, to qualify him for his work. These talents might be possessed by the watchmaker, and, in the main, ought to be. But the blacksmith must have the spirit of courage imparted by Combativeness and Destructiveness; he must have determination, imparted by large Firmness. He must be what the Germans call a "schmiter," hence "schmidt,"—in English, smith. Combativeness gives this disposition to smite. A man in whom it is large, likes to do all his work with a blow or a jerk. He will split wood or chop wood rather than saw it. One with less Combativeness prefers the drawing stroke of the saw rather than the sudden blow of an axe. Large Destructiveness gives that kind of efficient force and severity, a tendency to crush and batter, that the trade requires. The stone-cutter, whose business is largely affected by blows, needs also Combativeness and Destructiveness. The carpenter, who likes to use the axe, the adz, and the hammer, will be found amply endowed with Combativeness and Destructiveness.

There are many minor qualities which tend to make the blacksmith successful or to hinder his success, such as Cautiousness, Approbativeness, Self-Esteem, Acquisitiveness, Secretiveness,—all the qualities that go to make up a judicious and influential character will of course aid the blacksmith, as it would a man in any other trade or occupation.

Let no young man, then, engage in blacksmithing who has not an energetic physical constitution adapted to work hard. He should next have enough Combativeness and Destructiveness to give the disposition to use

the power he possesses and strike while the iron is hot, and that degree of Firmness and steadfastness which will enable him to use his power persistently until the iron becomes cool. He should have a broad, deep chest, large bones, brawny muscles, a head broad in the region of the ears, wide at the temples, broad between the eyes, with a prominent brow, with strong if not coarse hair, and rather dark complexion. Such a man will be tough, efficient, enduring, and, if temper-

ate, successful. It should not be forgotten that the blacksmith, especially the horse-shoer, should have a keen sense of hearing, because in driving horse-shoe nails he is quite as much guided by the sound as by anything else as to whether the nail is running into the sensitive portion of the foot or turning out of the hoof at the proper place to make the clinch. When the hearing becomes much impaired, the horse-shoer resigns his post, or pricks many a valuable horse's foot.

EX-GOV. SMITH, NOT EDWARD HARRIS.

A CORRECTION.

IN our May number we presented a portrait purporting to be that of Mr. Edward Harris, the eminent manufacturer of Rhode Island, and so designated it. A day or two after we had commenced distributing the JOURNAL among subscribers and others, we discovered that a mistake had been made, in that said portrait was not that of Mr. Harris, but of another well-known manufacturer of the same State, who administered not only the affairs of a large business, but had for two consecutive terms administered the affairs appertaining to the gubernatorial office of his State, Hon. James Y. Smith. This portrait was published in good faith, we supposing it to be an authentic representation of the man whose *biographical* outline accompanied it. Besides, it had appeared several weeks before in a New York weekly, and its appropriateness had been unquestioned, at least the error had not been brought to the knowledge of the publisher of the weekly until developed by the JOURNAL.

That there may be no room for quibble or unjust reflection, we would state that the phrenological sketch accompanying the portrait was predicated of the portrait as it stands by one who had not read the biography, and if it be that of ex-Governor Smith, we are willing to subject the question of its suitability to the personal friends of that gentleman.

We have been at some pains to secure the portrait of Mr. Harris, herewith presented, so that our readers shall not be cheated of their rights in the matter; and it will only be necessary for them to refer to the May number to adapt the biographical sketch there given to the following outline of character.

The temperament of this eminent manu-

facturer indicates first-rate health, vigor, and earnestness. He has much ardor and enthusiasm, which combine not only with his thoughts, but with his earnestness of action. He would succeed well as a soldier, or as a railroad manager, and in out-of-door business enterprises, especially those requiring haste, positiveness, and thoroughness in their conduct. His portrait indicates large perceptive organs, especially Individuality, which gives quickness of observation, and greatly contributes toward one's ability to take in quickly all the facts connected with a subject. In a position where a dozen men would be waiting to ask questions or receive directions, he would exhibit remarkable talent for the accurate dispatch of such business. Supposing he were a police magistrate in New York, he would look through a case at a glance, taking into consideration the appearance of the culprit, the facts of his arrest, and other relating matters, and give him six months in the penitentiary after a half-minute's reflection, and hit the nail on the head in awarding his judgment.

He has a remarkable memory of facts—forgot nothing; carries all his business, indeed, all his personal experiences, in his mind, so that they may be used at a moment's notice.

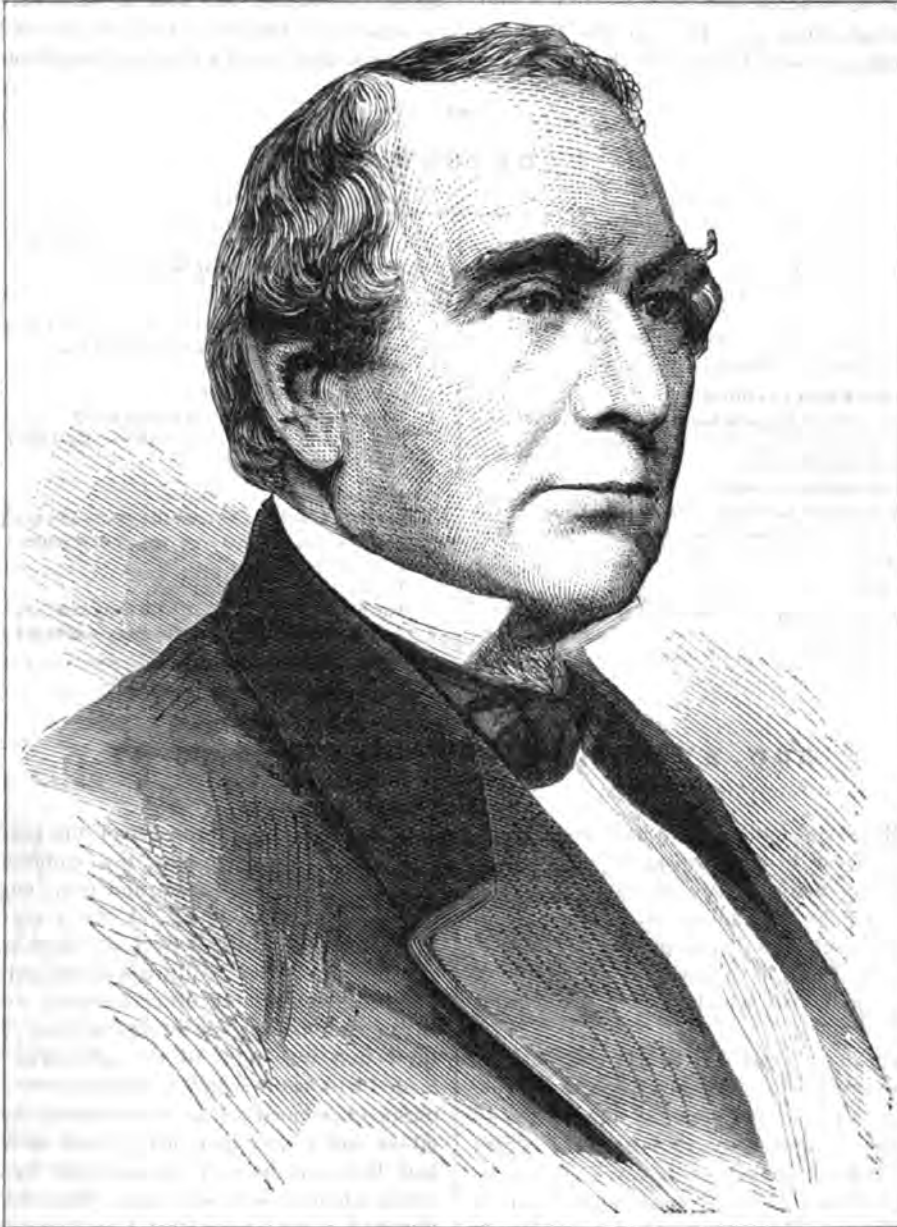
The upper part of the forehead in the center is unusually large, indicating great Comparison, or the power to detect likeness or unlikeness, and discrepancies relating to subjects or things.

The organ of Human Nature appears to be remarkably developed; he reads the mind of a stranger before the latter has had time to

speak. Influenced by the same strong faculty, he is able to manage men, and place them in their proper places.

His Benevolence is large, hence he has a great deal of geniality and kindness, espe-

critical acumen rather than to his prudence for success in what he undertakes. He adapts himself to circumstances, and follows the rules and customs of business just so far as they are in harmony with his plans and purposes.



PORTRAIT OF EDWARD HARRIS.

cially in connection with his social nature. Cautiousness and Conscientiousness do not seem to be largely developed, hence we infer that he has a tendency to dash ahead, and trust to his knowledge, discrimination, and

He appears to have rather large Veneration, and under favorable conditions would be likely to show a good degree of the devotional spirit; his religious nature, however, is more inclined to show itself in the

nature of practical liberality, especially in things of a public nature, so that he would be generally recognized as a good neighbor and an enterprising and valuable citizen. Had he been educated for the law, he would have made in all probability a fine orator and a brilliant advocate. He appears to have excellent mechanical judgment, but his talent

lies more in his perceptive power, in his memory, in his clearness and quickness of analysis, in his knowledge of character, and in his ability to control men and affairs.

In the next or an early number, with more space at command than now, we shall take the opportunity to furnish a biographical sketch of Governor Smith, and so "square the account."

BEYOND.

DEAR Lord! what lies beyond?
Beyond these mountains rising grand and tall;
Is it some vast illimitable expanse?
And is that all?
Or is it some fair land;
The land of song of which the poet sings,
Some island beautiful, whereon are found
All fair and lovely things?

We know what lies this side;
Broad fields and pleasant meads and arid plains,
And little hills, rugged perchance, but crowned
With healthful grains.
Deserts and dreary wastes,
And low green valleys open on our sight,
And over all the silent, solemn stars
Keep watch in the still night.

But what doth lie beyond?
Is it some garden rich in fruit and flower,
Where blossoms honey-laden there distill
Their fragrance hour by hour?

And do they never fade?
Nor are they chilled by bitter winds that blow
Down the steep heights upon the farther side?
Nor touched by frost nor snow?

Oh, what doth lie beyond?
Who, who can tell? Is it some fair, green shore?
On which the waves of a transparent sea
Break evermore?
Hath no one e'er beheld
What is so far beyond our mortal ken?
Hath none of all that crossed these purple hills
Ever returned again?

Ah, soon mine eyes shall see
Beyond these hills, beyond the gloom and gold,
And that strange land so wrapped in mystery
I shall behold.
Then shall the morning break,
The happy morning break with song and sun,
And doubt and mist shall flee away and night
Shall be forever done.

HOW MY FUTURE WAS REVEALED TO ME.

BY D. HASTINGS.

I AM not superstitious, and have never been a believer in spiritualism or magnetism; indeed, my whole family are remarkably opposed to them, and I have been educated to have the most utter contempt for everything of the kind. But I have an experience to submit to your judgment which, to say the least, is *very strange*.

I have never related it to any one, but as I have so vivid a recollection of it, and it made so deep an impression upon my mind, it would hurt me inexpressibly to hear the subject laughed at or spoken of lightly. And now, after pondering it in my heart for a term of years, I submit it to you as one of the "strange phenomena of man's interior or soul-life."

It was one morning in January, 186-; I apparently awoke from a sound sleep to find myself spiritually suspended over my bed, looking down at myself, or my body, rather, which lay there as if wrapt in slumber. I noticed the position; my head resting upon

one arm, the other thrown over the coverlet, my hair in crimping-pins, the embroidered night-dress, and the garnet and pearl engagement-ring upon my finger. I saw everything in the chamber with perfect distinctness, the arrangement of the furniture, a shawl and bonnet belonging to my sister hanging over a chair; and looking out of the window, I noticed that the limbs of the apple-tree were loaded with snow which had fallen during the night. I seemed to be accompanied by my father and a very dear friend, both of whom had died some time before, and also by some others whom I could not name. They told me they had come for me, that I had passed the confines of the spirit-world, and was where neither pain nor sorrow nor disappointment could affect me more. I was more happy than I can express. Then I saw my mother and sister quietly sleeping in the next room, and noticed among other things that Margie had a sea-green ribbon threaded through her auburn

curls; and then as I thought of my brother and betrothed, I seemed to be with them in their rooms, although they were away and hundreds of miles apart. When I pictured the sorrow of these loved ones when they should have learned that I was dead, I begged for life for their sakes. My spirit-companions told me to ponder well, and I did so. I saw my life stretched out before me, abounding in trials, sorrows, and bitter disappointments. I saw my mother weary and sick, and knew that I alone could comfort her; my young brother and sister beset by temptations, from which a sister's gentle hand might save them; and, hardest of all, the one I loved and trusted before all others stood at the altar with one younger, fairer, and better loved than I had ever been; and my own life-path stretched on, doing good among the poor, needy, and wretched,—but always alone. Not a pleasant prospect; but as my choice was given me, I accepted it. They promised to watch over me, saying, "Go back if you will, and take up the burden of life again, but do not dread death; you have passed it,—it has no terrors," and they seemed to leave me. I struggled and awoke. Everything in the room was exactly as I had seen it with my spiritual eyes, and the gnarled branches of the old apple-tree by the window, which were brown and bare when I retired, were loaded with snow. While I was still looking at them, and wondering at the coincidence, my sister, who usually shared my room, came bounding in; "So you are awake!" she cried. "When I returned from the party at midnight, you were sleeping so soundly that I threw down my wraps here, and taking my night-dress went in and shared mamma's bed; she is always awake, you know; and see, I was so stupid and sleepy I forgot to untie my hair, and my beautiful sea-green ribbon is ruined. You are as pale as a ghost! Is your headache gone? It is too bad it kept you from the party! We had a glorious time, and the new music teacher at the Seminary was there, Miss Nellie Spencer, the sweetest little bit of a lady! I have fallen in love with her. I will go on with my music now without any coaxing. You must see her—we will call." We did call, the next day, and it was with difficulty that I preserved my composure when I recognized in this dainty lady who won all hearts as if by magic, the original of the bride whom I had seen in my vision standing at the altar with my betrothed, Sydney Preston. My next letter from him was blue and despondent. He did not like his new situation; the people

lacked cultivation and refinement; his pupils were rude, and his boarding-place not at all what he would like. The description of his room which followed coincided exactly with my visionary recollection of it. So as everything was in such opposition to his esthetic tastes, when the position of Professor of Natural Science was offered him at our Seminary, he was only too glad to accept it and return home. All these things made such an impression upon my mind that, guided by the knowledge which my vision furnished me, I took measures to ascertain what influences were acting upon my brother in the great city where we had placed him under the care of one whom we trusted, and who had pledged himself to have a personal supervision of him. I found him, as I expected, in a room which he shared with three companions who spent their leisure in card-playing, smoking, wine-drinking, and in initiating their innocent room-mate into all their own evil amusements! A boarding-place, therefore, was found for "poor Tray," which was in reality a home; and thanking God that this evil was averted, I returned to my duty of nursing my mother who had been for years in delicate health, and awaited the severing of the tie which bound me to my lover, a fate which I was now sure *must* come. For a short time he was as attentive as usual; and I treated him with my customary devotion even after I knew he expected me to ask an explanation of his coolness. I loved him with my whole heart, and was true to him, so would not help him to break the troth which I now saw was irksome to him. But it came at last. Those were dark days—I will not dwell upon them. Sufficient that his propinquity to Miss Spencer, and her remarkable beauty, infatuated him. I do not blame him; it *was* to be. I *think* he suffered then—I *know* he has done so since. We both needed the discipline, or we should not have had it. I stood in the church and saw them married,—just the tableau I had seen before—then returned to my mother's deathbed. We buried her. God knows how I lived through that dreary time. There was no end of trouble about settling the estate, all of which devolved upon me. I had now both a mother's and a sister's care for my beautiful, giddy sister, and was hourly thankful that there was some one to watch over and guide her aright. She is married now to a good and true Christian gentleman.

My brother is a worthy man, in good business, and I am the matron of one of our large charitable institutions. When the situation

was offered me, I had many doubts as to my capacity for it; but with my first glance down through the long dining-room and the adjacent dormitories, I recognized another and the last scene in my vision, and knew I had found my life-work.

Now, having heard my story in as few words as I can tell it, will some one learned in the wonderful science of psychology kindly offer an explanation of it? Was I for the time being a disembodied spirit? It was not a common dream, and it could not have been nightmare, since I saw accurately things of which I had not the slightest previous knowledge. Some incredulous person may say that the vision—or whatever it was—made such a powerful impression upon my mind that I have allowed myself to be influenced by it, and consequently these events have taken place as a matter of course. But that is not so. I have always had a dread of it, amounting almost to a superstitious fear, and have tried in vain from my previous knowledge to evade the results which have eventually followed.

ORTHODOX PLAGIARISM.

I TAKE my pen to enter my feeble protest against one of the popular evils of the day—the mutilation of sacred poetry. Now, a poem is the author's very own, the outpouring of the treasures of his inmost soul; what right, then, has any one to alter and so disfigure it that the writer himself would hardly be able to recognize it in its modern garb? For instance, take some familiar hymn, and read it as printed in some half-dozen different hymn-books of as many different denominations. One has altered a word here or a line there, without changing either the sense or metre; while in another book perhaps the sense is entirely different from what the author intended, the poem being actually torn limb from limb in a most barbarous manner. Is this right? In a collection of secular poems by standard writers, should such alterations occur, what a furor would be created among the literati of the age! The compiler would be thought at least very ill-informed, if not dishonest, or the poor printer would be most soundly rated for typographical errors. Why not, then, treat with as much deference *religious* poetry? Some strong advocates of congregational singing, strenuously opposed to

organs, choirs, etc., seem, nevertheless, in favor of this modern plagiarism, by using without protest this mutilated mass of poetry. A familiar hymn is given out in a mixed congregation; singers are plenty, hymn-books scarce; every one thinks he knows *that* hymn, he has heard it from his earliest infancy,—not the *original*, but the one printed and sung by his own particular denomination. Well, the singing commences, and a perfect Babel begins. “Ah,” “Oh,” “Alas!” jingle together in the utmost confusion, while each one, looking askance at his neighbor, is shocked to think that he don't know that time-honored hymn any better, and offers up a silent thanksgiving for having had parents who made him learn hymns in his youth. A good old practice, *if* the *original* could always be at hand, is to commit it to memory.

I, for one, should love to possess a hymn-book with the poems as originally written, and the authors' names above them; but what profit or pleasure is there in either learning or teaching garbled extracts of anything? What would Shakspeare be could every one alter it at will, quote or misquote, and call it Shakspeare still? If the hymn as originally written will not suit each particular creed, why not let it alone and write another that *will*? But in the name of good taste, sound morality, and independence, leave the good old hymns alone in their pristine glory. C. M. S.

TRUE CULTURE. SAYINGS OF GREAT MEN.

“A GOOD education is that which assures to the body all the beauty—all the perfection of which it is capable.”—*Plato*.

[True, most noble Greek! And *this* requires *physical* as well as mental training. Good healthy bodies as well as educated minds. Hot-house plants are very pretty, but very tender. Let us combine beauty with strength.]

“All the powers of the soul are increased and renewed by exercise.”—*Galen*.

[Action is life, inaction is decay and death. Let us wear out, not rust out.]

“Nutrition, or muscular development of any part of the body, occurs in direct relation with the active movements to which the part has been subject.”—*Ling*.

[Precisely so it is with the mind. Thinking increases the powers of intellect, while inactivity permits the blood and mind to stagnate.]

"I am convinced that he who devotes two hours each day to vigorous [physical] exercises, will eventually gain those two hours, and a couple more into the bargain."—*Washington Irving*.

[Just so. Ride a horse, row a boat, climb the hills, roll a hoop, fly a kite, saw wood, do anything to give full and free play to all the bones and muscles of the body, at least once each day, if you would keep in good condition. Physical indolence and inertness permits gout, apoplexy, torpidity, and other diseases to break down and kill the victim.]

"The first wealth is health. Sickness is poor-spirited, and can not serve any one; it must husband its resources to live. But health or fullness answers its own ends and has to spare, runs over and inundates the neighborhood and creeks of other men's necessities."—*Ralph Waldo Emerson*.

[Think of a poor, sick preacher feeding on, instead of feeding his people; or of a sick physician drawing the life out of his patient, instead of pouring a flood of healthy life into him by look and touch. Ah, the power of a healthy preacher or a healthy physician to do good, and, almost, bring the dead to life!]

"Self-development aims at the most perfect performance of all human duties. Its conditions are a sound mind in a healthy body. The better the body the better the mind. Exercise—hard, continued exercise—will enable us to make the most of ourselves. Without use, the members of the body wither and die. Without exercise, the faculties of the mind are weakened and debilitated."—*Rev. E. B. Webb*.

[That is true preaching, Mr. Webb. Now tell your people of the bad effects of taking into their stomachs such substances as whisky and tobacco; of the great goodness—in a religious sense—of a proper diet, of proper bodily habits, a sweet temper, a loving nature, and right relations with God and man. Do this, and you will put men on the right track for life, here and hereafter.]

THE BEAUTY OF THE MIND.

BY MISS FRANCES L. KEELER.

There's beauty in a rose-tinted cheek,
And in a glowing eye,
And beauty in the mortal form,—
But these will fade and die.

There's beauty, too, in silks and gems
That hide the heaving breast;
But richest robes and jewels rare
Can not withstand Time's test.

It matters not though fairest face
Nor costliest robes we find,
Can we in word and deed but trace
The beauty of the mind.

THE BOY-SUICIDES AGAIN.*

AS some erroneous statements have been made by the press and others, in relation to the suicides of George H. Starr and Alfred Garraway, I think it due to the cause of science, friendship, and truth to give a plain statement of the facts in regard to these two remarkable cases. I knew Alfred Garraway intimately for more than a year before his death, meeting him almost daily, and having frequent conversations with him. I was also acquainted with Starr; and therefore can vouch for the correctness of what I am about to relate concerning them.

It has been stated that Garraway was a reporter for the *World* for a long time, and was turned away from that position because of incompetency; that "stung to frenzy by the fact that he could not see his way to earn a plow-boy's wages, he became insane and tried repeatedly to destroy himself;" and also that he was a most singular and abnormal character.

This is in great part a mistake, since he had not been a reporter for any newspaper since 1869, and in that year was on the *World's* staff for two weeks only, and left of his own accord because he thought himself unsuited to the occupation, and that it was bad for his health. Early in the year 1870 he commenced the study of the law, with the intention of making it his profession. During the whole of that year, and up to the time of his death, he was entirely easy in his circumstances, besides having a good position in the office in which he was reading law, where his services were compensated in a way which alone could have been sufficient for his support.

It has also been said that young Starr had such a precocious mind, that, together with Garraway, he wandered off amid the mazes of unwholesome ratiocination to such a degree that their minds became so unbalanced that Starr committed suicide. This seems to me quite out of the way, because Starr was not considered "sentimentally precocious." On the contrary, he had no liking for metaphysical conversations or doctrinal disputations; and even if he had, Garraway entirely discounted discussions of that character.

That Garraway's suicide was the result of insanity no one can doubt, but that insanity was not the result of "abnormal development nor of unwholesome ratiocination;" for he has

* For previous statement of these cases, see page 331 April number of this JOURNAL.

often declared to me, whenever I sought to engage with him in discussions of a metaphysical kind, that, with Mr. Beecher, "he accepted things as they are, and that if things were so and so we could not alter them by our reasonings, and therefore ought not to bother ourselves in speculating about them." His insanity was primarily caused by a fall received at school when he was a youth, and superinduced

by the shock of Starr's death. When he fell at school he was insensible for a long time, and delirious for some weeks. After the fall his manner changed from brightness and cheerfulness to gravity and sometimes gloominess. From that day to the day of his death he was of a somber nature, and this incipient insanity culminated on the death of his friend and in his own suicide.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE.

Department of Ethnology.

True Christianity will gain by every step which is made in the knowledge of man.—*Sperduke*.

MAN: HIS ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT.

BY U. L. HUYETTE, M.D.

CHAPTER I.

PERHAPS no question has been the subject of as much speculation, and so perplexed the minds of scholars of all times, as the date of the origin of man. We find the problem stated in the literature of all ages—as well in the cosmogonic myths of antiquity as in the visionary dogmas of modern chronologists—and the solution yet remains a mystery; for it is no more a task for an individual to state his own age from memory, than it is to compute definitely the age of our race. Preceding the dawn of the historic period there was the fabulous era, of which we know nothing save the vague traditions of the ancients; we are unable to say when it began, or to define the line separating it from succeeding times, so uncertain are the landmarks, and so gradual is the transition from one to the other. All ancient nations traced their origin to the gods, whom they believed were their ancestors. The earliest knowledge we have of man's history dates from the call of Abraham; and even from this period to that of Solomon there are so many links wanting, and so many deficiencies in the chain, that it is very unsatisfactory indeed. This subject has long been burdened by visionary dogmatisms, and it is but recently that it has begun to receive the light of scientific inquiry. So, while we can never hope to attain to a perfect knowledge of the question (there being so many insurmountable obstacles in the way), we can at least hope, by the aid of ethnological,

archæological, and scientific research, to approximate it.

Usher, Bishop of Armagh, the father of the chronology which we, together with Western Europe, have been taught to adhere to, lays claim to the Bible as his authority; but it does not require much penetration to detect the fallacy, for the Bible—authority on what it pertains to—is not a work on chronology, and an examination of the book will render it apparent that there are too many imperfections in the department from which he draws his inspiration, to afford a satisfactory basis for the chronology of the race. What we propose to prove in this paper is, that we have underrated the age of the human family, and are forced to admit the assertion of the geologist, that "the date of man must be carried back much farther than we had heretofore imagined." In search of support to this proposition, I ask the reader to accompany me down the vista of ages, to go with me into far-off times and visit the scenes of ancient glory; to linger in the shade of the palaces and groves of antiquity, there to decipher and study the records of races which have passed from off the stage, and are "as a tale that is told;" and there, amid the dust and debris of departed greatness, to gaze on and admire the art of Egypt (which was her pride), and get a glimpse of the wisdom of Chaldea (which was her glory), and with admiration and reverence bow before those silent historians of ancient civilization, and in *their* presence

let the question be asked, "How old is man?" That man had attained a high degree of progress ere the first faint rays of historic light shot athwart the horizon, the relics of his glory, the remains of his greatness, and the ruins of his art are all truthful and graphic witnesses. The fact that he began to write history is a strong argument in favor of his great antiquity; for in the early stages of society he did not care to chronicle events as they occurred, for, heedless of the future and forgetful of the past, he was alone occupied with the issues of the present, and was content to have his deeds of glory perpetuated by the song of the bard, and his fame commemorated in a rude heap of stones. Posterity had no claim on his attention; his wants were his motives, and personal interest his aim. Thus it was only after long ages of dark groping, blind feeling, and wandering, that he, step by step, rose higher and higher from a place, perhaps well-nigh a beast, up to the summit upon which the angels stand. It was then, when new instincts inspired him, incited by new hopes and purposes, he learned the importance of handing to posterity a record of his deeds.

We will not discuss the many theories extant—the work of chronologists of all ages; for we deem them illusory, and falling far short of the point in question; hence we will proceed to examine in a general way the condition of the race as evinced by the prominent nations of antiquity, when we get the first view of them in the light of history.

Long ere we have any authentic account of man, society had assumed shape, governments were formed, and truth and justice had dethroned physical force, the ruling power of primitive times. One of the prominent kingdoms of that period was that of Chedorlaomer, a king who reigned in Elam, and figured in the battle of Siddim, the first on record. That great attainments in art had been made, and the race had been resolved into its varieties, is proven by the images of the negro on the Pyramids, erected by the fourth dynasty of Memphian kings, which bear the perfect likeness of the negro of our own day. Therefore if the theory that this variation from the parent family is due to natural causes, as climate, soil, habits,

etc., what an immense period of time must have been consumed to work the change! Before we have any record of man he had become gregarious, and devoted to agriculture, herding, and the arts. Before examining the condition of some of the great nations of early times, allow me to say, that we can not measure the development of man primitive by the standard that we would apply to barbarians of our day; for then, unaided and alone, with no light save that within, no motives but personal safety, with no example or past experience, he rose higher and higher, the child of fortune, the creature of the hour, in a constant struggle with nature around him; while most of the unenlightened nations of modern times have had communication with the world, and from adjoining countries the seeds of civilization have found their way to them, so that the transition is not so slow. When we consider how tedious a process it is to civilize a race in modern times, when all of the influences of knowledge and appliances of religion are brought to bear, how much slower must have been the advance of primal man? Prominent in antiquity stand Egypt, the Indo-European, the Chinese, and the Arabians. The first rays from far-off times reveal Egypt as a populous and powerful nation. Concerning the date of the origin of this monarchy learned men are at variance, but all agree that it was prior to the date assumed of the dispersion of the race. Lepsius states that the first king, Menes, ascended the throne B.C. 3898, which closely accords with the views of Humboldt, Kenrick, and Bunsen. Pickering and Lenormont date it from 4400 to 5867 B.C., Wilkinson at B.C. 2820, and preceding the dispersion of the race 96 years, and R. S. Poole, the English Egyptologist, claims that it was 700 years prior to the visit of the Hebrew patriarch to that country. Some German scholars date it back much farther, and assert that all of our calculations fall short. They establish the reign of the Pharaohs in the twenty-eighth century, which, according to Usher, would be 400 years before the flood. From the inscriptions on the Pyramids we learn that these people were well versed in the science of geodesy and astronomy, and had attained a proficiency in hydraulic engineer-

ing which is as yet unequaled, and without which they could never have established themselves in the valley of the Nile. They had a religion and philosophy *sui generis*, and the government under which they lived contrasted strongly with anything savoring of the barbarous. In manners and customs they were strictly Egyptian, for she was a sun nation, shining with her own light, and based upon principles indigenous. They believed in the soul's immortality, as is evinced by the care bestowed in the burial of the dead, for everything connected with this rite pointed to another state. Here is an example of a nation in the earliest stages of history, at a period bordering on that of mythology, having risen high in the scale of civilization; and we doubt not, could we restore the lost fragments of her early annals, and gather from the rubbish of time what is hidden from our view, we should be compelled to admit for her a great nearness to modern times; and who knows that her true position might not be in advance of the one we boast?

The Indo-European, or parent race of the Sanscrit-speaking group—the Latins, Greeks, Germans, Persians, Celts, Slaves, and Aryans—demands our attention. Ferguson historically establishes this race at the period when the solar Aryans invaded India B.C. 2400, but we doubt not that they existed on the plains of Bactria, nationally distinct from the Mongol and Semitic races, long ere this event. Before the distribution of the races there were linguistic forms and principles of government and religion, which are blended with and underlie all the various branches emanating therefrom. Here, then, is another example of a race, at an early age, exhibiting itself as a language-speaking and divinity-worshipping people.

The Chinese have long laid claims to great antiquity, and long have these claims been treated with scorn, and passed by as the foolish pretensions of heathen superstition; but, at last, they have forced themselves upon the attention of scholars, and begin to receive the notice they demand. The first gleam from the dawn of history reveals China as a powerful and advanced nation, with a well-regulated government, religion, and philosophy, and a universal language.

The Chinese were well versed in the arts and sciences. Liste, the Chinese historian, informs us of a number of dynasties in early ages which encouraged the sciences and arts, investigated and named certain stars, and cultivated the written character; and Mathian, who wrote 2,000 years ago, narrates, chronologically, events from 2637 to 122 B.C. Another fact which goes to prove the great antiquity of this nation is, that the cycle of sixty years was established in the sixty-first year of the reign of Hoang-ti, which mathematically demonstrates that he began to rule B.C. 2698, for the seventy-fifth recurrence of the cycle was completed A.D. 1863. The reign of Fu-hi must have been 500 years earlier than this.

Yet another race demands our notice ere we leave this part of our subject. In our studies Arabia has been too much forgotten. Instead of its being, as we have been led to believe, a waste, barren desert, inhabited by wandering robbers, recent research tells us that in ancient days it stood among the nations as the representative and center of light and learning—a populous and civilized race, with walled cities and towns, with groves and gardens, ornamented with gushing fountains and rare plants. Her palaces were gigantic displays of Oriental art, and the ruins found there point us back to a great and enlightened race. Travelers inform us of walls from thirty to forty feet high and ten feet wide. "The magnitude of the stones and the perfect knowledge of the builder's art exhibited in the style and mode of placing them together, with its towers and great extent, would give this structure importance in any part of the world." The same writer tells us that their buildings are indicative of great antiquity, and resemble those of the Egyptians. Another says that these ruins mark the site of the ancient city of Meyfah, which he believes is that described by Ptolemy—and not without reason, for the latter locates it in the valley of Meypha, where are found these relics. M. Armand—who was the first to visit and return from the spot where once stood the city of Saba (whence came the Queen to visit Solomon's court)—found ruins which place this nation in a high position in the scale of progress.

With this we leave this part of our subject, hoping that we have presented some evidence in favor of the view, that man's origin is more ancient than we have supposed, and that the reader may be led to realize—in a measure, at least—the great length of time required to elevate man, to raise him from a single family roaming amid the forest, and to form groupings which are the ground-work of society and the cornerstone of governments. We must acknowledge the existence of a people much earlier than any of whom we have a record; for whence all of these evidences of progress at the very outset of history? Who gave to Chaldea astronomy and the zodiac? Who

gave to Egypt her arts? and to Hellas her civilization? Who made the Phœnicians a maritime people, and taught them the use of the compass?—as they, no doubt, had a knowledge of this instrument, for they were able to sail in strange waters by night. A glimpse of the literature of early times shows how far advanced they were; for where is there anything to excel the Homeric poems? or who can attribute to barbarous times the Vedic writings?

In another chapter we will present some of the deductions of the archæologist and the geologist, and learn from them concerning the origin of man and the method of his development.

WHY DO THE EUROPEAN, OR CAUCASIAN, RACES EXCEL ALL OTHERS?

I SUPPOSE it will be generally admitted that the European races of the present day do actually excel in a very remarkable degree all the other races of men which are now found in either of the other great continents of the Old World, Asia, or Africa. If, then, the European is really superior, there must be some very good reasons for such superiority, as surely as there always is a cause for every effect. The question then arises, what adequate causes have operated to produce so remarkable an effect?

In answering this question, I have little doubt that the modern common-sense method of improving the various races of animals will afford a very valuable hint toward its solution. An agriculturist, for instance, desirous of improving his stock, procures a choice specimen from the best breed within his reach, and then by judicious alliances with the best specimens he can get of other breeds, he rapidly improves his stock.

Let us now review the history of the world, that we may perceive whether this idea of the agriculturist has not been somehow carried out in reference to the improvement of a certain superior race of men.

The first question that arises is, How shall we find out which was the superior race in the earlier ages of the world's history? The books that are known to have been written at the time will enable us to judge of this very well indeed; and it doubtless will be generally conceded that the books of Moses prove most satisfactorily that the writer of those books must

certainly have belonged to the very best race of men then existing. If this is admitted, all we have now to do is to trace the "children of Israel" (that is, the race to which Moses belonged), in order to find out, if possible, whether this choice family of men had ever favorable opportunities for forming alliances with the very best specimens of the other great races of the Old World, and if they undoubtedly had such opportunities, what then must ultimately have become of the superior race (commonly known as "the ten lost tribes of Israel") who evidently took advantage of those opportunities?

The very earliest records prove that the Africans were the first to attain a high degree of civilization; and therefore the "children of Israel" were brought in contact with the very highest types of the African races in Egypt, having lived and multiplied there for centuries; and when the Asiatic races prevailed over the African, and the superior civilization of Babylon and Assyria threw Egypt into the shade, then also do we find the children of Israel in Babylon and Assyria in contact with the very foremost Asiatic races, much as they had previously been with the African. Thus it is quite clear that this originally choice race of Israel had every opportunity for allying itself with the very best of the African and Asiatic families of the Old World; and there yet remained but one of the great original families of men with which we have no account of the children of Israel coming in contact in the early ages, and that is the European; consequently when we find "the ten tribes" lost in

Asia, we naturally look for them in Europe. Finding subsequently no trace of such a superior race in either Africa or Asia, nor yet among the earlier European civilizations of Greece and Rome, we are absolutely driven to the conclusion that those very extraordinary barbarian hordes which issued in such numbers from the north of Europe more than a thousand years ago, overthrew the Roman empire and took permanent possession of all Europe, were none other than the descendants of the ten lost tribes of Israel, which had disappeared from Asia in so marvelous a manner.

Supposing this conclusion to be correct, and the present European races to be actually de-

scended from the ten tribes of Israel amalgamated with the hardier northern families of the aboriginal European races, the extraordinary superiority of the modern Europeans over the Asiatics or Africans would then be most satisfactorily accounted for; for then it would appear that the superiority of the European of the present day was due simply to the selection of the best stock originally, improved by subsequent intermixture with each of the three great aboriginal families of the three great continents of the Old World—the African, Asiatic, and European. Should this not be considered the true solution of the problem, let some one else solve it, if he can. MONK.

Department of Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall!
Thou art the nurse of virtue.

"EQUAL PAY FOR EQUAL LABOR."

HOWEVER much of cynicism and vulgar raillery there may be mixed with the discussion of the Woman Question, there is one aspect of the subject which should permit a few serious, earnest thoughts, and which calls for a few candid words. It may not be of much moment to the world whether or not Mrs. Woodhull shall be able to obtain the loan of the House of Representatives for her polemic displays, or whether General Butler shall arrive at Lincoln Hall a few minutes after or half an hour before the would-be female next President appears upon the platform; but it is and must continue to be a question of vital interest and concern to the community at large, and especially to the individuals themselves, what is to be the social and moral condition of that very large class of American girls who have themselves to care for. To put the whole matter into a brief and comprehensive formula—How can an honest American girl best support herself; and how secure a just remuneration for her labor? Leaving out of the discussion the idea of marriage—as the *reality* has so often to be left out—how can a girl with brains and hands best use those instrumentalities for her own good?

Were it possible to manufacture public sentiment to suit the just demands of all classes of citizens, or to act independently of public sentiment, the problem would not be so difficult of solution. But things that can not be

cured—according to the old adage—must be endured, and so, until the millennium of Miss Anthony shall have dawned on earth, and the votes of virtuous women shall have so purified the public conscience that conventionalism has yielded to the dictates of mercy and common sense, we must do the best we can with our inevitable surroundings.

The first concession necessary to be made is that no one of us is responsible for having been born; and that being born before we were aware of it, the question of sex is quite beyond our control. We are not even permitted to vent our dissatisfaction in this matter—if we have any—by declaring that there has been any mistake about it. We don't *happen* to be boys or girls—we are designedly so, and are not responsible for it, whichever we may be. Let us accept this as a fact, and then see what is to be done about it.

The whole animus of the "Woman Movement" centers in the announcement that men are tyrannical and unjust toward women; that they desire to hold them as slaves and dependents; that they are not willing that women should fairly compete with them in the pursuits and purposes of life; and that, in short, having the advantage in the extrinsic and arbitrary conditions of life, they propose to hold it, from a purely tyrannical instinct, and because they dare not admit women to a fair and free competition. There is, undoubtedly, a few

grains of truth in this general statement; and those earnest female souls who are laboring so hard to turn things topsy-turvy are not to blame—but rather deserve praise—for making the most of them. The valiant advocates of female "rights" see in suffrage the panacea for all their woes without stopping to reflect how very miserable a great many men are, even though they can vote; and it would hardly be fair to wrest from them these much-used and effective weapons. Still, truth is sometimes better than fiction, even if it is more bitter to swallow; and the truth in this matter is that the surest, safest, and most direct way to secure to women all the rights they want, is to see that they make good use of what they already have. A very common impression exists—and it can not be wholly from prejudice—that in much of the labor necessary to be gotten through with in this practical world, the masculine brain and hand are essential; that however the general dogma of the equality of the sexes may be accepted, the *fact* of inequality can not be changed while the basis of human structure remains as now. There are certain things appropriate for men to do which women can not do as well; and there are also many things which fall in the line of female duty that men can not do at all. Again, there are many employments now almost entirely usurped by men which should be entirely given over to, or at least generously shared with women; and would be, if only women would take them and hold them. But the great trouble is—and we say it with all tenderness and candor—that women are not willing to avail themselves of their opportunities. It seems to be more natural for them to meet difficulties with complaints—to talk about their hardships and disadvantages, rather than to overcome them with the only effective weapon, honest labor. This may be considered a harsh judgment, and yet a little careful reflection will establish its truth. There are, doubtless, a few earnest women who are so far "advanced" that they are willing to accept the consequences of their own pleading—who are prepared to surrender the courtesies which have generally been considered as due from the stronger to the weaker sex,—and stand up shoulder to shoulder with any worker, asking no favors, and granting none; but these are, by no means, representative. The ordinary female aspirant for honors and emoluments is too womanly to be consistent. She wants "equal pay for equal work"—which sounds well as a sentiment, and is fair in itself,—but she does not seem to comprehend

the many contingencies which may make it impossible for her to render equal services with her male competitor. There are employments, to be sure—among which teaching of certain kinds may be mentioned as a conspicuous example—where equal ability, honesty, and industry may be employed to equal purpose by male and female, but there are many others in which this rule would not hold.

To be explicit, most young men who learn trades or enter upon clerkships are expected to spend a few years—from two to five—as apprentices or shop boys. Who does not know the duties of an apprentice or a shop boy? and who needs to have it explained that those duties are not such as girls are fitted by nature to perform? Women often wonder why, in certain clerical positions, their services may not be as acceptable and as valuable as those of men, if only they are as well qualified to do the prescribed routine duties. A little plain common sense fearlessly applied will tell them why. There are many considerations which have weight with an employer aside from sheer ability to perform routine labor; and as applicable to a choice between a male and a female clerk, the simple privilege of issuing a peremptory order—without the necessity of a softening cadence, or an explanatory note—may be reckoned as having important weight. Then, again, there are few clerical positions whose duties can be absolutely scheduled. A clerk ordinarily expects to do what is required of him—whether it be to keep the books, to take a package to the express office, to make the deposits, to run out on short collection tours, or what not. Of course, a young lady's dignity would be seriously compromised by such miscellaneous utility, and of course, for that very reason, a young lady would not make so valuable a clerk as a young man. These considerations have weight, it is true, only as applied to general clerkships, and to the first years in business; but, whichever the sex, the *first years* must needs come, and the experience which results from this seemingly unpleasant contact with the world would be as valuable to the female as to the male. The necessary absence of such experience is another reason why her services may not be as desirable or as valuable.

The necessary limits of this article will not permit a full discussion of the causes which make this great question of employment for woman one of peculiar delicacy and difficulty. One thing, however, is plain without discussion, and that is, that the shortest, surest, safest, and

most effective way to enlarge the field of female labor, and destroy foolish prejudice on the subject, is for women to prepare themselves as thoroughly as possible for the duties of positions to which they aspire, and when opportunity occurs, show by their works that they comprehend the full meaning of the phrase so

often flippantly and ignorantly used, "the laborer is worthy of his hire."

There is no fair-minded man or woman who will discriminate between sexes in the payment for services of equal value, or, if discrimination is made, there is very little danger that it will be against the female. S. S. PACKARD.

BORN TO-DAY.

BY MRS. HELEN A. MANVILLE.

AND still another bark's set sail
Upon the waves of being;
Though sunny calm or storm prevail,
Guard her, thou great All-seeing.

Two dainty hands—I pray they may
Not fall in grand endeavor;
Another precious soul to-day
Set out for the Forever.

Dear unshod feet, so white and small,
Just fashioned by the Graces;
Oh, Father, grant that they may fall
For aye in pleasant places!

The violet eyes e'en now have caught
The light and shadows flitting;
Already on the throne of Thought
Bright Intellect is sitting.

We read to-day chapter the first,
Beginning life's sweet story;
And joy that viewless wings have burst
The swaddling bands of glory.

That from our mother-heaven the wings
Of our best guardian angel
Have borne to us the bird that sings
The songs of the Evangel.

And while we kiss the dainty mouth,
We sing with hearts o'erflowing,
"Oh, blow, ye winds, or north or south,
She shall not know you're blowing.

Ye may not pipe at best so strong,
That ye have power to harm her,
The little dainty bird of song
Who dons to-day life's armor."

MIXED MARRIAGES—JEWS, CHRISTIANS.

THE Rev. J. L. Meyer, of the Hebrew persuasion, sends his views to the *Jewish Messenger*, a literary and religious weekly published in New York.

It is the experience of the world that races may mix; as, for example, Saxon, Celt, and Teuton, whose religion is the same or similar; but Jew and Christian may not mix; yet the Creator of us all has drawn no lines and erected no arbitrary barriers between His children. *We*—His creatures—make sharp distinctions, build fences between tribes and nations, and with creeds we have separate churches. Whether we shall ever outgrow these arbitrary rules and become one people is a question which science may some time solve. Before such fusion can become perfect, there will be many social martyrs, such as Mr. Meyer has truthfully pictured.]

"In these times of religious indifference and of moral relaxation, it is necessary to call public attention to certain practical questions the importance of which should escape no-

body. Among these so very interesting questions, the one of mixed marriages is certainly not of the least importance.

"Everybody well knows how they are produced, those unions which religion scarcely tolerates, and which reason rejects. Two hearts believe themselves made for each other; two candid, honest, upright hearts will unite themselves into indissoluble ties, and when they fancy each other, they imagine that they can neglect all religious and social propriety.

"They mistake. Religion does not bless their alliance; because one of the parties is not engaged in the duties which it imposes, and the synagogue, as well as the temple and the church, shuts its doors on those couples, of which one of the members is out of his place within its walls. Those who contract mixed marriages are no more punished with death, as they were under Theodosius and Justinian; they draw no more upon themselves the anathema of the Rabbis, as in the middle

ages; but the severe attitude of religion has something to afflict, to alarm even, certain tender and believing souls.

"In the mean time, the husband and wife keep no account of these difficulties, and here they are forever united before the law, bringing to the conjugal hearth, among the protestations of love and the promises of future happiness, he, the recollections of the mass and communion, or other exercises of his denomination,—she, the dreams begun by the reading of the Bible and the recollection of what passed in her home.

"The institution of the family, which runs back to creation itself, is an admirable one. Like all the works of God, it is the security of society. All sentiments of love and fidelity which exist in the human heart develop themselves in the midst of the family, and from there scatters over all mankind. But, in this hybridous family, can such beautiful results be expected? Let us see.

"After the first days of enthusiasm, they look around, they reconnoiter, and too often find that some corner of their hearts is as void, as nude, as the walls of the house. He sees no more the cross of ivory before which he used to kneel, and regrets it. She sees no more upon the door-posts those symbolic verses of the Bible which she had been taught to venerate, and regrets them. Alone she rests on Saturday. Alone he celebrates his Sunday; and the religious holidays of each they find no echo in their home, no sign, no recollection. *Rosh Hashannah* and *Yom Kippur* come back sadly, without pomp or solemnity, and the heart of the poor woman bleeds in thinking of what they evoke in her of sweet and tender remembrance. The husband, in his turn, is filled with indignation when he does not perceive in his house, as with his brethren, the joy and happiness on the days when he used to feast in his infancy.

"That is not all. Here are two creatures, who have put everything in common—their thoughts and their strength, their interests and their hopes—and in the mean time they are divided in their purest and most intimate feelings. Now, it is a real torture to think that the being we prefer above all, who is everything for us, that this beloved being does not share our religious convictions. It is a discouraging idea to be doubtful about

his salvation, to think that his soul is perhaps compromised, perhaps lost to eternity. Each of the two will attempt to draw the other to one side, and will be sad and vexed as long as there has been no success. At first there will be made some allusions, some timid insinuations, then counsels, at last prayers and entreaties; after that, discussions and ill-will.

"The child soon arrives; the child, fruit and token of such a dangerous union; the child, so much more cherished, so much more feasted, as he has cost more tears and more sufferings. If nothing has until now darkened the serenity of the conjugal heaven, now is the time when it will be covered with clouds. The child must have a religion. Generally it is that of the father; but all in their youth are confided to the cares of the wife. Now it is impossible to believe that she is without weakness, and that she will keep silence toward her son of her own God, of her own religion, of the dogmas which she teaches, and the felicities she promises. The child will believe all his mother wants him to believe, and placed between two contradictory religions, one of which he shall practice, and the other of which he can not deny, he will grow up miserable, without principle and without true faith. His mother is a Jewess, his father is a Christian; he will be neither the one nor the other. His father is a believer, so is his mother; he will be incredulous and a skeptic.

"Now it happens, sooner or later, that the father discovers the perverted education of his son, and he will burst forth into violent reproaches, perhaps abuse. Then, farewell the peace of that family! farewell the happiness of that domestic hearthstone!

"But let us draw the curtain before this sad and desolate picture. We will only show to our readers that the Scriptures themselves warn us against such impossible unions. Abraham does not give to his son a daughter of the Canaanites, in the midst of whom he dwells; but he sends Eliezar to his native country, the cradle of his race, to find a wife for Isaac. Jacob imitates his example, in marrying the daughters of Laban; and Ezra feared not to dissolve the sacred ties of marriage when he purified the Jewish families from their exotic elements.

"But this is enough in reply to those who

recognize mixed marriages as an instrument of tolerance and civilization. The cause of tolerance is a great and noble cause, and the efforts which are made in this respect deserve

to be crowned with success; but we must not transfer them to the inviolable ground of the family, for the good that emerges from them is imperceptible, and the evil immense."

NEW AND OLD RESOLVES.

BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

I HAVE for years been living in a very quiet way, taking my meals at restaurants, but I am going to make a change. Yes! I am about to be admitted to the family circle of the most respected Mrs. Tookums, who receives a limited number of outsiders on reasonable terms, rather for the pleasure of their society than for pecuniary gain. I doubt whether I shall be a valuable accession to her hearth and home, for I am, in general, an unsociable being and make few friends; but Mrs. Tookums assures me that she and her daughters are alike prejudiced in my favor, so I am packing my few effects, pictures and what not, with a comparatively light heart. When I acquainted my present landlady with my determination, her expression, which has hitherto been indicative of an overwhelming degree of good nature, changed in a most sudden and unaccountable manner to an equal degree of sullen contempt.

"One may do and do," said she, "and that is all the thanks one gets—I thought you *was* a fixture."

I escaped as quickly as possible, feeling like a culprit. "One may do and do." Here was a charge laid against me, a serious charge—ingratitude, which is the basest of all crimes. Was I indeed guilty? Ought I to apologize to the good lady and, upsetting all my new arrangements, remain a fixture? I said yes to these questions in ascending the long, narrow, ill-lighted stairs; but once in the safety of my own room, I asked myself what my indignant landlady had done that she had not been paid to do.

To be sure, she has not been paid to pry into drawers; but that is an attention of which I am not desirous.

I believe she knows the exact number of my shirts and collars; but I keep a memorandum of them myself, and her interposition in case of thieves would be altogether unnecessary.

To be sure, she has not been paid to read my manuscripts, and to decipher illegible writing is laborious; but then I have not invited her attention to my scribblings, and her labors

in this department may be classed as sins of curiosity.

To be sure, she has not been paid to make away with sundry pens, pencils, paper, periodicals, etc., which she felt assured were in my way; but then the making away of pens, etc., has been altogether gratuitous on her part. I was not in any case consulted as to the disposal of the said articles. On the whole, I feel that I have exonerated myself from the frightful charge.

I have occupied this room five years and have been sold three times—literally sold. Thrice has the house been to let with its paying lodgers. I heard the conclusion of the last bargain. Passing through the hall, these words fell upon my ear: "The furniture, with the lodgers, is cheap enough. It would take you a good while to fill an empty house. You don't consider the gentlemen."

"Yes, I do," was the answer, "I wouldn't think of paying so much if 'twasn't for them. Well, I'll write a check; but when am I to have possession?" Since the lady bought me, I suppose she is not unreasonable in frowning at my attempt at emancipation; but then I have given no one a bill of sale of myself, and there is no law to stop my flight. But the blame, if blame there should be, ought not to fall on my shoulders. Though during the past seven months I have been subjected to various petty annoyances, yet I would have pursued the even tenor of my way had it not been for one Poker. Poker is an agitator. He never can let well-enough alone. He glories in commotions and changes. I never see him that he does not say, "The world moves! I rejoice to say the world moves!" Poker has harped on the one subject till he has won me over. He insists that it is not good for man to eat alone. "You sit down in these dull restaurants," said he, "with no one to speak to. Do you enjoy your food?—No!"

Now, I might have answered yes, had he given me time. I have enjoyed life tolerably in my own way, but Poker will have it that I will enjoy life more in his way.

I have been somewhat troubled with dys-

pepsia lately. "No wonder," said Poker; "do you ever laugh when you eat? No! You devour a newspaper. Who wouldn't have the dyspepsia? Cheerful conversation stimulates digestion. Sociability is promotive of appetite. Besides, it is cheaper to board—you will save money."

That is a desideratum. I have many times made resolutions to save, but somehow money always slips through my fingers. I have so many wants.

"Man wants but little here below."

Philosophers say that man's wants are mainly artificial—that actual wants are few.

"What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five?"

"Oh, reason not the need—

Allow not nature more than nature needs,—

Man's life is cheap as beast's."

My wants have always been in advance of my purse. Now it may be unwise in a poor man to have extravagant tastes. I have a hankering after books and pictures and flowers. I can not abide bare walls. But should I not have waited until I was rich before I indulged my likings? When a boy working out examples in compound interest, I determined to make the most of my honest penny. I was enthusiastic to be rich. "Save the pennies, and the pounds will take care of themselves." But a penny seems such a small affair. I never could save pennies, and therefore I am poor. Well, I have taken my pleasure as I went along, and a few years hence what will it matter that I have no bank account? Rich and poor rest alike in the grave. But I do not despise riches, and I am no advocate for absolute contentment. Let him get rich who can; but let him not sacrifice the greater for the lesser benefit. Said one man to another: "Were you John Jacob Astor, would you give all you possessed for your board and lodging?" "No," cried the other. "Yet," said the first, "that is all he has." But the man was wrong. The rich man has, or can have, much more than his board and lodging for his gold. He can live in the world of the beautiful; he can surround himself with treasures of the mind—estimable pictures—ravishing statues—valuable books,—and more, he can do good. Yesterday, I bought a tiny bouquet of a young girl. She stood on Broadway with downcast eyes, herself a fair flower. Ah! to stand all day exposed to the gaze of the insolent! I pitied her—I pity all of her class. Would I could take these children out of the street and give them homes! And this morning, a little girl, scarcely six years old, all in rags, jumped on the cars while

they were in motion, to sell her newspapers. What a hard old look she had on her young face! She made grimaces, and actually swore as the conductor hurried from the platform to put her out. "Go along with you, go along!" cried a man, harsh-visaged, thrusting her proffered newspaper away. "That's woman's rights for you," said another, to his neighbor. Poor child! No one kisses her and calls her darling—she lays her head at night on no dainty pillow—she is not taught to lisp "Our Father" ere her blue eyes close. She is coming up a rank weed. We let these children go their way while we confess that "hell is eternal."

Not many weeks ago, coming home from the theater, I stumbled against the prostrate form of a woman. I lifted her up and she cursed me. "There is little hope for the vicious adult," we say. Yes; the heart grows hard, but the heart is still there. This woman once was an innocent child. What has led her to the barren paths of degradation? Will she sink lower and lower, forever and forever? Is our belief a sentimentality that we so calmly leave her to her fate? No wonder the infidel laughs. Selfishness, selfishness, in religion as in all other things! We will make sure of heaven ourselves, and ask, "Lord, am I my brother's keeper?" God forgive us all. We pity the wretched, but leave them to their fate. Unlike Jesus, we shun the fallen; or if we do aught for them, we stand afar off, and throw them but the crumbs from our table.

I have often flattered myself that were I rich I should be charitable, but self, thus far in life, has won the principal part of my earnings. To be sure, my earnings have been small. I am only a bookkeeper who, after years of toil, has arrived at twelve hundred a-year. We read of a great many men who have started out as bare-footed boys and ended by building palaces. I shall never build palaces, save unsubstantial ones in the air. I shall never be a millionaire, nor have it in my power to endow colleges or hospitals. It is not for every man to be rich. I never could make a beginning. Poker, it is too late! Talk of my saving! I can't. If I have a spare penny I must give it away. Talking of saving reminds me of a conversation with my employer six years ago. I spoke to him of an increase of salary.

"Times are hard," said he. "Yes," returned I, "it is for that reason I desire an advance. It costs more to live than it did. I pay more for my room—more for everything."

"But, dear me! man," said he, "you ought not to complain. You have only yourself to

take care of. You ought to live like a prince off your salary. There's Wilson, he has only a thousand, and he has a wife and six children—money laid up, too—nearly two thousand; and one of these days you will see him in business for himself. A smart fellow is Wilson!"

"But, really, I don't understand how he manages," said I. "I can't lay up any money, and I am not a spendthrift."

Mr. Clinton shook his head wisely. "Bachelors never can save. I never did until I married. Never would have got a start, never! Take my advice,—and marry."

Here was food for reflection. I had never looked upon marriage in that light. Marry for economy! Eight mouths fed instead of one, and money laid up for a rainy day! I felt that it was truly a miracle. Who says the age of miracles is past? There are miracles every day. I should like to board in such a family a week and watch how the thing works. Surely the lovely innocent faces must attract the smiles of Heaven. There is no accounting for the wonder in any other way.

But I shall never marry. Mr. Clinton's advice was thrown away.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.—ILLUSTRATED.

THIS ubiquitous personage may be found in every town of three thousand inhabitants. In larger places his number is increased in an equal ratio. Such men are not all of one temperament, or one style of mental development, but seem to be slack-twisted pieces of all temperaments and mental constitutions combined. Their general characteristics, however, run in the same groove. They are pleased with the same things, adopt similar habits, and when one of them is well known, the general traits of any other one may be anticipated to a certainty.

The physiology of "the man about town" is indicated by an easy, good-natured bearing, with a slightly florid complexion, plump features, oily eyes, which have a facility for giving salacious glances and knowing winks, and also for going to sleep at any time. The mouth is rather large, and smiles easily; the lips are plump, and generally soiled with tobacco, stale jokes, and smutty stories. His brow is prominent, his forehead low and retreating, indicating more observation than reflection; a greater tendency to live in the present than in the past or the future, and has more to do with daily facts than sound philosophy. He lives wholly on the surface, and is superficial in all his plans and purposes.

The man about town has large Language, indicated by a full, prominent eye, and a swollen, sack-like appearance under it. He generally does much more than his share of the talking; will tell tales and comic stories well, and can make one on occasion, averring

its truth on his "honor." He has the latest news, hears all the gossip, and it comes to his morbid appetite with equal zest from the parlor, the kitchen, the bar-room, or the stable. He knows everybody, at least by sight; manages to be in the front row of spectators at all prominent arrivals, receptions, and departures. He is at the depot at each arrival and departure of trains, and generally rides up from the depot on the seat with the hack-driver. At the hotel he notes the guests, and after they have entered their names, he looks over the register. If important names appear, he lounges around until he obtains a good view of the persons, or gets a chance conversation, which is ever after spoken of as "an acquaintance." He is social, and likes to make friends; is a genius at shaking hands, has something to say to men of note, who good-naturedly listen to his complimentary and voluble conversation. He has the first and last word with them, and they generally remember a pre-engagement, and hurry away as soon as may be; but the man about town has talked *with* them, and he will ever after talk *about* them; will speak of them as his friend General so-and-so, or Governor this, or Judge that. He thus affects familiarity of acquaintance with important persons, who would remember him, if at all, chiefly for his shabby-genteel looks, his unwelcome, obtrusive familiarity, and his odorous breath.

He generally keeps posted as to engagements, weddings, elopements, divorces, and dinner-parties; attends horse-races, base-ball

and billiard matches, target excursions, clam-bakes, prize-fights—not to fight nor to bet, but to be there to see, and hear, and eat, and drink, and have something rich to talk about and make loungers stare. He has great fondness for dinners, dominoes, and dogs, and would be a sportsman if he were not too lazy.



He is strongly social, feels friendly, and when he has money he "treats;" and when hard up because he can not borrow, he sails into the convivial circle on his friendly familiarity with those who have money, and praises the liquor, and flatters those who pay for it. He has great fondness for all the gossip, good and bad; knows a little of everything and not very much of anything. He is willing to be useful, but is too lazy to be very helpful. Having large Alimentiveness, he does not object to assist at good dinners, nor to test wine and cigars; and if there is to be a "chowder" or a wine-supper, he will manage to "dead-head" himself into it.

He has not much Acquisitiveness, hence he is not inclined to work hard for money. He engages in no regular business, because he

likes his liberty, and thinks it degrading to him to do hard work. When a boy, if put to a useful trade, he did not stay his time out, but preferred to set up ten-pins, or assist about a bar-room, for his board and spending money; and on reaching man's estate, or rather stature, he has nothing but cheek and tongue, and good-natured acquaintances, and perhaps an occasional political sop, to depend on for a living.

If he has had any reputable relatives, he thrusts the threadbare story upon everybody, and seeks thereby to borrow consequence from their respectability. He does not seek to imitate their virtue or their honorable thrift, nor seem to feel condemned by a contrast of their worth with his own worthlessness.

He has not Combativeness enough to make him spirited, earnest, energetic, industrious, or courageous. He may talk much and loud of bravery and manly deeds, but he is internally a poltroon. His Self-Esteem is too small to give him much dignity or strength of character. He has large enough Approbation to make him vain, and lead him to think other people like flattery as well as he does. Of course he is a lady's man, and is tolerated by women to a certain degree, more to avoid his displeasure and his gossiping tongue than because they either love or respect him. He believes that women are rather uncertain, and doubts the virtue of the majority. He talks much, to be sure, about getting married if he can find one possessing a catalogue of qualities which he is careful to name, embracing all the virtues, graces, and goodness possible to humanity, forgetting that such a woman as he describes would not tolerate his shadow, much less his substance.

He tells great stories among women, and vulgar stories among men and boys. He knows every bar-room, every cock-pit, all the base-ball players by name, attends second-class theaters and minstrel concerts on the free-list, names all the actors, actresses, and singers, repeats stale, borrowed criticisms, lifts his eyebrows in wisdom, and stands erect, balancing from heel to toe with the sedate earnestness of an oracle.

He is an impertinent incumbrance, rarely earns a dinner or a drink, and never fails to

take either on invitation. He was too wise to study at school, hence often played truant; was too independent in spirit to learn a useful trade, and too light-headed and unreliable to be accepted as a clerk in a commercial

establishment, hence he has no visible means of support except his stilty legs in scanty second-hand clothing, for which he is still indebted—and, in short, as Nasby would say, “he is a worthless cuss”—tomer.

TASTE AND ECONOMY IN DRESS;

OR, WHAT I THINK OF “ELINOR’S WARDROBE.”

BY BERTHA H. ELLSWORTH.

OF course we all understand that dress does not make the lady, but that a proper and tasteful dress, gracefully worn, may enhance her natural attractions, and thus lend an additional charm, is generally admitted; and it is upon this ground merely I would wish to discuss the subject.

The writer of “Elinor’s Wardrobe” remarks with much truth, “There is no person who in his intercourse with his fellow-man can afford to despise the assistance of tasteful and harmonious clothing; and in these days of extravagant ideas and high prices it becomes a question of moment as to how such a costume is to be reached with the least expense.” She further states that nearly all the women in America moving in respectable society “possess two or three times the number of dresses they really need or can well afford.” This is doubtless true of a great many; but, to use a homely but expressive saying, we can not always do justice by “measuring our neighbor’s corn in our own half-bushel;” and it is doubtful if any set costume or prescribed rule of dressing would meet every case. However, we behold in Elinor one who is represented as combining taste and economy in her toilet in so happy a degree that nothing remains to be desired. This “consummation most devoutly to be wished” is obtained by Elinor’s invariably wearing *one* suit, without alteration in a single detail, for a *whole season*. One summer suit which she thus wore is described as “black grenadine with trimmings of satin and real lace, a frill of valenciennes and a cherry velvet at the throat,” while “a lama lace shawl, costing ninety dollars in money, a delicate black lace hat, black kids stitched in white, and very handsome boots completed a costume” which the writer pronounces to be “worthy of Undine or any other sprite, either of air or water;” and so it probably was. But Elinor has a neighbor, Ann Eliza by name, who is a constant foil in the matter of dress, Ann Eliza being in the habit of sporting a “tawdry

bonnet,” “flimsy ribbon,” “cheap parasol,” “dilapidated fan,” “soiled and discolored gloves,” “shabby boots,” and “jewelry from the dollar store;” but glorying in the possession of “nineteen dresses,” which number is stated to include “four old-fashioned silks” and “five or six summer suits;” these last being composed of “flimsy material made up in the most unbecoming styles.” Well, Ann Eliza certainly did show very little good sense or taste; and had she denied herself a few of her nineteen dresses to remedy the other discrepancies in her attire, and demonstrated her love of change also in the matter of boots, gloves, hose, etc., she would have been vastly improved.

Ann Elizas flourish more or less in every community, to judge from the indiscriminate array of dry goods and cheap jewelry which some would-be ladies display; and though no woman with an atom of good taste would bedizen herself with tawdry finery and sport jewelry, the quality of which she deluded herself she made up in variety and quantity, yet I must confess that the opposite extreme of a lady who chooses to wear for church, concert, party, promenade, street, and all other public places and occasions through an entire season just *one* suit, the material of which makes it more costly than her neighbor’s vaunted nineteen changes, does not strike me as the model which on being adopted by all womankind would at once settle the dress question by causing universal taste, simplicity, and economy to reign.

It seems to me this is carrying the “one idea” too far; not perhaps for Elinor, or anybody else, whose appearance, circumstances, and convenience it suits; but individuals in this world have a fashion of differing in ways and looks in an astonishing manner, and besides the combination of circumstances which might render a single costume inappropriate at all times, few women, I think, are so highly gifted in charms of person, speech, and manner

as to appear to equal advantage everywhere in a sameness of attire; and even with the best and most careful of people articles of dress do become at times the worse for wear. It requires quite a "gift" to prevent even the best material from meeting with some of those ills which garments are heir to in the shape of being crumpled, torn, soiled, or frayed when in constant service. I do not rely solely upon my own opinion when I say that a goodly number of my feminine acquaintances are ladies of good taste and neat habits; but I am afraid a little uncertainty would attend the experiment, tried by any one of them, of wearing everywhere for a whole summer a single costume composed of delicate and unsubstantial fabrics, and appearing quite as fresh and airy a "sprite" at the close of the season. This might be possible, perhaps, could mortal woman be forewarned of sudden showers, or when the wind was coming her way well freighted with dust, or a passing vehicle was about to whirl up a cloud of the same, or, worse still, a liberal donation of mud, and other contingencies too numerous to mention; for mistakes will happen in the best of families, and mishaps are quite as apt to happen to the best of garments. Besides, there are so many phases of the weather even in the same season. For instance, in the summer cool days visit us, when a very airy costume would not be agreeable; there are hot, sultry days when it threatens rain; there are cloudy days when it does not look like storming, and yet your elaborate and perfectly summer-like costume would seem hardly fitting. Fate might have arranged that on such a day you were to attend some social gathering, or place of public amusement or instruction. You would wear your *dress*, of course (for a "wrapper," even though a nice one, and very useful and becoming on many occasions, will not *always* be found a satisfactory substitute); but would your *dress*, though "a thing of beauty" in itself, be a "joy forever," under all circumstances, to yourself and friends? A lady, in endeavoring to dress with taste, aims not only to please herself, but to be an object to others pleasant to look upon. The love of variety is a human instinct, and a very good one when rightly used in a moderate and discriminating manner, even in matters of dress. Nature seems to have set the example which Art has followed in producing the variety which is so picturesque and refreshing. As for preserving "individuality" in one's attire, it must be a very one-sided character indeed that can ex-

press itself but in one set way. "Nature does not content herself in that manner," although each of the almost endless varieties we see in the floral kingdom blossoms after its own particular fashion. Nature, like a discerning dame as she is, does not call into simultaneous and unchanging bloom all the shrubs and flowers in the garden, thus making a brilliant display of all her powers of adornment at once, "and then pronouncing her work *good*, let it stand without a single variation until summer's reign is over," but with a quiet grace she is continually freshening her work and developing new beauties, bringing in with delightful effect later blooming varieties and demonstrating how charming the same species of flower may be arrayed in different tints. The rose is a lovely flower; but I hardly think I should care to have all my roses full-blown ones and all exactly alike even on a single bush; but as Nature has arranged it, we have the fair bud, the lovely half-blown rose, and the beautiful mature blossom, which, having fulfilled its mission, soon gives place to other and fresher ones.

But there is a better proof of Nature's love and need of change in the human countenance than in all her inanimate creations. Of how many expressions is a single face capable! but it appears none the less the *same* face when the features, responding to various feelings, reveal rather than obscure the individual character; and I am confident few will disagree with me in thinking that the lack of this mobility of expression would be a serious drawback to the attractiveness of the human face. Continual sameness in anything is apt to become wearisome. One might admire a beautiful picture, but in time one would tire of always beholding just that one unvarying scene; and another and different subject from the same hand would be a relief and pleasure to the beholder from the inspection of which the eyes would turn rested and with increased satisfaction to the first; and yet equally on each would be stamped the individuality of the artist.

Of course, love of change may be, and quite often is, perverted and carried to excess; but in avoiding one extreme why run into another? Now I am by no means advocating the necessity of having "nineteen," or even six, dresses, or being arrayed in all the colors of the rainbow (besides several tints and shades of later invention), with trimmings *ad libitum*, but I think that moderation, even in reducing one's wardrobe, would not be amiss. I can not see the beneficial results arising from women of all

classes, circumstances, and occupations discarding the plan of having *several* dresses, each appropriate and suitable in their place, and expending as much or more money on just one rich and elaborate suit to wear everywhere at all the various times and places for which they could not feel themselves quite presentable in a wrapper. Where would be the consistency shown by a lady of limited means in investing all she had to spare for this department of her wardrobe in one silk dress, when in its place she might have two of other material more appropriate to her circumstances, and quite as becoming, if good taste is used in the selection and making up? Although a slender purse may make it impossible for a lady to array herself in costly fabrics, their lack need not prevent her being a tastefully-dressed lady any more than the state of her purse need prevent her being a lady. I do not mean that I should prefer a great variety of inferior articles to a few good ones; but where one might just as well have *two* pretty and good dresses for a season as one, why the restriction?

As to the extravagance of such an indulgence, there are a great many varieties and degrees of richness and goodness among dry goods as well as among people; and for every person what is best and most suitable is not necessarily the highest in price. It is not the cost of the material which an artist uses which makes his production valued and beautiful, but his skill in blending and contrasting color and producing effect. If the most admirable effect could be produced only by the highest-priced material, one must applaud the exquisite taste evinced by the lady who in arranging to have her portrait painted, inquired what color was most costly? The artist informed her that it was ultra marine. "Well, then," said she, "paint me *all* ultra marine."

To dress well, all that is needed is, neatly fitting garments adapted in color and make to one's age, complexion, and particular style; and with a corresponding fitness in gloves, boots, and all minor details. One can look the well-dressed lady in silk, merino, poplin, muslin, gingham, or calico. One of my friends who always appears in company so well dressed that some people, who can not comprehend that this effect may be produced without great outlay, call her extravagant, and wonder how she can afford it. The truth is, in this case, that the amount Elinor paid for her shawl would almost cover the cost of my friend's wardrobe, exclusive of a few "real" and valuable ornaments. She has not a single silk

dress. She would not wear a flimsy one, and a very good one she thinks would not harmonize with the length of her purse, nor be appropriate in her circumstances. She does not possess "nineteen" dresses of any sort, and none after the pattern of Ann Eliza; but all are becoming; and she manages to vary her toilet most agreeably, with due regard to the occasion and the weather. Yet among the variety of people I call my friends, she is by no means the only or most tasteful one; a goodly number of others arrive at the same agreeable result by the route of their individual preferences, each studying, not what is the height of the French fashion, but what is becoming and adapted to herself; consulting not what her wealthiest neighbors wear, but what commends itself to her own taste and resources, whether these last be great or small.

If a person possess but one dress from necessity, it is perfectly proper and fitting that she should wear it everywhere and at all times; and should meet with approval for so doing; but I think, as an unvarying rule, few people would find it perfectly convenient and agreeable so to limit themselves from *choice*. And it really passes my powers of comprehension how such a concentration of the feminine wardrobe is to "put an end to the vulgar, gaudy, and indiscriminate toilets of the present day" as the writer of the article from which I quote, affirms.

It seems somewhat probable that a woman of refined taste would have enough perception of the truly beautiful and becoming to avoid dressing in a "vulgar, gaudy, and indiscriminate" manner in any day, past or present; and if she did *not*, it is not yet quite clear to me how having only one costume instead of several, is going to cure her of the propensity, and insure, as the writer further adds, that "every woman's dress would then be characterized by a certain harmony of thought and an individuality of taste and style representative of the wearer."

If a woman is in the habit of appearing in toilets not characterized by any "harmony of thought," is it not just possible that the "harmony" may be lacking in the *person*? who would therefore be incapable of giving to *any* costume an "individuality of taste and style" which would be any more attractive, and if, being aware of this, she confided in the advice and skill of her dressmaker and milliner, it seems to me the "individuality of taste and style" displayed in those garments would be "representative" of the *modistes* and not of the

wearer of their productions. But should this *one-suit-fashion* become universal, it would not be merely limiting the lady of refined taste to one becoming costume, but when the law had been signed and sealed by Madam Grundy, there would be Ann Eliza Brown and Emma Jemima Peddleall, and all the rest of the "Shoddy-ites," who always follow when fashion leads, who would be fired with the laudable ambition of making this one suit a worthy representative of all the changes they were compelled to forego. Then for a whole season one would have the pleasure of beholding a fearfully and wonderfully contrived combination of all the absurdities in trimming, and the ruffling, puffing and flouncing, which might have greeted us more sparingly, and at least with more amusing variety in the former "nineteen" garments more or less, would be exhibited in extravagant or astounding quantity. But the case might be still worse; for instance, when, after much planning and considerable expense, you had originated, completed, and worn a perfect costume, just suited to your style and calculated to set off your good points, some one thinking you worthy of imitation might pay you the compliment of getting up a suit just like yours in every particular. It is not everybody that one would desire to have taken for her twin-sister; but as this is a free country you could not help yourself (unless you had your dress *patented*),

no matter who she might be who would be your copyist; and your principles would forbid any change of attire until the end of the season.

Had one the blessings of Job-like patience and angelic temper, such an infliction might be endured, but it would begin after many repetitions to be a little unpleasant whenever you ventured out to be confronted with your duplicate in dress; and were *you* tall, slender, graceful and a brunette, and the dress chosen with an especial regard to all this, *she*, very likely, would be short, stout, freckled, and with sandy hair.

Moreover, some people can not have, or at least never seem to have, a single dress out of half a dozen but what is more or less soiled or shabby; what sort of an aspect would such present if they were to confine their surplus energies to *one dress* for a considerable length of time! I am troubled with misgivings that when this fashion shall prevail, the appearance of the "fair" portion of a community near the close of a season will suggest, not individuality, but fossilization.

I would ask the reader, finally, to contemplate with the mind's eye the universal prevalence of such a style, and determine whether or not in his or her opinion such a state of things would be—well—just a little monotonous?

Department of Physiology.

The truths of Physiology should be inculcated and enforced early and earnestly, and with the emphasis of high religious duty.—*Townsend.*

FOOD FOR THINKERS AND WORKERS.

THERE is no subject with which everybody has so much to do, and in respect to which so many people know so little. The subject of *diet* is an unpleasant one, so we propose to say nothing about it. The subject of *food* is a very agreeable one, and we shall therefore confine our remarks to it.

There are three necessities for the use of food. The boy would make but one—" 'Caus I'm hungry." The gourmand would say, "Because it tastes good." Physiology says, "One object of food is to keep up animal heat; another, to give strength to the bones and muscles; a third, to support the brain and nerves, thereby giving power to thought

and feeling." In nearly all kinds of food the elements required for the support of the system are found, but these ingredients do not exist in all articles in the right proportions. Speaking scientifically, phosphorus is used up in thinking; nitrogen is used in working the muscles, and carbon in furnishing animal heat and fat. Men who think should use the kinds of food adapted for the support of the brain and nervous system; those who work with the muscles should use those articles of food containing the material in a large degree which sustains muscle; those who go into cold climates, or are exposed to the cold, and have not much physical labor to perform,

should eat more bountifully of the food which promotes animal heat and fat. But how few men know what to eat! We have seen lawyers, during court time, come to the table and eat roast pork, rice or Indian pudding highly sweetened, and wind up with mince pie and cheese. They understood the statute laws, but not the laws of the human body, and their causes and clients suffered from the muddy state of intellect induced by their ill-selected food. That dinner might have answered for a stage-driver, or a man going into the forest for a load of wood, with the thermometer at zero. In old times, baked beans and pork constituted the Sunday food in New England, and an old divine carefully and mirthfully undertook to estimate the number of "tons of beans and pork preached to in New England every Sunday while the owners were asleep." This illustrates one point, that those who are expected to be skillful and thoughtful should not eat food chiefly adapted to produce heat, and fat, and sleep.

We are often asked to give in the *JOURNAL* a list of articles of food which furnish support for brain, and is therefore fit for thinkers and students. We are also often asked to give a list of articles best adapted to support muscular power. We can not here do more than give a few hints.

Those who expect to think should not eat much food which simply produces warmth and fat, such as ham, fat pork, white bread, butter, rice, tapioca, and starch. These contain very little phosphatic food, being chiefly carbonaceous.

Prof. Agassiz says "fish enters largely into the requisition of the human system. It is a kind of food which refreshes the system especially after intellectual fatigue. There is no other article of food that supplies the waste of the head so thoroughly as fish diet. Fish contains phosphorus to a large extent, a chemical element which the brain requires for growth and life. He would not say that exclusive use of fish would make a blockhead a wise man, but that the brain would not be wanting in one of its essential elements." Man can not, however, live on fish alone, because most fish are not fat enough to furnish the heat-producing element in sufficient quantity. The amount of phosphatic or brain-supporting

food contained in the flesh of animals is in proportion to the activity of that animal; those of great activity, such as the canary-bird, for instance, secure food which feeds brain, nerve, and muscle, but does not produce fat. The flesh of the trout, the pickerel, or salmon impart more mental and physical vigor to the eater than the flesh of comparatively dormant fish, like the eel and flounder. The flesh of wild animals, such as the bison or deer and boar, promote activity in the eater more than the stall-fed ox, sheep, or hog. Wild game generally is considered better food, especially for the convalescent, than the fattened domestic turkey or goose. Barley, oats, and wheat ground without bolting, furnish food for brain; but lawyers, ministers, and students eat the white, superfine, or bolted wheat bread, and go to sleep. That which would fatten a pig, and give him no desire to exercise or to think, is eaten by the learned and refined of the human race, who look in pity upon the poor peasant following the plow, because he is obliged to eat his brown loaf; which brown loaf and cheap fish and wild game contain the incitement to brain work, in which poems, orations, and art are conceived and nursed.

The proper food for laboring men—we mean those who have to exercise muscular strength chiefly—should be that which contains the greatest amount of nitrogen. Among these articles barley and cheese stand high. The red flesh of the ox or sheep and unbolted bread are the leading articles. Men who train prize-fighters seem to understand much better than others how to build up physical strength and endurance. When their battle or their race is ended, they lay aside their unbolted bread and fruit, their lean beef and mutton, and fall into their old habits of liquor-drinking and of eating starch-bearing articles, such as rice, fine bread, pudding, with fat meat and butter, and they soon become as fat and lazy as these carbonaceous articles can make them.

If a man wants to stand the cold, he may eat buckwheat cakes with butter, sirup, fat pork and white beans; but let him look out, when hot weather comes, for bilious fevers, pimples on the face, and a rank smell of the whole system, and a muddy, dirty complexion. Men living at the north pole, or near it,

can drink fish-oil by the quart, or eat pounds of cake tallow, and the cold climate will burn it out; but in warm or temperate regions the food should be so selected as to furnish nourishment for muscle, bone, brain, and warmth in proper proportions.

Many persons say one "must eat meat to produce brain and muscle," and we are often asked if that is true; if not, what vegetable food is best to produce brain? We give a few articles of diet, showing how many parts in a hundred each has in the natural state for the production of the three prime elements of nutrition, viz., muscle, bones and brain, and heat. We give the amounts in units and decimals. That which is left is water and waste:

In 100 parts	Nitrates, or Food for Muscle.		Phosphates, or Food for Brain and Bone.		Carbonates, or Heat Producers.	
	Units.	Tenths.	Units.	Tenths.	Units.	Tenths.
Beef.....	19	0	2	0	14	0
Veal.....	17	7	2	3	14	8
Mutton.....	21	0	2	0	14	0
Lamb.....	19	6	2	2	14	3
Pork.....	17	5	2	2	16	0
Lard.....	0	0	0	0	100	0
Venison.....	20	4	2	8	8	0
Chicken.....	21	6	2	8	1	9
Butter.....	0	0	0	0	100	0
Milk.....	5	0	1	0	8	0
Cheese.....	30	8	4	7	28	0
Fish.....	15	0	5	5	Very little	
Oysters.....	12	6	0	2	0	0
Clams.....	12	0	2	5	Very little	
Lobsters.....	14	0	5	5	"	"
GRAINS, FRUITS, AND VEGETABLES.						
Wheat, unbolted	14	6	1	6	66	4
Rye.....	6	5	0	5	75	2
Northern Corn.	12	3	1	1	67	5
Southern " "	24	6	4	1	39	2
Buckwheat.....	8	6	1	8	53	0
Oats.....	17	0	3	0	50	8
Barley.....	12	8	4	2	52	1
Beans.....	24	0	3	5	40	0
Pears.....	23	4	2	5	41	0
Rice.....	5	1	0	5	83	0
Potatoes.....	1	4	0	9	15	8
Sweet Potatoes.	10	5	2	9	21	8
Asparagus.....	0	6	0	4	5	4
Cabbage.....	1	2	0	8	6	2
Carrots.....	1	1	1	0	12	2
Parsnips.....	2	1	1	0	14	5
Turnips.....	1	2	0	5	4	0
Apples.....	5	0	1	0	Unequal.	

The student should eat articles which are pretty largely charged with phosphates or brain food; the laborer, those articles containing nitrate or food for muscle; and those who are much exposed to cold, but not required to exert muscular strength, that kind of food which is largely charged with carbonates or heat producers.

We regret to see poor women go to market with a big basket and a slender purse on Saturday night to buy food for her hungry, thin-clad children. And what do these women get? Turnips, cabbage, beets, carrots, potatoes, and fish. They carry home a load, but their green vegetables are from 75 to 95 per cent. water, and the nutrition which is obtained is very little; whereas if they would put half the money into corn meal, wheat meal, white beans, and mutton, they could live grandly on it, and have the rest for the purchase of fuel and clothes. But the rich delectate on fine flour, cake, butter, pies, fat poultry, nice fat ham, eating four times too much carbon, and not half enough phosphorus or nitrogen for brain and muscle. One class starve, get poor, weak, sickly, and die of marasmus; while the others, who are able to have everything, become dyspeptical, feverish, and diseased from the extra richness of their food. "Man should not live by bread alone," especially superfine bread. If one eats wheat-meal bread and uses milk, he will find in these two articles all the elements which the system requires in just about the right proportion. But who knows how to eat? The old prayer in its application to the most of us should be extended—"Give us this day our daily food, and tell us what kind of food we should daily eat." This prayer is really answered by chemistry and physiology; but the world turns up its precious nose at the studies of chemistry and physiology as applied to the kitchen and the stomach. It does very well to compound medicines and hair-dyes, cosmetics, paints, dyestuffs, material for manufacture and commerce; but when chemistry in cooking is the subject, science is flouted, and folly and appetite are enthroned.

THE SINS OF PARENTS VISITED ON THEIR CHILDREN, EVEN TO THE THIRD AND FOURTH GENERATION.—The history of four generations of a family, as sketched by M. Morel, a distinguished French writer, is full of instruction in this matter. Given in the *Herald of Health*, it is as follows:

"*First Generation*—The father was an habitual drunkard, and was killed in a public-house brawl.

"*Second Generation*—The son inherited his father's habits, which gave rise to attacks of mania, terminating in paralysis and death.

"*Third Generation*—The grandson was strictly sober, but was full of hypochondriacal and imaginary fears of persecution, etc., and had homicidal tendencies.

"*Fourth Generation*—The fourth in descent had very limited intelligence, and had an attack of madness when sixteen years old, terminating in stupidity, nearly amounting to idiocy. With him the family probably becomes extinct. And thus we perceive the persistence of the taint in the fact that a generation of absolute temperance will not avert the fatal issue."

SMALL-POX.—A few days ago a starchily-dressed individual called at an out-of-the-way shop on Howard Street, New Orleans, over

which swung the sign of "Dr. Jiffries." "Is the doctor in?" he inquired of a dilapidated colored man who answered his summons. "He am dat, sar!" "Tell him I think I have symptoms of small-pox, and wish to consult him." The whites of Sambo's eyes grew intense. "Golly, boss, what you say?" "Tell the doctor I'm sick with the small-pox." The astonished African gave a wild leap, and darting through an inner door, cried out, "Leave dis yer house; I don't want no small-pox!" "But the doctor?" "Golly, boss, I'se the doctor, but I ain't good at small-pox." —*N. O. Picayune.*

Our Country and Its Resources.

That which makes a good Constitution must keep it, viz., men of wisdom and virtue; qualities that, because they descend not with worldly inheritance, must be carefully propagated by a virtuous education of youth.—*William Penn.*

IN THE MAMMOTH CAVE WITHOUT A GUIDE.

BY R. S. WILLIAMS.

[CONCLUDED FROM MAY NUMBER.]

A SHOCK that nearly threw us out announced the passage of the lake accomplished, and we moved on through the "Great Walk," over a floor of yellow river sand, and under a ceiling of white limestone, which looked very much like clouds in the evening sky, to "Echo River," where we again took a boat. This river is three-fourths of a mile in length, and varies from ten to thirty feet in depth. Two boats are kept in the stream, as there are two landings, from either of which we could have embarked as we went in. A rise of three feet closes the first, and compels visitors to go a quarter of a mile farther, through a small avenue called "Purgatory." The ceiling at the first landing stoops to within three feet of the surface, but almost immediately rises to ten or fifteen feet. The river was generally twenty to forty feet wide, but at one point I noticed, as we were pulled along by the wall, that the weak light of the lamps did not reveal the opposite shore. During the voyage, the ladies broke out into a lively song, which dispelled the effect of the gloomy passage and roused the gay spirits of the party. It was well that the flow of wit and humor was not suffered to stop,—at least, not long,—as it enlivened and sustained us through the journey, and proved a sovereign panacea for fatigue.

"Stoop low," cried Matt, as we shot out into

the stream from under the low brow of the arch. But nearly every head got a bump.

"Ye are a stiff-necked and rebellious people," quoted Miss Sallie, as she coolly turned to pick up her chignon, which had been rudely detached from her head by the concussion, and lay a ruined heap on the bottom of the boat.

The echo of the song on the water, returning from the recesses of the cavern, had a pleasing effect, but was not nearly as perfect as I had anticipated. The firing of a pistol made a terrible report, and the reverberations continued several seconds after the discharge.

Landing in "Silliman's Avenue," a large avenue one and a half miles in length, about thirty feet high, and ranging from twenty to two hundred feet wide, we walked a short distance, and sat down to rest. This avenue is supposed to be of more recent formation than the rest of the cave. It was named in honor of Professor Silliman. Here Miss Sallie proposed to leave her disordered head-dress until our return.

"Oh, don't do that, for it will soon be lunch-time," exclaimed Dave, in comic dismay.

"What if it will? You don't expect to eat that thing?" said the unsuspecting maiden, holding up the dilapidated article, with an air of supreme disgust.

"No, indeed; but some of us will have to chew for you if you don't keep your chin on!"

"Well, I don't see how you can go on in that way," said the old lady, in a tone so weak and doleful that we all began to sympathize with her and endeavor to cheer her up. It was useless, however. She was completely broken down with fatigue, and positively declared that it was utterly impossible for her to go another step farther, "not if there was a fortune to be made every yard of the way."

Here was a dilemma that transcended all the difficulties of Fat Man's Misery. The expedition threatened to end ingloriously right there, and consternation seized the little party, whose voices were instantly united to persuade our *protégé* to try and go through with it.

"Indeed we can't stop here," was the burden of all that was said.

It was even proposed to make a litter and carry the old lady, but there was no material at hand for the purpose. Finding that no way could be devised to get her forward, it was then suggested that she should remain, retaining two of the lamps, till we returned on our way out. But she would not entertain that proposition for a moment. She would die, she said, of the utter loneliness and gloom and awful silence of the cavern; and as we looked around us, and observed the faint light of all the lamps together, and the darkness gathered close about us like a wall, we felt the full force of her objection. There was but one alternative—either we must give up the journey and all return together, or we must let Matt take the old lady out while we prosecuted the expedition without him. The first plan was discarded almost as soon as it was proposed. The disappointment it involved was more than we were willing to submit to. The old lady evidently felt the difficulty of the situation, and regretted it as much as any of us. In the serious dilemma in which her own imprudence had placed us some might have felt inclined to reproach her for her folly in bringing disaster upon the party; but when we saw that her feelings had been so wrought upon by her concern for the unfortunate mischance that she was really crying, the spectacle of an old lady in tears dissolved every feeling of resentment, and with the utmost delicacy we forbore to utter a word that could be construed into anything like a reproach, or even to discuss the affair in the light of a misfortune. Grave as it was, we affected to treat it lightly, and hid our anxiety for the fate of our expedition under our interest for her safe return.

In canvassing the alternative, it was urged that the guide could return or send for us as soon as he reached the hotel; but it was plain that his progress would be so slow, owing to the feebleness of his charge, that it would take him nearly as long to get out as the entire route generally occupied. Still, by exercising great caution and prudence, we need fear nothing worse than a few hours' delay in the cave, for which we were amply provided, both with oil and food. At length the whole case was fairly stated, *pro* and *con*, to the ladies, who had taken but little part in the discussion, and the decision was left with them. Their consultation was brief and their "verdict" unanimous. They said:

"We have perfect confidence in the gallantry, courage, prudence, and judgment of the gentlemen, and we are entirely willing to trust them to take us safely through."

That settled the question. With three cheers for the ladies, we gathered up our lamps, slung the basket of lunch over the shoulder of one of the gentlemen, told Matt that his occupation was gone, and that henceforth we intended to run the Mammoth Cave ourselves, bade our *protégé* an affectionate farewell, and started forward with light hearts and free steps, confident of a successful issue to the adventure. We forgot the oil-can! but that proved, in the end, only an inconvenience, not a disaster. Once to ourselves, we did not conceal from the ladies the serious nature of the undertaking: but one and all, while determining that we would not omit the slightest precaution, resolved also that we would not suffer the situation to weigh upon the spirits and mar the enjoyment of the party. By common consent I took the lead, with Price, Curtis, Grimstead, Rucker, and Miss Minnie, active and keen-eyed, close up to the front. The other four, who had exhibited some tendency to gush and whisper soft nonsense, were allowed a little more string; but all were instructed to keep within easy reach of conversation, as much for the sake of the general interest and amusement, as for an effectual precaution against going astray. Thus marshaled we advanced bravely to attack and disperse the gloom and shadows of the unknown region, and release the wonders they held imprisoned.

"Now, then—onward! voyagers and voyageresses. Ulysses and his crew begin their wanderings."

"Yes," said Dave; "but we are taking Searcy the sigher in with us!"

"Horrible pun!" exclaimed the victim at

whom the crooked shaft was aimed. "Rather let us be the Argonauts in search of the Golden Fleece."

"Mercenary wretch!" ejaculated Dave. "But I can not blame you. It would be very sweet to say, 'I have found me deah.' Argonauts be it then, and let us argue naught ill from the absence of the guide."

A unanimous and indignant protest put a stop to his execrable puns for a time. We were in "Cascade Hall," a large chamber about two hundred feet in width, from which an avenue leads off to "Roaring River." The ceiling of the Hall was probably twenty feet high, and a small cascade falling from it had given the name to the room.

Not far from this point is "Dripping Spring," which is formed by water dripping from the ceiling; and its vicinity is graced by a few curious stalactites and stalagmites.

Leaving the spring we entered the "Infernal Regions," a wild-looking place, where the floor is wet, slippery, and irregular, and we had to move slowly and with care to avoid a fall; but I could see no special reason for selecting this particular part of the cave to bear so expressive a name.

Passing the "Sea Serpent," a large crevice winding across the ceiling, we climbed the "Hill of Fatigue" with but little difficulty, and shortly afterward our attention was attracted by an immense rock which projected into the avenue from the left wall, and bore a remarkable resemblance to the stern of a monster ship, with the rudder turned to one side. It was known as the "Great Western," and was probably twice as large as the stern of the steamer *Great Eastern*.

"The 'Flying Dutchman,'" said Dave—and really the fancy did not seem out of place. "The Gnomes are her carpenters, and she is laid up here for repairs. But what have we here? I have heard of English rabbits and Welsh rare-bits, but this is evidently a relic of the paleozoic age. What gigantic animals they had then—when a single hare would last the family table for a week! And how the game has dwindled! But there is one consolation: the pests have fallen off in proportion. Fancy a flea as big as your thumb gnawing a hole in your leg—or a musquito coming right at you with a bill like a cavalryman's saber. Ugh! I am satisfied with things as they are."

The object which elicited this outburst was a large stone called the "Rabbit," which closely resembled the animal after which it was named.

"It is the last of the 'Dead Rabbits,'" said Price, as we walked on, and shortly after entered a wide room in which it is said that Ole Bull, who visited the cave on his first tour in this country, treated the party with him to an extempore concert. Since then the room has borne the name of "Ole Bull's Concert Room."

We had traversed Silliman's Avenue, and now entered another, two miles in length, more wild and rugged than the last, appearing as if the forces employed in its excavation had been ruder and more powerful. It was the "Pass of El Ghor."

The "Hanging Rocks" were the first object of interest we encountered. Huge masses of rock were heaped up over the avenue in such a position that they appeared as if on the point of falling and closing up the passage. They presented even a more dangerous aspect than Scotchman's Trap, and might well excuse some hesitation among us before we ventured to trust ourselves beneath them. But we had been told that no rock had been known to fall from the walls or ceiling of the cave since its discovery, and we passed on under the impending masses with careful tread and almost suspended breath.

The ceiling of a chamber a short distance beyond this point was covered with small black nodules of gypsum in great numbers, giving it a very peculiar appearance. It bears the appropriate name of "Fly Chamber," the little black crystals looking like vast multitudes of flies clustered on the ceiling.

Farther on, a broad, flat rock, about two feet thick and twenty feet in diameter, projected from the left wall of the avenue one or two feet above the floor. It was called "Table Rock," though the upper surface resembled the back of a turtle much more than the top of a table.

"This beats the iron crown of Hungary," said Dave a few minutes after leaving Table Rock. "The emblem of imperial rule hides itself in the cavernous recesses of the earth, from the face of free and enlightened government."

He pointed to a large circlet of stone about six feet in diameter, and elevated some distance above the floor on the right of the avenue, which was a perfect resemblance of an immense crown, with points regularly placed. It is called the "Crown," and the name conveys the idea of its shape more clearly than in most other instances we observed during our expedition. In a majority of cases it requires

considerable aid from the imagination to invest the object with the character its title would imply.

"That is the crown of the King of Gnomes. Perhaps we could find the crown jewels near," suggested Price.

"We will not stop to search," said I dictatorially, and pushed on to where the avenue divided into two branches. The one leading to the left looked as if it were the one we ought to follow. But, to be sure, I took two of the party with me, and directing the rest to await our return, set out to explore it. It was "Boone's Avenue," and though difficult to travel, possessed some points of interest. In many places the hollow sound of our footfalls indicated caves beneath; and in one little branch the floor was of a crumbling nature, and apparently so thin that I was afraid to venture far, especially as there were no signs of any one having ever been there before. If the floor should give way beneath me there was no telling to what depth I might be plunged. After following the avenue for a mile, we clambered over a very rough and dangerous ledge, and stood on the brink of a deep and terrible pit with a tremendous dome above. The pit seemed to be more than a hundred feet across, and one side of it was partially filled with huge rocks and earth that had fallen from the wall or from above, the rocks lying strewn over the slope in wild confusion. We could hear water dripping into the dark gulf, but could see no bottom; and throwing a stone into it we heard the missile bounding from ledge to ledge for several seconds, till it stopped, or else its sound was lost in the distance. This was one of the most weird and gloomy and awful scenes we encountered while in the cave. As we could see no way of passing this point and continuing our exploration in that direction, we returned to the party, and taking the passage to the right we were soon beneath "Corinna's Dome," a hollow shaft forty feet high and ten feet in diameter, directly over the avenue.

Passing a small pit on the left, called the "Black Hole of Calcutta"—scarcely worth the trouble of naming among so many grander and more wonderful excavations of the kind—we explored a small avenue which branches off to the left, in which was a magnificent cupola two hundred and fifty feet high, entitled "Stella's Dome."

Returning toward the main passage we struck the "Chimes," some depending rocks which have a musical ring on receiving a smart

blow, and bestowing little attention on "Wellington's Gallery," which, possessing no object of special interest, was scarcely worthy of the name of the "Iron Duke," we turned to the right through a small and narrow way, and soon found ourselves at "Hebe's Spring." This is one of the most beautiful springs that ever thirsty traveler drank from. It is in a wild-looking recess under a flight of steps that leads to "Martha's Vineyard," and the water is cold and so perfectly transparent that, in stepping near to dip up cupfuls for the party, I stretched out my foot to brace myself against some stones I thought were at the edge, and to my astonishment plunged ankle-deep in the pool. In fact, it is impossible to see the water unless it is agitated, when the ripples rise to view and glisten in the lamplight. The pool of the spring is four or five feet across, and about eighteen inches deep. The water at the bottom has a slight taste of sulphur, being charged with sulphuretted hydrogen; but at the top it is free from any foreign substance. While we stood and drank, dipping the water by the cupful from near the surface, we did not perceive the sulphur; but when we immersed a bucket, disturbing the pool and bringing up the fluid from the bottom, the presence of sulphur was very evident. The spring is, therefore, fed from two veins, one entering near the bottom and tinged with sulphur, the other of pure cold water entering near the surface of the pool. A bucket is kept here for the convenience of visitors who often dine in "Washington Hall," some distance beyond, and carrying a bucketful of water from the spring to that point, bring back the empty bucket on their return.

Having satisfied our thirst by copious draughts of the delicious beverage, we left the spring, and mounting two flights of steps we stood in Martha's Vineyard, some twenty feet above the pass of El Ghor. A large stalagmite projecting from the right wall of this comparatively small chamber is called the "Battering Ram;" a long stalactite nine or ten inches in circumference, extending from the floor to the ceiling, is called the "Grape Vine," and all over the walls and ceiling are large bunches or clusters of nodules of carbonate of lime, stained with black oxide of iron, which, from their resemblance to grapes, gave the name to the chamber. They present a very singular and curious appearance, and have a striking effect in the fitful lamplight. At this point, as the party was tired and hungry, and there was an abundance of good water at the

oot of the steps, it was proposed and unanimously carried that we should investigate the contents of our lunch basket, which was consequently politely handed over to the ladies.

"Help yourselves," said Miss Sallic, lifting the cover and selecting a dainty bit of chicken.

"Never!" shouted Morris, the parliamentarian, indignantly. "I call for a division."

"I move to lay it on the table," said the writer, who had caught the funny fever.

"The eyes have it—give the mouths a chance!" cried sweet Miss Minnie, whose lustrous brown orbs looked as innocent of a joke as a lamb of murder.

And in obedience to the general demand, all were speedily fixed in comfortable positions, and the provisions suitably distributed.

"Oh, Lordy!" exclaimed Dave with a comical grimace that gave a most ludicrous expression of dismay to his countenance, "what have I sat down on?"

"You careless fellow!" cried Miss Frankie, in a voice half tear, half laughter; "they were pumpkin pies, and you've squashed 'em!"

The mischievous youth was unceremoniously hustled off his perch, when it was discovered that, before taking his seat, he had slyly removed the pies to a safe place.

"I drink to my lady-love," said Searcy, lifting a cup of water to his lips. "Lovelier than Hebe's self, had she been attendant on the gods they would have spurned the nectar to sip delightful intoxication from her rosy lips."

"And I drink to mine," cried Morris, with a significant glance at Miss Frankie. "Her heart is as warm as her eyes are bright, and her soul is as pure and transparent as Hebe's Spring."

"Carry out the simile," said Dave.

"How?"

"Slightly tinged with brimstone!"

"Out upon the calumnious suggestion!"

"Love is all very well," said Dave, with the grave air of a sage; "but it leads to matrimony,—and there's the rub! The moment your sweetheart gets you to submit to the bridal, you're saddled, with her at least, for life."

"Fie, sir!" exclaimed Miss Minnie; "you deserve the halter for that ungallant speech."

Amid general merriment the lunch was finished. It was an ample, substantial, and comfortable repast; and with spirits and strength revived and invigorated by rest and refreshment, we deposited the basket and bucket in a corner to await our return, and trimming our lamps we prepared to proceed on our voyage of exploration. Thus far we had come

safely, and knew we were on the right road. The indications at this point were unmistakable. But at several points we had passed over (and at many yet to come, as we discovered during our progress) the absence of any marks of travel was the cause of considerable confusion and doubt. But we did not dream of giving up the adventure, nor of pausing long enough for the guide to come up. The suggestion would not have found a second in the party. Our success so far had given us increased confidence,—the enterprise had a spice of interest from its novelty,—and we should have been much more disappointed than pleased had a guide overtaken us at this stage of the journey. As we moved out of the Vineyard, discussing the chances of success, Dave stumbled and measured his length on the floor.

"That is a bad omen to start with," said I.

His peculiar vein of humor seemed, like the strength of the ancient wrestler, to be revived by his contact with the earth.

"If you had my debts," he answered, "you would think them a worse owe-men than that to start with."

Washington Hall, which we soon entered, is sixty by one hundred feet, and eighteen or twenty feet high. From this hall "Marion's Avenue," about a mile and a half in length, leads off to some interesting and attractive localities.

But we followed the main route, and at some distance farther on we stood entranced in "Snowball Room." This is a large and beautiful chamber, and we lingered in it for some time, admiring the formations it contained. The ceiling is covered with white balls of gypsum varying from two to four inches in diameter,—snowy semi-globes that look exactly as if an army of schoolboys had been turned loose in the room, and in their play hundreds of snowballs had been thrown up against the ceiling, where they clung, retaining their freshness and color and shape. It is said that the dampness of the atmosphere in this chamber prevents the gypsum from assuming the form of flowers and filaments, as in other parts of the cave. This was the first exhibition of the kind we had seen since we entered the cavern, and coming upon it suddenly and unexpectedly, it had a striking and impressive effect.

But it was the gateway, as it were, to a very Eden of luxuriant displays of a similar character. Shortly after leaving Snowball Room we entered "Cleveland's Cabinet," which I regard as by far the most beautiful and attractive avenue in the cave. It is nearly two miles

long, about sixty feet wide, and from ten to twenty feet high, and contains in rich profusion various beautiful and curious forms of saline efflorescence.

We had hardly entered the Cabinet when we paused in awe and wonder before the lovely vision revealed in "Mary's Bower." The walls and ceiling were literally covered with an abundance of flowers of gypsum, which appeared in the shape of rosettes. Though varying in size, they were exquisitely formed, being as perfect and shapely as if from the hand of the most skillful artist. It was an exhibition of white stucco that no human hand can equal, and produced an effect which is beyond my powers of description. It was a vision of beauty surpassing anything we had anticipated. I had stood amid many grand and lovely scenes, but never before was I so impressed with a sense of the wonderful in Nature's handiwork; never before had I observed such a perfect union of the sublime and the beautiful,—an achievement that is the true climax of all high art. Here, amid scenes of wild and rugged grandeur, nestled one of such transcendent loveliness that we saw realized in it the splendors of which the Eastern poets dreamed. Through a large portion of this avenue similar exudations are seen in as rich profusion, sometimes in a different form, but the prevailing shape is that of the rosette. The plaster folioles were of a snowy whiteness, almost transparent, and shone brightly in the light of the lamps. For some distance almost every turn revealed new beauties, until the eye was gorged with its luxurious feast.

Beyond the Bower two large crevices in the ceiling intersect each other at right angles, and being lined with rosettes of gypsum, look like a cross decorated with flowers. The appropriate name of the "Cross" is given to the figure thus formed.

The "Mammary Ceiling" next elicited our admiration. Here the exuding plaster was observed in ripple-shaped projections from which the ceiling derived its name.

"This ought to be called Baby Paradise," whispered Dave, in whom no feeling could long repress his humorous whims.

Then followed more exhibitions of beautiful forms of gypsum, chiefly rosettes, till we arrived at the "Last Rose of Summer," a very large one in the center of the ceiling, perfect in shape and marking a temporary suspension of these elegant formations.

The "Dining Table" was but a short distance from the Last Rose of Summer. It was

a large flat rock, fifteen by thirty feet, which had evidently fallen from the ceiling. It is said that Jenny Lind visited the cave during her tour in this country, and dined at this point. At the left of the Table was a little alcove entitled "Bacchus's Glory," which was lined with grape-like nodules like those in Martha's Vineyard.

"As we have already dined," said I, pressing on, "we will decline the silent invitation the table presents."

"To a feast without honey and without price," added Dave.

"Not without me," said Price, just behind us, "if there is anything good to eat."

"What a fellow!" exclaimed Dave. "*Né pour digestion*—his tongue is but the *huissier* to his stomach."

A little farther on we entered "St. Cecilia's Grotto," which presented another gorgeous scene of Oriental magnificence in its elegant profusion of our favorite rosettes. The flowers here were generally larger than the average we had previously observed, but the beauty of the chamber was of the same striking and impressive character. It was wonderful to observe closely the formation of the rosettes. Each was composed of a number of leaves or fibers curling outward from a common center; and whether the flower was large or small, the fibers in each were perfectly uniform and regular in size and shape. We did not notice a single instance of deformity among all we examined.

We lingered in this grotto, as in the others, loth to withdraw our gaze from its beautiful stuccoes, and wishing that it were possible for us to detach a specimen entire for each to carry home as a memento of the visit—yet feeling that it would be an act of vandalic desecration to deprive the chamber of a single one of its lovely ornaments. Looking forward to the discovery of new wonders, we at length pushed on to "Diamond Grotto," so named from the fact that the light of the swinging lamps is reflected in bright gem-like sparkles from the crystals of selenite with which it is lined.

Leaving this second grotto we soon reached the last one—"Charlotte's Grotto"—the termination of the avenue named in honor of Prof. Cleveland, the celebrated mineralogist. This grotto exhibited fibrous formations of gypsum which covered its walls with a snowy glory. These incrustations were woven into a thousand fantastic shapes, and we were as much occupied in tracing out their almost endless contortions as in admiring their beauty. Had

we known that these were the last of such graceful and lovely formations to be seen on our route, we should have taken our departure from Cleveland's Cabinet with more regret. But it is well that the gift of prophecy is lost, and that the future is a sealed book which must be opened leaf by leaf before its contents become known. The truth of this reflection is a matter of daily observation, as well in the lighter as in the graver concerns of life.

The route from this point assumed a rougher aspect, growing more dismal and gloomy till we reached the foot of "Rocky Mountain," an immense pile of rocks that had fallen from above and heaped themselves up in the passage to the height of one hundred feet. Up this hill we climbed with considerable toil and pains, and from the top we peered down into the deep gloom of "Dismal Hollow," just in front of us. Bringing all the lamps to bear at once, the keenest eyes among us were scarcely able to penetrate to the bottom, seventy feet below where we stood.

A short avenue on the right led to "Sandstone Dome," the stone of which it is composed indicating that the cave at this point approaches near the surface of the earth.

Turning to the left we crossed a deep valley, and climbing another rocky hill a short walk brought us to "Groghan's Hall," *the end of the Long Route!* When the suspicion began to dawn upon our minds that we had accomplished our task, and that, too, without mishap of any kind, we set diligently to work to assure ourselves of the fact. But there could be no mistake about it. There was no outlet to be found except by the way we came,—unless, indeed, we could find one by plunging into the "Maelstrom," a fearful pit about twenty feet wide and nearly two hundred feet deep at the right of the hall. As soon as the fact was definitely settled,—as soon as we were satisfied beyond the possibility of a doubt that we had traveled to the end of the famous Long Route of the Mammoth Cave without a guide,—the caps of the gentlemen and the hats of the ladies were thrown in air, and a hearty cheer went up that woke the echoes in the cave as they had seldom been waked before. Then each sought a comfortable position for rest, and there ensued a merry chat, in which was reviewed the entire journey with its difficulties and its pleasures, mingled with some pardonable exultation at our successful accomplishment of what was certainly a rare and at least a reputedly dangerous undertaking. Two or three hours previously, we had extinguished two of our lamps

so as not to consume the oil they contained. These were lighted, and the rest extinguished.

Some measured the depth of the Maelstrom by hurling large rocks into the yawning mouth, listening to their increasing whirr as they gained velocity in their descent, and counting the seconds till the splash announcing their arrival at the bottom. This pit was explored some years ago by Courtland Prentice, eldest son of the distinguished journalist Geo. D. Prentice—both now dead—who was let down into its murky depths by means of a long rope. The papers of the period contained a highly colored and somewhat apocryphal account of the descent. There are avenues leading from the bottom, but they have never been explored.

It is said that rats, lizards, and crickets are sometimes found in Groghan's Hall. Crickets are not uncommon in other parts of the cave, and eyeless fish and crawfish are found in most of the waters. They are both white in color, and the fish, which resemble a small catfish in shape, are believed to be viviparous, though I could discover no indications of mammæ in the specimen I examined. Ordinary fish, crawfish, and frogs are also found in the cave, coming in with the influx of the waters of the vicinity when there has been a freshet. The rats are described as having a head and eyes like a rabbit; hair gray on the back like a squirrel, and white on the legs and abdomen. The lizards, it is said, are from three to five inches long, with large protruding eyes, and their color is yellow dotted with black spots. The crickets resemble those of the fields, except that their antennæ are longer, and that they never chirp. Though both guide-book and guides mention the last three instances of animal life as especially noticeable at this point, we searched in vain for any sign of them during our stay of nearly an hour in the hall. One can imagine the terror that would be inspired by a concert of frogs at Echo River—the double-bass croakers piping their hoarse throats in the darkness of the cavern, and frightened by the harsh echoes that return from its recesses.

At the end of the hall a huge, rough-surfaced stalagmite projected from the wall. Its yellow color and general appearance would have justified the name of the "Golden Fleece" quite as much as most of the objects in the cave vindicated, in their shape, their claim to the titles they bore.

"We have found the fleece," said Miss Minnie, laying her hand upon it.

"No,—we won't find the fleas till we go to bed at the hotel to-night," said Dave.

This outrageous calumny on Mr. Proctor's excellent beds and carefully kept rooms provoked a derisive shout of laughter.

"Well," said Dave, oracularly, "the wicked fleas, when no man pursueth, can't escape the nimble fingers of the women. The most interesting sight in the world is a bevy of keen-eyed, quick-fingered maidens hunting—"

"Hold your tongue, sir! What do you know about it?" cried Miss Sallie. "Be silent for at least three seconds, or I shall explode this torpedo and blow you to punster's Paradise."

She was pushing at a stalagmite rooted firmly to the rocky floor of the hall. It was about two feet high and six or eight inches thick, and exactly resembled a huge torpedo set on the broad end. A little hollow, about as large as a partridge egg, in the very point, showed where the water dripped to which it owed its formation.

Not far from this a large rock rested in such a position as to afford an excellent stand from behind which to address an audience in the hall. Another rock just in the rear of it furnished the platform for the speaker. From this natural hustings I put to the assembly the various questions brought up for discussion, and near it, before we left on our return to the region of trees and flowers and sunlight, we built a monument of the loose stones lying around.

Of course the question of our return was not as serious as that of our advance had been; though there were the same dangers to encounter, and some arms of the cave led off from the route in a direction that was more calculated to mislead a party going out than one coming in. But we had no doubt of our ability to make our way out in safety. The adventure we had undertaken might have been really dangerous; no party of strangers ever before attempted it; but while we were on the route it did not occur to any of us that it was at all foolhardy. The impression was spontaneous that we only needed to exercise reasonable caution and judgment in order to succeed. With care we could avoid the pits, and that left us no danger to encounter except that of losing our way, which, as I have before remarked, was not of very great consequence, as a few hours would certainly bring a guide to our relief. In short, the ease with which we had accomplished what we had been led to suppose was almost impossible, was such as to suggest the conclusion that the stories told by the guides were fictions, invented and rehearsed to give the visitors a vivid impression of the

invaluable services of their conductors, and thus produce a satisfactory amount of *back-sheesh*. I understand that the position of guide is not an unprofitable one, though the salary attached to it is small,—the liberal presents of visitors amounting to a considerable item in the course of a season.

Having slaked our thirst at a clear, cold pool on the floor of the hall, which received its supply of water from the ceiling, and being thoroughly rested, we relighted our lamps, and extinguishing the two to be held in reserve, we set out on our return, giving a farewell glance at the gloomy gorge of Dismal Hollow as we passed above it, and scrambling down the precipitous side of Rocky Mountain in a manner even less dignified, if more rapid, than we had ascended it. We achieved the descent with a few bruises and a rent or two, and were moving swiftly forward when we caught the gleam of a light ahead of us, in the vicinity of Charlotte's Grotto, and suddenly called a halt. We had heard of foul air in mines, of fire-damp that was dangerous, and many of us had seen the wild jack-o'-lanterns that sometimes appear in marshy regions; and as we were strangers in a strange place we deemed it advisable to await a farther development of the phenomenon.

"The jealous proprietor of some rival wonder has set the cave on fire, to burn it up,—the sacrilegious incendiary!" exclaimed Dave.

In the mean time the light came nearer, and the explanation of the occurrence appeared in the shape of Hunt, one of the regular guides, whom Old Matt had sent back from beyond the river to bring us out. We were pleased to have him with us, as we wanted our lamps filled, and were anxious to see him illuminate various scenes we had passed; and we were, moreover, curious to know the names of all the points of interest that had attracted our notice,—in all of which we were gratified. I have thought it best to give the names in relating the advance of our party, though I gathered them from the guide as we returned.

"Ho, stranger from the realm of day!" cried Rucker; "why didn't you shoulder a great beam of sunlight and bring it in with you?"

"He did,—but it melted," said Dave.

"No it didn't," said Miss Minnie; "he let it fall, and it broke into a thousand brilliant sparkles."

"What! the sunbeam?"

"Yes."

"'It's all in your eye,' Miss Minnie," said Dave gallantly.

"You won't find it as pleasant outside as it

was," remarked the guide; "there's been a powerful storm."

"Thunder! you don't say so?" exclaimed Price.

"Yes—thunder 'n lightning' too, an' high wind an' rain."

And we had been in blissful innocence of any commotion outside of our own little party! The sound of thunder never penetrates to the recesses of the cave. It is as dead to the tumults of the outer world as if there were no world outside of its own dark chambers.

Our lamps were soon filled, and retracing our route we enjoyed the review, with the explanations of the guide, almost as much as we did the first view of the splendid scenery. We reached the hotel at 9½ o'clock P.M., just twelve hours from the time at which we left it in the morning. After partaking of an excellent supper, we spent a pleasant hour in the parlor, and then retired to revisit in dreams those scenes of our day's journey that had impressed themselves most strongly upon our minds. For my own part, after aiding Aladdin in his search among the splendid treasures of the mountain cave, for his wonderful lamp,

I undertook to explore the Bottomless Pit head foremost, and woke to find myself on the floor, and daylight streaming in the window, while the breakfast-bell was rung with a scientific clang that sounded exactly like: "Come-get-up!—come-get-up!"

As this article has already transcended the limits I had prescribed for it, I will conclude with the remark, that we found, on reaching the hotel after our journey through the cave, that Matt had faithfully conducted the old lady out of the yawning depths into which she had so rashly plunged to satisfy the longing of a lifetime; but though he retired in good order, notwithstanding his frequent resort to his flask, he did so at so slow a pace, owing to the fatigue and feebleness of his charge, that he reached the hotel only about twenty minutes before our own arrival there. I was, myself, tired enough on getting out to cry *pec-cav-i*, and ever since I have fancied that my voice had a hollow sound. If anybody opposes me on any of my favorite hobbies, I feel a strong desire either to cave in or to cave his head in; and I have not yet ceased to sign my letters,

Yours cavernously.

J. M. HUTCHINGS,

FIRST SETTLER OF THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

HERE are large perceptive faculties, and great powers of observation. A love for travel and for exploration would be only a little less than his love for home. To see the world, and all there is in it, would feed these ever-hungry faculties. There is much push and perseverance here; a love of liberty and sense of independence which inclines him to be captain rather than mate. There is also a spirit of deference and respect for worthy objects, as well as of personal dignity and self-respect. He possesses a degree of assurance which enables him to feel perfectly at home everywhere; a consciousness that a man is a man, and that he himself is as good as the best. He is cool, self-possessed, courageous,—not aggressive, but full of pluck and self-defense. He will

not fight for fun, nor for pay, but for his rights. He is clear, quick, penetrating, intuitive, more than a match, even, for the Indian, the politician, or the "heathen Chinee." He has excellent mechanical skill; is inventive, and can plan, contrive, and execute. His Acquisitiveness is moderate, and he is not greedy. With him, money is only valuable as a means. He is more generous to others than just to himself. He is broad and liberal in religion, rather than narrow and bigoted. Socially, he is very affectionate, almost motherly in his love for children, and is eminently adapted to the matrimonial relations. In short, he is at once a pioneer, a navigator, explorer, discoverer, a student in the natural sciences, an author, lecturer, a farmer, surveyor, engineer, architect, builder, mer-

chant, hotel-keeper, postmaster, and man-of-all-work. More than all, he is a scholarly Christian gentleman.

He is well proportioned; stands nearly six feet high; is tough, wiry, and enduring, if not athletic. His complexion is florid; eyes black; hair originally dark brown, now almost white; features regular but striking. It is a head, face, and character once seen, not to be forgotten.

making numerous notes from personal observation from one end of California to the other. The first number of *Hutchings' Illustrated California Magazine* was issued July 1st, 1856, and continued until June, 1861. He then sold it, intending to spend his future in the great Yosemite Valley. In 1860 and 1861 he prepared and published a volume entitled "Scenes of Wonder and Curiosity in California," which was illustrated with one hundred and twelve engravings, twenty-eight



PORTRAIT OF J. M. HUTCHINGS.

J. M. HUTCHINGS is of English parentage and birth. He came to the United States in the fifteenth year of his age, and resided in the State of Louisiana until 1849, when he embarked for California in the autumn of that year, where he followed mining and surveying for three years. Possessed of a literary disposition, he commenced collecting material for an illustrated magazine. He procured over a thousand sketches, besides

of which were of scenery in the Yosemite Valley. He has written many newspaper articles concerning that most wonderful locality, and probably has written more and striven harder than any other man to introduce the wonders of the Yosemite Valley to public notice.

He purchased the pre-emption right of one hundred and sixty acres of land in the valley, which had been taken up and occupied from

1856 to 1864, with a view to permanently settling there. He visited it twice during the year 1861, with his wife, but it being rumored that this valley, situated as it is in the very heart of the Sierras, and within twenty-five miles of their very summits, was uninhabitable during the winter, because, among other things, of snow drifting into it from the surrounding mountains to a very great depth, he determined to visit it in winter and determine the facts for himself. Accordingly on the first day of January, 1862, he started on his journey of investigation; but after being some days on the way, the difficulties of travel became so great as to induce him to return and await a more propitious season. In the March following he again left San Francisco for Yosemite, joined by two friends. They proceeded for several days, when the hardships of traveling became so severe, and the obstacles in their way so difficult to overcome, that his friends refused to proceed farther, and he went on alone.

After a toilsome journey of eleven days, through snow-covered and pathless forests, crossing steep and rough ridges and brush-tangled gulches, and ascending almost impassable cañons, sleeping at night where any rock or tree afforded its shelter and protection, and never making over three miles a day, he reached Yosemite, and obtained the information he so highly prized and so dearly bought.

After his return from this trip, he and the owners of the property he wanted could not agree upon the terms of purchase, and the removal to Yosemite was postponed. But in March, 1864, he again visited the place, determined that if the land, etc., could not be bought on reasonable terms, he would remove his family to the valley and settle upon some other piece of public land, then entirely unoccupied and fully open to settlement. Then, however, satisfactory terms were agreed upon, and the property was bought by Mr. Hutchings, and on the 20th day of May, 1864, he, with his family, reached Yosemite and took possession of his future home.

Of course, he soon found that the improvements made, though substantial and commodious, required many additions, and he immediately set to work on such a scale as his

means would allow. Numerous farm buildings were erected, corrals and fences built, a good bridge was constructed across the Merced River, and one over Yosemite Creek; land was broken up, and roots were dug up by wagon-loads; an orchard of about two hundred choice fruit-trees was planted, which is now in bearing; over an acre of strawberry plants was set out, besides raspberry, blackberry, gooseberry, currant, and grape vines, all of which are, for the most part, very productive. Besides these, a vegetable garden was put in good order, and a sufficient supply annually grown for all needful purposes. Cereals and cultivated grasses have also been grown. In addition to these he has dug ditches for drainage and irrigation. In fact, by trying to do everything possible to become a progressive farmer and make the place produce a living for himself and family, Mr. Hutchings has spent many thousands of dollars—all that remained to him of over twenty-one years of labor in California, in addition to the labor of himself and family, upon the farm in Yosemite. Besides this, they have spent their summers in the arduous duties of hotel-keeping, that thereby their means for improving their homestead might be increased and the place made still more pleasant to visitors, every dollar of the means thus procured has been faithfully applied to this purpose.

In 1859, Mr. J. C. Lamon also obtained 160 acres of land, and has devoted his time to cultivating it and rendering it valuable by the planting of hundreds of fruit-trees and the raising of berries of various kinds and in large quantities, and in all ways endeavoring to beautify his home and increase its value.

The State of California applied to Congress for a gift of the Valley of the Yosemite for a public park or visiting-ground, and it was granted, without any reservation of the claims of Messrs. Hutchings and Lamon; but the Legislature of California promptly relinquished all the lands belonging to these gentlemen, by a vote of fifty-five in the Assembly and an almost unanimous vote in the Senate. The Legislature of California memorialized Congress by concurrent resolutions to ratify their action in the premises, and also "instructed her senators and requested her representatives to use all fair and honorable

means to procure the passage of an act of Congress ratifying and confirming the act of the Legislature."

But the commissioners having charge of this valley for the park project have endeavored to eject the owners from their three hundred and twenty acres of land, and have commenced suits at law for that purpose. Messrs. Hutchings and Lamon have memorialized Congress to make an amendment of the act of cession to the State of California so as to exempt their property from confiscation. These gentlemen have offered to sell to the State their property, on which they have spent many thousands of dollars, for such sum as an impartial commission should decide upon. But the Park Commissioners seem determined to grasp the whole, and deprive these hardy pioneers of the earnings of a lifetime.

When it is remembered that the claim covers but a small part of this wonderful valley, and that it is by the efforts of these men, and by the writings of Mr. Hutchings in particular, that the valley has become known, and has been rendered a desirable place to visit, by reason in great part of the accommodations which the latter has provided for travelers, it seems unjust that any objection should be thrown in the way of the requisite legislation in the premises.

From an interesting lecture on the wonders of the Yosemite Valley, by Mr. Hutchings, we extract the following:

"Although by frequent visits to Yosemite from 1855, the year it was first made known to the world, to the spring of 1864, in winter as well as in summer, and a permanent residence there with my family of nearly seven years, have made me tolerably familiar with every point of interest, and that, too, under different aspects of light and shade, of sunshine and storm, I must confess to you my conviction of the utter impossibility of any human tongue fully portraying the grandeur and glory of its charm-giving presence. At least a mere and very imperfect idea can be given of it.

"Besides, I believe that I can truthfully say that I should feel more at home in meeting a grizzly bear upon one of our mountain trails than the bright eyes of this audience. Indeed, I am in a new position altogether to-night. As my friends know, when at home in the valley I am bookkeeper, head waiter, and superin-

tendent of the hotel; second nurse in my family; horse and cattle doctor on the farm; gardener, blacksmith, carpenter, millwright, hen-protector, and factotum generally, besides being invested with the dignity and duties of postmaster, at the enormous salary of twelve dollars per annum, perquisites of office included. But I will do my best, and the best of us, you know, can do no more.

"AS TO ITS NAME,
'Yosemite.' It is an Indian word that means 'large grizzly bear,' and is pronounced Yo Semity. The old Indian name of the valley was Ah-wah-ne, and the Indians who inhabited it were 'Ah-wah-ne-chees.' But after one of the chiefs of this tribe had immortalized himself by a hand-to-hand conflict with an enormous grizzly bear, in which he was the victor, he was called 'Yosemite,' and by degrees the valley where he lived was called after him. The whites who were familiar with these facts upon their first visit there approved and indorsed it. Hence the name of this wonderful valley.

"HOW YOSEMITE WAS DISCOVERED.

"During the spring and summer of 1850 the miners and settlers upon the Merced, San Joaquin, Fresno, and Chowchilla rivers were very much troubled by different bands of predatory Indians stealing their cattle and horses. It seemed impossible to discover the thieves or the spot where their live plunder was hidden. Besides, these continuous and successful raids superinduced the belief among the Indians that it would be an easy matter to exterminate the whites altogether, and forever rid their hunting and fighting grounds of the intruder.

"With this end in view, on a bright, crisp morning in November, 1850, a simultaneous attack was made upon all the settlements in the vicinity, when several whites were killed, the habitations plundered and afterward desolated by fire.

"This murderous affray very naturally aroused the spirit of indignation and of retaliation among our people. Volunteers were soon raised, armed, and led to the fight. The peaceful ravines and valleys of the mountains re-echoed to the sounds of war. Victory finally rested upon the banners of the whites, and the marauding Indians were driven and followed into their boasted stronghold of the mountains, the now famous Yosemite. This was in March, 1851.

"Owing to the difficulty of finding their numerous hiding-places, the Indians were not finally subdued and driven out until 1852, when

they escaped to the eastern slope of the Sierras and took refuge with the Monos, a numerous tribe of Indians living in the vicinity of Mono lake. As a reward for the protection and hospitality shown by the Mono brethren, while the latter were absent, the Yosemite stole from them their wives and horses, and drove them into Yosemite. When the Monos returned to their villages and saw what had been done, they induced some Piutes to join them, and then swept down upon the Yosemite like an avalanche or tornado, and nearly exterminated the tribe. Some eight braves, a few old men and women and children were all that were spared to tell the sad story of their annihilation, as a just retribution and reward for their ingratitude.

"THE YOSEMITE VALLEY

is a deep mountain-walled gorge, sleeping in the very heart of the Sierra Nevadas, about 150 miles east of San Francisco, and within twenty-five miles of their topmost crest. It is a little over seven miles in length, and from half a mile to a mile and a quarter in width, exclusive of the debris at the foot of its walls. Its total area, according to the report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office at Washington, comprises 8,480 acres, 3,109 of which are meadow land.

"The entire grant to the United States, however, embraces 36,111 acres, and includes one mile beyond the edge of the precipice throughout its whole circumference.

"The altitude of the bottom or meadow is 4,060 feet above the sea, while on either side the walls, which are a beautiful gray granite of many shades, rise to the height of from 3,000 to 6,000 feet above the valley, and, as we shall presently see, are of various shapes. Its general course is northeasterly and southwesterly—a fortunate circumstance indeed, as it allows the delightfully bracing northwest wind from the Pacific to sweep pleasantly through it and keep it exceedingly temperate on the hottest of days, and permits the sun to look in upon us from six o'clock in the morning until half-past four in the afternoon.

It is true in the winter the sun does not rise upon our hotel until half-past one o'clock in the afternoon, and sets at half-past three. The thermometer seldom reaches above 86 degrees in summer, or below 16 degrees in winter, although I have seen it for a short time as high as 95 degrees and as low as 7 degrees above zero.

"The first fall rain generally comes about the autumnal equinox, in September, and after a day or two the weather clears up and is fine

until the first week in November, at which time some inches of snow generally falls.

"It was in this storm that Lady Avonmore, better known as the Hon. Mrs. Yelverton, was caught alone, and being lost and benighted, came near losing her life. A few days afterwards it clears up, and then comes the balmy 'Indian summer.' About the end of November or beginning of December, old Winter—he with his hoary locks and unfeeling heart—comes down upon us in good earnest and turns the key. He is an unrelenting old jailer, as he keeps us close prisoners for nearly six months out of twelve. Sometimes our nearest neighbor is thirty miles distant, beyond the trailless forest and over the impassable mountains. But in due time the benignant and long-looked-for and heart-gladdening angel of spring comes, and with her warm, sunny smiles unlocks the prison door and sets us free.

"The rain-fall of Yosemite is generally from twenty-eight to thirty-three inches, exclusive of snow, of which we have a fall of from thirteen to seventeen feet during each winter, but I have never seen there a greater average depth at one time than five feet two inches.

"An Indian mail-carrier brings us our letters, papers, and magazines over the snow once in three months during winter, and, if the weather is favorable, twice in that time.

"RIVERS.

"A remarkably picturesque and beautiful river, the Merced, clear as crystal just from the melting snows of the Sierras, runs through the valley. How suggestive and musical are many of the California names given by the old Spanish padres! The Rio de la Merced is the river of Mercy—the Rio del los Sacramento is the river of the Sacrament, Rio del los Plumas is the river of Feathers.

"WATERFALLS

from 350 feet in height to 3,350 feet leap over the precipices, and forms of inexpressible beauty that change with every instant or with every breeze that plays with them, add their volume to the river and their majesty to the scene. Trees, from the shade-giving oak to the stately pine, are in tolerable abundance from one end of the valley to the other, but which are being rapidly ruined. Patches and stretches of fertile meadow covered with grass and ferns and flowers of endless beauty and variety, their margins set with flowering shrubs which fill the air with perfume, are at intervals on both sides of the river."

It may be added that the number of visitors since the valley has been open to the public,

rates as follows: in 1864, 147; in 1865, 273; 1866, 308; 1867, 591; 1868, 483; 1869, 1,123; 1870, 1,735. A railroad now extends to within fifteen miles of the improvements introduced by Mr. Hutchings.

To those who, from reading this description, might be induced to visit Yosemite, we would add that no one should attempt to make the trip unless he has more than a week to spare from Stockton, the starting-place of the stages, and back. Two weeks would be better, and three weeks would allow time enough to visit also the Big Tree Groves of Mariposa and Calaveras.

Lay in the largest stock of energy and courage you can command, and our word for it, you will need it all. But when you have made up your mind to go, and got fairly started, "don't back out." An invalid woman should not attempt the journey until access to the valley is more feasible than now, which it probably will be in a few years. In our next number we will publish a description of the Mammoth Trees of Calaveras.

AMERICAN IRON INDUSTRY.

THE total product of anthracite pig-iron in the United States has grown from 519,211 tons in 1860 to 971,150 tons in 1869. The products of bituminous coal-furnaces have increased with equal rapidity. It amounted to 553,341 tons in 1869, which was an increase of 63 per cent. over the product of 1868, of 74 per cent. over that of 1869. In 1854, the product in this class was 54,485 tons, since which the annual average increase has been 54½ per cent. The production of charcoal iron in 1869 was 392,150 tons, viz., 88,000 in the New England States, 134,000 in the Middle States, 206,500 in the Western States, and 13,650 in the Southern States. In the Southern States, a number of old charcoal-furnaces that were out of blast when the war ended, have recently been repaired and lighted. Three of these are in Alabama, which State is making a great effort to develop her mineral resources. The total product of pig-iron of all kinds in the United States in 1869 was 1,919,641 tons, having been more than doubled in a period of four years. The production of railroad iron in 1869 reached 593,586 tons, of 2,000 lbs. each, against 189,818 tons in 1861. Of the product of rails for 1869, 1,950 tons were Bessemer steel. During 1869, we imported 945,000 tons, making, with the 593,586 tons manufactured here, a total consumption of 938,586 tons. Taking into consideration the growth of our railroad system, the requirement of the country for the coming five years will

doubtless average over a million tons per annum. The product of rolling mills other than rails, for 1869, was 652,420 tons, comprising 292,500 tons of bar and rod, 36,320 tons sheet, 68,000 tons plate, and 17,200 tons hoop-iron, 156,400 tons spikes and nails, and 72,000 tons axles, etc. Of the same kind of manufactures we imported 120,795 tons, making a total consumption of rolled iron other than rails, in 1869, of 793,215 tons. Notwithstanding the substantial progress which the American iron industry is making, we thus continue to draw heavy supplies from Great Britain, the shipments thence to the United States, in 1869, of all kinds reaching 596,554 tons. Of this quantity, 300,446 consisted of rails. Great Britain increased her exports to all parts, last year, 53.5 per cent., Russia being the next-best customer after the United States.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

[With our mountains of iron, and our acres of coal, one would suppose we might dispense with the foreign article altogether. But we can not hope to compete with pauper labor.—Ed. A. P. J.]

BE NATURAL.—The *Advance*, living "out West," has outgrown its earlier teachings, and now speaks after this "liberal" fashion:

"The unnaturalness of which we complain reveals itself also in its phraseology, adopting modes of expression not customary in daily life. It was a mistake of the old Puritans when they undertook to talk in Bible phrase, and to reproduce in their households all the Scripture names. Men immediately suspected them of cant, because the thing was artificial. We have laid this aside, in a good measure, contenting ourselves with a reasonable amount of appropriate Biblical allusion and quotation. But we still cling too much to theological terms, and to technical words and phrases—usually figurative, and familiar and edifying to earnest saints, but which sound odd, uncouth, and often unmeaning in worldly ears. Some of our most powerful and attractive preachers owe their freshness of style to their avoidance of this fault. We can not but think that exhortations and private conversations would gain in natural simplicity and healthy influence were they clothed in the language of daily life. We therefore close as we began, with the injunction, *Be Natural!*"

[The *Advance* has no reference whatever to the theological dogma of natural or total depravity, but to that sort of naturalness which is unperverted. Many good preachers pitch into "nature" as though it belonged to the bad. We would therefore add to the *Advance's* injunction, *BE NATURAL, and BE GOOD.*]



NEW YORK, JUNE, 1871.

A NEW VOLUME! With the next number—July—we commence a new volume of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Vol. 52 terminates with the present—June—number. The JOURNAL is continued to those only who pay in advance. Many subscriptions begin with July, and end in June. Those who wish its continuance to their address may renew at once and secure unbroken files. We shall put the July number to press at an early date.

CRIMINALS.

HOW TO TREAT AND REFORM THEM.

IN looking into the causes of crime, it will be found that an abnormal condition generally marks the unfortunate criminal. A strong *tendency* to vice and crime is frequently inherited from a poor and imperfect parentage. If the doctrine of "total depravity" be true, and therefore the best of the race are "conceived in sin," it should not surprise us that so many born under the most unfortunate circumstances—out of wedlock, in quarrelsome wedlock, of dissipated, diseased, imbecile, insane, passionate, sickly, dishonest, brutal, and murderous parentage—should exhibit low, depraved, and weak characteristics. Here are low, drunken men, almost without moral sense, and poor, ignorant women, weak in morals, and still weaker in intellect, becoming parents—of what? Why, of an order only some degrees above the brutes, and even lower than themselves. If they escape idiocy, they do not escape strong proclivities to imbecility, to con-

suming lusts, to sensuality, and to an almost total disregard of law, civil and divine. It is, in the main, this sort of material which fills our almshouses and our prisons. From men and women of poor stock, who are poorly nourished, poorly clothed, and poorly educated, what but bad conduct can be reasonably expected? and what other places but asylums, reformatories, or prisons are they fit for?

Then there are the odd, singular, and eccentric specimens, born of parents who are near of kin—those who married their own cousins—whose children are infirm, or far from perfect. In such cases, the worst sufferers are they who inherit warped conditions, to whom life itself is a burden and a perpetual trial. They do indeed suffer "for the sins of their parents." Drunkenness is known to be one cause of idiocy in children. "Can an evil tree bring forth good fruit?"

We find thousands in society but a few degrees removed from almost hopeless imbecility. What is the cause? Ask that poor, ignorant, half-starved, dead-and-alive mother what were the circumstances attending the birth and rearing of those weak, puny, cadaverous-looking imps—instead of "images of God?" and she will answer, A used-up, whisky-drinking, tobacco-chewing father, and a worn-out, broken-down, hopeless mother. She can not imagine why the repeated infliction of maternity has been visited upon her, when too feeble even to nourish her own frail body, to say nothing of the bodies—and souls—of her unfortunate children. And *this* is one of the reasons why so many children die in infancy; they have not enough vitality imparted to them to keep the lamp of life burning. Others linger only a little longer, and die before maturing or fulfilling any of the objects of existence. The point we wish to make is this: that weak, broken-down, sick, dissipated, or imbecile persons ought not to assume the

responsibilities of parentage; and that the offspring of such parentage is predisposed to, and at all times liable to become weak in body, intellect, and morals. Granted that this view of the case prove true; admitting that consumptive, scrofulous, dyspeptic parents impart these tendencies to their children; that those with a streak of insanity in their blood transmit the same to the third and fourth generation, what can *we* do about it?

"What can't be cured must be endured." Aye, but are we *fated*? Yes, if we run counter to a law of nature we shall be punished, just as certainly as we should starve if we did not eat. Is not that fate? A penalty follows, sooner or later, every violation. We *must* obey both the laws of our physical life and of our spiritual life, if we would have the blessings of health and happiness.

Before a person is admitted into membership with a church, he must be qualified, must at least be supposed to possess a good moral character, and conform in all respects to the requirements of the church. So it is in other societies. Committees on membership examine the candidates, and recommend the applicant for acceptance, or reject him. In this way they exclude such as would bring contempt or disgrace on their church or society. It is true that bad men are found in *all* societies; but such have "fallen from grace;" when admitted, they were supposed to be "all right."

Now, why may not each State frame laws which shall forbid improper persons entering into wedlock? Make it necessary for matrimonial candidates to pass an examination under competent persons, making it necessary, among other things, first, that the person should be of sound body and sound mind; second, that he have the means of support, and enough education to transact business; third, that he be strictly temperate, virtuous, and of good moral character. Some of

the States have prohibited the marriage of cousins; all the States grant divorces when, in the judgment of the courts, there be good cause. Now, why not extend the laws so as to regulate marriages as above suggested. If it be objected to on the ground of interference with what may be considered natural rights, we answer, that the marriages of improper persons as now practiced bring numberless evils on society, and the stability of our institutions is imperiled thereby. We would simply propose such legislation as would secure to men, women, and children such conditions as would tend to lessen the great social evils under which we suffer, and improve the race physically, socially, and spiritually.

For the criminals now in prisons,—and those to be incarcerated—we would propose such a course of education, training, and discipline as would improve and elevate them. Instead of applying the present methods of *punishment* we would try to improve them, and so educate and develop them that, on leaving the penitentiary, they would be disposed to enter on a life of industry and self-support. In short, we would put them under a course of such training as would make them better citizens. It is generally believed that the rough and almost brutal treatment now inflicted on convicts makes them *worse* rather than better. This ought not to be. By improved methods of treatment a much larger percentage of the patients in our insane asylums are recovered than was usual a hundred, or even fifty, years ago. It ought to be the same with our convicts. We ought to put them under such a course of physical, intellectual, and spiritual training as would awaken and open their dark minds to new lights, and beget in the souls of each and every one—while in restraint—such aspirations after righteousness and godliness that they

would evermore strive to obtain the acceptance of their God and Father in heaven.

TAKE IT TO THEM.

NUMEROUS "calls" come to us from over seas, lakes, and mountains, from far and near, to visit the people, or to send competent and trustworthy lecturers and examiners to teach, and to apply practically, the principles of Physiology, Phrenology, Physiognomy, and Psychology to the delineation of character and to the development of mind and body. It would give us great pleasure to meet or supply these urgent "calls," but there are not enough phrenologists on the continent to visit even all the large cities once in ten years.

What is wanted is a good local phrenologist in every city of ten thousand inhabitants. Besides New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, now only partly supplied, there are in America dozens of places with work useful and profitable enough for scores where there are none. Cast your eye over the map of America; in St. John, Newfoundland, there are thousands of inhabitants without a phrenologist. It is the same in Halifax, N. S., in Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Omaha, San Francisco, Sacramento, Salt Lake City, Cincinnati, Louisville, Memphis, Vicksburg, New Orleans, Mobile, Charleston, Savannah, Washington, Baltimore, etc. There are enough people in each to give constant work to one devoting himself to the science.

At present, instead of SCIENCE, the people are fed on astrology, fortune-telling, and other chaff. The thing to do is to give them light, knowledge, and truth in place of darkness, superstition, and folly. But where are the men to do it? Alas, they are not! There is but

here and there a phrenologist in all this broad land. There is no other calling or profession so inadequately supplied.

It is an encouraging sign that clergymen are lending their aid to this work, and several of the "cloth" have even given lectures on the subject. But, though acquainted with the general principles of Phrenology, they may not be familiar with the rules of character-reading. These they may easily learn, and then make it not only useful and instructive to others, but profitable to themselves. Physicians, also, may turn the subject to account, and not only treat the *bodies* of their patients, but their minds also. How useful it would be were physicians able to delineate the characters not only of their patients, but of children, pointing out how this one should be governed, trained, educated, and what pursuit the son or daughter may be best adapted to—in what they would succeed best! School-teachers, also, ought to understand Phrenology. Those who do, get along the best, and become popular,—know how to wake up John, inspire James, subdue Henry, regulate Mary, correct Susan, and govern all. Above all, parents ought to know something about it, enough at least to judge of the tendencies, right and wrong, of their children, their children's associates, and to know how to call out or suppress deficiencies and excesses. They must live and learn. In the mean time, let all who can, fit themselves to teach the teachers, preachers, physicians, parents, and the rest. Reader, learn Phrenology, and then teach it to the people.

ASTROLOGY.

OF all the impostors, swindlers, and wicked sinners who practice their arts on ignorant, superstitious, and wonder-loving stupid, this class is among the worst. Sensual, bleary-eyed men and low, bad women

conspire to lure this class into their dens, and then—delude, swindle, and sell them to devils in human shape. Old hags, with greasy cards, impostors with pretended clairvoyant powers, promise to lead the fools on to fortune, into wedlock, and to foretell coming events. They, the men, are generally all that is bad—lustful libertines; and the women are strumpets and procuresses. Their places ought to be shut up, and their occupants sent to prison, where they would not pollute the ignorant and the innocent.

Next to the astrologers are medical quacks,—vile leeches who rob and poison “indiscreet young men.” Their name is legion; they thrive in all our cities, intruding their obscene advertisements even into otherwise respectable newspapers. It would appear that the love of lucre blinds the eyes of many publishers who give publicity to the loathsome swindles by which quacks and other bad men are made rich in pocket, while their victims are ruined in body and soul. Where are the shepherds to guard the sheep from the wolves? While they sleep or remain passive and indifferent, thousands are poisoned, corrupted, ruined. Look out for the astrologers, fortune-tellers, and the quacks.

PHRENOLOGICAL BLUNDERS.

PHRENOLOGISTS have come to some grief if it is true, as reported, that Professor Fowler recently visited the Massachusetts State Prison “in the interests of Phrenology,” and asked to see some of the prisoners. The warden sent for a clear-eyed, smiling fellow, with well-shaped head, and soon Fowler had his hands on him. “Well, Mr. Haynes,” said Fowler, “you’ve got this fellow here once, but you won’t catch him again.” “Perhaps he will learn wisdom by long experience,” the warden answered; “he is in here for the seventh time.”—*Western Christian Advocate*.

This paragraph has been shown us several times. We are not informed of the source or authenticity of the statement, and we doubt it entirely. Thirty years ago phrenologists sought opportunity and were frequently invited to visit prisons, insane asylums, etc., but of late we do not believe there has been any such visit sought or made by any experienced and noted phrenologist.

If the incident occurred as stated, it proves

nothing against Phrenology. The boy may have been abandoned by fortune in the death or dissipation of parents, and have been thrown among abandoned and cunning associates and drawn into the first offense, and becoming disgraced and outcast, had fallen into dissipation, and consequently into crime. How many men, naturally well disposed, become base and vicious by means of drink, who afterward, by some special influence of friends, become temperate and find their way back to virtue and honor! Some men with bad heads being favorably surrounded are led to follow a correct course. Of twenty old offenders in State prisons, eighteen will be found with unbalanced and unfavorable development of heads.

INGENIOUS BENEVOLENCE.—Charity is often bestowed in so careless or ungracious a manner, that it injures the feelings of the recipient more than it benefits him otherwise. For although there are scores of coarse and hardened beggars who make no attempt to work for a living, there are thousands of needy ones whose feelings are as delicate as if they abounded in wealth. A beautiful story is told of Lamartine. One day a destitute author called upon him, and after telling him his condition, begged the loan of some money. Lamartine, much moved by his story, gave him the amount asked. He then conducted his visitor to the vestibule. As he opened the street door the unfortunate author shivered in his thin coat. A sudden idea struck Lamartine, and calling out, “Monsieur, you are forgetting your overcoat,” he quickly took down an overcoat that was hanging in the passage, and assisted his needy visitor to put it on with so much dexterity and grace that the poor man, quite overcome, did not know how to refuse a gift which was so delicately offered to him.

TO OUR LITERARY READERS.—We thank those numerous friends of ours who evince their interest in the JOURNAL by sending contributions in prose and verse, but must assure them that we have not space enough to accommodate a third of those contributions whose excellence renders them suitable for publication. Poetry we are especially inundated with. If manuscripts of value to the writers do not appear in the JOURNAL, it is for the reason above stated; and if they are not returned, it is because the writers have failed to request such return and inclose the stamps wherewith to pay the necessary postage.

Department of Literature, Science, Education.

THE MEANS AND THE OBJECT OF EDUCATION.

BY REV. H. B. JEFFRIES—ALPH A. BET.

THE true end, the real object of education is the enhancement of man's happiness—to increase its volume and insure its prolonged duration. That the first may be accomplished, the capacity of the intellect must be developed. That the second may ensue, the *moral intellect* must be properly nurtured and trained.

By the development of the capacity of the intellect, we mean that the mind should be systematically stored with, or kept regularly and constantly employed in acquiring and digesting useful information; for to educate the mind to the full extent of its ability to receive and retain is not possible, since to its capacity there is no definable limit.

The mind of man, in his crudest state—when nothing was known of philosophy or science; when “the reason why” was understood in nothing; when none inquired the cause of an effect—was not less expansive than it is to-day, though to-day it is in a more refined condition. The power it is now known to possess existed then, as now, but then unseen, unimagined—just as the statue exists in the marble, to be brought out by the sculptor's chisel. Its jagged corners have been knocked off, its rough edges smoothed down, and we now behold it only to be enraptured by the grandeur of its beauty and the sublimity of its power.

The advancement of knowledge is rapidly increasing, and the more rapid the advance the more the power of advancing increases—gathering momentum from its velocity as it receives velocity from its momentum.

In the same ratio is the increase of happiness. Is this doubted? Compare man in his most ignorant state with man in his present state. The case is plain, the cause evident: knowledge produces prosperity; learning informs man what he is and what he can be; this information yields pleasure, while prosperity produces content.

That the individual may be happy, the mass must be so, and this can only be when each member of the mass is employed in that place nature formed him for—at least when none are employed in attempting to discharge functions and accomplish ends for which nature has *unfitted* them. A very great proportion of

the discord society at large endures is the result of a non-observance of this truth.

By a single step onward our educational system may bring about this very desirable reform. We have within our reach, and offered to us, the help needed. It is Phrenology. By observing its precepts and following its directions, each individual may receive an education exactly suited to him, and suiting him for those pursuits the Creator designed him for.

Let our normal schools instruct thoroughly in this science, and then allow none to teach in our schools except those holding certificates from these institutions. Let each school be provided with the necessary charts that a complete registration of the capabilities of every pupil may be made, and its education be governed thereby. That every child *should* be instructed precisely as its phrenological developments demand, we presume will not be denied by the intelligent.

When we speak of insuring a prolongation of man's happiness, we mean extending it to his *post-mortem* existence. That he *must* be happy or otherwise, eternally, is evident; for it is not to be supposed that the human mind, freighted as it is with such a stupendous cargo of powers and faculties, has but an ephemeral existence; has no higher mission than to build up a few enchanting, empty speculative theories, for all our systems of philosophy and theological theories are but empty speculations if man is an ephemeron. That education, then, which only prepares man for secular enjoyment, without refining or in any direct way acting upon his *moral* intellect, does but a small part of the work necessary to elevate him to an exalted plane of happiness.

Even supposing that Christianity is a myth, we should adopt, as a part of our education, its moral creed, since it is certain that no other has ever been devised that could be at all compared with it in its beneficial effects upon the mind. How much more, then, should we attend to moral as well as to intellectual education and development, since we are convinced that we begin another existence at that point where we end the present.

The fact that the one so much assists the

other shows that the two are but segments of a whole. Is there not between them a reciprocal dependence? Where does the highest state of intellectual development manifest itself? Where there is the greatest moral development. Where is morality—religion—most prosperous? Where intellectual education flourishes most.

When instruction shall be based upon and suited to the fitness of the learner—that fitness being declared by Phrenology—then we shall see opposing sects, systems, and creeds of religion and morals coming to one central point

and there uniting their strength, joining their perfections, and casting aside their errors and defects, because none will undertake to instruct in these, except those created for that purpose and educated to that end.

To sum up, then,—the design of education is to make man happy; man is happy only when he is good, therefore that alone is a correct system of instruction which improves man both morally and intellectually, and this can only be done aright by adopting the suggestions of the Creator as our guide.

PROF. OVAL PIRKEY, OF CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY, MO.

THIS is a fine face in most respects. Not only is the temperament of superior quality, indicating natural refinement of taste and delicacy of apprehension, but there

is the cerebral organization, which evinces clearness and breadth of thought, quickness of perception, and readiness of judgment. The fullness of the perceptive region, and the prominence of the middle and upper portions of the forehead, show the natural judge. His opinions of men

and things are influential, be-

cause carefully yet rapidly formed. He takes in at a glance "the situation," and the scales of his judgment intuitively assort and weigh the materials relating to the subject under consideration. Had he devoted himself to the practice of law, his judicial cast of in-

tellect might have found a sphere more in sympathy with itself. His sense of the beautiful and of the incongruous is very delicate, and it is probable that in this department he is

inclined to show annoyance or irritation more than in any other phase of his mental life. But he loves fun, relishes a stroke of humor with a heartiness such as few experience.

He has much ability as a methodizer, planner, and organizer; would have excelled in architectural design.

As a teacher, he is at once appreciative of

the practical in education and of the esthetic, and seeks by the natural gravitation of his faculties to blend those two elements, thus rendering his pursuit as attractive to himself as pleasing to the pupil at his feet.

PROF. PIRKEY was born in McGaheysville,



Rockingham County, Virginia, Nov. 17th, 1838, and was the youngest of a family of ten children. His parents dying before he was six months of age, he was taken in charge by a sister, who tenderly and affectionately reared him. His brothers sent him to school at an early age, and his aptness to learn soon placed him in advance of most of his classmates. As a schoolboy, he excelled in three things especially, viz., reading, geography, and English grammar. The "humorous element" was, however, strongly developed in young Pirkey; his natural and irrepressible disposition for fun kept the school in a state of jollity, and himself in *chronic trial*, as the author of all the mischief. While a boy in school at Edinburg, Virginia, his teacher used to say of him: "Master Pirkey excels in reading, grammar, in his attention to the girls, and in playing marbles."

When thirteen years of age, his oldest brother, the late Judge Pirkey, of Boston, Texas, determined to make a lawyer of Oval. But by the persuasions of another brother, Col. B. F. Pirkey, he determined to enter upon the study of medicine. For a time he traveled West and South with his brothers, returning to Virginia in the eighteenth year of his age. One of his brothers, Elder John Pirkey, of Strasburg, Va., had become a minister of the Gospel. He advised Oval to attend school until he was thoroughly educated, and then select that calling for which nature should seem to have fitted him, hoping he might choose the ministerial profession.

About this time young Pirkey had become a Christian, and was ardently studying the Bible. He became convinced that his Divine Master required him to make it his business to do all the good he could for humanity. This conviction would have made him a preacher of the Gospel but for one thing. He permitted himself to be examined by a phrenologist, who declared that while Pirkey would "make a first-class doctor, teacher, or editor, he would make only a medium speaker!" However strong his inclinations were for the pulpit, he could not entertain the idea of being but a "medium" preacher. Providence seemed to open the way, and he chose the profession of teaching. He did right. His success as a teacher has been re-

markable. He has taught successfully in Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, New Jersey, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, and Missouri.

The commencement of the war found him President of Lawrence College, Alexandria, Tenn. Under his presidency the College was flourishing finely, but the war closed his school, and he went North, where he has been ever since, in connection with schools and colleges.

Prof. Pirkey's success as a teacher is founded on four things, which he possesses in a remarkable degree: first, his executive ability; second, his earnestness; third, his power to command the respect and affections of his pupils; and fourth, the remarkable facility he has of rapidly imparting what he knows. He quickly brings order out of chaos. When on duty, the pupil feels that the spirit of his instructor pervades the whole school-room. He is never boisterous; he never shows anger in the presence of his classes; but when he speaks he is promptly and cheerfully obeyed. He is autocratic in the school-room, yet his pupil-subjects take delight in obeying him. He usually makes *requests* where he has the right to command. His pupils love, and do not fear him. They are made to feel when he talks to them that he is their most devoted friend—a friend who labors and yearns for their development in head and heart. But that which is most remarkable about him as a teacher is his singular and rare power of imparting clearly and rapidly what he wishes the pupil to know. Whatever idea he has in his own mind he can certainly put into the mind of his pupil. The secret of this lies in two things, viz., his Socratic method of questioning and his unusual power of illustration.

Prof. Pirkey is a poet. Several effusions dedicated to the sister who watched over his early years, and whom he regards as his "guardian angel," have been widely copied into the periodicals of the day. His "In Memoriam" touches the tenderest chords of the appreciative heart. Some of his translations of the Greek poets are smooth and elegant. His review of Virgil's *Æneid*, his "Twilight," etc., contain a degree of humor which would cause a smile on the gravest of countenances.

Prof. Pirkey is permanently situated at Canton, Missouri; and is Professor of Greek Language and Literature in Christian University, located at that growing city on the west bank of the Mississippi River, and but sixteen miles above the city of Quincy, Ill. The institution was founded before the war, through the energy of D. P. Henderson, a minister of the Gospel and a man of national reputation. He had incorporated in the charter full provision for the "co-ordinate education of the sexes." In common with other institutions of learning, Christian University suffered much during the war; but with the return of peace came more prosperous days. The institution was repaired,

refurnished, and reopened. The present great success of this University is due in an eminent degree to President Smith and Prof. Pirkey. Several hundred young ladies and gentlemen are enrolled this year; and the propriety of educating the sexes together is no longer a problem. Christian University was the first institution in the United States to offer equal educational privileges to male and female. The edifice is superb. From its dome the country can be seen for thirty miles around.

Prof. Pirkey is a gentleman of high moral endowments as well as intellectual capacity, and being comparatively a young man yet, he gives promise of enlarged usefulness in the years to come.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

BY MATTIE.

It might have been!
Alas the thought,
It thrills through all the lives of men,
And from the dreary paths of life
Comes up the cry,
It might have been!

It might have been!
No more in life
The precious boon comes back again,
But weary, hopeless retrospect
And bitter tears.
It might have been!

It might have been!
My heart will break,
The thought wells up again—and then
In vain are all my sighs and tears;
My hopes are lost—
It might have been!

It might have been!
The prayer goes up,
Oh, Father! guide in wisdom then;
Help me to trust upon Thy word,
And calmly say,
It might have been!

MY CAPTIVITY AMONG THE SIOUX INDIANS.*

THIS is the title of a very interesting narrative of the capture of Mrs. Fannie Kelly, in 1864, who was *en route* with her husband and a little adopted daughter with a small band of other emigrants to the Far West. They were surrounded just at nightfall by a troop of Sioux Indians, who at first feigned friendship, but very soon, notwithstanding they were treated with kindness and liberality by the unfortunate party, began a murderous attack, killing several, and taking Mrs. Kelly, her adopted daughter, and a Mrs. Larimer prisoners. Mrs. Larimer got away the second night, but our authoress remained for five months the victim of cruelty, exposure, fear, and despair, but having an opportunity to see

and know much of Indian life. We will let her tell a part of the story in her own words.

"The night of my capture I was ordered to lie down on the ground, near a wounded Indian. A circle of them guarded me, and three fierce warriors sat near me with drawn tomahawks.

"Reader, imagine my feelings, after the terrible scenes of the day previous; the desolate white woman in the power of revengeful savages, not daring to speak, lest their fury should fall on my defenseless head. My great anxiety now was to preserve my sanity, which threatened to be overcome if I did not arouse myself to hope, and put aside the feeling of despair which at times stole over me. My heart was continually lifted to 'our Father,' and confidently I now began to feel that prayer would be answered, and that God would deliver me in due season. This nerved me to endure and appear submissive.

* "Narrative of my Captivity among the Sioux Indians, with a brief account of General Sully's Indian expedition in 1864, bearing upon events occurring in my captivity." By Fannie Kelly. 12mo., pp. 265, with portrait of the author. Price, \$2.

"At early dawn I was aroused from my apparent slumbers by the war chief, who sent me out to catch the horses—our American horses being afraid of the savages; and as the animals were those belonging to our train, it was supposed that I could do so readily."

After a long and distressing journey they arrived at the home of the chief. The arrival and greeting is thus described, with a sad account of one of the evils of civilization:

"Great crowds of curious Indians came flocking in to stare at me. The women brought their children. Some of them, whose fair complexion astonished me, I afterward learned were the offspring of Fort marriages."

"One fair little boy, who with his mother had just returned from Fort Laramie, came close to me. Finding the squaw could speak a few words of English, I addressed her, and was told, in reply to my questions, that she had been the wife of a captain there, but that his white wife arriving from the East, his Indian wife was told to return to her people. She did so, taking her child with her. The little boy was dressed completely in military clothes, even to the stripe on his pantaloons, and was a very bright, attractive child of about four years."

"It was a very sad thought for me to realize that a parent could part with such a child, committing it forever to live in barbarous ignorance, and rove the woods among savages, with the impress of his own superior race so strongly mingled with his Indian origin. I saw many other fair-faced little children, and heard the sad story from their mothers, and was deeply pained to see their pale, pinched features as they cried for food when there was none to be had. And they are sometimes cruelly treated by the full-blooded and larger children on account of their unfortunate birth."

Soon after this the band was attacked and pursued by the United States soldiers, and suffered great privations.

"As soon as we were safe and General Sully pursued us no longer, the warriors returned home, and a scene of terrible mourning over the killed ensued among the women. Their cries are terribly wild and distressing on such occasions; and the near relations of the deceased indulge in frantic expressions of grief that can not be described. Sometimes the practice of cutting the flesh is carried to a horrible and barbarous extent. They inflict gashes on their bodies and limbs an inch in length. Some cut off their hair, blacken their faces, and march through the village in processions, tor-

turing their bodies to add vigor to their lamentations.

"Hunger followed on the track of grief; all their food was gone, and there was no game in that portion of the country. In our flight they scattered everything, and the country through which we passed for the following two weeks did not yield enough to arrest starvation. The Indians were terribly enraged, and threatened me with death almost hourly and in every form. I had so hoped for liberty when my friends were near; but, alas! all my fond hopes were blasted. The Indians told me that the army was going in another direction. They seemed to have sustained a greater loss than I had been made aware of, which made them feel very revengeful toward me."

"The next morning I could see that something unusual was about to happen. Notwithstanding the early hour, the sun scarcely appearing above the horizon, the principal chiefs and warriors were assembled in council, where, judging from the grave and reflective expression of their countenances, they were about to discuss some serious question. I had reason for apprehension from their unfriendly manner toward me, and feared for the penalty I might soon have to pay. Soon they sent an Indian to me, who asked me if I was ready to die—to be bound to the stake. I told him whenever Wakon Tonka (the Great Spirit) was ready he would call for me, and then I would be ready and willing to go. He said that he had been sent from the council to warn me, that it had become necessary to put me to death on account of my white brothers killing so many of their young men recently. He repeated that they were not cruel for the pleasure of being so; necessity is their first law, and he and the wise chiefs, faithful to their hatred for the white race, were in haste to satisfy their thirst for vengeance; and, further, that the interest of their nation required it."

"As soon as the chiefs were assembled around the council-fire, the pipe-carrier entered the circle, holding in his hand the pipe ready lighted. Bowing to the four cardinal points, he uttered a short prayer, or invocation, and then presented the pipe to the old chief, Ottawa, but retained the bowl in his hand. When all the chiefs and men had smoked, one after the other, the pipe-bearer emptied the ashes into the fire, saying, 'Chiefs of the great Dakota nation, Wakon-Tonka give you wisdom, so that whatever be your determination, it may be conformable to justice.' Then, after bowing respectfully, he retired."

"A moment of silence followed, in which every one seemed to be meditating seriously upon the words that had just been spoken. At length one of the most aged of the chiefs, whose body was furrowed with the scars of innumerable wounds, and who enjoyed among his people a reputation for great wisdom, arose. Said he:

"The pale-faces, our eternal persecutors, pursue and harass us without intermission, forcing us to abandon to them, one by one, our best hunting-grounds, and we are compelled to seek a refuge in the depths of these Bad Lands, like timid deer. Many of them even dare to come into prairies which belong to us to trap beaver, and hunt elk and buffalo, which are our property. These faithless creatures, the outcasts of their own people, rob and kill us when they can. Is it just that we should suffer these wrongs without complaining? Shall we allow ourselves to be slaughtered like timid Assiniboines, without seeking to avenge ourselves? Does not the law of the Dakotas say, Justice to our own nation, and death to all pale-faces? Let my brothers say if that is just,' pointing to the stake that was being prepared for me.

"Vengeance is allowable,' sententially remarked Mahpeak (The Sky).

"Another old chief, Ottawa, arose and said 'It is the undoubted right of the weak and oppressed; and yet it ought to be proportioned to the injury received. Then why should we put this young, innocent woman to death? Has she not always been kind to us, smiled upon us, and sang for us? Do not all our children love her as a tender sister? Why, then, should we put her to so cruel a death for the crimes of others, if they are of her nation? Why should we punish the innocent for the guilty?'

"I looked to Heaven for mercy and protection, offering up those earnest prayers that are never offered in vain; and oh! how thankful I was when I knew their decision was to spare my life. Though terrible were my surroundings, life always became sweet to me when I felt that I was about to part with it."

A ROMANTIC AND PLEASANT EPISODE.

"'Jumping Bear,' who rescued me from the revengeful arrow of the Indian whose horse the chief shot, one day presented himself to me and reminded me of my indebtedness to him in thus preserving my life.

"Trembling with fear I listened to his avowal of more than ordinary feeling, during which he assured me that I had no cause to fear him

—that he had always liked the white woman, and would be more than a friend to me. I replied that I did not fear him; that I felt grateful to him for his kindness and protection, but that unless he proved his friendship for me, no persuasion could induce me to listen.

"Will you carry a letter to my people at the fort, delivering it into the hands of the great chief there? They will reward you for your kindness to their sister; they will give you many presents, and you will return rich.'

"I dare not go,' he replied. 'Nor could I get back before the warriors came to our village.'

"My people will give you a fast horse,' said I, 'and you may return speedily. Go now, and prove your friendship by taking the letter, and returning with your prizes.'

"I assured him that the letter contained nothing that would harm him or his people; that I had written of him and of his kindness, and of his good-will toward them. After many and long interviews, the women of the lodge using their influence, I at last prevailed upon him to go, and invoking the bright moon as a witness to my pledge of honor and truth, he started on his journey, bearing the letter, which I believed was to seal my fate for weal or woe. In the moonlight I watched his retreating form, imploring Heaven to grant the safe delivery of the little messenger, upon which so much depended.

"Daring and venturesome deed! Should he prove false to me, and allow any one outside the fort to see the letter, my doom was inevitable.

"Many days of intense anxiety were passed after his departure. The squaws, fearing that I had done wrong in sending him, were continually asking questions, and it was with difficulty I could allay their anxiety, and prevent them from disclosing the secret to the other women. The contents of the letter were a warning to the 'Big Chief' and the soldiers of an intended attack on the fort and the massacre of the garrison, using me as a ruse to enable them to get inside the fort; and beseeching them to rescue me, if possible.*

"The messenger reached the fort, and was received by the officer of the day, Lieutenant

* "A written statement from Lieutenant Heesselberger, setting forth the fact of my writing and sending the letter of warning, and that it undoubtedly was the means of saving the garrison at Fort Sully from massacre, is on file in the Treasury Department at Washington. A certified copy is published in connection with this narrative."

Hesselberger, and conducted to the commander of the post, Major House, and Adjutant Pell, who had been left there to treat with the Indians on my account.

"General Sully was absent at Washington, but every necessary precaution was taken to secure the fort.

"'Jumping Bear' received a suit of clothes and some presents, and was sent back with a letter for me, which I never received, as I

never saw him again. These facts I learned after my arrival at Fort Sully.

After a weary waiting, and hoping against hope, Mrs. Kelly is delivered up to the U. S. troops at Fort Sully, and soon after meets her husband, who had escaped on the night of the massacre, and from him she learns of the murder of "Little Mary." The work abounds in sketches of scenery, and the wild eventful life-traits of the savages of the Northwest.

ELECTRICITY—WHAT IS IT?

THE modern hypothesis, adopted by some distinguished scientists, that "Electricity is motion, and not a thing moving," leads to curious complications in contradiction of known facts, as will be seen in the subjoined remarks.

The rapidity of the passage of electricity, as shown in the positively charged lightning stroke, is so great that its friction not only burns the air in contact, but it compresses the atmosphere in front like a piston rod in a tube, and producing a partial vacuum behind the bolt darts off obliquely, or in the non-resisting direction; and so on successively toward its attracting object, a negative cloud or the negative earth, thus producing the zig-zag direction. This phenomenon of electric action fully warrants us in retaining the theory of the *materiality* of the electric current, and as fully disproves the modern claims of scientists that "electricity is motion, but not a thing moving." How can the latter theorists account for the zig-zag course of lightning except by admitting its positive materiality, or "a thing moving,"—the production of so sudden an impact and vacuum in the materials of our atmosphere, as to project it successively into the comparatively non-resisting portions of the air? Force of motion, expressed in mere change of position or polarity of successive contiguous molecules, will not account for impact or a vacuum by such mode of propagation.

Propagated motion, whether of sound, light, heat, or electricity, which scientists too often attribute to oscillation of the mass or its molecules, communicated from particle to particle in the mass, whether the same be of a solid, liquid, or gaseous nature, are, to my mind, more probably the excitation of an electric passage superinduced at one end, and thus necessarily passing through the electrically interpenetrated mass—every mass of matter being a magnet when excited by impress of light, heat, or other concussion.

What the peculiar character of that electric material is, we are profoundly ignorant. Of its effects as evidenced in its operation upon all vital functions; its production of light, heat, actinism, as well as its repellent powers, exerted alike upon the nearest objects as upon great globes, and all other matters in the farthest depths of space, we can take cognizance.

If a mass of matter, a Leyden jar, or anything else, attracts to itself its fill, or saturation with electricity from some overcharged body, it surely must attract and retain matter of some kind, and not simple motion, for that is gone the moment it reaches the jar, either by passing off or becoming a nullity; thus motion must be accompanied with something moved to be retained and capable of again being converted into motion. And so of the negative thing dispossessed of its electricity, it has undergone no motion (that we can detect) in its gross material molecules; but is again capable, by impress from without, of having its interstices occupied by another electric charge. This alternation means the successive occupation and departure of a subtle something, accompanying motion, as mere "motion and not a thing moving" is as inexplicable as inconceivable. To speak of motion without reference to translation of matter, something impelling, is simply a transcendental philosophy.

Light and heat are claimed, by this new school of philosophy, to be "only modes of motion." Matter, certainly, can not be moved unless impelled by some force, foreign to itself (for that would be assuming life—will—to inorganic matter); and if that foreign force be, mediately, electric, it must be a material, however subtle (all forces increase as they become more subtle), thus operating through force of translation, impact, or attraction upon the matter moved. Thus, too, all forces in nature are produced by preceding operating causes, reaching far beyond our knowledge of their character.

The wide range from observed materials and effects antecedently to the unknown in both, is infinite to us, and probably centers in and emanates from an Intelligent Great Will-Force—as compound finite will-force is alone adequate to produce all the material works of man, from the most minute to the building of huge pyramids, wherein not a muscle nor a stone can move unless impressed by his all-directing will-force. So we must return, in all humility, to that rational philosophy which concedes that the force called electricity, which we can see and feel and measure in its effects, though not its apparently unlimited power upon inert, motionless matter, is a material something, a positive “thing moving.”

Modes of motion, in all their varied peculiarities with all materials, must be variously effective in the character of their results; but the operating causes of all such motions must, necessarily (unless we invest inorganic matter with the compound prerogatives of life, volition), be foreign to the materials so variously moved—hence the moving cause is an antecedent “thing moving.”

Again, the sending an electric charge or message from a battery no larger than a lady's thimble through a submerged wire (as the Atlantic cable) deeply imbedded in a close cement of gutta-percha, would not favor the theory of the constantly changing axial atoms of that wire, as such a change would tend to the loosening and gradual destruction of the wire, as electricity is known to manifest its force mainly upon the surface—hence the passage of a subtle material substance instead.

The experiment of sending an electric *current* through a wire, and its effect at a trifling distance from the opposite end of the wire, when received upon a polished conductor, showing particles of the wire detached and gathered upon a polished surface, is attributed by some scientists (whose opinions are held in high esteem) to be due to polarization of the molecules, propagating their oscillation throughout the mass of atoms, and from this cause forcibly disintegrating the wire at its terminal. It appears to me that this latter effect, as well as its antecedents, is wholly due to the disturbance of the electric status at one end, and thus, through communicated electric force, disintegrating and carrying with it the particles of the wire, from the non-resisting surface at its terminal pole. This view, again, fully confirms me in the opinion, not only of the materiality of electricity, but of its forcible repelling power at one pole, and its forcible contracting power at the opposite

pole, or of its dual constructive and destructive character.

However mysterious such evident dual effects of electricity are, it is so because we only comprehend the effects observed, and not its double nature, or cause, or antecedent impelling material; while to attribute such effects to mere molecular atoms turning on their axes, without an external material power operating on the same, seems to be a wild, transcendental hypothesis.

Again, a horse-shoe magnet (that other expression of electricity) will attract to itself and support heavy weights by simple contact, or even before actual contact, requiring resistance to prevent contact. If, then, electricity is not matter, how are such weights drawn to and sustained by a magnet? mere molecular motion, or force, may *repel* or communicate *such* motion to other matter, but how can molecular matter, or the motion of even masses of matter, attract and sustain a weight in opposition to the force of gravitation, if there be no inherent acting *material* power in electricity? Something must cause the adhesion, besides mere motion, as that alone is opposed to adhesion. If electricity be not a material, how can it be collected in a Leyden jar and discharged at will?

CHAS. E. TOWNSEND.

ICELAND, AGAIN.

IN the March number is an article headed “Iceland, the Land of Fire and Ice,” and if I may be allowed, I will make a few remarks in correction of certain statements in it. First, the Professor says something about the inhabitants being Teutonic, and then he talks about neighboring Germanic tribes. For his benefit I will state what he can read in the ancient history of northern Europe. The Goths came from the southeast, probably Asia, and by the Baltic Sea they divided themselves in two bodies; one stayed on the south side and formed the Teutonic and Germanic tribes; the other crossed the sea, drove the inhabitants (the Celts and Fins) north, and thus were formed the Scandinavian tribes. If you cut a piece of bread in two, toast one piece and butter the other piece, you would not call the “toast” bread and butter, but simply “toast;” nor would you name the bread and butter by the name “toast,” although they were both of the same piece of bread. In this matter of nationality, however, the Germanic or Teutonic tribes and the Scandinavians are Goths; but the *old* Northmen never were, and the young Scandinavians never will be, Teutonic or Germanic. The Scandinavian tribes have settled Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Iceland; England was colonized by the Anglo-Saxons, who lived in the part of ancient Scandinavia called Thule, now called Jylland; and the northern parts of France, and of Greenland are colonized by them. The Teutonic tribes settled in Germany, Bohemia,

part of Austria, the southeast Russian shore provinces, Lombardy; and France received a Teutonic tribe, the Franks, as also did the Dutch provinces. This is history, and what else is told is manufactured by German writers. It is a common fault with the Germans, that they are so well satisfied with their own, that they try to rob other nations of their nationality, and thus Germanize them. Then they will talk about German literature and cultivation, which in reality are very small; their original writers do not amount to a dozen; their best literature is mainly the property of other nations, cooked and adapted to German taste.

Another historical fact is somewhat corrupt-

ed in the article named. The writer says: "Pioneers seeking its barren shores for the self-same reasons that led the Puritans to the rock-bound coast of Massachusetts and Connecticut." Now the truth is, that these northern pioneers were heathens; so was the king who made them exile themselves. There were no different views on the subject of *religion*. These Northmen were small kings, and sea-kings or robbers, who would not submit to the ruler and his laws, and were not strong enough to oppose him.

[Scandinavia makes some bold claims in the above; what has the Professor to say in answer to them?—Ed.]

THE TRAVELLER—ILLUSTRATED.

OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[CONTINUED FROM MAY NUMBER.]



AND yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
 And estimate the blessings which they share,
 Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
 An equal portion dealt to all mankind:
 As different good, by art or nature given,
 To different nations makes their blessing even.
 Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
 Still grants her bliss at labor's earnest call;
 With food as well the peasant is supplied
 On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
 And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
 These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
 From art more various are the blessings sent;
 Wealth, commerce, honor, liberty, content.
 Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
 That either seems destructive of the rest.
 Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails;
 And honor sinks where commerce long prevails;
 Hence every state to one lov'd blessing prone,
 Conforms and models life to that alone.
 Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
 And spurns the plan that aims at other ends:
 Till carried to excess in each domain,
 This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
 And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
 Here for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
 Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;

Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;



While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;

Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And e'en in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state;
At her command the palace learnt to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies,
The canvas glow'd beyond e'en Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmanned, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found with fruitless skill
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguild,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed:
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them; turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;

No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all ;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed ;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loath his vegetable meal ;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes ;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep ,



Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labor sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze ;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board :
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Our Mentorial Bureau.

[In this Department will be noticed such matters as are of interest to correspondents and to the general reader. Contributions for "What They Say" should be brief, pointed, and creamy, to secure publication.]

To Our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" ONLY will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify idle curiosity. One question only at a time, and that clearly stated, must be propounded, if a correspondent shall expect us to give him the benefit of its early consideration. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter, if a stamp be inclosed for the return postage.

THE SCIENCE OF GOVERNMENT.—I desire to possess a knowledge in general of civil government, and more especially of the glorious Republic under which we as citizens have our rights. I am an American, and desire to Americanize my views in keeping with the laws that govern us. I am not stimulated by political ambition, for my only object is to be a good, faithful citizen, and I desire to educate myself to it. Can you tell me what book or books are requisite for the attainment of such information? Give me also the prices, that I may know the amount of money to send with my order.

Ans. A very laudable request. It must be confessed that, as a class, Americans are lacking in knowledge on the subject of government, especially their own liberal Republican policy; and yet the very nature of our institutions induces every educated man to take some part in political affairs. The study of the principles of government in general, and of the history and peculiar features of that form which we as loyal citizens affectionately maintain, should be made a part of the curriculum of study in all our high-schools and seminaries, and more earnest attention should be given to political science in colleges and universities than is usually the case now. Any young and ambitious man who enters the arena of political life only after a careful reading of the best works on the science and history of governments, will find himself occupying a vantage ground with respect to the majority of those who have a similar object in view, simply on account of his superior information, and the clearness of judgment which that superiority ministers to.

A long list of works might be given, but the following must suffice in this place: Hallam's Constitutional History of England, \$2; Guizot's History of Representative Government; De Tocqueville's Democracy in America, 1 vol.; Hamilton and Madison's History of the Constitution of the United States, in the Federalist; Story's Commentaries on the Constitution of the United States, \$1 50; G. T. Curtis' History of the Formation and

Adoption of the Constitution of the United States, 2 vols., 8vo., \$6; Grimke's Nature and Tendency of Free Institutions, \$2 75. The writings of the early American statesmen, Morris, Jay, Jefferson, Quincy, John, and Samuel Adams, Livingston, etc., furnish valuable information and counsel on the subject of our own Government.

"THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER."—What is the origin and meaning of the above expression, about which so much is said nowadays? There are many like myself who are ignorant of its origin.

Ans. The origin of the expression is as follows: An old and well-known actor having died, a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church was requested to open his church for and personally officiate at the funeral. The clergyman consented to read the Burial service at the house, but declined to open his church upon the ground that he had always opposed the theater, and did not desire to take a step which might seem inconsistent with his former utterances. Being asked if any clergyman of his Church would bury the deceased in the manner proposed, he replied, that Dr. —, "the rector of the little church around the corner," had officiated at the funerals of actors. The expression which has acquired so much notoriety was very natural and purely directory. The church to which it was applied being of peculiar architecture, appears "little," and it is in point of fact "around the corner" from the church of the clergyman making the remark. There was no covert sneer or sinister meaning in the words.

We may add that the rector of the "little church" opened his doors and read the Episcopal Burial Office over the deceased actor. Thereupon vials of newspaper wrath were poured upon the rector who refused, and the most extravagant praises were showered upon the rector who consented. The occasion was also improved to vent silly platitudes on the moral glory and immaculate purity of the theater; it was even boldly asserted that the stage proclaimed a purer Christianity than the pulpit.

With regard to the occasion of the controversy we may briefly say that the friends of the deceased had no claim in church law whatever they may have had in Christian courtesy upon the clergyman in question. Every Church has certain offices and formularies which strictly appertain only to church members. In this respect the Church is like any other society. The world readily acknowledges that if a man desires a military funeral, he must

be a soldier; if a Masonic funeral, he must be a Mason; and is it not equally fitting that if a man desires a Roman Catholic funeral, he should be a Roman Catholic? if an Episcopalian funeral, he should be an Episcopalian? We heartily indorse the statement of the *American Churchman*:

"It would seem as if a little common sense were sadly needed in *irreligion* as well as in religion. We think a man who makes up his mind to go through life and death without Church and ministry, owes it to his own consistency to leave directions that his body be disposed of as he has disposed of his soul." —

THICKENING OF SKULL.—Does an organ diminish in size by less use? or is it the increase in the growth of other organs that makes it seem less?

Ans. The whole brain decreases in size when age renders it inactive, or ceases to give it adequate nourishment. As this is true of the whole brain in old age, it is also true relative to particular organs. Sometimes an organ becomes smaller by disuse, and the skull becomes thickened in the inside over the organ in question. This process of thickening of the skull also frequently occurs in old age over a whole region, say that of intellect.

SWEDENBORG.—Is it *generally* acknowledged that Swedenborg was in his sane mind when he claimed that he received communications from angels?

Ans. We do not know what is "*generally*" thought on the subject. His followers and believers of course think he was not insane, but that he was exalted in his mental state, *en rapport* with spirits and angels; that he had a kind of inspiration like that of John on the island of Patmos.

WHAT CAN IT MEAN?—Here is a copy of a beautifully written note on sweetly scented paper as follows:

LOUISVILLE, KY.

MR. WELLS—*Dear Sir:* Will you be kind enough to answer in your PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL the following query in reference to yourself? Are you a single gentleman? or, are you still open to proposals?
AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

[We handed the note to our clairvoyant, who summoned a spirit from the vasty deep, that put on its spectacles and uttered these wise and significant words: "guess not." Wife, children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren came rushing into the editorial sanctum, each wanting to know what caused such a commotion! Has it anything to do with the annexation of St. Domingo? Is some one trying to bewitch the editor? What does it mean?] —

SOUP.—Are simple soups that are not injured by seasoning, unhealthy from the fact that they deprive the salivary glands of their proper stimulus for action?

Ans. Soups, if not taken hot or speeded, are not unwholesome, nor is any saliva required with them. The courses of solid food which generally follow the soup bring the salivary glands into

healthy use. Some persons think the chief damage of smoking is the waste of saliva caused by spitting; and some tell us their smoking does not injure them because they have learned not to spit when smoking. Saliva can be replenished indefinitely. A glass of water and a pinch of salt would supply all that would be wasted by a day's smoking or chewing—or three days' wetting the fingers by persons constantly employed in counting bank bills. It is the tobacco, not the loss of saliva, that works the mischief. How very wise people are who smoke or chew a deadly poisonous article with supposed impunity, while they ignorantly deprecate the loss of a little saliva whose only office is to moisten the food!

CRAMPS.—What is the cause of cramp in the limbs when they are held a few moments out of their natural position.

Ans. The muscles and the nerves which act through them have certain natural positions. If these are disturbed, some of the muscles and nerves are strained, and a spasm is the result. Snow and ice load young trees and bend them down, and sometimes the fiber is so much disturbed that the trees never straighten up. Whether they have a cramp as the result of the unnatural position, is not certain. Some heathen devotees hold their arms aloft as a religious duty until they become fixed in that unnatural position. The cramp is an outcry of nature for relief, but the cramp may become immovable.

PHRENOLOGY AND THEOLOGY.—Does the Bible and the science of Phrenology teach that there is a line drawn between the saint and sinner, on one side being all happiness, on the other all misery? Or, does it teach that the more we glorify God by benefiting our fellow-men and ourselves by doing right, the better it will be for us here and hereafter?

Ans. PHRENOLOGY does not teach Theology in a dogmatic way; it teaches the nature of the moral faculties, and from this nature the intellect draws its own inferences as to statements of doctrine. A man can be a phrenologist and be a believer in any of the various creeds from Catholicism to Spiritualism. Phrenology does not teach mathematics, but it teaches relative to the faculties which have to do with mathematics. The Bible, Phrenology, and common sense relate to righteousness and happiness, one being the effect of the other. Sin and unhappiness are alike related as cause and effect. Those who use their moral powers aright and seek earnestly to keep the propensities in subjection, will realize in this life, and the next, that "he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with him."—*Acts* x. 35.

FINGER-NAILS.—What is the cause of white clouds on the finger-nails?

Ans. In childhood we were told it indicated the number of lies we had told, and he who had the most of those little white clouds was looked upon by his associates with suspicion; whether they in-

licated white lines, we were not informed. If lines did really show themselves on the finger-nails, how soon would gloves become fashionable, and what large nails some would need! Bruising or bending the nails, especially if they be of a dry, stiff nature, will produce white spots. They may be caused by some constitutional condition of the nails.

OLEAGINOUS.—Does the application of oil limber the joints? If so, how?

Ans. It is an old custom to rub oil on the joints of lame persons, and we with others once supposed it limbered the joints. We think now we can tell how. The oil may tend to soften the skin and open the pores, and with the powerful and long-continued rubbing the obstructed circulation is promoted and the "joint is limbered." Liniments, so often praised, produce the good they perform in the same way. If one would do the same rubbing, attended by the roasting before the fire that was part of the prescription, the lame joint or sore muscle would receive the same benefit. Oil really limbers the joints of machinery without the rubbing, but not the joints of men.

MAGNETISM AND PSYCHOLOGY.—Are Magnetism, Mesmerism, and Psychology arts given only to a gifted few, or can they be acquired by any person by reading books on the subject? also, what books are the best?

Ans. We suppose all well-organized persons having strong nerve force and a strong will can bring others less strong than themselves under the magnetic influence. The "Library of Mesmerism" contains everything that is valuable on the subject, and also instructions how to proceed in the matter. It may be obtained from this office, in one large volume; price by mail, \$4.

PHILOSOPHY.—Suppose a hole were made from one surface of the earth to the opposite, passing through the center, and a ball were dropped from either side, would its motion be perpetual? or would it, after many vibrations, finally stop at the center?

Ans. It would act exactly as a ball would, if suspended by a line, and it were to be swung like a pendulum, which would oscillate past the center of gravity for a long time, each passage being shorter than the last until, obeying the law of gravitation and the resistance of the atmosphere, it would come to a rest.

WOMAN AND BEARD.—If woman were to shave would it develop a beard? I am at sword's points with a person on this matter.

Ans. "Put up thy sword, and do thyself no harm." The question need not be decided in a moment. It has waited for ages, and its solution need not be hurried. Some women have a pretty strong tendency to beard, especially the mustache. If such were to shave, they would strengthen the beard and cause it to become, as young men sometimes say of their own, "quite respectable." The whole face is covered with fine, short, rudimentary

hairs, and if one were to shave the forehead or the nose three times a week, the growth of these rudimentary hairs would be promoted—but never would become very heavy or thick.

Woman was ordained to live without a beard, and though some have a strong tendency to have beard, as some men are strongly inclined not to have, the great law is, that if woman thinks a beard necessary to her happiness, she must obtain a claim to one by forming a permanent partnership with a man so endowed as to supply the needs of both.

INSPIRATION.—What is inspiration?

Ans. The influence of the spirit of God on the human mind.

AGRICULTURE IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—For the desired information as to the price and location of "lands for sale" in South Carolina, address Editor of *Rural Carolinian*, Charleston, S. C. He will put you in the way of finding just what you want in the way of a farm or plantation.

What They Say.

MY EXPERIENCE WITH TOBACCO.—

J. G. W. writes the following for the benefit of our young readers: "I am a young man in years, but am old in experience of this sort. A period of twelve years spent in company with tobacco has given me a knowledge of that baneful weed which only those who have long been addicted to it can have. I commenced its use at the age of ten, being led and encouraged on, as is usually the case, by those who were older than myself. After several sharp conflicts with Nature, in which that discreet old lady gave me some disagreeable reprimands, I mastered the habit of smoking. Then, to have a cigar or pipe protruding from my mouth, and to be called "Young America," etc., by grown-up men who should have known better, was to me a source of great enjoyment. I felt very important, and almost fancied myself six foot high, with a gruff voice and a flowing beard. In fact, I actually forced myself into the company of matured people, but soon finding that my talk and actions received but little attention from them, I was glad to return to my proper sphere and associate with boys of my own age. At the age of fourteen the mere smoking of tobacco did not seem to give the satisfaction that it had previously. I therefore achieved another unfortunate victory, and learned to chew it. Again did kind Nature admonish me, but deaf to her wise entreaties I persevered, and the desired result was attained. From that day until the 7th of June last I became an inveterate tobacco consumer. Excepting during meals and the hours of sleep, tobacco was constantly in my mouth. Without it, I would feel dull and peevish, and to procure it, would undergo almost any amount of fatigue and hardship. The amount of money that I expended to

gratify this appetite must have been considerable, and I think sufficient to keep me well clothed.

"Now to explain why I have renounced its use. About three years ago I discovered that my health was not just what it should be. I was troubled with a defective memory, an unnatural thirst for water, and became greatly emaciated. So thin did I become that I felt awkward and nervous when ever I walked alone in the streets, imagining that every one was looking at me and making remarks upon my appearance. In the spring of 1870 my symptoms attained an alarming stage; then I became aware that my lungs were affected, but I had not the remotest idea that it was anything serious. I made the attempt to quit using tobacco, but the attempt was an inglorious failure. Firmness being a rather deficient phrenological characteristic, I determined, however, to cultivate it, and then and there made a resolution to that effect. I was furthermore encouraged by reading in your excellent JOURNAL a short article in rhyme entitled 'The True Hero.'

"On the first of June my symptoms began to assume a serious appearance, and I had dread apprehensions that consumption was planting its fatal seeds in my organism. My breath came short and quick, and frequently a sort of aching oppressive pain would cross my chest. My appetite was good during this time, but my food did not taste good, everything I ate, excepting tart or acidulous food, tasted flat and insipid. My mouth and tongue had become so saturated with the juice of tobacco, that all the delightful sensibilities of taste were blunted. I now began to fully realize my position. The excessive use of tobacco was destroying me. The very moment that the truth broke upon me that my consumptive tendencies were attributable to tobacco, that very moment did I breathe a resolution to resign its use forever. I commenced on the 7th of June to live without the vile weed. On that day I actually suffered pain; I was compelled to moisten my mouth and throat with water every half hour, or else a burning thirst would make me miserable. I kept my resolution, however, and the next day felt decidedly better; the thirst was lessened, my food tasted better, and hopes of the future made me cheerful and happy. Each succeeding day found me gradually improving, and now months having passed, I have gained several pounds in weight, my respiration has improved, my complexion is better, my strength augmented, and my condition has occasioned encouraging remarks from friends.

PHYSIOGNOMICAL SIGN OF FRIENDSHIP.

—In allusion to this a lady correspondent writes earnestly, as follows:

"In my own experience I have learned to distrust the friendship, the *sincerity* of just those persons in whom I have found this sign largest. Indeed, it is set down in my own mind as a sure indication of *deceitfulness*; when very decidedly marked, of decided and incurable untruthfulness. Per-

sons with this sign are apt to be extremely demonstrative in their *professions* of friendship, ardent even, are usually much given to kissing, but it is the kiss that goeth before betrayal. These individuals have a special faculty in 'putting the best foot forward,' and keeping everything at all unfavorable to themselves in the background, and go through life trying to 'act a character,' and that character much better than they are entitled to.

"Commend me to the fine, frank-lipped ones who never need prepare to *pucker* when the door-bell rings. I know a lady well who is always vexed if one of her children puts her, to the trouble of 'fixing her mouth' for nothing by a mischievous pull at the bell-knob.

"Now, my dear sir, how shall I account for this seeming discrepancy between scientific investigation and my own experience? I noticed this about three years ago, and since then have given particular attention to marked cases that have come under my observation."

[Is not this counterfeiting of the indication an indirect proof of its genuineness? They who "put on" the expression must appreciate its importance in social intercourse.]

"FORGIVE THEM." A subscriber and correspondent writes us from Vermont of a little unpleasant experience suffered in New Hampshire not long since. He says:

I must relate for your benefit an incident which I witnessed a short time ago. A certain clergyman was holding forth to the people of a village not far from our town, and was picturing out the difference between true and false religion. After having drawn a vivid picture of false religion, he said, "Or, in other words, such a religion as Fowler and Wells teach in their writings." You may imagine how that sounded in my ears, after having circulated your writings in the neighborhood. I felt at the time very much like "speaking in meeting," and I said *then*, and I say *now*, that it was a libel. I took my JOURNALS and lent them, and asked the people to read them, and a number did so, and were satisfied that the man was talking about that of which he knew nothing. I trust the day is *coming* when such ignorance, even in the pulpit, will not be met with.

Was there ever a new idea advanced, before or since the Christian era, that has not been opposed? Were not the Apostles persecuted, and most of them put to death, because of their teachings? Was not Dr. Gall exiled from Austria by the priests because of their ignorance and superstition? Have we not been for thirty years doing our best to throw light on dark and prejudiced minds? Have we not made real progress? Do not *all* intelligent men and women in America accept the general principles of Phrenology? Should Wells be held responsible to-day for what Fowler may have said or written years ago? Before denouncing from the pulpit or the press, would it not be kindly, just, and Christian in a clergyman or a writer to *know* the facts whereof he affirms? We are charitable enough to suppose that those who charge us with infidelity do so ignorantly, and without malice. In either case, we forgive them.

LETTER FROM A CHINAMAN.—Students in our last November class will remember Lee Sing, the polite and obliging Chinaman who loaned us the use of his smoothly-shaved head as a specimen. Business called him to California last January, where he now awaits shipments of goods from Canton, China, his native place. We copy a letter which we have received from him, as a curiosity, for the entertainment of our readers. The spelling is generally correct, the penmanship excellent, but the composition peculiar.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

S. R. WELLS—*My Dear Sir*: I would respectfully tell you we have very pleasant to ride on the trains; and have fire, every things on each trains; my wife and me are feeling very well; we saw all places, hills, on mountains, that look are very pretty indeed on the rail road and have seen good many of the Indian men and women on the way or in the hills sitting under the bushes to make a fire, warm themselves, and we have saw good deal of the countries on the way side.

We have seen three times the rail road through the mountains that looks are very dark, it is very stranger to us; and I would like tell you all I can. We are very much please to you and your wife, and we never forgot you, and we hope God will give you excellent health; my wife and me give all regard to you and your wife, and I like to write to you any time to inform you about any news.

I wrote to my father in China to send me some handsome and first class of the Chinese goods such as fans and mandarin's ladies beautiful things tooth powders, and any other things, and as soon as I received the goods from my father, and I would send you some; as soon as you received my letter please write me an answer and I like to hear from you.

Please let me go to the No. 241 Broadway Street, the Erie Pacific Freight Office to inquire about my trunk; the man there said the freight from New York to San Francisco eighteen days, but now is very near one month my trunks not come yet, please go and tell the office what was the matter whether not send to me or lost it, and I want my trunk come before our Chinese new year, but our happy about nine days more my shoe and every things are in the trunk and I would like you do it for me this time; please delivery immediately to see the office man 241 Broadway Erie Freight Office if it lost or not. I like to know when it come—please send me an answer right off.

Very respectfully yours, LEE SING.

[We had hoped, and still hope, that Lee Sing will perfect his knowledge of Phrenology and become a teacher of its truth and utility among the hundred millions in the Flowery Kingdom. Lee Sing's wife, Choy, is a bright and really beautiful creature of about twenty-five years, very kindly, devotional, and loving. We hope to hear more of them.]

WHO LEADS.—The *World* newspaper pays us the following compliment, and at the same time gives us some advice. We quote:

"The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL continues unimproved in its scientific character, and hardly needs improvement in its publication department. It will be remembered that last month we pointed out the evident mistake which this ably managed journal makes in dealing with the unscientific frivolities of Phrenology as they are taught by the phrenologists of to-day. Hecker and Fowler are not the legitimate successors of Gall and Spurz-

heim, and the theories of the bump-feelers are not legitimate deductions from the observations of these eminent scholars. Their true successors are men like Bain and Herbert Spencer, and if the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL wishes to be as useful as it is successful and able in its management, it will devote itself to the teaching of their philosophy, and not to the farrago which monthly burdens its space."

We thank the *World* for its frankness, and beg to state in reply, that the JOURNAL does not propose to "follow" anybody. It proposes to lead. We hope to count the *World* among its constituents, when it shall place politics on higher than mere party grounds. We propose to apply science to the selection and appointment of men best adapted to particular places. We want men of integrity and capacity to fill places of honor and of trust,—not drunken, pothouse, gambling politicians who disgust all decent men, and disgrace the very name of our republic. No; we would weed out these culprits and put them in restraint, under proper tutelage, until they should be fitted for freedom. Will the *World* join us in this most useful work? It is our intention to have a general supervision over all the various public interests, and to point out to the public who are best fitted for the press, the pulpit, the scalpel, and the bar; so also to have a due regard for teachers, treasurers, legislators, statesmen, keepers of prisons, etc. A PHRENOLOGIST to follow the lead of fallible men! Not much. We look at men and at measures from the topmost standpoint, and take the measure of all!

SOMETHING ABOUT LIMERICK, IRELAND.

—A friend of the JOURNAL writes from Ireland on this interesting old city:

Limerick stands on the Shannon, which divides the city into the Irish and the English town. These are connected by four bridges, one of which is a draw-bridge, and considered one of the most nearly faultless of its class in existence. Limerick, since the time of William III., is sometimes called "The City of the Violated Treaty," that monarch having failed in his attempt to take it by force, succeeded by a treaty, which he shortly after broke. This treaty was drawn up on a stone that is exhibited on a monument standing in the city.

The far-famed Garryowen is a village in the suburbs, and is remarkable among other things as the birthplace of the Colleen Bawn. The term "Garryowen" is Irish, and signifies "Owen's garden"—a place that was once the Central Park of Limerick. It flourished and it faded; its glories are now hardly remembered "by the oldest inhabitant."

It is not perhaps generally known that the play entitled the "Colleen Bawn" is a dramatized version of a work entitled "The Collegians," written by Gerald Griffin, who was a native of this city.

Limerick may be taken as a true specimen of one marked characteristic of Irish society—extremes—extremes of poverty and wealth, ignorance and intelligence. The beggar in rags can be met with by the side of the lady in silk.

The number of beautiful and cultivated women to be found in Ireland in general, and Limerick in particular, is a source of surprise to Americans, who are accustomed to see but a low type of female organization in the emigrant class. Since my arrival in this country, I have seen in villages women who would grace any court or society.

Limerick possesses much accommodation for shipping. It has handsome stone quays and a floating dock. The latter is used chiefly for repairing purposes by the steamers that ply between Liverpool, London, Glasgow, and Limerick. There are fifteen churches in the city, ten of which are Roman Catholic. The principal monuments are three,—one of which is dedicated to O'Connell, a second to Lord Montecagle, and the third to a young man, a son of Lord Clare, who fell at Balaklava.

The Irish jaunting-car on which we rode from the depot (called here station) to the hotel, was drawn by a testy little pony which had an aversion to traveling up hill. Whenever he came to one, he attempted to travel crab fashion. Finding that experiment unsuccessful, he indulged in a series of kicks aimed at the shins of the driver, who dodged the strokes with an agility indicative of much experience in the driving of that class of horses. With an equanimity truly commendable, the driver endeavored to calm the ire of the animal, but the latter showed a determination not to be pacified on any account. However, after much wheedling, he was induced to move at a slow pace, which the driver feared to quicken, lest the crab system would be resumed.

P. F.

Literary Notices.

There is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books no less than in the faces of men, by which a skillful observer will know as well what to expect from the one as the other.—BUTLER.

MINNESOTA; Its Character and Climate.

Likewise Sketches of other Resorts Favorable to Invalids; together with Copious Notes on Health; also Hints to Tourists and Emigrants. By Ledyard Bill, author of "A Winter in Florida," etc. One vol., 12mo; pp. 207; cloth. Price, \$1 25. New York: Wood & Holbrook.

Mr. Bill is a careful observer, and takes practical views of life. He has traveled for an object—information, recreation, health; and he has recorded just that kind of knowledge which every one will be glad to possess. Here are the headings of some of the chapters: Leading Characteristics of the State; The Upper Mississippi River Towns; St. Paul; Climate; Consumption; Causes of Consumption; Hints to Invalids and Others; Where to Go and What to See and Expect; Duluth; The Northern Pacific Railroad; Other Climates than Minnesota. Every tourist, emigrant, or invalid should have a copy.

THE SERMONS OF HENRY WARD BEECHER, in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. From Verbatim Reports by T. J. Ellinwood. "Plymouth Pulpit," Fourth Series: March, 1870—September, 1870. One vol., octavo; pp. 456; cloth. Price, \$2 50. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

In his preface Mr. Beecher says: "There are thousands of neighborhoods without churches, and with but occasional preaching; there is many a village whose church is without a pastor, in which these sermons are read. In many instances, and some of especial interest, the services of the sanctuary have been kept up in the absence of a pastor by the reading of these sermons, and the congregations have grown from Sunday to Sunday." No better comment may be given with reference to the value of this and similar volumes. The subjects of this series of discourses are as follows:

Borrowing Trouble; Witnessing for Christ; Desiring and Choosing; Spiritual Stumbling-Blocks; Beauty; All Hall; Night and Darkness; The True Economy of Living; Law of Hereditary Influence; The True Religion; The Ideal of Christian Experience; Observance of the Lord's Day; Sympathy of the Divine Spirit; Conflicts of the Christian Life; Earthly Immortality; Merchant Clerks of our Cities; Moral Constitution of Man; Follow Thou Me; War; Patience; My Yoke is Easy; Fiery Darts; Testimony Against Evil; The Danger of Tampering with Sin; The Christian Life a New Life; Conceit.

There is real encouragement and comfort in these sermons. The reader is not oppressed with dreadful, doleful, sepulchral wallings, as from a dyspeptic and hopeless spirit, but he is strengthened with healthful utterances and aspirations.

THE HOMEOPATHIC DOMESTIC MEDICINE.

By Joseph Laurie, M.D. Edited and revised, with numerous Important Additions, and the Introduction of the New Remedies, and a Repertory, by Robert J. McClatchey, M.D. First American from the Twenty-first English edition. One vol., octavo; pp. 1034; morocco, cloth sides, leather gilt back, very substantially bound. Price, \$5. New York: Boericke & Tafel. May be ordered from this office.

Disciples of Hahnemann in America will rejoice in the republication, from the twenty-first English edition, of this great work. It is nearly the same to the homeopathic physician what Webster's Unabridged Dictionary is to the English-speaking race of men. It is "the whole thing"—a complete list of all the medicines prescribed for every disease. Every known symptom and disease is described, and its proper remedy named. Were it not that physicians are expected to study carefully each individual case submitted to them, we should be tempted to call this work the lazy physician's *vade mecum*. No adequate description can be given of the work in a brief notice. It would require pages to describe it. Suffice it to say, it is the most complete work of this school of medicine published. —

THE BOOK-WORM is the title of a small monthly sheet, published at \$1 a year, at the College Book Store, New Haven, Ct.

THREE SUCCESSFUL GIRLS. By Julia Crouch. One vol., 12mo; pp. 382; cloth. Price, \$1 50. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

A story of three sisters; one was inclined to literature, another to art, and the third to music. Their trials, reverses, and successes are duly chronicled, and the history is, no doubt, that of thousands of other aspiring natures. Here are the contents:

Washing-Day; Against the Tide; In the Orchard; Good-bye; In New York; Advertising; Plymouth Church; Sundry Matters; The Lone Little Widow; Dark Clouds; A Sacrifice for Principle; A Taste of Fashionable Life; After the Ball; The Night Before Christmas; Christmas Day; Hopes and Fears; A New Employment and a New Acquaintance; Charity; The Old Story; A Disappointment; Mary's Letter; The Revival; Hope and Peace; Two Letters; After Seven Years; The Gold Medal; At Home.

These subjects are all treated in that natural sort of way that inclines one to listen to the end. The book will prove encouraging to all who read it.

THE QUEEN'S REVENGE; and Other Stories. By Wilkie Collins, author of "No Name," etc. One vol., octavo; pp. 226; paper. Price, 75 cts. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Besides the usual love-making, romance, crime, etc., the author gives a day's bill of fare of an English woman "who is much too ladylike for one in her station in life." Here it is:

7 A.M. Breakfast—tea, toast, half-quartern loaf, butter, eggs, bacon.

9.30 A.M. First morning snack—a glass of pale sherry, and a plate of mixed biscuits.

11 A.M. Second morning snack—a basin of beef tea, and a tumbler of brandy and water.

12.45 P.M. Dinner—a roast loin and mashed potatoes; with dinner, ale, spiced and warmed; after dinner, a tumbler of hot gin and water.

3 P.M. Afternoon snack—a glass of pale sherry, and a plate of mixed biscuits.

4.30. Tea and muffins.

7. Evening snack—stewed cheese, toast, and a tumbler of brandy and water.

9. Supper—nice juicy steak, and two glasses of beer. Second course—stewed cheese, and a tumbler of gin and water.

If it be objected that this is only the extravagant statement of a novelist, and that it is far from the truth, we reply, the lives of some are so gross and sensual, that if the real truth were told of them it would scarcely be believed.

HERSPERIA. By Cora S. V. Tappan. One vol., 12mo; pp. 235; cloth. Price, \$1 75. [No publisher.]

If a painter, sculptor, or composer puts *himself* into his picture, statue, or music, so an author puts himself into his book. In the volume before us we have the poetical, imaginative, lively, loving, emotional, impressive nature of the ethereal Cora Scott Tappan, in this *her* book. She deifies the old Indian chiefs, and sings peans to great rivers; she exalts all she touches or breathes upon. It is a singularly interesting work—echo of the author's spirit.

MONEY IN THE GARDEN. A Vegetable Manual, prepared with a View to Profit. By P. T. Quinn. One vol., 12mo; pp. 268; cloth. Price, \$1 50. New York: Tribune Association.

"Money in the Garden," of course there is; and Americans will some day find it out. Mr. Quinn, successor of Prof. J. J. Mapes, has reduced gardening to method—science,—and has put some of his practical knowledge on the subject into this handsome hand-book. Let all men and all women, all boys and all girls, read it for their edification and profit.

HOW HE DID IT. By Miss Eliza A. Dupuy, author of "Why Did He Marry Her?" etc. One vol., 12mo; pp. 456; cloth. Price, \$1 75, or \$1 50 in paper. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The story opens with an "assassination," and closes with "the plotters foiled." It is an exciting Southern romance, the characters figuring in it are among the former "F. F. V.'s, and all are heroic, vindictive, loving, jealous, or treacherous, like all other human beings. Some readers will not go to sleep with this story unfinished. But, is it healthy? —

CRUEL AS THE GRAVE. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, author of "The Haunted Homestead," etc. One vol., 12mo; pp. 372; cloth. Price, \$1 75. Paper, \$1 50. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Of course this is a love story,—the thirty-third or the thirty-fourth—by the same prolific writer. In this, love, jealousy, haunted houses, ghosts, etc., figure prominently. Of the lovers she says,

"Their love was like the lava flood
That burns in Etna's breast of flame."

Rather "inordinate" for health, was it not? but so it ran.

THE DUEL BETWEEN FRANCE AND GERMANY, with its Lesson to Civilization. Lecture by Charles Sumner. 12mo; paper. Price, 50 cents. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Young orators who must have an example, may look to Mr. Sumner as the American Cicero. In him they will find classical speech with humane and reformatory sentiment. As to the correctness of his judgment at all times, opinions will differ, but as to his speeches, lectures, and orations, they are regarded by all as models. This "Duel" is no exception. Read it in the elegant style of Lee & Shepard.

ZELL'S POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA and Universal Dictionary. Fifty cents a number. Price, complete in two volumes, plain, \$32; sheep, \$34; half turkey, \$36 50. Philadelphia: T. Elwood Zell.

We have received from the publisher the last five numbers—which complete the volume. The work is one of the best encyclopedias ever published. A person with good memory could obtain a pretty substantial education through a careful study of it. The publisher says a supplementary number of this work will be issued annually. Orders may be sent to this office.

THE STORY OF MY LIFE. By Hans Christian Andersen, author of "The Improvisatore," "Wonder Stories Told for Children," etc. Now first translated into English, and containing Chapters additional to those published in the Danish Edition, bringing the narrative down to the Odense Festival of 1867. Author's Edition. One vol., 12mo; pp. 570; cloth. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

Here we have it. This most popular of all the modern Danish writers gives us the story of his life—including the pedigree of his progenitors—in that familiar colloquial style which interests and holds the reader. Nor is this story merely entertaining, it is very instructive. Without being sectarian or dogmatic, it is full of good counsel, given in acceptable language. Every young man should read it.

GUTENBERG, and the Art of Printing. By Emily C. Pearson, author of "Ruth's Sacrifice," "The Poor White," etc. One vol., 12mo; pp. 202; cloth. Price, \$2. Boston: Noyes, Holmes & Co. For sale by Felt & Co., New York city.

This is one of the most exquisitely published works of the season. Nor is it less worthy in a literary point of view. The whole thing is most creditable. Authors, printers, and publishers alike will give generous praise to writer and publishers. All who have anything to do with types or with printing should read this most instructive history of the "art preservative of all art." It brings the subject down to the year 1871, showing the progress which has been made in printing.

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE. New Series. Octavo; pp. 64; monthly. Price, \$3 a year, 25 cents a copy. New York: Messrs. Pott & Amery.

Contents of the April number: A Steadfast Woman; Notes Touching Migration; The Census; To San Francisco and Back; On the Study of English History; Small-Pox Before and After the Introduction of Vaccination; The Stability of Ships; Weather Wisdom; The Gallery of Battles; Emigration; Some Anniversaries in April; On Camel and Horseback; Easter Eggs; The Faults of the Earth; Gardening; Poetry; Short Notices of New Books; Miscellany. We commend this as one of the best—as it is among the cheapest—magazines now published. Let it have a place in every family.

THE THREE GUARDSMEN; or, the Three Mousquetaires. By Alexander Dumas, author of "Memoirs of a Physician," etc. One vol., octavo; pp. 239; paper, 75 cents. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Frenchmen can talk. This one, as is well known, could write. The book runs on with his fun, froth, or fury, and leads you into the mazes of mystery, passion, and excitement which proffer neither rest of body nor peace of mind.

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SAINT LOUIS the Future Great City of the World. Illustrated with a Map. By L. U. Reavis. One vol., octavo; pp. 106; paper. 50 cts.

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A Sermon on God's Law on the Body and His Law in the Book. By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler. 12mo; pp. 23; paper, 15 cents. New York: National Temperance Society.

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Devoted to the Elucidation of Scientific and Popular Microscopy. E. M. Hall, M.D., editor. Monthly; octavo; pp. 32; \$2 per year, or 25 cents per number. Chicago: G. Mead & Co., publishers; S. R. Wells, New York.

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Tells the reader how to make it, how to use it, and not waste it, best burners, etc. In short, it is just what it claims to be, viz., "The Gas Consumer's Guide."

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THE HUB AND COACHMAKER'S MAGAZINE, Vol. 13. Monthly, large quarto, pp. 28. Price, \$3 a year. George W. Houghton, editor, Boston, Mass.

This is a large quarto, printed on fine-toned paper, illustrated with cuts of carriages, and is intended to meet the wants of all parties connected with the trade.

SPEECH OF HON. TIMOTHY O. HOWE, of Wisconsin, in the Senate of the United States, March 27th and 28th, 1871, on San Domingo. Washington: Rives & Bailey.

This is a review and reply to Mr. Sumner's late speech on the same subject.

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FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE MANHATTAN EYE AND EAR HOSPITAL, New York. Chartered May 5th, 1869; location, 233 East 34th Street. This hospital has neither asked for nor received money from the State or other public treasuries, but has been sustained by gifts from the benevolent and from such indoor patients as have paid in full or in part for treatment and maintenance. The number of patients treated between October 15th, 1869, and December 1st, 1870, was, for maladies of the eye, 1,227, of the ear, 430, surgical operations, 60. Of these there were several very interesting cures. Address Drs. Agnew, Loring, or Roosa, 233 East 34th Street, New York.

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^{July}
~~January~~ to December, 1871.

S. R. WELLS, EDITOR.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL R. WELLS, PUBLISHER, 389 BROADWAY.
1871.



“Quiconque a une trop haute idée de la force et de la justesse de ses raisonnemens pour se croire obligé de les soumettre a une expérience mille et mille fois répétée, ne perfectionnera jamais la physiologie du cerveau.”—GALL.

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“To Phrenology may be justly conceded the grand merit of having forced the inductive method of inquiry into mental philosophy, and thus laid the permanent foundations of a true mental science.”—*Encyclopædia Britannica*, 8th Edition.



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AUDUBONIANA.

BY REV. EDWARD GUIBERT.

THERE is now living at Tarrytown, on the Hudson River, in the enjoyment of a ripe old age, the artist who, during the years from 1827 to 1834, engraved and colored the plates

contained in the original edition of John James Audubon's "Birds of America." His name is Robert Havell, and naturally he is full of reminiscence and anecdote of the great ornitholo-

gist. I sat with him for some hours one evening, not a long while ago, and gathered from him the interesting "ana," which we subjoin.

John James Audubon was born in Louisiana, about the year 1782. He was of French descent, and giving early evidence of remarkable genius, his parents determined to send him to Paris to be educated. When but a child he was passionately fond of birds and animals. A rare specimen of either he would pursue with much of the eagerness that marked his after-years. While in Paris he attended the schools of natural history and art, and took lessons in drawing from the celebrated master, David. He returned to America in his eighteenth year, and settled down to a farmer's life near Philadelphia. It was while thus engaged that he began the series of sketches that eventually developed into his greatest work, "The Birds of America." Here he was married and his eldest child was born.

After the lapse of some years his desire for the wilds of the then far West led him to remove to what was the wilderness of Kentucky. At first he engaged in commerce, but his natural bent soon led him to observe and sketch the objects which afterward were to make him illustrious. About this time, when he was but an amateur in ornithological studies, he met the then famous Wilson at Louisville, who was procuring subscribers for his work upon the same topic. He called on Audubon and asked him to add his name to the list. A comparison of his work with that which Audubon had already performed so affected Wilson, that though Audubon showed him every attention and kindness while he stayed in Louisville, he did not return his friendship with any degree of warmth, but recorded in his diary, when he departed, that "literature or art had not a friend in the place."

In 1811 Audubon forsook commerce and sought the bayous of Florida, where he spent a number of years in adding to his collection.

In 1824 he returned to Philadelphia, and from thence journeyed to New York, where his productions were received with great applause. After a further sojourn among the pathless forests of the Northwest, he determined to visit Europe, in order that the materials he had been accumulating with such self-denying toil might be given to the world.

In 1826 he sailed for England, where he was cordially received. "The hearts of all warmed toward Audubon," says Professor Wilson, "who were capable of conceiving the difficulties, dangers, and sacrifices that must have been en-

countered, endured, and overcome before genius could have embodied these, the glory of its innumerable triumphs. The man himself is just what you would expect from his productions—full of fine enthusiasm and intelligence, most interesting in his looks and manners, a perfect gentleman, and esteemed by all who know him for the simplicity and frankness of his nature." Throwing himself into his work with ardor, he developed his plans of publication. His friends pointed out the madness of the project, but he afterward wrote, "My heart was nerved, and my reliance on that Power on whom all must depend brought bright anticipations of success."

Kit North was one who could well appreciate such a great-hearted man as Audubon. In *Blackwood's Magazine* for January, 1835, he gives the following account of a visit the naturalist made to Edinburgh:

"We were sitting one night, lately, all alone by ourselves, almost unconsciously eying the fire without flame, in the many-visioned grate, but at times aware of the symbols and emblems there beautifully built up of the ongoings of human life, when a knocking, not loud but resolute, came to the front door, followed by the rustling thrill of the bell-wire, and then by a tinkling far below, too gentle to waken the house that continued to enjoy the undisturbed dream of its repose. At first we supposed it might be but some late home-going knight-errant from a feast of shells, in a mood 'between malice and true-love,' seeking to disquiet the slumbers of Old Christopher, in expectation of seeing his night-cap (which he never wears) popped out of the window, and of hearing his voice (of which he is chary in the open air) simulating a scold upon the audacious sleep-breaker. So we benevolently laid back our head on our easy-chair and pursued our speculations on the state of affairs in general—and more particularly on the floundering fall of that inexplicable people—the Whigs. We had been wondering, and of our wondering found no end, what could have been their chief reasons for committing suicide. It appeared a case of very singular *felo-de-se*—for they had so timed the 'rash act' as to excite strong suspicions in the public mind that his Majesty had committed murder. Circumstances, however, had soon come to light that proved to demonstration that the wretched Ministry had laid violent hands on itself, and effected its purpose by strangulation. * * *

"But the knocking would not leave the door—and listening to its character, we were

assured that it came from the fist of a friend, who saw light through the chinks of the shutter, and knew, moreover, that we never put on the shroud of death's pleasant brother, sleep, till 'ae wee short hour ayont the twal,' and often not till earliest cock-crow, which chanticleer utters somewhat drowsily and then replaces his head beneath his wing, supported on one side by a partlet, on the other by a hen. So we gathered up our slippers from the rug, lamp in hand stalked along the lobbies, unchained and unlocked the oak which our faithful night-porter Somnus had sported—and lo! a figure muffled up in a cloak, and furred like a Russ, who advanced familiarly into the hall, extended both hands, and then embracing us, bade God bless us, and pronounced, with somewhat of a foreign accent, the name in which we and the world rejoice—'Christopher North!' We were not slow in returning the hug fraternal, for who was it but the 'American Woodsman!'—even Audubon himself—fresh from the Floridas, and breathing of the pure air of far-off Labrador! * * *

"It was quite a Noctes. Audubon told us—by snatches—all his travels, history, with many an anecdote interspersed of the dwellers among the woods—bird, beast, and man.

"All this and more he told us, with a cheerful voice and animated eyes, while the dusky hours were noiselessly wheeling the chariot of Night along the star-losing sky; and we too had something to tell him of our own home-loving obscurity, not ungladdened by studies sweet in the forest—till Dawn yoked her dappled coursers for one single slow stage, and then jocund Morn leaping up on the box, took the ribbons in her rosy fingers, and, after a dram of dew, blew her bugle, and drove like blazes right on toward the gates of Day."

When Audubon first arrived in the English metropolis the greatest obstacle in the way of his success was the lack of a competent artist to reproduce his sketches. Of engravers there were plenty, but no one of them would venture to undertake a work of such magnitude. Mr. Havell at this time had acquired a goodly reputation as a line engraver and colorer, and Audubon having called upon him urged him to take the drawing of the Baltimore oriole and see what he could do with it. In two weeks the copy was finished and laid before the naturalist. He examined it carefully, and then with great animation began to dance about the room, exclaiming, gleefully, "The jig is up, the jig is up!" The artist supposed he was displeased with the result, and with some feeling

asked whether he was satisfied or not. Audubon replied, "Your copy is so well done that I can not tell the one from the other." From that time the entire work was intrusted to Mr. Havell's charge.

Audubon when in Edinburgh wore his hair in long ringlets. He took much pleasure in its luxuriance; but his friends insisted that the *outré* appearance it gave him would affect him unpleasantly in London, and that he must therefore cut it off. It was not until the day before his departure that he yielded the point and submitted to the barber. When shorn, the effect upon him was so great that he shut himself up for hours, and only found consolation in the following obituary notice which he entered upon his journal:

"EDINBURGH, March 12, 1837.

"This day my hair was sacrificed, and the will of God usurped by the wishes of Man.

"As the barber clipped my locks rapidly, it reminded me of the horrible times of the French Revolution, when the same operation was performed upon all the victims murdered by the guillotine. My heart sank low.

JOHN J. AUDUBON."

The margin of the sheet is painted black, nearly three-quarters of an inch all around, as if he desired by the breadth of the lines to express his sorrow.

The expense attendant upon the engraving of the drawings was great, and Mr. Havell was obliged to pay the wages of the artists employed by him promptly. Sixty pounds sterling at this time were due, and Audubon was not only penniless, but was also in debt to a friend. In this strait he was gratified by a visit from Sir Thomas Lawrence. It was nine o'clock in the morning when he first came. He looked at several of the drawings of quadrupeds and birds, and then told their owner that if he would remain at home for a few hours he would bring him some purchasers. Before twelve o'clock he returned with a couple of gentlemen, who were so pleased with what they saw that they purchased the "Otter in the Trap" and a "Group of Rabbits," for which they paid, respectively, twenty and fifteen sovereigns—\$100 and \$75. Thus this financial strait was providentially provided for.

Though the labor attendant upon the filling up of the subscription list for the "Birds of America," and the raising of the funds necessary as it went through the press was wearying in the extreme, Audubon never allowed his spirits or his faith in his ultimate success to flag. The theater was his delight at this time. Thither he went at frequent intervals, always

accompanied by a few choice friends. He sat in the lower tier, where, while the play was not going on, he kept all around him convulsed with laughter by his lively sallies.

On September 1st, 1828, Audubon quitted London for Paris. Here he met Baron Cuvier, the naturalist, who introduced him to the Academy of Sciences, and delivered a report before it explanatory and descriptive of the American backwoodsman's labors. Therein he said: "Formerly European naturalists had to make known her treasures to America; but now her Mitchells, Harlows, and Charles Bonapartes have repaid with interest the debt which she owed to Europe. The history of the American birds by Wilson already equals in elegance our most beautiful works in ornithology, and if ever that of Audubon be completed, it will have to be confessed that in magnificence of execution the Old World is surpassed by the New." When the publication of "The Birds of America" was finished, the Baron declared it to be "the most splendid monument which art has erected to ornithology, and that it placed the name of its author first in the list of those who have illustrated this beautiful branch of natural history."

During this visit to Paris, Audubon was invited to the Palais Royale to exhibit the contents of his portfolio to the Duke of Orleans, afterward Louis Philippe. On this occasion his Royal Highness was very affable, and after having carefully examined the different drawings and conversed about America, ended by adding his name to the list of subscribers.

While in London our naturalist painted a great deal upon canvas. It was his custom to go to the market and buy a specimen of the quadruped or bird he desired to copy, if he could get it. It was while painting his famous "Eagle and the Lamb," that he had a veritable dead lamb before him in his studio. As it was early summer, and the weather was hot, it was not long before the carcass began to smell unpleasantly. One morning two visitors, Earl Ravensford and Lord Viscount Milton, were announced. After looking at the various paintings, they paused for some moments before that of the "Eagle and the Lamb." Gazing at it attentively his lordship exclaimed, "This is a most wonderful picture; it not only reminds you of a lamb, but," adding a strong expletive, "it smells like one also." He did not know the defunct and unsavory original was hidden behind a discarded canvas near by.

When Audubon was about to begin the large picture of the "Pheasants and the Spaniel,"

he found and purchased, after a long search, a beautiful pet spaniel. The day he brought it to his studio he asked the brother of Mr. Havell to come to him as a particular favor at four o'clock the next morning. Punctually at the hour named the lad was in attendance, when as he stood outside the door Audubon pointed to a string which was hanging out of the key-hole, and bade him as soon as the door was shut to "pull the string tight, and not let go. The lad obeyed, and forthwith heard a violent struggle inside which made his heart sick. When the door again opened he saw that the spaniel was strangled, and pinned while yet warm into the position the naturalist had determined upon beforehand for it.

Audubon was a splendid shot. It is safe to say that no one of his countrymen ever excelled him. After he had painted steadily, he was accustomed to refresh himself by setting up a mark made of copper plate in the yard and shooting at it with an air-gun or a pistol. Snuffing out a candle with a ball was a feat he performed without ever meeting with a failure. His success in bringing down his game in the woods is thus accounted for.

Until Audubon went to London he never saw a telescope. Mr. Havell owned a fine one, and showed it to him one day. He put it to his eye, and, filled with astonishment at the marvelous effects it produced, exclaimed, "Bless me! I can see the other end of Oxford Street, a mile and a half off! You must let me have this glass until I come back from America." He was so charmed with its usefulness that he never would relinquish it afterward.

Audubon always spoke with deep feeling about the loss he sustained at the village of Henderson, in Kentucky. Having business in Philadelphia, he packed his sketches, the accumulation of many years of patient toil, in a wooden box, and left them at Henderson in the care of a friend. After an absence of several months he returned, and his first visit was to the box which contained his treasures. It was opened; but to his dismay he found that a pair of Norway rats had taken possession, and had reared a young family among the gnawed bits of paper which but a few months before had represented nearly a thousand inhabitants of the air. Molten fire seemed to pass through his brain, and days passed like days of oblivion. His natural vigor, however, soon led him to take up his gun and drawing materials, and go forth into the woods again. It required three years of hard labor before the loss was repaired.

Sidney Smith was Audubon's ideal of a pul-

pit orator. He often recurred to a sermon he heard him preach in London. "It was," he said, "a sermon to *me*. Oh, what soul there must be in the body of that famous man! what a mingling of energetic and sweet thoughts! what a fount of goodness there must be within him! He made me smile, and he made me think more deeply perhaps than I had ever before in my life."

The original edition of "The Birds of America" is now rarely met with, except in public libraries. Quite recently two thousand dollars were offered in vain for a copy. Without doubt much of its success was due to the admirable skill of Mr. Havell. At the close of a review

of the first volume in the Edinburgh *New Philosophical Journal* of April, 1831, the writer says: "The plates are extremely beautiful; nothing more perfect could be desired. Mr. Havell has evidently mastered his subject, and is worthy of being associated with the great American naturalist in the production of the most splendid monument that has yet been raised to ornithology." In the fourth volume Audubon named a new species of bird he discovered "Havell's Fern," and in his Biography he says: "I give this bird this name because I consider the individual on whom I confer the honor is more deserving of it than many to whom similar compliments have been paid."

"MAN'S PLACE IN NATURE."

BY R. T. TRALL, M.D.

MAN is not a "higher animal." He is not an animal at all. He is a human being. The line of demarkation between the vegetable and the animal kingdom is much less difficult to find than is the chasm which separates humanity from animals. Indeed, in our present state of knowledge, it is impossible to determine whether certain living organisms are plants or animals; and this difficulty is increasing rather than diminishing with the developments of science. But the distinction between man and the highest animals is clear and unquestionable in the light of correct premises. It is true, however, that if we compare the lowest of human beings—the Bushmen, for example, with the highest of the animals—the gorilla, the distinction is not so apparent; but a closer investigation will show that even here the difference is in kind, not in degree.

The doctrine of "Protoplasm" as taught by Huxley, and the theory of the "Origin of Species" as propounded by Darwin, are not in any manner involved in this discussion, though strangely "mixed" with it in all the controversies and disputations on the subject which I have read or heard. Nor is the question of a future life, nor of the immortality of the soul, nor of the immortality of the person (soul and body) affected by the conclusion that man is or is not a higher animal. Each of these problems must stand or fall on its own independent merits, and should be discussed in the light of its intrinsic

evidence alone. The exact truth of any proposition, however, which is worthy of our attention, is worth ascertaining if we can; for every truth that we possess is in some sense or measure a guide to all other truth.

I am of the opinion that much of the confusion that prevails among scientists, and most of the contention between religionists, with regard to man's place in Nature, come from a misuse of words. Books are written on the "Descent of Man;" learned lecturers discuss this proposition, so humiliating to human pride, on the philosophical platform; the Christian minister, in his pulpit, expresses his repugnance to a problem so revolting to the dignity of human nature; erudite editors criticise the startling dogma that man has *descended* from the ape, and that his great-grandfather was a bear, without being able to decide it. No wonder that the being "created a little lower than the angels,"—the only being who "walks erect with face upturned to Heaven,"—feels indignant on being accused of such relationship. It is bad enough to have descended from Adam. "In Adam's fall we sinned all," is a proverb which, though no better for our present condition and future prospects, is very much more consoling to our self-respect than the idea of having *come down* from the animals *below* us.

But, fortunately for the possible harmony of all the conflicting creeds, nobody means what he is saying. All mean just the contrary of what they say. They all mean the *ascent*

of man. This is precisely what they are all discussing under the misnomer, *descent of man*. How can a higher animal *descend from* a lower? How *could* man have *descended* from the creatures below him? But why mind the words so long as the ideas are correct? What harm in calling a man a monkey if we do not mean it? Then do not say it. Words are things. The world has had a hundred quarrels about words to one quarrel it has had about ideas. In all scientific problems (and better if on all subjects) men should say just what they mean, and no technical term or phrase should be employed without meaning, or ambiguously.

The question in issue is simply a law or plan of development; and nothing ever develops *descendingly*. The term "descent" is well enough as applied to the offspring of parents of the same species, but applied to a superior animal or higher species, it is utterly absurd. And what matters it, so far as any fundamental principle in religion or philosophy is concerned, whether the Creator has developed the myriads of living organisms according to the operation of general or universal laws which are a part of Himself and inhere in the very constitution of the universe? or whether He has produced the millions of species by as many specific creative acts or special providences? His greatness, His goodness, His power, His wisdom, His glory are in no manner compromised by either theory; nor is the duty or destiny of the created in any manner affected by one theory or the other.

"Genesis and geology," after a bitter controversy, seem to all the parties concerned to have fraternized satisfactorily. Religionists and scientists now agree that the Mosaic record and geological data—"the Book of Revelation and the Book of Nature"—are perfectly reconcilable. The "six days" are explained as meaning periods of formation or development of the earth's structure, wholly indefinite and immaterial as to time. Why not apply the same principle of interpretation—the laws of Nature—to the origin and development of plants, animals, and man on the surface of the earth?

The higher includes the lower. Each successive production of living organisms embodies all that precedes in organic structures,

in vital properties, and in mental powers. And whether God operates by general or by special laws, or both (and what is special to our comprehension may be general in the Divine mind), in the work of formation; in the development of plants, vegetables, animals, and human beings, may be a very proper question to discuss, to understand if we can, to entertain different opinions about; but certainly it is a very poor question to quarrel over. In either case God (or Chance, if there be an Atheist who prefers this word) is just as great and good, and man's place and relations the same. In neither case has man "descended" from the lower animals; in neither case has he any other relation to the animal than the animal has to the plant, and the plant to the earth, and the earth to the nebulae of surrounding space.

Formation means construction. It means the combination of simple elements into compounds, the aggregation of the compounds into more complex bodies, and the grouping of these into still more complicated arrangements. This is the order of nature from the minutest microscopic organism to man. And if there is, or is to be, on this earth or elsewhere, beings higher than man (not developed human beings, but *other* beings), that superiority must consist in the superaddition of organs and powers which man does not possess, just as he has organs and powers which no animals are endowed with.

We can not, however, conceive of any bodily organ or mental power which we do not possess. Why should we? We have no organs of recognition. There may be in surrounding space airs, gases, or ethers, or elements more refined than any which our senses can appreciate; and these may be the media of communication between the Infinite and His creatures, and between "ministering angels" and man. And when "this mortal shall put on immortality," this manner or mode of communication, this "etherium," may be understood, and we be enabled thereby, to a greater extent than in the present form, to "see as we are seen." The theory is sufficiently plausible. It is something to study, to investigate, but nothing to fight about. The pursuit of knowledge on all subjects ought to associate mankind in closer bonds of brotherhood, instead of separating

them into bickering factions and persecuting denominations. All truth is God's truth; and God is Truth as well as Love.

I claim that man is distinguished from animals by, 1, Size of Intellectual Brain; 2, Erectitude of Bodily Position; 3, Special Mental Powers.

1. SIZE OF INTELLECTUAL BRAIN. — In comparing the brains of the different races of men, ethnologists have generally overlooked one fact of prime importance. Size, being a measure of power, they have been content to weigh or measure the whole mass of brain, and thereon predicate an estimate of the intellectual as well as the mental capacity. But the higher human beings are distinguished from the lower, not so much by the greater development of the mind organ as a whole, as by the greater proportionate development of the moral and intellectual portions of it. The savage tribes of the human family may have a mass of brain substance nearly equal to that of many civilized persons whose moral and intellectual powers are tenfold greater. And as culture improves quality of brain vastly more than it augments size, the enlightened Caucasian, with the same measurement of brain externally, may have immensely greater mental power in the reasoning and moral organs than mere Size would indicate. The Australian or African in his native wilds, or "Lo, the poor Indian," in his wilderness home, may have superior (in size and activity) powers in the self-relative organs and "animal propensities." A human being may have a large brain as a whole, possess powerful domestic, selfish, and reproductive passions, and yet be very feeble in social, moral, and intellectual powers. We should, therefore, in comparing brains with regard to size always keep in mind the regions in which the brain-organs are most developed. The quality, also, of the brain-structure, as influenced by education and training, should be constantly regarded; for the affectuous mind, as well as the intellectual, may attain a degree of energy vastly disproportioned to mere size.

2. ERECTITUDE OF BODILY POSITION. — Uprightness seems to be a necessity to man, growing out of his moral and intellectual endowments. The brain *thinks* and *feels*. The processes of thinking and feeling are, in

scientific language, the recognitions by the *person* of his relations to external objects through the media of the brain and special senses; whereas organic perceptivity or vital instinct is the recognition, by the bodily organs, of their relations to things in contact with the body. This explanation makes the distinction between vitality and mentality broad and clear.

The functions of the brain—thought and feeling—require a larger amount of blood than any others pertaining to the human organism in order to be well sustained; hence no part of the body is so abundantly supplied with blood-vessels as is the brain. Physiologically, the brain is the nearest organ to the heart, and hence, in all states of disturbed circulation, is more liable to congestion. Were the human head adjusted horizontally in relation to the body, one of two things would happen: man would be able to think and feel only as the animals do, or his brain would soon become so overloaded with accumulated blood that he would become practically semi-idiotic. We all know how readily indigestion, constipation, liver complaint, and numerous other ailments, occasion determination of blood to the brain, with consequent headaches, dizziness, congestion, and, in extreme cases, apoplexy and death.

In the order of nature, those organs of the brain which relate to the mere bodily functions, all of which may be summed up in the word *nutrition*, are located nearest to the vital structures over which they preside. The moral organs are placed at the top-head or crown, and the intellectual faculties in front. Whether this arrangement is the result of accident or design, it is both beautiful and useful. The intellectual organs are to guide us to or from the objects we should seek or avoid, and the moral organs are to direct our thoughts and feelings to something beyond us and above us.

But while the arguments to be derived from size of brain and from upright bodily position are only presumptive that man is not an animal, that of special superadditions to the mental organs is, I think, conclusive.

3. SPECIAL BRAIN ORGANS.—These are Hope, Ideality, and Conscientiousness. Animals do not possess these organs, nor any rudiments of them. This assertion, it may be

objected, is basing the whole argument on Phrenology, and compelling the acceptance of that doctrine as a condition precedent to the solution of the question in issue. Not at all. Throw Phrenology away if you please: reject it if you can, and our position is not damaged. Whether distinct portions of the brain exercise distinct mental functions, or whether the brain as a whole performs all the mental processes, is immaterial so far as our argument is concerned. There *are* various mental powers, and they are exercised *somewhere*. And if the human brain, or the human person, manifests certain mental powers which no animal has any rudiment of, then man is a different being. He differs not in *degree*, as one animal differs from another in a more highly developed state of the same organs, but in *kind*, in having other organs. And now, if the phrenological evidence to be derived from the development of those portions of the brain where the teachers of that science, or that system of Mental Philosophy, have located Hope, Ideality, and Conscientiousness, is entirely discarded, we have only to refer to the nature and history of man and animals—to Natural History—for conclusive proof of our position.

Animals do not manifest in any of their actions any recognition of wants beyond those of the season. Unlike human beings, they are not altering, inventing, changing, improving, from generation to generation. They never improve on their predecessors. They never make provision for future years, much less for future ages. They never act, so far as we can discover, in view of a life beyond the grave. They do not accumulate for their offspring; they lay up no treasures, neither on earth nor in heaven, so far as we can understand. The disposition to improve upon or deviate from the ways of parents and instructors is peculiarly human; and this disposition, under the influence of education, is without limit. But, with animals, no kind nor degree of education can induce them to manifest any interest in, nor any thoughts or feelings concerning a life beyond the present, or beyond the existing season.

I do not forget that it may be said of human beings that, in the early and crude states of society, and in conditions of extreme degradation and ignorance, they manifest very

little if any knowledge of or regard for a future state of existence, a future generation, or even another season. Admit that, in this respect, they are actually on a level with the brutes that perish, and what does it prove? Nothing only that they are not educated—not developed. But they are susceptible of this education, while brutes are not.

As the religious element is inherent in the human being (and the organs of Hope, Ideality, and Conscientiousness constitute his religious nature), the most ignorant can readily be taught to believe in God and immortality. Indeed, there was scarcely a tribe of savages ever known on the earth, if there was ever a single one, whose "leading men" had not attained to some notion and some faith in a Supreme Being, and in a "happy land" beyond the "valley of the shadow of death." And the great fact that stands out conspicuously on every page of human history is this: just as man in all ages and in all places has become educated, no matter under what system of religion or plan of government, his recognition of a Supreme Being and his hope of a future life have been correspondingly developed. The untutored savage may recognize the existence of superior beings, spirits, or gods. The enlightened mind invariably, instead of recognizing a plurality of gods, each presiding over a particular department of nature and controlling its phenomena, recognizes only one Supreme Being, who rules the entire universe.

It has long been taught that instinct is the special attribute of animals, while man, the higher animal, is distinguished by the possession of reason. This is a most pernicious error. It leads men to despise or ignore their own instincts, and then deprave and pervert them. Here again, as everywhere, the greater includes the less. Man has all the instincts of all of the animals, and, indeed, of all the vegetables—of everything below him in the scale of being. Vegetables have all the *vital* properties that animals have; and the higher animals possess, rudimentarily at least, all the mental powers that man does, with the exception of the religious group. Some animals can reason to a limited extent. The elephant, the horse, and the dog can trace the relations of cause and effect, and this is reasoning. But they can not go beyond a

single proposition or principle. They can understand the relations of several facts as they constitute a principle, but they can not comprehend the relations of principles to each other; hence, they can not philosophize. They can not conceive of a system or a science; this ability is peculiarly human.

Animals that do not alter or improve from age to age have no need of sciences, systems,

philosophies. Human beings have them and need them to seek onward and look upward forever and ever. Without this capacity a law of progress is impossible and inconceivable. With the ability to trace facts to principles, principles to sciences, sciences to systems, and systems to philosophies, man demonstrates the law of unlimited development and of eternal progression.

A RULE FOR EDITORS—WHAT THEY SHOULD BE.

THE strength of a people may always be accurately measured by the character of their editors. This condition is true upon the plainest and easiest principles of mind. The mind is a power which absolutely controls the movements, forces, and efforts of the entire human machinery. Whatever qualities, either of strength or of weakness, may be found in any part of the multiplied and varied industries and arrangements of a people may be traced distinctly to the bulk, body, and *qualities* of their minds. There can not be a doubt of this. It is too manifest to even require the plainest attempt at proving it. The proposition being then true, it necessarily follows that whatever most healthfully tends to develop active qualities in the mind, with certainty tends to the increase of the physical strength of a people; and whatever the most certainly tends to weaken the mind, also the most certainly tends to reduce the general mass of the strength of a people. This being so certainly true, and no departure from the operation of the rule being possible, we are largely interested at all times in having a class of public teachers whose machinery will have force enough in it to expand the human intellect. To the extent to which we may cultivate such a system will our strength as a people be largely found to be rated. The mind is the center of all the other forces, and upon its healthful culture will depend the development of all other forces. This rule makes a necessity for none but the best minds as teachers. It is a subject of national interest, and of importance enough to command the attention of Governments—not in the sense of prescribing a censorship for the press, but only in the sense of securing, through the operation of the law, none but the best talent for editorial positions. It should, in every country, be a privilege of "license," such is its importance, and no man should be allowed to fill the posi-

tion unless he could first pass the scrutinizing criticisms of the most learned boards of judges.

The commercial character of the press in our own country, and, to a certain extent, in every country, does not comprehend the value of the rule which we have here laid down. In the rule upon which the press of this country, particularly, is established, intelligence is held to be only a commercial commodity, and therefore is not shaped of the highest quality, but of that ordinary material which is supposed to suit the millions of the masses best. Indeed, looking to its aims and objects, and to its primal value as an element and instrument of strength, it should not be treated as a commercial commodity at all, but rather as a something as valuable as life itself.

Whatever is noble in a people must be developed through their intelligence; and a literature, whether political or social, which panders, as does ours too much, to the vitiated tastes of a people, will enervate their minds and weaken their bodies to a degree of which the common mind has very little conception. This dangerous use of intelligence shows that it ought not to be held as a commercial commodity, to be fashioned according to the tastes of the largest number who make a demand for it, but that it should rather (according to some system which will support such a use) be used as an improving instrumentality of the minds of the masses, who by our press are now *underrated*, and are furnished with a quality of mental food below what their present mental appetites really call for; this, too, under a wrong commercial system in literature which has gone upon the principle of giving the people nothing higher than the range of their own minds, when there is in every human mind an aspiration for something above its individual status. These grave errors in dispensing the literature of the day could not have occurred under any wholesome system

which justly recognizes mind as the center of forces.

If the present supply of mental food is so ordinary as to be below the mental range of the populace under the bad system which we have had of giving them nothing higher than their physical situation would seem to indicate that they needed, what, we may inquire, would have been the robust demand of their minds for mental food under a healthful system—continued for the last fifty years even—which would continuously have given their minds a little *more* than their physical situations would seem to indicate that they needed? And what, let us further inquire, would have been the effect of the supply on their economies and their strength?

So true is it that physical strength comes out of wisdom, that the physical strength of the ignorant is no more to be compared to that of the wise than a small sum of anything is to be compared to a large sum of the same thing. The physical strength of the wise is not in their muscles alone, but equally and as legitimately in their inventions. This places them in strength beyond the ignorant. It is a false measure of human strength which does not measure external appliances of strength as well as the force of the muscles. This rule of measurement gives an easy victory in strength to the wise over the ignorant. But *the bodies* of the intelligent, taken in mass, will also exhibit superior strength over those of the ignorant. This is so because spirit of the mind begets spirit of the body; and spirit of the mind must depend for its strength very largely on that steady culture and growth of the mind which a daily exercise of it on the rational productions of the press is sure to stimulate in the whole vast school of the people.

We know that healthful aliment for the mind is food for the body. The brain, which is the organ of the mind, feeds the body, and its capacity for doing must depend upon the healthful condition of the brain itself. The scheme of the press, rightly managed, is the greatest scheme for the improvement of the universal mind that could be invented, for through it the universal mind is brought, more or less, into sympathy; and under the system, instead of an isolated and disconnected method of improving the human mind being pursued (as under other systems), we have the entire mental mass in motion, *under the same direction*, at one time. Every separate part of the mental mass (such as is represented by each individual) acquires additional force by the entire

mass being, *at one time*, put in motion under the same or a similar direction. A general mental movement of this character can only be procured through the operation of the *press*, and hence the importance of having the entire press, not only of a given country, but of the world, under none but the ablest management.

These are self-evident propositions; but to strengthen them let us consider more fully the relations of the mind to the body, and then we will be but the better convinced that whatever strengthens the mind will equally give strength to the body. Phrenology, as a science, has already established the close relations which subsist between the mind and the body. Under its teachings, there is not an organ or a function of the body which has not its full correspondence in the brain, so much so, indeed, that the intelligent phrenologist can much more readily, even by a mere glance at a subject, describe his physical condition than the intelligent physician, without the knowledge of Phrenology, could do it after the most careful examination. This is done upon the easy principle that the brain is the intelligent part of the human structure, and therefore is the place to look for the conditions of the body. The intelligent phrenologist having this easy and certain guide can always tell what the developments in the subject must be. But the physician, without the knowledge of Phrenology, has no such guide; he must grope his way amid the dismal uncertainties of tracing diseases by *signs*, and not by *causes*. The intelligent phrenologist knows that the whole physical history and character is plainly written upon the brain, and that whatever is written there will assuredly appear upon the body. He is not mistaken, then, about physical conditions, for he has the sign of them in the brain, which, through the external organs of the brain, he knows so well how to read.

This brings us back again to the subject of improving the body through the action of the mind. Phrenology having ascertained, as it has, that all good and bad conditions of the body are located primarily in the brain, and that the brain, through the directions of the mind, governs all of the operations of the body, natural science would readily suggest the brain to go to for making improvements in the body. There is not an organ of the brain that may not be directly acted on and improved by being fed with the sort of intelligence which is best suited to it, and each organ of the brain having within itself a specific upward tendency, if it is not fed, or ministered to, by intelligence

(which is its proper food) of the very highest quality of that kind which is naturally suited to its wants, will, in both force and quality, deteriorate and lose caste, and through it will its corresponding part of the human body also deteriorate and lose caste. These are philosophical truths from which there is no escape. As the natural correspondence of this, those organs of the mind which are stimulated and fed the best on their natural food will grow the largest; and, equally, those structures of the human body which depend upon them, will also, by such treatment of the mind, grow the largest and exhibit the greatest degree of strength. None, we think, can now doubt the necessity which there is, *physiologically* considered, for good healthful intelligence being disseminated among the people through the press. It constitutes a very large share of the natural food of the brain, and, through the brain, of the body also.

The degrees of additional physical strength to be acquired by the increased strength—through intelligence—of the mind, may be ascertained, even with some degree of accuracy, by combining both mechanical and mathematical measurement in the matter. This will be exclusively the work of the phrenologist. It is not saying too much to say that even now the amount of physical strength possessed by each individual may be tolerably accurately stated by the learned phrenologist by measuring the power of those organs of the head upon which human strength depends, and combining with it the force of temperament, subtracting here on account of weakness of temperament, and adding there on account of the strength of temperament. So fully, after a while, will Phrenology do its work, that we risk nothing in saying that it will have a range of mental metres by which it will be able (by the aid of a little mathematical calculation) to give the exact force of each mind and body as well (including in the calculation every element of the strength of each, such, for the body, as endurance, slow motion, quick motion, quality of organism, etc.; and for the mind corresponding activities and inactivities) by signs and figures which will mark a man's force in the range in every quality which he possesses, and will give the general summing up of his human *weight* with precision. Such a range of metres would doubtless exhibit great discrepancies, showing some persons in mental measure (giving a proper weight to each element that makes up the human substance) to be many thousands of metres beyond others. The possibility of

such a system as this systematizes matter and mind, and shows plainly that they are disposed toward each other in such connected groups that what will affect the one will easily and readily affect the other; and the need of the highest quality of food, and its improving influences, for either organism, is sufficiently well known to justify us in declaiming against that wasteful system in the press which is forever, by its vagrancy, scattering the forces of our people and weakening their strength below the standard of a normal mental and physical manhood. It is a canker upon the brain of the people, and we ought to get rid of it. It is a subject, as we have already stated, of national importance enough to call for the strictest legislation against it, by requiring all who have the editorial management of the diversified press to have the largest brains and the greatest knowledge. Under such a system would a class of editors be dispensed with who are too weak to know that each mind is made more vigorous by feeding on something a little stronger than itself, and that also with the increasing strength of the human mind would its rapacity for mental food so increase as to swallow up the improved productions of the press with a hundred-fold more avidity than the mawkish productions (for the most part) of to-day are swallowed up with. In addition to this substantial benefit, our people, under a form of higher reading, would soon exhibit a plethoric manhood of which we now have but little conception. All this interests Government, and all the economies, both of business and society, to their very centers.

NOTE.—In a computation of all the life and spirit that make up the different human combinations, the essence and substance of each will be found to differ very largely. Although there are, in every human being, differences which mark him from every other human being, still the human family in their differences are divided sufficiently into groups, or peculiar types, for the intelligent phrenologist to invent a suitable nomenclature for the various types of the white race, we will say, and locate each individual of that race in the type to which he belongs. Even in this race, the differences phrenologically considered, will be found to be very great. So great, indeed, that a proper measurement of human substance (by a rule which will fix with certainty the highest and lowest degrees of that substance) would separate members of the white race a great many degrees from each other—equal, we will say in refinement and strength, to fully one-half of

what ought to make up the whole sum of a natural human being. Or, in other words, such a rule of measurement would show some to be whole men and women, while others would be

only half men and women. Such a rule by the phrenologist, in my opinion, is entirely practicable, and if judiciously applied would secure most gratifying results.

Department of Ethnology.

True Christianity will gain by every step which is made in the knowledge of man.—*Spurzheim*.

THE LAST OF THE TASMANIANS.

BY JOHN P. JACKSON.

THE process of rooting out uncivilized tribes and races, when these come in contact with civilization, appears to be in most cases a necessity of human development. The work of destruction goes on not only among our own Indians, but in the South Sea Islands, and in Australia. The red Indian, once counted by millions over the length and breadth of the North American continent, can now be found as a race only beyond the Mississippi, and his numbers are decreasing year by year by the rifle, by alcohol, by disease, and warfare. The extinction of the aborigines of New Zealand is rapidly going on; within thirty years the natives of that country have been reduced from a hundred and fifty thousand to about thirty-five thousand; and though many have now been in part brought into the ways of civilized life, they are still decreasing. But one of the most fearful dramas in the disappearance of the natives of any country is found in the history of the natives of Tasmania, or Van Dieman's Land, originally a race or collection of tribes variously estimated at from three to five thousand souls. By the year 1864 this people had become reduced to seven heads; and not long ago, at a festival given in Hobart Town in honor of a new governor, the last male of this race appeared upon the scene as a guest and curiosity, and with him came three women, all of whom have since died. The man forms the subject

of Bonwick's work, "The Last of the Tasmanians; or, The Black War of Van Dieman's Land," wherein the destruction of the race is recorded. It is a story of fearful horrors, and we briefly re-narrate it in the following sketch, presenting the portraits of two of the last representatives of an unfortunate people.



TASMANIAN MAN—"BORRIBOOLA GHA."

When the island of Tasmania was first settled by Europeans, several native tribes were found occupying distinct parts of the country, all differing from each other in dialect and customs, but of a generally uniform type, some-

what allied to the Negritos of New Guinea. The men were of small stature, from four and a half to five feet in height, the women much smaller. The color was a bluish black, the facial angle from seventy-five to eighty degrees, the hair crisp and woolly, the limbs lean and muscular, and the whole form undeveloped and repugnant. They stood very low in the scale of humanity; polygamy was tolerated; the women performed all the menial duties; and though traces of rude huts have been found, their usual shelter was only a break-wind of boughs. In summer they went entirely naked, at other times wearing coverings made from the skins of the kangaroo and opossum, which formed also their chief food. Cannibals they were not; indeed, they appear originally to have been extremely peaceful in character. Their only weapons were the spear, and waddy—a wooden club nearly a yard in length, used, it is true, now and then among themselves; but their early relations with the settlers were always friendly, until the latter began to encroach too much upon their hunting-grounds, and abuse them in various ways. Admiral D'Entrecasteaux, who visited Tasmania in 1792, and Baudin, in 1802, praise the natives as "these good-mannered and peaceful savages;" but when England began to throw her convicts into the land, and these "civilized Christians" came in contact with the "black heathens," a system of brutality on the part of the former called up revenge and retaliation in the latter, the end of which was a settled hostility between the two people.

The Tasmanian rooting-out drama began in the year 1804, when, on the 3d of May, about three hundred blacks, men, women, and children, who had been engaged in a kangaroo hunt, approached in an entirely peaceful and confidential manner a number of English soldiers, who, without the slightest cause, opened fire upon the unoffensive natives, killing a number of both sexes and children. An official investigation proved that the natives had done nothing at all hostile. One of the sworn witnesses said at the time, "I can not exactly say how many were killed and wounded. A

portion of their bones were packed in two casks and sent to Port Jackson. This butchery on the brook near Rigdon commenced about four months after our arrival in the island. The blacks had no spears."



TASMANIAN WOMAN.

This was the beginning of the drama. The subsequent events resolve themselves into a series of hostilities similar to those with which we are familiar enough in America and elsewhere. That the blacks should take revenge for their slaughtered relatives was a matter of course, and then the English demanded retribution. Soldiers and convicts were allowed full license in exterminating the natives, and, when full of rum, considered a raid upon the "niggers" as an excellent pastime, and native women and girls were systematically abused. True, the governor of the island issued at various times decrees urging a kindlier treatment of the aborigines, but they were not respected. Voices were heard now and then appealing in behalf of the persecuted people. The *Hobart Town Gazette* wrote in 1824: "Taken as a whole, the black aborigines of this colony are the most peaceable creatures on the face of the globe." But such voices were isolated. The abuse of the women, the kidnapping of the children, was still kept

up, until at last the natives would no longer visit the cities and villages of the settlers. The "picanninies" were repeatedly taken away from black mothers and forced into a kind of slavery. Bonwick, himself an Englishman, is very severe on the colonists on this point, and charges them with causing all the butcheries that occurred in 1819. He says: "The natives would not and could not become slaves; neither would they adopt the manner of life and customs of the Europeans who robbed them of their land. The mantle of civilization did not suit them; it was impossible for them to live in towns and be deprived of their free life in the bush. We came upon them like an evil spirit, and our breath was destruction to them. We destroyed their entire life. Yea, it is a story of lamentation, and every side of it is written with blood. More than once I have heard people say, 'If I shoot a black, it is of no more importance than when I shoot a bird down from a tree.' At that time it was common enough to hear people say that they had rooted out so and so many 'black crows.' People went hunting to shoot kangaroos and such black crows. The publisher of a Wellington paper wrote: "We have heard many men say themselves that they were accustomed to go out on the hunt for blacks in order to procure food for their dogs. We have also heard men say that they have given these poor creatures poisoned brandy. It proved a bad policy that in 1806 the convicts were allowed to go free on the hunt; this happened because a famine prevailed at that time. At first they were well treated by the blacks, but they repaid this hospitality with horrible misdeeds." Mr. West, a missionary, wrote: 'The wounded had their brains knocked out; children were cast into the fire, the bayonet was driven into the vital flesh; the fire around which the aborigines had peacefully encamped became for them a funeral pile.' A paper of the 11th of June, 1836, openly confessed that thousands of natives had been shot down like wild beasts. In 1826 the settlers and cattle-breeders swore that every hostile black should be shot down." And Bonwick goes on for a hundred and fifty pages in this style, recounting the bloody drama.

We need not repeat more horrors. It is not denied that the aborigines took at times fearful reprisals; and, it may be asked, what people would not? Subsequently the work of extinguishing the natives became legalized by Government decrees. On the 15th of April, 1829, the decree was issued that the remnants

of the various tribes should be removed to Tasman's Peninsula, away from the settled portions, among swamps and a climate raw and unhealthy. This measure may at last have been an actual necessity in order to preserve the lives of the settlers. The "driving" of the natives was, however, a shameful affair, and failed ridiculously. A cordon, consisting of a hundred and nineteen hunting parties, including nearly three thousand men, was formed, extending across the whole island, gradually closing in toward the southeast. "Captain Bedford held divine service before the work commenced, imploring God's blessing upon his band, of which seven hundred and thirty-eight were hardened convicts." The plan failed, and in the following year a builder of Hobart Town, named Robinson, undertook to conciliate the surviving remnants of the various tribes, with a view to their removal to Flinders' Island, and this he successfully accomplished after four or five years' of patient self-denying labor. On the 24th of October, 1833, the Government ordered hostilities against the natives to cease. But this act of humanity came too late. In spite of all the care then bestowed upon the unfortunate blacks, their numbers continued to decrease, and in 1847 only forty-seven were found to be left. In 1865 there were six remaining, but no children having been born among them for many years, it became apparent that the race would die out. As we said at the beginning of our article, the last male representative appeared with three wives at a festival held not many years ago in Hobart Town in honor of a new governor. They are now all dead!

The Tasmanians stood on a low scale of development, but somewhat higher than many other natural peoples. They were more imitative than original, and led a simple life, being content to provide for the wants of the day. Their language was by no means rude, but showed grammatical beauties and methodical turnings. The faculties for figures and numbers were lacking. In both the physical and moral sense the Tasmanian boys and girls formerly in the schools at Hobart Town appear well. The family relation was regarded comparatively sacred; they held the memory of the dead in great reverence, carrying a bone of the deceased continually about with them afterward. The chief Manalagana used to wear the jawbone of his deceased friend hung about his neck. Their mechanical abilities were but poorly developed; the men used to make their own weapons, and the women made

nets and baskets. Rude drawings of animals, birds, and human beings have been found on rocks and trees, and in 1831 G. A. Robinson noticed on the west coast of the island figures of men and women, together with "remarkable hieroglyphics," similar to the tokens of the Indian tribes of America. Their language has been discovered to be related to the Papuan languages, which again, according to Logan's researches, are connected with the languages of the dark aborigines of India. It is somewhat remarkable that Bonwick comes to the same conclusion in regard to the origin of the Tasmanians as does Professor Peschel, both taking the geological view of a great depression

of the land being necessary to bring about the isolation of New Guinea, New Zealand, Tasmania (Madagascar, Ceylon), and the Indian peninsula. Bonwick shows that the superstitions of the blacks of Tasmania correspond with those of the dark Indian Autochthones; also that agriculture and cattle-breeding failed in both. Peschel has made most interesting studies on these and related peoples and problems (in his *Neue Problemen*), to which we must refer any of our readers who feel further attracted to the subject. Our task is accomplished in giving a brief survey of the history of the remarkable race and the horrible drama of its extinguishment.

Department of Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall !
Thou art the nurse of virtue.

GOODNESS AND GREATNESS.

THE desire to be something more and different from what we are seems to be inherent in the human mind. We are all, big and little, aspirants for distinction in some form or other. Watch children at their play. The leading spirits are almost always personating kings, or war chiefs, or some other grand characters of whom they have read. One little boy I know, is strutting up and down my front hall as I write, dragging his father's dressing-gown after him and flourishing his battered sword, and crying, "Give me another horse, bind up my wounds!" and is for the time being the valiant King Richard himself.

Napoleon Bonaparte is the grand central figure around which the aspirations of boys usually cluster. Some ideal of beauty or fashion contents the ordinary girl. Any shape of moral greatness or goodness the little imitators rarely take as a model. There are any numbers of General Grants making grand charges on broomsticks under my windows daily; most of the heroes of the late war have passed in review there, but among them I have never seen an Abraham Lincoln or a John Brown.

But we should not expect too much from children. Their undeveloped natures can ap-

preciate little more than the mere external of things. The lower instincts live first in little breasts; and among them the longing for that vain greatness which flaunts its showy regalia before wondering eyes is not the least prominent. We can hope the desire for something better will follow in its turn. "First the blade, then the ear, and after that the full corn in the ear" is the natural order of growth. The desire for greatness now, the desire for goodness by-and-by. Let their little hearts have then, to their full, to-day, what they so dote on, the strut, the tinsel, the show; to-morrow we will look for something higher.

But shall we find it? that is the question. The love of goodness, I fear, is not indigenous to all hearts. Many of these children will remain children all their lives through. We, their teachers and guardians, are something of children ourselves in this respect. We prate enough about goodness, Heaven knows. We tell our little ones it is much better to be good than great, but how can they believe it when our actions so often contradict our words? They see plainly which of the two we are trying to emulate. Children have a keener insight than we give them credit for; they catch the spirit of their elders in ways

we little dream of. An inflection of voice has to them oftentimes a deeper meaning than the words we utter. We do not think of this as we should in our covert expressions before them. When we say of our neighbor, for instance, "Oh, he is a good man, but he is not a *great* one," and pay him unconsciously the highest compliment we could bestow, our children catch the idea of inferiority, which we only mean to convey to the ear of the older listeners.

I wonder why we so persist in seeming to undervalue goodness when we know that goodness and not greatness is the strength of the world! Are our eyes so blinded with gazing at the sun that we can not see the beauty of the flowers at our feet? What can be the secret of this strange fascination which greatness has for us? We can not explain it satisfactorily to our own consciences. We see what greatness gives sometimes to the few who are so unfortunate as to attain to it, and it does not seem to us equivalent to what they have been forced to give in exchange. It is not happiness surely; nothing of that sweet satisfaction of duty done, of good accomplished, that is to ennoble the world as well as themselves. It confers nothing more than a feverish sense of triumph, which quickly enough gives place to a wretched discontent which no further emolument can appease. For who ever received from greatness the full measure of his desire?

What a pitiable spectacle was that when the possessor of one of the grandest intellects this country ever saw wrapped his greatness about him like a mantle, and turned his face from liberty, freedom, justice, right, and looked only to the future aggrandizement of self! What a contrast to this figure was one other who, forgetting himself in the welfare of the many, by one heroic act of goodness became the inspiration of coming time, and could, with half the country hooting at his back, walk cheerfully from his prison to the scaffold! But I do not care to discuss here any particular aspect of either of these two opposite forms of greatness; I wish to say only a few words about that kind which can be sought as an end, and contrast it with that simple form of goodness which has never yet become of much value in the eyes of the world.

In order to understand something of this sort of greatness, one needs to be overshadowed by it awhile, *i. e.*, sit at the same table, sleep under the same roof, and be subjected to its caprices. I once learned something of it in this way: I had the honor of being invited to visit a certain Greatness, who had achieved distinction by sacrificing what seemed to me pretty much all that makes life desirable. It lived in isolated grandeur, its only comfort being, strange as it may appear, the adulation of the world it despised. Never shall I forget the chilling sense of desolation that crept over me the moment I entered its domains. It did not deign to (I use the neuter gender with propriety I think) descend to welcome me as I entered the portal of its mansion; it sat grandly indifferent in an upper chamber (listening, it may be, to hear "the nations praising it far off"), while the spacious rooms beneath wore an air of deep gloom and heaviness that sent an awful foreboding to my heart. Others besides myself were the guests of Greatness, and day after day, like creatures that had lost their identity, we wandered about the grand, desolate apartments, gazing at the magnificent surroundings and at each other in mute dismay, till the stately mirrors even took pity, and made fantastic images of us in their depths, and smote at last the fountain of laughter. But we dared not make merry in the halls of Greatness. Servants might be blind to dust and disorder there, but not to the deportment of guests under their charge. It was the dinner hour when we felt this Greatness to be most insupportable. Then we circled round it in a species of awe, and with down-dropped heads and frozen tongues paid it silent homage. Not an arm's length divided me from it then, but twice the length of the Atlantic might have intervened as to any touch of nature between to make us kin. We were to this Greatness but so much muscle, bone, and blood, endowed with breath, and woe to the presumptuous wretch who should dare open her mouth to prove us anything more!

About this time I exchanged jocose letters with one who had my whereabouts under her especial direction, and in one she said, "I want you to go now from Greatness to Goodness, the change will be so refreshing. Good-

ness is expecting you ; I have engaged a room for you in her house for a short time. You can keep it longer if you like her, and I think you will. As you have never seen Goodness, let me tell you she is not a bit lifted up (not being a great author), though her three children might make even Greatness proud. I *know* you will like her."

My guardian was right,—I did like her. The change from the mansion of Greatness to the home of Goodness was like going from a region of ice and snow to a land of perpetual verdure and beauty. It was a cold, damp, wretched spring evening when I arrived there, but Goodness made me forget it when she met me at her gate like an old friend, kissed me, and led me into her house. The table was spread for tea in a small room that boasted neither mirrors nor statuary ; but what light, warmth, cheer, comfort it contained ! Her three children were playing at some quiet game by themselves, just such children I saw at a glance as only Goodness could be mother to.

I staid with Goodness till late in the autumn. That summer with her was the turning-point in my life, and what she was to me then can never be fully estimated in this world.

Goodness was not a great woman in the common acceptation of the term ; she was not skilled in any art or science ; she was not a gifted woman ; she was not by nature even an amiable one. She was something better than all these—she was a good woman. She had succeeded in making her life harmonize with her high conception of what was true and good and right ; and the charm of it was she did not suspect herself how perfectly she had succeeded. She only knew she had gained a peace of mind not to be exchanged for any form of greatness. The purity of her life in the midst of much that was evil, her patience and forbearance under trials the most exasperating, her continued generosity toward those from whom she had nothing to expect in return, together with her rare independence of mind that dared speak for the right, and maintain it too, made her a perfect wonder in my eyes, the like of which I have never seen, and never expect to see again. With only a small income that was doled out to her like a pittance, and her three children

depending on her solely for support, it was marvelous to see the sum she could lay aside for charity. More marvelous still to see her never depressed, when seemingly most weighed down by care.

"Do tell me how you manage to be so uniformly cheerful," I said to her one day as I met her smiling face after an interview with some persons who she knew had done all they could to injure her own and children's prospects in life.

"Oh, there's no management about it ! When annoyances press upon me too hard, I just get into an atmosphere above them as quickly as possible ; that is all."

"But I couldn't do it, with all you have to pull you down," I said.

"You don't know what you can do till you try. It is easy enough when the habit is formed," said Goodness.

Each day when the sun went down and her work was finished, it was a pleasant sight to see Goodness walking with her children, or playing at some game with them in the garden ; or dancing with them as she often did in the twilight of her own pleasant little room. Sometimes when her sister's grand equipage rolled slowly by (her sister, by the way, was a purse-proud woman of great wealth, mortally angry with Goodness for not upholding some wrong connected with herself), and the gleam of silks and flutter of ribbons and laces could be seen and the merry voices of the bedecked bejeweled children heard from within, a shade of something—was it envy, or defiance, or disgust, or anger that would cross her face for the moment ? Whatever it was, it was gone quickly, her work would be thrown from her hands, her children called about her and made happy by some charming story or the manufacture of some toy. This was one of her ways of getting into a higher atmosphere, as she called it.

"I suppose you never cherished a wrong feeling toward anybody longer than five minutes in all your life," I said to her once after some remarkable exhibition of magnanimity on her part.

"That shows you know very little about me. I am not the amiable being you seem so willing to believe me," she replied, laughing. "I have a great deal to contend with some-

times in my own disposition," she added, with a sigh.

"But I don't believe you could hate anybody if you tried," I persisted.

"I hope I should never try. But don't be too certain of me. It wasn't a year ago that I tried my hardest *not* to hate a person, and did not succeed very soon."

"Is it possible?" I said, delighted to find she was so human. "Quite possible; and when I tell you that person was Mrs. B.—, the woman who brought me such a quantity of delicious strawberries this morning, you will be surprised." I was surprised. "Why, Mrs. B.— seems always to be trying to do you some kindness or other," I replied.

"Nevertheless I hated her. I can use no other term for the feeling I had, and to show you what slight cause can rouse a strong resentment in me, I will tell you all about it. Last fall my Annie was very sick, and in the beginning of her convalescence she was continually begging for flowers. But it was late in the season, the frosts had done their work in the fields and gardens, and none were to be found. It was quite out of the question my asking my sister for any of her rare exotics, so I wandered about morning after morning hoping to find some sheltered wild blossoms by the roadside, but in vain.

"Returning one forenoon empty-handed as usual, I espied, to my great delight, in a protected corner of Mrs. B.—'s garden, a large cluster of brilliant-hued asters. How pleased I was! Two or three of these with a few colored leaves would quite satisfy Annie for the time, I thought. I felt no hesitation in asking Mrs. B.—, who was in her garden at the time, to give me a few. I hadn't the remotest idea, after I had told her about Annie, that she could refuse me so trifling a gift. But she did refuse me, and very curtly, too, and without giving any reason why. At first I was dumbfounded, then I felt hurt, then I grew angry. I did not trust myself with any questioning on the occasion. I turned and walked away, Mrs. B.— eyeing me steadily and sternly all the while. I went home and tried my best to forget all about it, but my usual way of getting over such annoyances failed me for once. I could not understand it. Mrs. B.— and I had never been on intimate terms. Our totally different

religious views precluded the possibility of an intimate friendship, other things being equal. Yet we were on a friendly footing enough, and she was considered in the neighborhood very far from being a stingy woman. It puzzled me exceedingly. But worse than that: before the week was ended I found myself hating her most cordially. I could not bring myself to think kindly of her in any respect. Whenever I met her in the street—and it seemed to me I could never go out without meeting that woman—I involuntarily turned my head from her and crossed over to the other side, and would not see her. The more I tried to put this feeling down the more it grew, till at last I really became alarmed; for something within told me it was poisoning my whole life. And this something, too, told me what I must do to conquer it and redeem myself. But I could not follow its direction, it seemed to me easier to cut off my right hand. Still the voice spoke to me again and again, oftenest in the quiet of the night, growing more and more stern and peremptory; and still each morning I rose up stubbornly refusing to obey it.

"After a time I heard the woman was sick, very sick; yet I felt no compunction; no pity for her. In fact, I was secretly glad to hear it, though I was ashamed to confess even to myself that I could be so mean. This was in the early spring. One evening a beautiful present came to me from an up-country friend—a splendid bouquet of the brightest, largest, sweetest arbutus blossoms I ever saw. I was delighted. But while I was admiring them, that hateful voice from within came to my ear again clearer than ever; it said, 'Mrs. B.— has a dear remembrance of these flowers; they grow all about her old home far away. Carry her some of them; they will awaken pleasant memories that may cheer and comfort her in her loneliness and pain.' I said I would not do it, could not do it. Then that something within rose up, and said I *could* do it, and, what was more, I *should* do it. I dared disobey it no longer. A kind of fear fell upon me; with trembling fingers I divided the flowers, leaving the smaller portion for myself, and against the buffetings of feeling and inclination bore down with the remainder to the

sick woman's door. Her old maid sister answered the bell. Two of the hardest things I ever did in my life were to hand her those flowers, and say I would sit with her sister any time during the day, or watch with her at night, whenever they needed my services most. But I did both; and was left that night to sleep in peace. But I wasn't altogether in my right mind yet. I caught myself hoping those flowers might be coals of fire on her head, and all that. To my great surprise I was called upon the very next night but one to watch with Mrs. B—. Now indeed came the tug of war; but I buckled on my armor and set forth. I found her much feebler than I anticipated. She could scarcely help herself at all; and could only make her wants known by signs and whispers. Determined to be as scrupulous in my devotion to her as I could be to my dearest friend, I scarcely left her bedside during the night. I tell you I was made to feel then what a mean, ignoble, unforgiving spirit I had been cherishing. She was very patient, very thoughtful for others, unwilling to give the least trouble even in her paroxysms of pain. How willfully I had misjudged her character!

"In the morning, as I was putting on my things to go home, she beckoned me to her bedside and whispered that she wanted to ask my forgiveness for an unkind statement she had made concerning me. She said she felt she had done me great injustice. I did not want her to ask my forgiveness, I felt it was *I* that should ask *hers*. I tried to get away by telling her it was no matter. She persisted in saying it was a great matter to her; and then she repeated to me what she had said, giving me her reasons for so doing,—she had been offended at my arrogance in some matter I had quite forgotten,—adding that when she grew strong enough she should go to every person to whom she had made the statement, and tell them it was false, and she was as good as her word. It took her a long time, and it was a pretty difficult task, she was so weak, to tell me all this. She did not mention the incident of the flowers,—it probably had not remained in her mind at all. I did not remind her of it, nor did I tell her of the tough fights I had had with myself before I could visit her. I thought it

best to keep these things to myself. It was enough for me that I was once more clothed and in my right mind."

The friend who uttered these words is dead. No, she is not dead; her bodily presence has only passed away. Her invincible love of right, her hatred of wrong, all the noble influences of her rare personality are living still, growing clearer, brighter, of more worth to me every day of my life. I love to think and talk of her; and for this reason I have been led to speak of her at greater length than I intended.

In this pale outline of a noble character I have attempted to illustrate what seems to me the highest type of goodness. When I think of all this dear friend of mine had to contend with in her upward course, foes within as well as without, and to what a sublime height of goodness she attained notwithstanding, I am more than ever convinced that there need be no discouragement in the way of well-doing to the least gifted of God's children; that whoever has the *will* to be good, *can* be.

So long, however, as the world remains as it is, so long greatness will continue to be infinitely preferable to goodness in the eyes of the many.

Oh, if the struggling aspirants for mere fame would but remember that *whatever* the success they may achieve in this world, in the world to come it can avail them nothing; that greatness and obscurity must lie down together at last in one common resting-place; and that

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

MRS. C. C. FIELD.

IN THE SHADOWS.

BY BELLA FRENCH.

ALONE to-night, and everywhere
The shadows darkly lay;
Companions of my soul's despair,
Oh, send them not away!

The sun may shine to-morrow morn,
And birds may sing in glee,
And to my soul there may be born
A brighter light for me.

But oh! to-night my heart is loth
The light of day to wear—
God gives the sun and darkness both,
That earth may bloom and bear.

It takes the sunshine and the shower
To bring the rose to light,
And did the storm-cloud never lower,
The sun were not as bright.

The richest music that we hear,
Is always sadly sweet;
And sorrows bring us very near
The Father's mercy-seat.

I tune my spirit-lyre to sing,
But oh! my song is sad.
I could not trill a single string
If I were gay and glad.

God gave the shadow and the light;
For me the shadows fall;
And as I sit alone to-night,
I love them, one and all.

Nor do I long for sunshine less
Because I am in gloom;
The flower in the wilderness
That struggles up to bloom,

Longs not the more for heaven's rays,
Than I for joy and love,
Yet fated is to spend its days
With shadows all above;

And grows so frail amid the shade,
Should sunbeams warm it o'er,
'Twould sink from sight as if afraid,
And glad the earth no more.

And there are human flowers that bloom
In life's dark wilderness
Alone, to whom the very gloom
Is all that comes to bless.

"WOMAN vs. WOMAN'S RIGHTS," REVIEWED.

BY H. AUGUSTA WHITE.

AUGUSTA WHEELER, in her protest against woman's rights, has said nothing that has not been said, in substance, a hundred times before, and answered as often; but as she has clothed the old ideas in new words whose beauty makes the ideas seem plausible, it seems fitting that reply should again be made.

We do not propose to treat the subject exhaustively, but simply to offer some thoughts for thought.

The world reforms slowly. Great truths lie waiting until some minds are sufficiently developed to apprehend them. These act upon and awaken the dormant faculties of other minds, and the truth is perceived by them also.

So new truths—new to humanity—spread. That which was the questioned proposition of one age is the axiom of the next.

Fact upon fact, axiom upon axiom, oft repeated, is what it seems the advocates of woman's rights must offer before the great principles they teach will be understood and received. Nascent reforms are always fought, for they are iconoclastic, tearing down and sweeping away many idols (ideas?) to which custom has forced the world to bow.

With the masses, prejudice is mistaken for principle. When new ideas are presented, they are viewed through the distorted lens of prejudice and judged according to preconceived notions of what is right, or, rather, what is proper. This is because the world is unwise.

No matter how startling the ideas of professed reform may be, they should not be regarded with prejudice, but each principle should be carefully weighed with justice, a perfect and

immutable criterion, as a weight in the balance. If they are found wanting, they should be rejected; if not, they should be received, though by custom ostracised.

To-day the great question before the world is woman's rights. In this as in all innovations custom and prejudice are the greatest enemies to be conquered. When these tyrants are dethroned, it will be easy to reach the hearts and brains of the people. Custom has dictated the proper sphere, proper ways, and proper work for woman. When woman steps outside these, prejudice is aroused.

Custom has always legislated for women as *females*, and not as human beings, sex being the paramount consideration. The great necessity is to rise above the sensuous distinction of sex, and regard women simply as human beings having as a birthright "the inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;"—grand words; ten thousand repetitions can not make them trite. When woman is granted perfect liberty, and the right to seek happiness in whatever path she chooses to follow, the objects of woman's rights will be obtained.

Woman's rights claims that woman's position has been an unnatural and unjust one, resulting from the low mentality of humanity. But the old customs are dead at heart;—let the dead past bury them. This living, progressive age can not be expected to crowd itself back into the egg-shell from which it was developed. We have reached a new and higher plane. New customs, new laws, new thoughts must henceforth be ours. What was will not be, unless founded upon principles of absolute right

and justice. And justice weighs all human beings in one balance. She has not one pair of scales for man and another for woman.

When justice says that it is tyrannous to subject men to taxation without representation, she includes women also. When she demands that men shall give their consent to the laws that govern them, she makes the same demand for women. Men *vote* their consent to the laws; justice gives women the *vote* also. No sentimental theories about woman's sphere and woman's divinity can make this less a fact. And if *justice* gives it, why fear to claim it? The result can not be disastrous except to wrong and unjust laws and customs.

The author of "Woman vs. Woman's Rights," was, we think, hardly persuaded in her own mind what she wished to advocate. In one breath she says that one of the great wrongs and burdens of women is the drunkenness of men, and in the next that there are almost as many women drunkards as men, and women's vote would do nothing to eradicate the evil. She scoffs at the idea of woman holding office, or voting on general issues, but concedes that she may properly vote on corporate questions in the place where she resides. In the beginning of the woman's right's movement this view would have been thought radical.

She claims that all employments should be open to women, yet seems to claim that woman's normal condition is being supported in indolence by man. "To equalize the wages of men and women," she says, "would be to reduce all women to the necessity of seeking their own livelihood." Do not women earn their own livelihood now? We do not mean the brainless women, young and old, who pass indolent lives in city homes; they are offset by the brainless fops upon the streets; we mean the thousands of women who have households to keep. If a woman who keeps house and takes care of a family does not earn her living, then no man ever earned his.

Woman's domestic work is ceaseless and wearying; but the trouble is, her labor is not recognized or deemed worthy of compensation. She endures in her lifetime labors and trials enough to use up the vitality of a strong man, yet, forsooth, she is "supported" by man! Oh, justice, custom doth owe thee much!

"Father and husband are a perpetual protector and supply." To many women this is absolute mockery.

"The country is flooded with women," says the author; "they are already greatly in excess

of the men." "There is no chance of doing what these woman's rights want done short of the funeral pyre of the Hindoo, or strangling a given percentage of female infants at their birth, making the estimate according to the number of males likely to be disqualified as a support, or taken off by wars, drunkenness, and other causes that as a rule do not overtake women."

What woman's rights do want is to make every woman dependent upon herself alone; to work with hands and brain in some place, if possible, where her labor will be recognized and appreciated. We can not see *how else* the surplus women are going to live, unless the men turn Mormons and each take a few dozen wives to "support."

"Woman's rights, too, would have the ballot." "Well, granting the ballot, would these so long and so much abused women be first to the polls, or would Bridget and Dinah constitute the rush? Would cultivated women go there for the sake of voting, or because it would become a paramount duty to neutralize the votes which unscrupulous demagogues would control? The right once given, there is no question but that the most ignorant would take to it with great unanimity, although, so far, they have not dreamed of wanting it."

The purest and most cultivated ladies in the land are demanding the ballot. Some have been working years for this object. When the franchise is granted them they will undoubtedly vote. And Bridget and Dinah certainly have as good a moral right to rush to the polls as Patrick and Sambo have; and perhaps with Bridget in holiday attire upon his arm, Patrick would refrain from making a beast of himself upon election day. Sad women, we think, would come from every quarter and vote their wrongs redressed. Men have voted, men have legislated, but these wrongs have been left unrighted. How is this, if men are always willing to do justice to women? Is it not time that woman had the power to demand justice for herself? We opine that respectable women will vote, and not lose their respectability by so doing. Two women in Michigan have already voted. Nothing dreadful has happened to them, we believe.

The women of Wyoming have had the suffrage some time, yet they have not become demoralized nor lost the respect of their friends. Facts are worth more than theories.

But, if women vote, "what then? Parties will balance the same as before."

A surface objection that does not touch the

principle of the case at all. Women do not want the franchise to build up parties; they would have it that they may obtain justice for themselves, and become their own representatives. Parties would balance, so, forsooth, it would be useless for women to vote.

Suppose a law were passed that none but black-eyed men should vote. What a snapping of blue eyes there would be! They would say, "What an outrage this is! Haven't we as good right to vote as the black eyes?"

"Oh, well, it doesn't make much difference. There are as many blue-eyed men of one party as of the other; so they would balance, you see. But never mind, we'll represent you—we'll make the laws for you blue-eyed fellows."

"But it's an outrage, an imposition, and we won't put up with it. Just look at the principle of the thing," is what the blue-eyes would say; and that is what woman's rights say. Look at the principle of the thing.

"God be praised that, so far, the majority of women are not willing to descend from their high estate and trail their sacred garments through the mire that leads to office."

But many women, anti-woman's rights women especially, trail their sacred garments through the mire of the street at the dictate of fashion; would it be worse if the path led to office? In the era of universal franchise and freedom women will have something different and better to think of than merely Fashion—the shrine at which too many now worship.

"But these agitators are sowing seed that is taking root and spreading. Young girls, dreaming of power and queenly reign, are coming upon the stage. And how should it be otherwise, with all this talk of woman for Congress, the Senate, and the highest office in the gift of the people? Some, doubtless, expect to be commodores."

And why not? We must not lose sight of the pole-star of freedom and civilization, "each has the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." A woman has as much right to seek happiness in the legislative halls or upon the briny waves as in domestic duties. That some think woman can find happiness only in domestic duties does not alter the case.

"Woman vs. Woman's Rights" claims that woman's vote would not help to eradicate drunkenness. "As many women would vote against prohibition as men." However this might be in large cities, in the country, in villages and towns it assuredly would not be so.

"Liquor legislation ineffective." "Prohibitory laws a failure."

In Ohio they are not a failure. The women accept the privileges of the law, and combat the rumsellers successfully. Let other States adopt the same laws.

"But women can train up sons who will not drink, and who will not sell rum."

Women have been training up sons and have worked in a womanly sphere—so called—ever since the world began, yet men have not been made good or the world pure. Now they propose to try other methods. We give the substance of another paragraph; it is too lengthy to quote *verbatim*, viz.:

Women are intellectually equal to men, but men will not acknowledge it because *discipline* must be maintained. Men feel the equality, but ignore it because they are men. Women must not mind this because they are women.

By what right do men claim the monopoly of intellect? Wisdom is wisdom, whether found in man or woman. Men have no patent on intelligence. This has, indeed, been the teaching of the barbaric past, but the women of to-day will not accept it. If woman, our author asks, "has raised sons who are ignoble and unjust, is it because they are men or because their teaching was defective? Oh, woman! man is the chiseling of thine own hand!"

So, in addition to all her other burdens, woman must bear the blame of man's shortcomings. Terrible evils would result from granting the ballot to women. "Infidelity and immorality would of necessity come in with such an epoch. Bribery would be for a price. The impure and dissolute would sit in higher places than they do now."

Oh, the croakings of conservatism! But it is so in all reforms. Attempt to introduce freedom and decency into haremized Turkey and the prophecies of evil would be loud and dire.

"Man toils and builds and strives that woman may share. Honors were not honors but to crown her as well. But if he is no longer her support, how long would he be content to serve soberly and faithfully for self? The stimulant to labor would be gone," etc.

So man labors, not because labor of hand or brain is noble, and necessary for his highest good, but to support a wife? According to this, the *ultimatum* of happiness and diligence must be found among the Mormons, for they support not only one but many wives.

The fact is, man does not labor for woman alone; he does not gather up treasures to pour them at her feet. On the contrary, in the majority of cases a grudging dole of the riches

she has helped to gain is all woman receives. Men who have no family ties do not lie down and rust in idleness. Nor do men who have self-supporting wives become worthless vagabonds. Facts are worth more than sentimental theories.

But suppose men could and would support all women in idleness, would such a state of things be best? Would it be for woman's highest good? Is not dependence degrading as surely as independence is ennobling? The assumption that man has supported woman has been an injury to her in the past, and could it be made a verity it would be her ruin.

Woman has hands and brains, and they were made to be used. Sloth is as much a degradation to her as to man. Only in the highest cultivation of all her powers does she do her duty to herself and her Creator. Custom has heretofore decreed that woman should be the satellite and, among some peoples, the slave of man. This was the natural outgrowth of the sensuous idea that woman was made for man. The attainment of higher mentality and spirituality is doing away with this idea. Woman has discovered that she is an independent human being, and demands to be released from the false position in which custom has placed her. Of course there is an outcry against her. She is told that she is leaving her sphere; that she is becoming "unwomanly," and so on *ad infinitum*. As human nature is human nature, this is natural; woman can not expect less. The iron bands of prejudice

never have been, and never will be, broken without a struggle. It would take much argument to convince a Turk that the women of his harem could still be "womanly" if they had the rights and privileges of American women. Yet American men are very well satisfied with their countrywomen—until they wish to step outside the circle that bounds all *they* consider womanly, and then many raise a warning voice, and some women, like Turkish slaves, join in the protest.

And these terms, manly, womanly, how many definitions they have had!—definitions sentimental, definitions prejudicial, definitions everything but reasonable and natural. Woman's rights' aphoristic definition is: when a man cultivates all his faculties, and lives up to his highest conceptions of right, he is manly.

When a woman cultivates all her faculties, and lives up to her highest conceptions of right, she is womanly.

Woman's rights' proposes to elevate and purify the relation of the sexes. The era of mere sensuousness is passing. The spiritual and mental is ringing in. There will be more pure love between the men and women of the next generation than of this. The highest love can not exist between dependent inferiors and assumed supporters and superiors. There is too much bribery on one side and sensuality on the other.

It is only between acknowledged equals, entirely independent of each other, that the highest, tenderest, and purest love can exist.

PERMANENCE IN AFFECTION.

M. DE TOCQUEVILLE, in his work on "Democracy in America," observes that the habit of inattention must be considered the greatest bane of the democratic character. And as inattention and want of application in matters of thought generate a superficial and unreliable condition of the intellect, so, in like manner, may the integrity of our affections be endangered by improper cultivation. No one can fail to notice, as characteristic of our social life, the extreme facility with which persons pass from one experience in affection to another. The apparent want of injury to the individual in these rapid passages from one affection to another can only be accounted for on the supposition that the affection was of the most

shallow and delusive nature. The tendencies of fashionable society are toward the fostering of the most transient and inefficient ties of affection. It has been said that great passions no longer show themselves. And certain it is that shallowness and vacillation, want of depth and of faithfulness, are the properties which most completely characterize our conduct of life with regard to the affections.

The influence of our intellectual habits on our affections may be traced in this matter. We are so inconstant in our opinions and beliefs, all our intellectual conclusions lie so much at the mercy of change, and we so quickly pass from one object of thought to another, that the habit of the intellect is

transferred to the affections with results the character of which admits of but little doubt. The evils of this inconstancy, this facility of change in the objects of the affections, are sad enough through the course of a lifetime. He who has no deep and lasting affections has never known the capacities of his own nature nor sounded the depths of sympathy in others. The depth and force of character which in general belong to the man who has strong affections, is in striking contrast with the weakness of the opposite. This tendency toward weakness and inconstancy in affection, it were folly to assert as possessing every mind, yet such are the social forms in which we struggle, and such are our methods of training and culture, that its influence extends to the best minds among us, vitiating the spirit and force of our feelings. Intellectual growth presupposes a succession of objects, and the ability to pass quickly from one object of thought to another. But at the same time nothing of strong import can be accomplished without concentration.

The culture which we receive as men and women of the world is truly wonderful. The multiplicity and variety of the objects which claim our attention generate an adroit and superficial state of mind, which is apparent on every hand. "Our system of education fosters restlessness"—"the traveling of the mind." This traveling of the mind, this constant presence of the desire for change, we recognize as having its influence not only on our intellectual life, but also on our affections.

The habit of patient attention, of concentration, is rarely to be noticed; and, therefore, instead of accuracy and depth in our mental convictions, we have that superficiality of knowledge and inconstancy of belief which has its perfect analogy in the want of permanence and faithfulness in affection, that we are considering. Among the dissatisfactions arising from inconstancy, from a *succession* in the objects of our affections, the greatest is the inability at last to thoroughly fix the affections at all. Such an experience corrupts the man's whole existence. He has wasted his substance in insincere and improvident living, and henceforth shall go through the world without tasting of the diviner depths of human affection. There is no

doubt that the highest affections are of gradual formation—are a growth of time. If we are impatient, and would have the fruit before the flower has well gone, we shall never possess ourselves of the highest experience in these things.

The final results on the character of a person, the objects of whose affections are constantly changing, is apparent. It is simply to fill him with polished *insincerity*. And as there is in himself the want of truth, of reality, so that he may not trust in his own feelings, he comes at last to disbelieve in the reality of the affection of others. As a man broken down of excess may not trust his bodily senses, so trusts he not his own heart, or that of others. As in the action of the intellect there may be a reckless squandering of mental force, so also there may be in our affections; and the injury to healthfulness of action is as unavoidable in the latter case as in the former.

In such things as we have been considering, our conduct is too often controlled by mere "gross sense and custom," rather than by enlightened views of our nature and our duty. We should elevate our conceptions of duty by elevating our sympathies. Our affections should not descend to low and trivial aims, but should quicken our thought and refine our sentiments. The tendency of our social habits is to make us miserably superficial in thought and in feeling. There is no dignity, no culture in our "modern society," that has its permanent influence. All is in motion without definable aim. In our conduct with regard to our affections, it appears to me that we should resist this constant motion and seek to cultivate *permanence* in our affections. No degree of talent or accomplishment can do away with the necessity for this quality. Let us cherish those affections we have as "light-bringers," that shall not fail to help us in the earnestness of life. The cultivation of permanence in those affections which are well founded within us has a most beneficent influence on the character. It makes us more sincere and more conscientious—brings a dignity and thoughtfulness to our conduct that we can ill spare.

No worthy character can a man form for himself without *anchoring* his affections, and that worthily! To be given up to the charm

of succession in these matters, is to have entered upon that dissipation of mind and heart which shall inevitably end in impotence

of character, out of the darkness of which scarcely any light of moral principle will be seen to emerge.

J. A. R.

HOME TRAINING IN THE UNITED STATES.

[The following significant paragraph is from the pen of Rev. James Fraser, M.A., who made a very thorough inspection of the Common School System of the United States and the Canadas, in the year 1865, as a commissioner appointed for that purpose by the Government of Great Britain. His report, "presented to both Houses of Parliament," is filled with valuable information, from which interesting extracts will from time to time be taken for the pages of this journal.—*Connecticut School Journal*.]

IT is a matter of general regret among Americans, though I did not observe that any steps were taken to remedy the acknowledged evil, that parental authority over the young is brief, weak, and lessening. Such is the precocious spirit of independence generated by the political institutions of the country, and the general current of social life, that boys and girls, of twelve or fourteen, think themselves quite competent to decide many questions for themselves, and do decide them, on which English boys and girls of eighteen or twenty would still feel bound to consult and obey their parents. And, as in England, so in America, the lower you descend in the lower strata, the more markedly this tendency exhibits itself. It was piteous and saddening to see, as I had occasion to see frequently, when mothers would come to the office of a superintendent of schools to excuse or complain of the truancy of their children, parents helpless to control the wills, and even caprices of lads of eleven or ten, or still younger years. It is not a natural nor a normal state of things; every well-wisher to the United States, every one who would desire to see that great commonwealth equal to the mighty destiny that lies before her, can not but hope that for so manifest an inversion of a great social law a remedy may soon be found."

[This is a very proper view to be taken by one who believes in and supports a monarchy. In England the rule is the same as that practiced by the ancient Solomon, who advised parents not to "spare the rod and spoil the child;" which licenses every unreasoning, brutal bull-head, who can not govern his own temper, to vent it on his helpless offspring. That unfortunate text has caused more bad blood—revenge—in all these ages than a little. It is opposed to the higher doctrine of mercy, forgiveness, overcoming evil with good, etc., taught

by Christ; and it is in keeping with monarchical principles. "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth" was simply barbarous, and not adapted to the present century.

Rev. Mr. Fraser may rest assured that our democratic republican modes of home government are quite as well adapted to training children as the severer modes of his country, where whipping is universally practiced.

During a lecturing tour of between two and three years in that country, we were witness to two trials of school teachers for whipping children to death. We read accounts of two other trials for the same offense, making four cases of death from flogging in schools which came to our knowledge within three years. No objection was made to whipping the children, but the teachers were censured for killing them.

Such is the pernicious spirit of *punishment* generated by the political institutions of the—old—country. There the motto is, "*Rule a wife, and have a wife.*" She, too, may be whipped by a drunken lord, or by a drunken snob, and it's "all right."

Another test of the comparative merits of the two modes of government—English and American—consists in the general thrift of the two countries. Of the number of criminals, paupers, drunkards, and so forth, it will be found that in these respects the old country *greatly* outnumbers the new. Here, the theory is to teach children *self-government*; there, a million or so of police spies, and other officers, are expected to watch and govern the *lower* classes. Here, the rule is that *all* children *must* be educated; there, it is an accomplishment for the more favored, with ragged schools for the low and the mean.

We thank Rev. Mr. Fraser for calling attention to the faults of our government, and trust he will confess the justice of our reply.]

Mr. Beecher, in allusion to the training of children, said in one of his sermons: "I think that the milder type of family government which is prevailing now is certainly better for us than that more rigorous type which prevailed in New England. The prevalent sense of personal liberty which has increased in the community at large has penetrated the family

and ameliorated its government. Children are freer. They earlier assume their own rights. It will not do to select single instances in making a judgment of what is wisest and best. We must average the community. And if you

take high and low, I think there are a greater number of families advanced higher in the care and development and training of their children than at any former period, although the methods are very different."

"I WANT TO KISS MAMMA."

Off in the darkness and silence of midnight,
In sweet baby accents so tender and true,
Breaking the stillness of night, comes the longing—
"I want to kiss mamma—I want to kiss 'ou."

Dear arms clasp my neck in a close thrilling pressure,
Fast on my lips fall soft kisses like dew,
While the bright baby lips take up the sweet measure—
"I want to kiss mamma—I want to kiss 'ou."

As the parched earth, with its pale drooping flowers,
Springs into beauty with summer's soft rain,

So the sad heart, scorched and withered by sorrow,
Wakes with new life from this loving refrain.

Nestle still closer, my dear little treasure,
Into fond arms ever ready for you,
While soothingly falls from your lips the sweet measure—
"I want to kiss mamma—I want to kiss 'ou."

Ah! the bright head in slumber now sinking,
Snowy lids struggle to veil the dark blue; [sleeping,
While breathes the soft whisper 'tween waking and
"I want to kiss mamma—I want to kiss 'ou." C. M. S.

LEADERS IN THE MORMON REFORM MOVEMENT—WITH PORTRAITS.

TRIFLES sometimes change the tide of events. It may be so in this case, and it was the general appreciation in the States some eighteen months ago that a few of Brigham Young's rebel Elders by their schism saved our nation from another Mormon war. All sensible men were gratified with the excuse of "letting well enough alone," not because a Mormon war would have been importantly great, but because it would have been importantly small. The schism, however, suggested to our statesmen the "more excellent way of letting the Mormon Elders solve their own problems." Vent had been found at last, and a conservative revolution was bursting from the people. Nothing better could be desired in the case; and though President Young might not be kindly disposed toward the "heretics," he has cause to be grateful that his people were preserved from a collision with the nation. We present to our readers the following interesting sketches of those most prominent in the Reform movement.

AMASA LYMAN.

This famous apostle is esteemed by the Reformers as the Mormon Theodore Parker. He was one of the favorites of Joseph Smith, whom he joined when quite a youth. He became known in his Church as a great idealist and preacher, was gifted with the tongue of eloquence, and possessed a liberal nature. During the days of Joseph Smith, the "ideal" Mormonism was that which was most beloved, and its apostles, such as Parley P. Pratt and Amasa Lyman, ranked higher then in the minds of the people than the executive Brigham Young. When the difficulty arose between Orson Pratt and Joseph* over polygamy, Orson was finally

cut off and Amasa was ordained to his place in the quorum of the Twelve Apostles. But Orson Pratt repented of his "hardness of heart" and "stubbornness" against the peculiar institution. Joseph was a man of resources; he made room for the return of Orson to his quorum by appointing Amasa his Second Counselor, in the stead of Sidney Rigdon, whom he had "dropped" from the Presidency.

After the death of the Mormon Prophet, Sidney Rigdon contended for the successorship with Brigham Young, and the appointment of Amasa Lyman to his place became quite a circumstance and a matter of convenience to the Twelve who claimed the right to rule the Church as a quorum, and Amasa supported them instead of appearing as a rival candidate.

Places being made vacant in the quorum of the Twelve by the secession of William Smith, brother of the Prophet, with John A. Page and Lyman Wright, Amasa Lyman was received again among the Twelve, and with them he led the Church in its exodus from Nauvoo. They wintered on the way in 1846 at Council Bluffs, and in the spring of '47 the Pioneers, consisting of 133 picked men, with several women, started for the Rocky Mountains under Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball. Amasa Lyman was of the number, and on the journey he distinguished himself as the great hunter of the camp. Before reaching the Salt Lake Valley he was sent in another direction to meet a portion of the Mormon Battalion, with which he joined the Pioneers a few days after their arrival in the Valley, and subsequently assisted in removing the body of the Church to Salt Lake City. In the spring of '48, after traveling through several States as a missionary, he led a company of emigrants to the mountains; in '49 was sent to California to watch the gold finders

* It will be remembered that Orson Pratt defended it in the late Newman discussion.

and send home their tithing of gold, for the first gold miners of California were Mormons. In '51 he and Apostle Rich led a colony of five hundred from Salt Lake, and purchased and established San Bernardino, but in 1857 he was ordered to break up that prosperous settlement in consequence of the "Utah war," thus sacrificing the property of himself and fellow-colonists.

In 1860 he and Rich were sent to England on a great mission. There he had large halls and intelligent audiences in all the principal cities, and reporters were sent from the best papers to give to the public some choice passages from the Mormon orator. Mormonism rose many degrees in the minds of the intellectual classes of England,



AMASA LYMAN.

and yet for those very sermons which he delivered in Great Britain his apostleship was taken from him years afterward. A synopsis of his views of Gospel philosophy will come in fitly here.

Mormonism was interpreted by him to mean great and continuous good to humanity. In his mind there was no other conception of the Gospel. There was nothing to admire in ordinances and creeds, and less to admire in damnation and priestly cursings. Mormonism was all truth, and Truth was God. But as he launched out on the ocean of infinite thought and universal philosophy he threw off his special apostleship and called "all truth" the Gospel, and Mormonism appeared in the view as but one of the methods of that Gospel. By that method up to a higher plane a few of God's creatures were traveling. "Where?" was his question. "Up to Truth!" was his answer. All the universe was traveling up to Truth, and going fast, and going well—ininitely fast, and infinitely well!

The Gospel as a system, a theology, an educational method for humanity, was but as the shell of truth,—the kernel was within. God was not a personality, but an Ideal Infinite, or in his ever-recurrent language, Universal Truth. He saw the

God, not as organism or power, and therefore not in the mood of Paley or Brigham Young, the first of whom wound Deity up in his watch argument, while the latter organized him into a little kingdom in the Rocky Mountains. Amasa ran not after the Ideal Justice, but esteemed him as a sort of a celestial will-o'-the-wisp. The conscientiousness of Truth—a universal conscientiousness for rightness and goodness—is enough of Deity as Justice. Following this vein of philosophy, he denies the necessity of an Infinite Sacrifice to appease an Infinite Wrath which has no existence in the God-Mind. It was just on this point which his apostolic brethren summed up as a disbelief in the Atonement that Amasa Lyman was "cut off" from his quorum and the Church. Yet his admirers say that this apostle believes more in Christ, and has preached and exemplified more of Christ, than all the rest of the Mormon apostles who are captivated with the "kingdom." But Amasa glories in the life of Christ, and his work down through the ages, in spirit rather than in his sufferings on the cross. Christ in the ideal represents to him a universal benevolence and yearning for the well-being of humanity. The highest manifestation of this was the Son of God in the supreme sense, and he recognizes this supreme Love in Jesus the Nazarene.

Amasa Lyman is now the President of the new Church of Zion. He is of the old Lyman stock which landed in America within eleven years after the Pilgrim Fathers came. He was born March 30, 1813, in the Township of Lyman, Grafton County, New Hampshire. His father dying, he was brought up by his grandfather and uncle. Grandfather Lyman favored Universalism, and the grandsire's views much impressed the meditative mind of this apostolic reformer, who thus carried Universalism into the Mormon Church.

WILLIAM S. GODBE,

—the popular Salt Lake merchant,—has been well known for years in the commercial world, and highly respected for his enterprise and integrity, but within the last two years he has become famous as the leader of the Utah Reformers.

When a boy he left his parents and went to sea, just as he has now broken off from the Mormon Patriarchs and started out in a path of his own finding. As a sailor boy he visited several foreign countries, spending some time in France, Germany, and Denmark.

After being shipwrecked twice, young Godbe gave up his sailor life, and at the early age of seventeen linked his fate with the Mormon people. He was still but a stripling when he leaped upon the deck of his ship in the river Mersey, an emigrant bound for the new world. The same self-reliance marked his course as at the earlier period, for he "worked" his passage across the Atlantic.

The young emigrant landed in New York without means to take him across the continent by rail; but he had started with the intention of

going through, and instead of tarrying awhile to earn money to go with a company of Mormons, the adventurous youth boldly set out on foot to walk the entire distance. Excepting the journey from Buffalo to Chicago, which was performed on the lakes, William Godbe measured every step of the road to the frontiers, from which point he worked his way across the Plains as a teamster.

After his arrival in Salt Lake City he engaged as a clerk with Mr. Thomas Williams, a fine-spirited Mormon merchant, and in a few years the stripling, whose energy and uncommon grit had made on foot a journey of thousands of miles, had himself grown to be one of the most substantial men in the Mormon community.

Mr. Godbe's first business was that of a druggist, and he supplied the Territory by wholesale and retail. He not only accumulated means fast, but became a great favorite with the entire people; public confidence enlarged his sphere from the druggist to the regular merchant.

In the early days of Utah those who could scrape together a few hundred dollars besides the small store-keepers, sent their means East every spring to purchase "States goods." They thus saved enormously, for the regular merchants held the community in their own hands. An agent to purchase for the people was therefore a necessity in those days, and William S. Godbe was their man. Yearly he went East on their account as well as for his own store. His day of starting was advertised in season, and then men and women from all parts of the Territory thronged his office by the hour with their commissions. Thus Mr. Godbe purchased hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of goods for the people of Utah, and the arrival of his trains gave periodical sensations to the city, so many being personally interested.

The popular merchant was also the first who brought down prices. When there was any commercial aims to specially benefit the people, Mr. Godbe was the man who took the lead in working them out. In the case in question he went East and purchased goods not only on commission, but sent home an immense stock on his own account, to be sold off immediately at about "cost and freight," bringing down prices to a point never before known in Utah. The results of this venture benefited the community rather than the public-spirited merchant; but benevolence was the policy of his life, not only in his private but in his commercial character. He has helped hundreds to emigrate; donated thousands to the Church; and he has also spent twenty thousand dollars to establish a free press and maintain the cause of the Utah Protestants.

It was a great cross to the man to be forced by his convictions to dissolve his religious relations with President Young, with whom he had been a special favorite. Indeed, the President at his trial reproached the merchant reformer with this in words such as only Brigham could use. "I have

made William Godbe," he said, "my particular pet, and carried him in my pocket, but he has grown too big for me to carry any longer. I will throw him out." "I will throw him out!" was a fiat which the merchant reformer knew he should provoke against himself, but he met the issue unflinchingly.

The spirited merchant said to his companions that evening, in his own mansion, where they had met after their preparatory examination in the School of the Prophets, "I could have made my mark in any State, and have accomplished as much in a commercial career as I have done in Utah, and that, too, without Brigham Young. And though I well know that he can break me up for a time, I will show him that even in Utah, which he has so long 'carried in his pocket,' I can leap out and walk without his let or hindrance."



WILLIAM S. GODBE.

The reader, understanding the circumstances, will be in sympathy with him, and indorse the opinion that the man who, when a youth, could travel alone on foot from New York to the frontiers, then drive a loaded ox-team across the Plains, and, on reaching the prime of his manhood, undertake to carry Utah into new directions and force President Young into new policies, was capable of making his mark in any part of America. It is a singular fact that Utah has gone into new directions and policies since that day when Mr. Godbe was thrown out of "Bro. Brigham's" pocket.

Word was kept with the merchant; he was commercially thrown out of the "pocket" "into the cold." The "faithful" ceased to deal with the bold heretic; his drug-store languished; a rival store was started by the Church, and for the first time Mr. Godbe had to close an ever-generous hand, and his family to economize. But the prosperity of the mines of Utah, after some months of hard struggles, opened a new field for his resistless energies, and he is fast rising to prosperity again, and may in the future rank higher than in the past for commercial successes.

Since his first journey to Utah, Mr. Godbe has been several times to California, three times to Europe, and he crossed the Plains twenty-four times before the completion of the Pacific Railroad. During times of Indian difficulties when the stage could not run, he has mounted his horse on the frontiers and crossed the Plains to his home in the mountains, accompanied by a boy only, and he has dared to cross alone during these Indian hostilities.

The merchant reformer is about five feet five inches in height, is rather fragile in appearance, but is made of wire and capable of any amount of endurance. He has quite a classical face, with a large, well-developed head, measuring nearly twenty-three and a half inches.

THE MORMON LUTHER.

This is the title which Elias L. T. Harrison has won among his friends. He was in the field as a missionary at about the age of twenty. Serving first as a Traveling Elder; preaching through the country without purse or scrip, building up new branches, he had abundant opportunities for manifesting that earnestness of character and devotion for which Mr. Harrison is especially known.

During his career in England the Protestant Elder rose to the rank of President of the great London Conference and made his mark as a writer in the *Millennial Star*, which was under the charge of his friend Edward W. Tullidge. There is a suggestive point just here of some radical difference between Mormonism in Great Britain and Mormonism in Utah; for twelve years after its publication in the *Millennial Star*, Mr. Harrison's first article, which won for him much distinction among the Elders of his native land, was brought against him at his trial before the High Council in Salt Lake City by the prosecuting apostle, George Q. Cannon. The article, which was entitled "A True Representative of the Most High," demolished priesthood, and left nothing but the "true representative"—the man! The nominal President of the mission, Asa Calkin, was on the continent of Europe at the time. Indeed, it would seem that the friends filled the apostolic *Millennial Star* with their Protestant heresies, and made it as heterodox as they afterward did the *Utah Magazine*.

After they had "gathered home to Zion," the friends sought to establish a free press. Mr. John Chislet, one of the most prominent of the British Elders and an old companion in the ministry of Mr. Harrison, encouraged the design and brought the Walker Brothers to help. Mr. Chislet had already outgrown a theocratic rule, and in his character as a merchant had been "cut off" with the "Walker Brothers" for affirming the right to exercise their individuality in donating liberally to the Church, but refusing to allow the tax of tithing to be put upon commerce.

Backed by these rebel Mormon merchants, Messrs. Harrison and Tullidge, without "asking

permission" of President Young, sent out the prospectus of their *Peep O' Day*, and the *Deseret News* refusing to print it, the editors went boldly to Camp Douglas, and there, under the flag of the United States, which had been raised on the "tops of the mountains" by General Connor, published the *Peep O' Day*. The very title suggested everything; the press was intended to rival priesthood, or at least to check it. President Young and the priesthood, in 1864, could afford to let the *Peep O' Day* fall without excommunicating its editors, but they might have seen more of the future had they known how these men of the press reasoned. "Six numbers out, Elias," said his intuitive companion, "and we win for the press, though we fail in seeming. Our enterprise will receive a new



ELIAS L. T. HARRISON.

birth in the future. The *Peep O' Day* is the prophecy of that future." Sarah E. Carmichael, the Utah poetess, held the same views. "Gentlemen," she said, "the *Peep O' Day* is a great success." This magazine, which was the first published east of San Francisco and west of the Missouri, was "suspended," but after a few years Mr. Harrison, with the aid of Mr. Godbe, succeeded in starting the *Utah Magazine*.

In the fall of 1868, the editor, worn out with labor, accompanied Mr. Godbe to the States to recuperate his health. During the visit East their minds became impressed with a mission, and they returned to Salt Lake, resolved to enact the part of reformers, for which they were "cut off" after a trial before the High Council of the Church, President Young sitting as supreme judge. The Reformers then sent out to the public their "manifesto," with a platform for the new "Church of Zion." This document bore the joint names of Elias L. T. Harrison and William S. Godbe.

"For some years past," they said, "we have felt that a great encroachment of power was being

made by the ruling priesthood of our Church beyond that allowed by the spirit and genius of the Gospel. We also have perceived that a steady and constant decline was taking place in the manifestation of the spiritual gifts, as well as in the spirituality of our system as a whole, and that as a Church we were fast running into a state of the most complete materialism. We felt that the working out of our system was small and insignificant compared with the grandeur of the programme as announced by Joseph Smith. The broad and liberal system which in the earnestness of our souls we had embraced so many years ago, with its grand and universal invitation to men of every creed and nation to come to Zion for a home in our midst, was being practically ignored, and in the stead thereof was being built up a wall of bitterness and hate between ourselves and the rest of the world. The constant growth of such principles as these, and the certainty that under such conditions Mormonism never could fulfill that grand destiny of salvation to the world for which we had prayed and labored, gave us great pain. * * *

"During all these times we sought earnestly for light from above, our first and last prayer being that we might never be allowed to oppose the truth, and earnestly and continually examined ourselves to see whether pride, selfishness, self-will, or impurity of thought or deed prevented our seeing the wisdom of President Young's measures or receiving a testimony of their divinity. At last light came!"

With this light came the annunciation of their mission as set forth in their manifesto. Here is a passage:

"Of this great movement—far greater than ourselves—we are but the forerunners. We are but as the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a high way for our God! Ours is a preparatory mission, and it is our work to arouse the people, and by reasoning, teaching, and enlightenment prepare them for a new order of things. * * * We make no claims to any distinction further than that in the providence of God it has been our privilege to be made acquainted with some great truths which it is our duty to make known. * * * And here let us say the object of this movement will be to preserve, and not to destroy, our system. In consequence of the undue exercise of priestly authority, the elements of resistance and division are now silently working in the overwrought but suppressed feelings of our people. It requires but little more exertion of such arbitrary power to rend asunder the ties which bind us, and scatter us to the four winds. Nothing can save us but the raising of a platform combining liberty of thought and action with all the ancient beauties of our faith—one upon which we can unite. * * * A revolution is at our doors; not one of bloodshed or strife, but a peaceful revolution of ideas. An

intellectual battle has to be fought, and Truth will prevail, but Moderation and Kindness must be our battle-cry. And as sure as to-morrow's sun will rise, the light will break, the truth will go forth in its majesty, and thousands of voices will soon echo our testimony."

After their excommunication, Elder Harrison and his companions took the public platform, and started the iconoclastic *Salt Lake Tribune* in the place of the *Utah Magazine*. The mission of the Mormon Luther was now fairly open, and his bold speeches gave a new sensation to Mormondom. Reports of those speeches, and also those of Godbe and Kelsey, were from time to time given in the New York press.

The Protestant Elders to-day have enlarged their programme. They appreciate that Utah in her radical transformation from a theocratic territory to a republican State will need more than a religious movement. The organization of a conservative National Party is now proposed, consisting of the "Gentiles" and the various classes from the Mormon community who have outgrown the temporal rule of their priesthood and come into harmony with American institutions. Elder Harrison and his companions deem it of vast importance that a National Party of conservative men should be formed from various classes to work to preserve Utah from a conflict resulting from the old priesthood struggling to perpetuate its hierarchical government, and the new mining population so fast increasing, which would like nothing better than to beat down the Mormon "kingdom of God" upon the heads of its builders.

Elias Harrison is a powerful speaker as well as a powerful writer. Power, in fact, is the distinguishing quality of the man. He can not speak or write unless he does so strongly, and boldness of thought and fancy leads him toward exaggeration, though not from the integrity of truth. He blends the natures of the Scotch, the Welsh, and the English; has the Welsh impulses and sensibilities, but the organic head of the superior race. Not more than five feet four in height, but with an oaken body he carries on his shoulders a giant head and face. The forehead is massive with Causality, and Comparison very large. Large Ideality and Sublimity give him his boldness of fancy and wide conceptions. The moral brain is well developed, with dominant Conscientiousness; Combativeness active, but Destructiveness small; he has a strong love for wife, children, and friends, but like most of the Elders from Great Britain and Scandinavia, he has never been a polygamist. He idealizes much on the relation of the sexes, and while he accepted Joseph Smith's polygamy, he placed it so high upon the "celestial plane," that the "New Movement" at last had to give it up. He would devote a life to a ministry; without purse or scrip make himself an apostle, not of a church, but of humanity. Such is Elias Harrison the Protestant Mormon Elder.

ELI B. KELSEY.

The iconoclast of Utah is before us in Eli B. Kelsey. A marked young member of the "Apostles of the Seventies" in the days of Joseph Smith, he illustrates what the character of the Mormon Elders originally was. Since the stern old Puritans of England, none have denounced and battled so fiercely against "priestcraft" as the Mormon Elders; and even to-day President Young, George Q. Cannon, and the rest of the apostles keep up the affirmation that it is their special mission to war against all priestcraft. With Mr. Kelsey, however, the character and mission of the Mormon Elder remain in him as at first, and war against priestcraft is still a fierce instinct, and not a hollow profession. He and "Brother Brigham" must decide between them who is in the



ELI B. KELSEY.

right of the case; but the simple explanation of his attitude to-day against the old Church is that he considers the Elders have apostatized from their essential mission, and now represent a most potent priestcraft, and not the great brotherhood of Joseph Smith's intending. It is his view, and we merely give it as such. Hence Eli B. Kelsey is known as the sternest and the strongest iconoclast of all the Utah Reformers.

When the Mormons were in their exodus from Nauvoo, this prominent "Apostle of the Seventies" took a mission to Great Britain. He was sent to preside in Scotland, the country of his forefathers, where he distinguished himself; and during a trip of Orson Pratt to America he conducted the *Millennial Star*, and directed the European mission. On the return of Orson he was appointed to preside over the great London Conference, and it was he who brought it to the perfection of its organism and missionary operations. He organized tract societies in every branch, and two thousand Mormon brethren and sisters were weekly engaged in preaching or delivering tracts to the

people of London. The man set every soul to work, which of course is the true missionary policy, and during his presidency more came into the Mormon Church than at any other period.

Having fulfilled his mission to Great Britain to the general satisfaction of the authorities, Kelsey returned to Utah and settled in Tooele, where he cultivated a fine farm and planted an extensive vineyard and orchards. For years he tried the experiment of supplying Utah with home-made wines.

Eli B. Kelsey had long been an intimate associate of William S. Godbe. Indeed, Harrison, Kelsey, and Godbe had for the last few years passed through a mental travail together over Mormonism, and when the "Heavens" gave the "two witnesses" their mission to arise and "redeem the people of Zion," Eli B. Kelsey was included in their quorum as the chief of the new Twelve Apostles. He opened his calling in the *Utah Magazine* with a series of very fine historical articles to illustrate "How the World has Grown." The orthodox Mormon idea is, "How the World has gone down and degenerated since the days of Moses and the Prophets." In seeking to create a revolution in the minds of the thousands who read the *Utah Magazine* with the sanction of the Church, Mr. Kelsey gave these illustrative articles of the growth of society in Egypt, Israel, and the ancient empires, culminating in the Greek and Roman. The articles formed quite an encyclopedia of relative subjects, and showed a profound and an extensive acquaintance with the history of governments, priesthoods, laws, customs, and peoples from the earliest ages. These articles amounted, both in design and effect, to so many iconoclastic sermons against the Utah hierarchy and priesthood. There was evident method in all this, for the editors of the magazine were doing a similar work in other directions, so the *Utah Magazine* was excommunicated with its editors and proprietors. Godbe, Harrison, and Kelsey were "cut off" together by the High Council which sat upon their famous trial, at which President Young presided with his two Counselors, and Apostles Pratt, Woodruff, and Cannon prosecuting, and twenty-four High Councilmen as jury.

Conjure up one of the fiercest patriots among the God-fearing old Ironsides of Cromwell, and you will have a good example of Eli B. Kelsey, giving him, of course, a modern dress. On the stand, though the chief apostle of the new "Church of Zion," he preached very little more than the Gospel of republicanism, with terrible denunciation against priesthoods, theocracies, kings, and popes.

Having given to the "New Movement" all the force of his character and about a year's labor in its cause without "purse or scrip," the Reformer went personally into the mines to work out the destiny of Utah through their agencies. There

He is to-day, a chief apostle to the miners of the Territory. In their name he took a mission to the States, and was very influential in drawing the attention of capitalists to the subject of the mines of Utah. Eli B. Kelsey has won a lasting name in the growing West.

HENRY W. LAWRENCE.

Here is one of the merchant princes of Utah, and the man who represents commercial integrity. It is for this quality that he stands out most in the public mind. He is as solid as a rock in his situation in society; and justice and commercial honor are almost a religion with him. This the eye of the phrenologist finds out readily, for Cautiousness and Conscientiousness are about the



HENRY W. LAWRENCE.

largest organs in his head, which is decidedly the head of the practical and enterprising man, and therefore Conscientiousness goes directly to commercial integrity, and Cautiousness to sure and solid movements. For years he has been a chief man in Utah society; was one of Brigham's pillars; was an Alderman and a Bishop's Counselor; has been Marshal of the Territory, and held other offices of trust. He gave much integrity to the city government, and it was not a light assurance in the public mind of a conscientious administration that Henry Lawrence and W. S. Godbe were in the City Council. They often preserved a balance in the Council between the City and the Church, and accomplished for a general administration what they could not have effected had they not been so highly esteemed by President Young and Mayor Wells.

At the opening of the new era in Utah affairs, Mr. Lawrence deemed it in accordance with the duties which he owed to commerce and public enterprise to withdraw from President Young, and strengthen the cause of the Reformers. He resigned all his offices in the city and ecclesiastical government, and forsook "Zion's Co-operative

Mercantile Institution," of which he was one of the trustees. At the commencement of the "New Movement" he took the public platform with his friends.

Mr. Henry Lawrence was at that period the weight which turned the scale. It was more of a controversy with the old church for the existence of an independent press, the mission of a free commerce, the right of individualism in all matters of enterprise, and the opening of the mines than a mere religious controversy. With his merchant brother, William S. Godbe, he held that the co-operative scheme of President Young was wrong in its fundamental policy, and altogether un-American in its intendings. They affirmed that it was not a legitimate "co-operative institution," but a commercial combination of the Mormon priesthood for the ambitious and exclusive purposes of their Utah hierarchy. These purposes, they held, if carried into the effect designed, would not only force the Gentiles away, and reduce all the home merchants to the nothingness of ciphers, but that it would beggar the Territory, destroy all enterprise, cause an emigration of thousands of the population to other parts of the United States to seek employment and sustenance, and financially ruin the old church itself. The correctness of their views is shown to-day in the prosperity of Utah and the growth of its Gentile mining population, caused so much by these rebel Elders of commerce and the press forcing results in the opposite direction to that in which the Apostles and Bishops of the Territory were going.

Mr. Lawrence was also influenced in his course greatly by his desire to help to prevent a collision between the Mormons, whom he still loved as his brethren of the past, and the people of the United States. It was the fixed opinion of himself and his compeers that if left to themselves to lead the people as of old in un-American tracks to build up a theocracy, the apostles would bring about that collision with the nation which would be most disastrous to the Mormons. They saw that it was fast being worked up on both sides; that Congress and the President of the United States were not disposed for playful measures. To prevent this collision was one of their chief aims, and they concluded that a movement from Mormon Elders themselves, showing a disposition in the people of Utah to conform to the will and institutions of the United States, would give the preventive. They publicly declared this to be one of the chief intentions of their movement; and though the orthodox could not comprehend the matter, Mr. Henry Lawrence was accepted by the public as a guarantee, and the authorities of the church were soon forced to confess that the temper of the country was changed toward the Mormons through the schism made by the leading merchants and editors of Salt Lake City. Of course they gave no credit to Mr. Lawrence and his friends for this, but undoubtedly the facts

modified their own anger against the "apostates." In the first contest of the elections by the opposition, composed of the Gentiles and Reformers united, Henry W. Lawrence was chosen as the candidate for the mayorship of the city. It is almost certain that Mr. Lawrence is the most acceptable man from the opposition for that office. Should President Young deem it policy to turn a Reformer himself, he will vote for Henry W. Lawrence to be the mayor of Salt Lake City.

WILLIAM H. SHEARMAN.

Mr. Shearman is one of the proprietors of the *Salt Lake Daily* and *Weekly Tribune*, and a principal man in the Reform party. He was born in Wakefield, Yorkshire, England, December 17, 1831. In



WILLIAM H. SHEARMAN.

December, 1845, he removed to the United States with his father, a physician, and in 1847 became a member of Amity Street Baptist Church, New York, under the pastoral care of Rev. W. R. Williams, D.D. At this period it is said that he became the subject of some very peculiar spiritual experiences which gave the bent of his whole subsequent religious life and course. He was, what would be termed in modern parlance, entranced, while praying by his bedside one night, and filled with an unutterable joy and peace. During this experience, which lasted several days, he was also enabled to see the spiritual world and spiritual beings. To the subject of our sketch this was all reality, which will be perfectly comprehended by those finely organized minds which give to the world its poets, musicians, and men of genius generally, as well as that class called "clairvoyants" and "mediums."

In 1849 Mr. Shearman went to California by the overland route, stopping a few weeks at Salt Lake on the way to recruit. This was his first knowledge of the existence of such a people as the "Latter-day Saints," and from their lips for the first time

he heard claims of receiving modern revelations. This made a strong impression upon his mind, knowing in his own experience the possibility of such manifestations.

In 1853 Mr. Shearman united by letter with the First Baptist Church of Sacramento, Rev. O. C. Wheeler pastor, with whom he subsequently commenced to study for the ministry. While with Mr. Wheeler the subject of Mormonism forced itself upon his mind. Having been educated to regard the Bible as infallible truth, he was prepared to accept any system, however absurd, which was based upon its teachings. He became afterward convinced that the doctrines of the "Latter-day Saints" were more in harmony with the teachings of the Bible than those of any other church, and so he joined the "peculiar people" after great mental suffering, caused by his contemplation of the sacrifices this step would involve.

It is worthy of remark here, that not only Mr. Shearman, but all the seceding Elders maintain their consistency in embracing and advocating the Mormon religion as in accordance with a strict and literal rendering of the Bible themes and institutions. The great error of their people they consider has been their application of the Bible to this age in practice as well as faith; and in emancipating themselves from Brigham Young and Mormonism, they have also emancipated themselves from a blind reverence of Moses and the Prophets.

After embracing the Mormon faith, Mr. Shearman filled a two-years' mission in California, and in 1857 removed to Utah, where he soon made his mark as a talented writer on matters of education and social reform. In 1862 he went to England, where he filled the spheres successively of President of the Liverpool Conference, assistant editor of the *Millennial Star*, and pastor of the Birmingham District. After an absence of three years he returned to Utah and settled in Cache Co., where he was appointed President of all the Sunday-schools. His advocacy of equal rights for all men—Gentile or Mormon—and his opposition to the doctrine of "blind obedience" and the absolute rule of the priesthood, brought him under the displeasure of the presiding Bishop, and he would have been cut off but for the interposition of Apostle Ezra T. Benson. The separation, however, was simply deferred; for when his friends came out with their reform movement, he boldly threw himself among its leaders, and took charge of the *Salt Lake Tribune* as its managing editor.

William H. Shearman has a patriotic nature, and if he errs it will be on the side of what he considers the struggling cause of right.

FRED. T. PERRIS.

Here is one of the merchants of Salt Lake City who laid himself upon the altar for a cause. Though not one of their public speakers or agita-

tors, Mr. Perris ranks as a foremost man in the reform party and is a member of their executive council. He has been one of the chief workers in bringing about results, and has filled the offices of Bishop in the new "Church of Zion" and



FRED. T. PERRIS.

business manager of the *Salt Lake Weekly Tribune*. The philosophy of Spiritualism has long engaged this gentleman's mind. While he maintains the spiritual part of Mormonism, and explains it as a wonderful psychological problem, he is a thorough opposer of theocracy and priestly rule. Joseph Smith he looks upon as a spiritual medium, but one who by traveling back to the Hebrew periods, psychologically charmed by the ancient prophets and their themes, had become strangely *en rapport* with them, and in his grand fanaticism sought to embody the past and its institutions in a modern age, including a theocratic kingdom and a patriarchal polygamy. Mr. Perris treats the ancient prophets as spiritual mediums who revealed to their nation the God just above them—the Jehovah of the Hebrews—the Deity of primitive times. The Infinite has never spoken to man. The Infinite can not speak through an oracle—can only be syllabled in the entirety of the universe. The Infinite can not be embodied in the finite; a holy ghost may dwell in the prophet, but the Great Eternal Spirit which pervades and sustains all things can not be manifested either through a Moses or a Brigham Young; no man can be truly the viceregent of God; the God-man is the monster error of the barbarous ages which modern philosophy has exploded. Such are the views of Mr. Fred. Perris.

EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

Like his bosom friend Harrison, Tullidge was in the field as a missionary at twenty. While in England he reached the presiding place over the *Millennial Star*, which directed the European mission. He is an apostle of the press rather than a

religious reformer, and deals more with sociology than theology. Mr. Tullidge is known to the readers of the *PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL* as the author of a series of articles on the great characters of history—Queen Elizabeth, Cromwell, Mohammed, Napoleon, Alfred, etc. He has written for the *Galaxy*, *Harper's Magazine*, and the Eastern papers, but the *PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL* introduced him to the general public several years ago in some marked reviews of the characters of Shakspeare. Julia Dean Hayne won her greatest triumph in Salt Lake City in Tullidge's play of "Eleanor De Vere," and the celebrated American actress authorized the *JOURNAL* in its sketch of her to announce her design of making a debut in London in the play of "Elizabeth of England," written for her by Mr. Tullidge. The gifted lady, however, died a few months afterward and did not fulfill her programme.

Mr. Tullidge is now engaged on a Mormon romance. He is a small but wiry man, with a subtle brain and a very large head. He is revolutionary by nature, and, with Mr. Harrison, struck for an independent press and the national cause as early as 1864, when they published their *Peep O' Day* at Camp Douglas.

The following card, which was published with the manifestoes of Harrison, Godbe, and Kelsey, and republished with them in the *New York Herald*, is much of a biography and an issue in a paragraph:

"OFFICE UTAH MAGAZINE, SALT LAKE CITY, {
October 27, 1869.

"PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG: *My Dear Sir*—
Holding my connection with the *Utah Magazine* you can no longer give to me your fellowship, nor can



EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

I conscientiously ask it. I believe that you would manifest toward me, personally, much tenderness, for which I am grateful. Were I in the States or California, I do not think you would take any exceptions to my writings, for I am *simply* an author,

while you are the leader of a people. As it is, I see no virtue in multiplying words in justification, knowing myself to be heterodox. For years I



JOSEPH SALISBURY.

have tried to shun the issue of this day, for theoretically I have been a believer in republican institutions, and not in a temporal theocracy.

"I am, sir, very respectfully yours,

"EDWARD W. TULLIDGE."

In keeping with his card, which was evidently from its sharp brevity a throwing down of the republican gauntlet against the theocracy, Mr. Tullidge maintained the cause of the nation through the columns of the *Salt Lake Tribune*. He sought to expose to his Mormon brethren the fatal error which they had all committed in attempting to establish a kingdom in the heart of the American republic, and urged upon the Reformers the policy of setting the State above the Church in their movement.

JOSEPH SALISBURY.

In all revolutionary or reform movements a leader of the working classes is an important man. This is the rank of Mr. Salisbury in Utah society in the opposition party. He was the first man cut off for the sedition against the "Kingdom" of the "Saints" in the "New Movement." For nearly a year cautious preparations were made by the men of the press and of commerce to open the way for organized operations. During this period Mr. Salisbury, to whom the secret of the coming movement had been committed, agitated the subject among the working classes. This brought action against him, and made him the first of the excommunicated of his party. After the open schism occurred he took the platform with the Reform leaders, Harrison, Godbe, Kelsey, Shearman, Tullidge, and Salisbury being the principal speakers and agitators. The two latter gentlemen, however, agitated the cause of the nation more than they assumed the character of religious re-

formers. Mr. Salisbury also made his mark as a writer, and won some reputation among the Gentiles. Judge Hawley was especially taken by this thorough-going opposer of theocracy, and champion of United States principles, and predicted that Salisbury, in the political future of Utah, would distinguish himself and become a political leader. He was chosen as one of the committee of the Independents in the first contest of the elections, and in the "National Party," which both the Gentiles and Reformers are equally active in forming, Mr. Salisbury will be a prominent man and a principal worker.

JOHN TULLIDGE.

This gentleman exhibits a finely organized head and countenance. He is not, like his brother Edward, a public agitator, but was one of the first in the "Utah Reform Movement." John Tullidge, Joseph Silver, and Eli B. Kelsey were the three men who dared to oppose President Young and the High Council at the famous trial of Harrison and Godbe. "John's" manifesto in the *Utah Magazine* will at once illustrate himself and what Mormonism was to the Elders in England. He says:

"Their programme was one of a grand and universal character, marked not with those traits so generally observed in the various denominations of sectarianism. The mission of the Prophet came not to me as a narrow and dwarfish mission seeking to divide mankind, creating in their bosoms petty differences and sectarian jealousy. I had no conception that in embracing the Gospel I was about to resign my manhood and become a slave to a priestly rule. Indeed, I saw



JOHN TULLIDGE.

not man in the work, nor was the fear of man in my heart. I would not, even at that early age, have consented to renounce all that constituted a man, namely, reason, freedom of thought and ac-

tion. We understood 'Mormonism' to be characterized by a different spirit than that which seeks to coerce the human mind and subvert our manhood. * * *

"I believe in a spiritual work—a broad, just, and generous Gospel. Such I received in my boyhood, and I must be true to that which I have given the devotion of a life. For seventeen years I have stood by my faith, and dare not *apostatize* from it now, to embrace a temporal and commercial Gospel. The faith once delivered to the Saints is mine. Upon its platform let me stand, though the price for desiring to be a man should be that which my brethren have already paid for daring in the *Utah Magazine* to maintain the rights and conscience of men. JOHN TULLIDGE, JR."

MONEY—TARIFF.—O. S. Leavitt, of Loveland, O., has petitioned Congress to take into consideration his schemes, which are put forth

with great ability in a pamphlet of thirty-two pages. We state some of his strong points:

"Paper money is a loan from the people to the issuer of it; and as the loan is without interest, the people ought, through the Government, to be the borrowers also; thus giving to the Government the exclusive control and benefit of paper money issues.

"The resumption of specie payments, gradually, not by contraction, but by remodeling the tariff so as to prevent export of gold. To do this he would tax articles of luxury and fancy 1,000 per cent. All such imports lead to effeminacy and national weakness. There are few tribes of barbarians that are more given to finery than we are as a nation. We are the only nation on the earth that buys everything sent to us whether we need it or not. Thus it is that we are drained of our gold."

Department of Physiology.

The truths of Physiology should be inculcated and enforced early and earnestly, and with the emphasis of high religious duty.—*Yours truly,*

THE BEARD.

[In "New Physiognomy" we have given a chapter on **THE HAIR AND ITS USES**, from a physiological and historical point of view, including the origin of shaving the face and the head. It is only of recent date that physicians have come to advise clergymen and others who suffer from sore throat, neuralgia, etc., to wear the beard, and now the custom promises to become general. There are, however, a few "Miss Nancys" in trowsers who oppose it on grounds of taste or fashion. Mr. Richard Hiorns, of Western New York, publishes the following in the *Northern Christian Advocate*, which seems to us of sufficient interest for republication in the JOURNAL.]

IN an article on "clerical dress," the writer speaks of a "superabundance of hair on the countenance which might well be dispensed with." To which the editor adds: "The beard patriarchal, *à la militaire*, or goatee is not directly offensive, but the mustache is an offense in all social and religious relations." This with other remarks would lead one to suppose that the writer's acquaintance with full-bearded men had not been with the cleanest, not to say the refined and polite of society; and as the beard, and especially the portion growing on the upper lip, has often of late been the subject of cutting

remarks, and has been assailed by some of our editors as a nuisance, we would like to make a few inquiries concerning it.

1st. IS IT NATURAL?—Referring to the Bible, we find that God made man on the sixth day, the finishing and crowning work of the creation, and together with all his works pronounced it "very good." Now man was made with a beard, or without one. If without one, we would like to know with what particular family, or in what age, this "superabundance of hair" began to develop itself on the human face? If with one, the probability is, that Adam continued to wear it during the nine hundred and thirty years of his life. And we may well suppose that so long as Adam's posterity remember the Divine origin of their great ancestor, they will not willingly mar the beauty of the face by cutting off with a razor one distinctive feature of the sons of Adam.

We conclude, then, that Adam came from the hands of God possessed of a full-grown, well-developed beard, the whole beard; not *à la militaire* or goatee, but the beard patriarchal,—that is, the beard complete, mustache

and all. Now by what law, human or divine, are men compelled to take off any part of the beard in preference to another part? We believe and assert that as the beard is natural to man, he ought not to allow himself to be made the slave of fashion, and deprive himself of it.

2d. IS IT USEFUL?—Undoubtedly it is. The only wise God has made nothing to be useless. He foresaw to what changes of climate and temperature man would be subjected, and in giving him a covering for the face, gave him one adapted to all climates and seasons. The hair on the sides of the face protects the nerves of the face, as does the hair on the throat the glands and bronchial tubes, and the hair on the upper lip serves as a protection to the mouth and lungs. In cold climates, the mustache serves as a respirator, and is especially necessary to public speakers, who often leave a warm room, with the muscles of the throat relaxed, to go into a keen, cold atmosphere, and sometimes with a long ride before them; and what better protection can they have than the one Nature, or rather God, has given them? I know, by experience, what I here assert. I used to be troubled with bronchical affection very frequently, but by advice of one of the best physicians in Paris, I allowed the whole of my beard to grow, and have not been troubled in the same way since then,—that is, in a period of seventeen years. It has been fully proven, on good medical authority, that the beard is a protection against dust, malaria, the scorching rays of the summer sun, miasma of damp localities, the sirocco and simoon of Africa and India, as well as against the keen blasts of arctic and antarctic regions. Then it is useful.

3d. IS IT ORNAMENTAL?—We believe it is, and would as much think of shaving off the eyebrows and cutting off the eyelashes as of depriving the face of this ornament. But as opinions differ, and custom and habit have made us think differently from others, we only ask that every man have perfect liberty of conscience in this thing. If I wear the whole beard, as God gave it me, I will not abuse my brother because he chooses to shave; and all I ask is, that he will accord to me the same liberty, and not wish to *compel* me to shave because he *chooses* to do so. The fact that here is here and there a man who wears the

whole beard and is not cleanly in his habits, does not prove that it is wrong to wear the beard, or that all are equally careless. Dust and dirt and tobacco-juice are not the natural accompaniments of the beard, therefore form no argument against it.

4th. WHAT DO WE LEARN FROM SCRIPTURE ON THE SUBJECT?—That it was the custom of the Hebrews to wear the whole beard. That the Egyptians, who were idolaters, cut theirs into certain shapes, which the Hebrews were forbidden to do.

That shaving was a sign of mourning and sorrow, and also that under some circumstances it was a disgrace. When the king of the Ammonites maltreated David's ambassadors, he cut off half their beards. David kept them away from court until their beards were grown. If it was the custom to shave, how easy it would have been to shave the other half, and then they could have made their appearance at court immediately.

But more than this: the beard among most Eastern nations was much venerated! and some of them, in expressing the value of any precious thing, would say, "It is worth more than a man's beard."

We have no reason to think that the custom had changed in the time of our Savior. We suppose that Jesus and all the Apostles wore the full beard, even at the institution of the Lord's Supper, when He said, "Drink ye all of it;" neither do we find Him commanding that such a one wait till the last, on account of his mustache being in the way, as the writer in the article referred to recommends should be done. Again: all the old painters represent the Jews, the Apostles, and our Savior in full beard.

Lastly, HOW HAS THE CUSTOM OF SHAVING BEEN ADOPTED AND CONTINUED BY MODERN NATIONS?—In some by imperial order, as in the case of the Czar Paul of Russia, who would allow no one to enter his presence who wore any beard. Nor was this all. His subjects were compelled to shave, and if any were found who had not complied with the tyrant's order, they were taken by the authorities and subjected to such a severe scraping as would insure their not offending in the same way again.

In others by fashion, which is as controlling an influence as any imperial edict ever issued.

Countries have shaved to please a beardless monarch, and placemen to please courtiers, and tradesmen to please all, and slaves because they were compelled to do so, and thus custom was established and continued until it has been a thought to be wrong for a man to wear the natural protection which God gave him for his face and throat; and for a minister of the Gospel to wear it, is in the eyes of many almost committing the unpardonable sin. Shall this continue? Shall we be slaves to fashion, and to custom? No, never! While we accord to all the right of private judgment, we intend to act in this matter as Scripture and reason and common sense teach us we are right in doing; and while the beard affords us the protection that it does, we will defend it, if not from opprobrium and mistaken zeal and cutting epithets, at least from the barber and the razor.

[If those who shave will look through a microscope at the hollow and almost bloody stumps of the close-cut beard, and realize more fully what a *barberous* custom it is to thus expose the sensitive nerves to "wind and weather," he will shave no more. Fashion is a tyrant. It shaves men's faces; it shaves the major part of the Chinaman's head and leaves the hair on his crown to grow a yard long, that it may be braided into a queue and cherished with fanatical fondness; it shaves the crown of the Roman priest, the very spot which the "heathen Chinese" so carefully protects; it piles mountains of hair and jute on the head of beauty, and rules the world through Imitation and Approbativeness. We believe in the beard, and fancy the Creator understood what was best, and they are wise who learn, so far as they may, the will of God in all things, and obey it.]

WHY DO THE TEETH DECAY?

[A Western dentist sends us the following valuable hints on the uses and abuses of the teeth.]

UNDOUBTEDLY the all-wise Creator formed the teeth of our first parents in a perfect manner, not only as to shape and adaptation to the food fit for human beings, but as to durability. They were intended to last as long as the remainder of the body. Doubtless for many generations they did not deteriorate in quality, but as luxuries crept into social life, and general diseases followed, consequent on breaking physiological laws, the teeth also suffered, and so these organs, being subject to interstitial change just as is the remainder of the body, bones, and softer tissues, have partaken of the general dyscrasy, and come down to the present age with *imperfection* stamped upon them. The brute creation, which has not thus violated the laws of nature, probably have as perfect teeth at this day as they had in the first creation. Their young find the milk of the mother rich in the nutritive elements which will not only build up muscles and other soft tissues, but in those which give strength to the osseous system, and perfect calcification to the teeth.

On the other hand, the young of human parents often find the milk of the mother deficient in those elements which give hardness

to the teeth and bones, as well as strength and vigor to the nervous and muscular system.

Nature with a bountiful hand has placed in all natural food everything required by the human body for its growth and perfection. But thousands of mothers of our day live on food which has been deprived by man of its most valuable constituents. And so it



SECTION OF PRE-MOLAR,

is the same with children who are weaned. Those whose food to the amount of 50 per cent. consists of something made of superfine flour, must suffer from imperfect nutrition of the teeth.

Parents should insist on it that their children not only eat nourishing food, but also that much of it shall be hard, requiring considerable effort in mastication.

A muscle will suffer from innutrition if it has not action. Its fibers must be put in daily motion to be healthy. So, too, of the teeth,—they need work. The mastication of hard substances gives the periosteum of the roots a healthy stimulus, and healthy nutrition is the consequence.

Mastication of hard substances also expands the palatal arch, and thus is avoided the crowded condition of the teeth which is to be observed in the mouths of so many children of the present day.

Dental irregularities are much more frequent in the city than in the country, owing to the more luxurious habits of city children.

Crowded dentures more surely decay than those which give each tooth sufficient room for its work.

Health of mother and child, good food, and proper cleanliness of the dental organs would go far to render dental caries much less common than it is now. This disease is so prevalent in the United States as to be really alarming, and it is the duty of every dentist to exert his influence in diffusing such information among his patients and the community in general, as will tend in some measure to check this wholesale destruction of the beautiful and useful organs of mastication and speech.

E. C. EDSILL.

HOW I WAS CURED OF SMOKING.

"A SUBSCRIBER" writes to one of our exchanges a lively and interesting account of the incident which broke the charm which tobacco had obtained over him. We take the liberty to print it for the benefit of our young readers.

"How often we hear people say, 'I have contracted a bad habit of drinking, smoking, or some other nasty or injurious practice, and wish I could quit it, but I can not.' Now I think this word 'can't' is used much too frequently by both the young and the old. It is a relict of past ages, and is entirely out of place in the Anglo-Saxon vocabulary of the nineteenth century. Let me persuade the boys in particular to scratch it out of their dictionaries, and in its place write the word 'try,' which is much more befitting this age of progress. And here is a good place to introduce a little story, which, whatever its deficiencies in other respects, has the merit of being a true narration of fact.

"Once in my life I had formed the habit of smoking immediately after having eaten my meals. So strong had this practice grown, and such a slave had I become to the vice, that as soon as I was done eating I could not rest until I had indulged in my accustomed smoke. I used to carry some strips of paper in my pocket, and rolling up some good old tobacco in one of these, would thus form a rude cigar. I would then light my cigar and leave the house, for my wife was very much opposed to my smoking, especially a pipe. I shall never

forget the time I had my last smoke. I had just eaten a hearty supper, and went into the summer kitchen, in the dark (it being warm weather), to manufacture and enjoy my cigar. I took a strip of paper from my pocket, wrapped some tobacco in it, lighted it, and smoked it up. I then returned to the house, went to bed, and slept soundly for several hours, and then awoke. I began to recall the transactions of the day previous, and recollected that some one had paid me a five-dollar bill, which I at the time put in my waistcoat pocket. Instantly the thought flashed through my mind like lightning that I might, in the dark, have used this for the wrapper of my cigar, in mistake for one of my strips of paper, and thus burned it up. The thought made me shudder. I arose and examined my pocket, but alas! I found that my suspicions were too well founded. My hard-earned five-dollar bill was gone—had vanished in smoke!

"I then lay down and began to meditate. Where was the censure to rest?—who or what was to blame for this waste? Memory quickly laid the responsibility upon Appetite, and I could not but approve the justice of the indictment. I then proceeded to pass sentence upon the culprit. Said I, 'Appetite, you shall suffer for this; I will never more indulge you in the use of this stimulating weed.' And I never have smoked from that day to this, and never will again.

"It is terrible to think how many five-dollar bills are burnt, drank, or chewed up annually;

not all at once, however, as mine was. A small piece every day will soon wear away a bill of a much larger figure than five dollars. Now, gentle reader, if you are prone to indulge in any of these foolish, injurious habits, and want to break away from it, don't say you can't, but with a determined will put your foot down on it, and there keep it.

"There is another wicked practice which many honest men frequently indulge in. I refer to the practice of swearing and using pro-

fane language in common conversation. To be sure, it breaks no bones; but it has a tendency to build up the grosser passions of the human mind, besides setting a bad example before the rising generation. I know it is very hard sometimes to master our propensities, but it can be done; for as one of our ancient philosophers truly said: Brave is the lion victor, brave the conqueror of a world, but braver he who controls himself." My friends, let us all try and be braves.

Our Country and Its Resources.

That which makes a good Constitution must keep it, viz., men of wisdom and virtue; qualities that, because they descend not with worldly inheritance, must be carefully propagated by a virtuous education of youth.—*Wm. Penn.*

TREE WONDERS OF CALIFORNIA.

THE Mammoth Tree Grove of California has been for several years a subject of growing interest. Travelers, tourists, and scientific explorers, who have been fortunate enough to see it, unite in declaring it one of the most remarkable natural features on this continent.

Calaveras, where this grove is situated, is a county in the northern central part of California, bordering on Utah, and bounded on the southeast by the Stanislaus River, and comprises an area of 3,000 square miles. The forest of gigantic trees lies near the head waters of the San Antonio, which is one of the largest streams in Central Calaveras, and five miles east of the falls of San Antonio, which are one hundred and fifty feet in height, and surrounded by the grandest of scenery. From Stockton, at the head of steamboat navigation on an arm of the San Joaquin, the distance to the trees by the stage road, through Copperopolis, is seventy-five miles. Two lines of daily stages traverse this road the year round.

Leaving Stockton at six A.M., the visitor arrives at Copperopolis by eleven the same morning; then leaving Copperopolis at one P.M., he passes over the Bear Mountain range through a succession of picturesque little valleys to Altaville, Angelo, Valecito, and arrives at Murphy's by six P.M., where the fatigues of the journey, a lovely village, and good hotel accommodation invite rest for the night, refresh the traveler, and encourage him to continue his journey at an early hour. From thence, the

distance being but fifteen miles, it is made in a comfortable stage coach, over a smooth and well-graded road; and by ten or eleven o'clock A.M., after a gradual ascent up the mountain which towers 2,500 feet in perpendicular height above Murphy's, and 4,200 feet above the Bay of San Francisco, he is meditating under the shadows of the "Washingtonia Gigantea."

The Grove Hotel contains rooms for the accommodation of fifty or sixty guests. The valley in which this grove is situated contains ninety-three of the sequoia trees, exclusive of those of from one to ten years' growth. There are also hundreds of sugar and pitch pines of astonishing proportions, some rising to the height of two hundred and seventy-five feet, and having a diameter of from ten to eleven and a half feet. Anywhere else these pines would be regarded as vegetable monsters, while here, by the side of the sequoia, they look like dwarfs.

The grove contains ten trees which are thirty feet in diameter, and over seventy between fifteen and thirty feet. One of the trees, which is down—"The Father of the Forest"—must have been, when standing, 450 feet high and forty feet in diameter. In 1853, one of the largest trees, ninety-two feet in circumference and over three hundred feet high, was cut down. Five men worked twenty-five days in felling it, using large augers. The stump of this tree has been smoothed off, and is used as a dancing floor, easily accommodating thirty-two persons. Theatrical performances have been held upon it, and in 1858 a newspaper,

"The Big Tree Bulletin," was printed thereon. About eighty feet from this stump stand the "Two Sentinels," which are represented in the large engraving; each is over three

feet in diameter, which has been named "Old Dowd," in honor of the discoverer of the grove who first visited the place in 1852. Starting from the hotel for the walk which visitors gen-



THE "TWO SENTINELS" OF THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

hundred feet high, and the larger twenty-three feet in diameter. The carriage road approaching the hotel passes directly between the "Two Sentinels." To the right of the road as you approach them, stands a tree over fourteen

erally take, and entering the grove by the left-hand pathway, we come to the first cluster of the "Sequoyas." They stand on our left, and were named in 1865, respectively, "U. S. Grant," "W. T. Sherman," and "J. B.

McPherson." To the right and thirty yards south from these is a group of three unnamed trees. Sixty yards east of "Grant" and "Sherman" is the "Pride of the Forest," originally named the "Eagle." It is eighteen feet in diameter and three hundred feet high, and altogether one of the healthiest and noblest trees in the forest. Near by stands "Phil Sheridan," a stout, graceful tree three hundred feet high; and not far from this lies the "Miner's Cabin," which was blown down by a terrific gale in November, 1860. It is 819 feet long and twenty-one and a half feet in diameter. Seventy yards east of the "Miner's Cabin" brings us to the "Three Graces," a group of three trees close together in a straight line, regarded by many as the most beautiful cluster in the grove.

Fifteen yards north of the "Three Graces" stands "Andrew Johnson," so named in the summer of 1865. Making this tree a central point of observation, twenty paces to the west is "Florence Nightingale," originally "Nightingale," to which the word "Florence" was added in 1865, by an admiring nephew of the philanthropic English lady whose name the tree now bears. Within thirty paces of "Andrew Johnson" is the "Bay State," and forty yards north, "W. C. Bryant," so named in 1865 by a lady admirer of that distinguished American poet. To the left of "Bryant," only twenty feet distant, is "Wm. H. Seward." After passing "Seward" and the "Pioneer's Cabin" (so named from the cabin-like chamber and chimney its hollow trunk exhibits), one of the largest of the trees, we come to a tree in the center of the grove two hundred and eighty feet high, seventeen feet in diameter, singularly hollowed out on one side by fire, and named "Pluto's Chimney." The chimney made by the fire is on the north side, and extends from the ground ninety feet upward. One hundred feet north from the "Pioneer's Cabin" stands the "Quartette" cluster, the tallest of which is two hundred and twenty feet; and fifty yards east of this is a healthy youngster, thirteen feet in diameter, two hundred and eighty feet high, named in 1865, by a San Francisco lady, "America."

On the right and left of the path, eighty yards east of the "Pioneer's Cabin," are "California" and "Broderick," so named in 1865. They were originally called "Ada" and "Mary." The next of the mammoths stands two hundred and eighty feet high, is fourteen feet in diameter, and designated as "Henry Ward Beecher." The relic of an old tree lies

a few steps from "H. W. B.," and although it must have fallen centuries ago, still shows the possession of some three hundred feet of length and twenty-five feet in diameter, and the wood still appears sound. Five paces farther east stands the "Hermit," the name of which has been lately changed to "Abraham Lincoln;" it is eighteen feet in diameter, three hundred and twenty feet high, and sound from root to top. Then come several noted trees successively as you still continue east: "Elihu Burritt," "Uncle Sam," "Alta," and "Union." Then comes "General Wadsworth," named in honor of the noble soldier who was slain in Grant's campaign against Richmond. These trees are of the second class; there are twelve altogether in the cluster, and average fifteen feet in diameter and two hundred and sixty feet in height.

The "Mother of the Forest" ends the northward course of our walk, and here the path turns toward the hotel. "The Twins," together with a nameless tree, stand outside the inclosure. Fifty yards farther on the trail, after turning southward, is "Genl. Sutter," which is looked upon as a most remarkable curiosity on account of dividing and forming two distinct trees, each being two hundred and eighty feet high. Then after viewing the "Salem Witch," "Longfellow," "Prof. Gray," and "Dr. Torrey," and advancing fifty feet still farther south, your attention will be attracted by what has been entitled the "Trinity," which fully exemplifies the characteristic of three in one; the circumference is sixty feet below the point of divergence. One hundred feet from "Longfellow" brings us into the "family group." Standing near the uprooted base of the "Father of the Forest," the scene is grand and beautiful beyond description. The "Father" long since bowed his head in the dust, yet how stupendous even in his ruin! He measures one hundred and twelve feet in circumference at the base, and can be traced three hundred feet where the trunk was broken by falling against another tree; it here measures sixteen feet in diameter, and according to the average of the taper of the other trees, this venerable giant must have been four hundred and fifty feet in height when standing. A hollow chamber or burnt cavity extends through the trunk for two hundred feet, and is large enough for a person to ride through. Near its base a never-failing spring of water is found. Near by tower his giant sons and daughters, forming the most impressive scene in the forest.

Ninety yards east of this, and the same distance from the road, is a cluster of three trees, named "Starr King," "Richard Cobden," and "John Bright." "Starr King" is the highest standing tree in the grove, and measures 366 feet. "Danl. O'Connell" and "Edward Everett" stand next south of this trio; they are all young trees—say about eight hundred years old, and quite vigorous. Close at hand are also "Keystone State," "Sir Jno. Franklin," and "Dr. Kane." The two last were named in 1862 by Lady Franklin

"Siamese Twins," "Daniel Webster," and "Granite State" are in a cluster directly on the trail, all of which are considered first-class trees of their size, being twenty feet in diameter and three hundred and five feet high. The "Old Republican," "Henry Clay," "Andrew Jackson," and "Vermont" next greet us; then come "Empire State" and "Old Dominion," the former being eighty-four feet in circumference. We next meet "George Washington" and "The Leaning Tower;" the first of these is a first-class tree; the second is re-



BIG TREES OF CALIFORNIA—"OLD DOMINION;" "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

when she visited the grove. Near "Dr. Kane" is the "Century," named in 1865 in honor of the notable Century Club of New York. Ten feet from the "Keystone," close together, stand "La Fayette" and "F. F. Low."

"Hercules" stretches his huge body across the path next. This was the largest tree standing in the grove until 1862, when during a heavy storm it fell. It is 325 feet long and ninety-seven in circumference. When standing, "Hercules" leaned about sixty feet from perpendicular. A few paces north of the roots of "Hercules" are the "Sequoia Queen" and her "Maids of Honor," one each side of the "Queen." "Sir Joseph Hooker," "John Lindley" (English botanists), and "Humboldt" stand together on the hill near the shattered top of "Hercules." Near these are two young "Sequoias," about sixty years old. The "Mother and Son" are directly on our path to the right when approaching the hotel. Thirty yards north of them is "General Scott," standing 325 feet high. The "Old Maid," twenty feet in diameter, which fell toward her friend the "Old Bachelor," still lives. The

markable for its leaning at least one hundred feet from the perpendicular. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is rated a second-class tree, and stands between "Geo. Washington" and the "Empire State." This tree and "Old Dominion" are shown in the smaller engraving.

By carefully counting the concentric rings, denoting the annual growth of these trees, their age is found to vary from one thousand two hundred to two thousand five hundred years. In some places the trees are separated by spaces of several rods, while in others they stand quite close together, some being united at the roots, and having grown almost into one, although when they first sprouted they were twenty or thirty feet asunder.

The botanical name of these remarkable trees is "Sequoia Gigantea." It, the Sequoia, has two sets of leaves—the one small and shaped something like those of the spruce or hemlock, and the other shorter and of triangular form, the cones being scarcely larger than a hen's egg. The bark is very much like that of the cedar family, and is generally from six to eighteen inches thick, according to the age

of the tree. The wood in nearly every particular, except color, resembles red cedar.

The Calaveras Grove, though really one of the most remarkable, and from its accessibility by far the most frequented, is not the only one in California, there being three other groups of big trees in Mariposa, besides one in Tuolumne, and another in Tulare County, and perhaps others not yet discovered in the adjacent but less explored portion of the Sierra Nevada.

FREE CHURCHES.

"The gospel shall be preached to every creature."

THE question of Free *versus* Unfree churches is agitating many inquiring minds. It is a fact that many persons are unable to pay the usual charges for pew rents in our large churches. Is it not, then, the duty of the rich to provide accommodations for those who would like to attend, but who can not pay? Or, rather, is it not the *privilege* of the rich to provide for the poor in this respect. In the Old Country more attention is paid to the providing of church accommodations for the poor than here. We remember, in company with a lady, hearing a bishop preach in a church in Birmingham on a special occasion. Being well instructed and much profited, we asked our companion, on going out, how she enjoyed the discourse? "Not at all," she replied; adding, as the reason, "there was no third class present." In other words, no arrangements had been made for the poor folks who usually attended services there. She felt that this needy class had been neglected, and this took away all personal enjoyment. We had been less thoughtful or considerate. Intent on hearing, we did not stop to consider the desires or necessities of others. Is not this the case with too many of us? So long as we secure good places, are we equally mindful of others? Do we aid in providing spiritual food for other starving and perishing souls? Here is a rebuke for those of us who deserve it.

LAY OF THE PEWHOLDER.

What! is this, then, your petition?
Keep off from my fast-closed door;
Don't you know your real condition?
I am rich, and you are poor.
I am rich, and a pewholder,
Nor intend that such as you
Should repose—with lazy shoulder—
In my comfortable pew.

Do you know the worth of money,—
How it everything pervades?
I am seated where the sunny
Warmth dispels the wintry shades.
You—with poverty your teacher—
Shivering near the half-shut door,
Scarce can hear the listless preacher
On the duties of the poor.

"Are not rich and poor together
Equal in the house of prayer?"
Look around and tell me whether
Any hold that doctrine here?
See our seats,—we are deserving.
And have bought our rights to pews;
You should thank us for reserving
You the sittings we refuse.

Be content with what we leave you,
Or at once from church depart;
If our privileges grieve you,
And you take your wrongs to heart,
None will miss you, none will wonder;
Crowds have done the same before:
No one will suspect a blunder
In our treatment of the poor.

Live in your own wretched station,
Careless of all means of grace;
Let a godless education
Rear a still more worthless race.
Die with or without repentance,
And when this world has its close,
Do not blame us—should your sentence
Doom you to unending woes.

—Church Herald.

FLATTERY AND WOMEN.—"Women all love flattery!" Nay, my dear sir, that is a broad assertion,—not "all!" There *are* women to whom flattery is an abomination! If you would win the regard of such, use it sparingly—dealing it out in homeopathic doses, or not at all. To be sure, there may be exceptions; but a *sensible* woman knows just how far she is deserving; is willing to abide by her own merits, and beyond everything admires *sincerity* in the man she would love. Speak to her kindly of the faults which your clear judgment may detect. Let her know that you think well of her—admire qualities of mind or character which she may possess. Above all, let her see that she is appreciated. But, if you would win her love, *do not flatter her!*—Mrs. Wilkinson.

"You charge me fifty sequins," said a Venetian nobleman to a sculptor, "for a bust that only cost you ten days' labor." "You forget," replied the artist, "that I have been thirty years learning to make that bust in ten days."



NEW YORK, JULY, 1871.

IS IT SATISFACTORY?—We now enter on our fifty-third volume of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. The editors naturally inquire of their readers, "Is it satisfactory?" They can not hope to please all. They *aim* to do right. If they rebuke others, it is done—not in malice, but—in kindness. They would have every individual come into right and closer relations with the laws of their being and the will of God—to *know* the *right*, and *do* it. We hope to profit by our own experiences, and by the kind suggestions of readers. It shall be our endeavor to make the JOURNAL satisfactory to all who seek "the greatest good of the greatest number."

THE TREATY.

THERE is no real friendship between governments. No one monarchy feels kindly toward another monarchy; each looks out for itself. Nor is there any love between monarchies and republics; each is jealous of its own. Our prejudices may be moderate or strong, depending on our intelligence or ignorance; and this feeling is manifested more or less by all men. The Icelfander believes his country to be the best the sun shines on. The same is true of the Hottentot, Carib, and Digger Indian. This grows out of a love for home—INHABITIVENESS. To an Englishman, no other country equals "those tight little islands" where he was born. How the Teuton loves Fatherland no language can express. The Scot clings to his hills and glens, and the Swiss to his Alpine

peaks, with the tenacity of life. Nothing but the fear of starvation, and the hope of some time returning, induces him to emigrate to other lands. Prolific European human hives must constantly send out new swarms, and colonies are always forming. America is made up of all nations. We blend the blood of every race. We are a new nation, differing greatly from any other. When small and weak we took deep root, and have attained a growth beyond all precedent. The tree covers a continent. Its fruits feed her own and other nations. Neighboring islands and provinces will come under its branches, and one flag will soon cover all.

Europeans have looked on us as of no great consequence, as having good hunting-ground for sportsmen and adventurers, and affording a good resort for imbecile lords, fast young princes, and for ill-mated husbands, in short, affording a place to exile improvident sons and imprudent daughters. These find their way here in thousands, and often into our prisons, hospitals, and asylums. Only the sound, sensible, and virtuous are absorbed into the body politic.

In years long gone by, when stealing and selling men was profitable, many English merchantmen brought cargoes of Africans to our shores, and sold them to such as would buy. Cotton planting was pushed, and England purchased and worked up the product. She grew rich and waxed fat on the ill-gotten gains. We were howled at from the English press and from English pulpits for keeping slaves,—bought from her,—and our ruin or regeneration was loudly prayed for. Having neither love nor fear for us, John Bull, in an unlucky moment, when we had our hands full of intestine troubles, let slip the dogs of war on our defenseless commerce, and burned or sank our ships, and property to the value of millions was thus quickly disposed of.

Our own war over,—Brother Jonathan sent in his bill to John for damages. After much pooh-poohing, “surprising,” and protesting, he flatly denied all responsibility. “Ah,” said Brother Jonathan, “and is that the way you look at it? Very well! We will let the matter stand.” After thinking the matter over, and seeing her danger from America should any unpleasantness arise between England and another nation, she sought a settlement. Uncle Sam told John it was for him to move in the matter, and that Washington would be the place for the “High Joints” to meet, talk over, and propose measures. They met, dined, wined, and discussed. John was good-natured; Jonathan was amiable. They fixed things; submitted their plans to the U. S. Senate and the British Parliament for acceptance; and at this writing the prospects for a final settlement are hopeful.

A war between England and the United States at this time would be most dreadful, and had it not been for the Joint High Commission—a measure which reflects credit upon the enlightenment and moral sentiment of England and the United States, and contrasts most favorably with the terrible affair between France and Germany—such a dire exigency would have occurred.

In this matter of avoiding the “last resort of kings,” we may feel not a little proud that our nation, a republic, has so warmly espoused the cause of a peaceable settlement of international controversy, and thus contributed her powerful interest toward popularizing the policy of mutual concession among nations for the pacific adjustment of contested questions.

The eminent publicist Caleb Cushing pronounces the Treaty not only unprecedented in character, but its conclusion the opening of a new era in international relations. “It is the greatest gain for

civilization at large which our age has witnessed, the most solid victory which the great cause of Peace has ever won,” is the declaration of a leading weekly review. If a party of ten or a dozen statesmen can be so readily convoked, and in cordial discussion can so satisfactorily arrange a perplexed question between two powerful nations, it seems reasonable to believe that any difficulty which may arise among nations calling themselves civilized can be likewise amicably adjusted, and war, that foul blotch upon human progress, be entirely set aside. Let there be peace on earth and good-will among men! Then will all that is humanizing, all that tends to develop and improve mankind, work together harmoniously and effectively, and the dawn of a millennial era become a practical probability. Let it be the part of our great and free Republic to teach the nations to love and not to hate each other; to bury the sword and to cultivate the arts of peace; and by accepting the common brotherhood of humanity to come closer and closer together in a bond of union cemented by a common liberty and a common sympathy.

FLOATING OR ROWING.

IT may be very pleasant to some,—it is certainly a very lazy life, this

“Floating down de river,
On de O-hi-o.”

The fact is, we *float* too much, and we *row* too little. It is this floating, instead of rowing, which draws us on and on to habits of indolence, unthrift, helplessness. “I couldn’t help it,” “I can’t,” simply mean *floating*. “I can” and “I will” mean *ROWING*. A young man starts out in life resolved on having an easy time. He keeps this as he keeps no other resolution. He shuns real work, and seeks a position as bar-tender in a

drinking saloon, or as a stage or carriage driver, so that he can ride rather than walk; or he seeks a situation as keeper of a toll-gate;—it is not hard work to take and make change, you know. Or, failing this, he will offer his services to exhibit a horse, a machine, or take a situation in the custom house, where the duties are light, hours short, and pay enough to keep him in liquor, tobacco, and second-hand clothing. He is not always expected to pay his board, for is not his "society" an ample equivalent for what he eats, and a place to sleep? He sings songs, plays on a fiddle, tells stories, and is entertaining. Another young man of like aspirations once joined a circus company and traveled for a time; but it was too hard work this "pulling up stakes" and changing places so often. The old anecdotes repeated by the clown were learned by heart, and as he was accustomed to do, were "fired off" for the amusement of stable-boys, loafers, bar-room loungers, and other idlers. At one time he concluded that he would go on a whaling voyage. Here, he thought, was an opportunity for a long and lazy voyage, with plenty to eat, and but little work. He returned after a three years' trip, sharing the luck of all lazy fellows, having got more experience than oil. He returned once more to his friends, and now relates his hardships, and begs for sympathy and support. Poor fellow! the fates are against him, and he resigns himself to a season of repose. When rallied as to what he intends to do in the future, he replies, "I have nothing in view;" or, "Business is dull; there is no work to be done; but if there were ever so much, the pay is very poor; and while the 'old man' has anything left, I prefer to stay with him; I may as well have it as any one." "But do you not intend to marry and have a home of your own?" "No; I can scarce-

ly support myself, to say nothing of supporting a family. It costs me nearly all the change I can pick up for tobacco and something to drink." Poor fellow! what will he do for a home when the old folks depart? He has learned no trade; knows little or nothing of business, and is floating on toward the poorhouse.

The young man who starts out in life intent on "working his way up," expects to climb hills, overcome difficulties, endure defeats, suffer reverses, and *row* against tide, currents, and breakers. But he will never *float*. He hears the roar of the cataract in the distance, and exerts himself to keep clear of it. It is the lazy floating boatman who is carried over!

Parents owe it to their children to wake up, call out, and develop the latent powers with which they are endowed. We grant that the first duty, or business, or privilege of childhood is to *grow*,—to grow bodily rather than to overtask their brains or nerves. Still, they may—must—be trained to use their faculties in order to make headway in life. Over-indulgence is as fatal as over-work. Every boy and every girl should be thoroughly impressed with the fact that self-helpfulness is a *DUTY*, that idleness is a sin. It is true that

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

Give young children short hours for study; long hours for play, real earnest and hearty play, and all the time they need for perfect sleep, nature's sweet restorer. Lay out their work or studies, and see that they do it; so also their play and their sleep. If hard tasks be given to children, stand by them, encourage, and help them through. Never overload a colt, or you spoil the horse. Teach children that there is real merit in achievements. One success will be followed by another; and when the boy becomes a man, he will go through, not

around, a hard task. He will tunnel the mountain, when in his way; or force his way "up the rapids," instead of lying on his oars and floating down the stream. It requires energy—Combateness, Firmness, Executiveness, and ambition to excel—to insure success in life. The absence of these manly qualities leaves the miserable creature among pitiable imbeciles and helpless paupers.

Young man, whither are you tending? Are you standing still, drifting on the tide or lazily floating down the current? Are you already a miserable slave to nasty habits? Do you chew tobacco? smoke tobacco? snuff tobacco? and drink? Or, are you still clean-mouthed, pure-minded, and unperverted? In the one case you are on the road which leads to dissipation, disease, crime, and premature death; in the other,—if you live right,—you will rise in life, become a useful, successful, honored, and worthy citizen, growing in health, in grace, godliness, and will leave the world somewhat the better for your having lived in it. Choose ye, whether you will FLOAT or ROW your way through life, and suffer the sorrows of a misspent life, or enjoy the happiness which comes of obedience to the laws of God.

HOW TO TREAT PRISONERS.

THE *National Standard* copies the following from the *New York Tribune*, which says:

Mary H. Rogers, a minister of the Society of Friends, visited the Iowa Penitentiary, and preached to the prisoners with fervor and power. The effect upon her auditors was very marked. Two of them, John Walker and Richard Allen, were so powerfully impressed that the warden and keepers regarded them as converted men. Subsequently other Quakers visited the prison, and these two men asked to be taken into the Society of Friends as members. No other instance of such a request was ever heard of; but the Society, after careful inquiry, received them. John Walker's sentence for five years had nearly expired; Richard Allen had seven years to serve. Richard was recently ordered to make billiard cues. He re-

monstrated with the officer, saying, "I can not do it; gambling caused me to be here; I am willing to work, and do not willfully disobey the rules; but I am conscientious in this thing." He was reported to the next higher officer, and threatened with punishment, but finally the warden withdrew the order. Walker's term expired soon after his admission to the Quaker body, and the monthly meeting appointed a committee to extend to him a kind welcome, and secure to him a home and such advice and aid as his case might require. He is doing well. Those who are toiling for the improvement of public prisons, seeking to make them agencies of reform as well as of punishment, will find encouragement in facts like these.

[Why not follow up this good work? Why should not Mary H. Rogers keep on preaching fervently and with power, touching the hearts of men, and moving them to become not simply Quakers, but self-regulating Christian men? We would have any number of Marys, good angels of mercy, to visit all our prisons, and preach, teach, and talk to the poor, weak, undeveloped culprits, who are famishing for just such spiritual influences. It has long been a most anxious study with us what should be done to improve the minds and morals of this large class of unfortunates. We sincerely believe that right treatment, right teaching, and judicious management would serve to reclaim many of the thousands who now fill our prisons. The thing which ought to be done is this: place our prisoners in the care of phrenologists. Let all the ordinary occupations and pursuits go on as now with this exception: give the prisoners at least one hour each day for intellectual and moral improvement. They should be formed into classes, and instructed in useful branches, *especially* in Phrenology, so that they may know and *realize* their own defects with a view to their correction. Let this method be pursued vigorously, and with the important accessories of earnest praying and preaching, and not only *two*, but *hundreds* in every prison would yield to the goodly influence; and ere their terms of imprisonment were over, would be converted and rendered

self-controlling, law-abiding citizens. Oh, that we could but speak words of truth, kindness, and encouragement to all those fallen, ignorant, and unregenerate creatures! and in the light of science and revelation bring them to a true sense of their condition, and show them *how* to become what God intended them to be—honest, obedient, kind, and godly men and women. Who will aid us in bringing a knowledge of Phrenology to our prisons? Have the churches nothing to do in this matter? What are they doing for the conversion and improvement of criminals? It was not the righteous, but “*sinner*,” Christ came to save. Can his disciples find a more needy class than this? Right action on the part of all our clergy would tend to better the condition of prisoners and improve their religious opportunities. May God put it into the hearts of our authorities to furnish the means whereby the unfortunate may be lifted up, improved, and saved.]

HOW MEN ARE CORRUPTED BY BAD BUSINESS.

THE case of one of the largest tobacco manufacturers in the country, which was tried not long since in the United States District Court, and which resulted in a verdict in favor of the United States Government against him in the sum of one hundred and four thousand dollars, affords an illustration of the corrupting influence of some kinds of business generally reputed respectable. In this case, we have a man of large wealth and high standing intimately related to what appears to be a systematic practice of defrauding the revenue. According to the statements of the *New York Sun* of May 11, this man had been selling to the trade for a long time an article of tobacco at a price far below that which other manufacturers could afford to sell a similar article, they paying the full revenue tax of forty cents per pound imposed upon it. An investigation entered upon by the revenue officers developed the irregularity of the manufacturer's business dealings in this respect, and resulted finally in the trial and judgment first mentioned. He is

a man owning property estimated at five millions of dollars, and conducting a business whose returns are enormous, and it would be thought that he was completely above temptation in the way of withholding from the Government its lawful dues. But the nature of the business itself, when carefully considered, seems to us to be a reason for his action. When it is understood that tobacco poisons the human system, that its use is inseparably associated with indelicacy, and moreover awakens tendencies or leanings in sympathy with the lower feelings and sensuous propensities, it is not remarkable that one who has devoted himself for years to preparing it in the various forms known to consumers should fall from rectitude. No man can take fire into his bosom without being burned, or handle pitch without soiling his fingers; so no one can maintain close relations with that which perverts and degrades the great mass of those who indulge in it, without sharing its impurity in some form. If we scrutinize the character and actions of those around us who are engaged in the manufacture or sale of tobacco, or of alcoholic liquors, we can not fail to be impressed that their business has a contaminating influence which recoils in some measure upon themselves.

D.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

RULLOFF. — In an early number of this JOURNAL we purpose to give a sketch of E. H. Rulloff, the murderer, who suffered the penalty of his horrible crimes at Binghamton, N. Y., on the 18th of May last. Rulloff's case is certainly a remarkable one, and deserving of more extended consideration than can be given in a single page, the only space which could be appropriated for him in the present number. We have been informed by Binghamton correspondents that a careful analysis of Rulloff's brain had been made shortly after the execution, and trust that we shall receive a full report of the examination in time for our sketch. We must express our gratification on account of the interest shown by the scientists of Binghamton in the matter of Rulloff's cerebral organization.

PARALYSIS. — A most interesting case of compound paralysis has been presented for our consideration, and our readers next month will have the benefit of it. The case is remarkable, inasmuch as only the head of the subject is apparently alive.

Department of Literature, Science, Education.

IMAGINATION vs. REALITY.

BY T. P. WILSON, M.D.

TO-DAY a dear young friend presented herself in my study with a very modest request that I would just help her a little. The literary society to which she belonged had chosen her to make the opening speech on the following question :

Do the conceptions of the Imagination afford more pleasure than the perception of the Real ?

It seemed to me that I could recognize in this gaudily dressed sentence the form and features of an old friend about which I had been wont in former years to hold many hot discussions.

The walls of a certain old red school-house have often rung with eloquent words, *pro* and *con*, upon the respective merits of "Participation" and "Anticipation," and this so many years ago I really thought the question long since settled. But history, repeating itself, brings me to the same vexed question, just as far as ever from a final decision. There is only this difference. Thirty years ago we stated it in this wise : "Resolved, that participation is better than anticipation." And now the same idea is draped in more graceful rhetoric, but for all that the same. And I note another point of difference not to be overlooked. Then we were all boys who grappled with such questions. Girls did not even come into our debating societies, much less attempt to discuss the subjects then and there under consideration. And now it looked so strange to see a fragile girl, one in no sense masculine in form, feature, or voice, presenting herself as the leading disputant of a question with which all the great lords of creation had doubtless wrestled.

"If you please," said she, "give me just an idea or two on this subject. If I can only get started once, I believe I can make something out of it." To resist such a plea was impossible; and so I set myself to thinking. Nothing could be recalled from the past that seemed of any value; and it is not at all likely that at that time any arguments were made worth remembering. So my thinking must begin *de novo*.

After pondering over the matter a little while without avail, I suspended the process of think-

ing, and rummaged my library in hopes something might be found suggestive on this point. This, too, was futile; and this while my little intellectual beggar stood looking wistfully into my face. Of course nothing came of that but confusion to me. "Can't you possibly think of something?" said she, beseechingly. "No, not a thing." The matter looked blank as night. Then presently I saw with my mind's eye the shadow forms of certain arguments bearing upon the question. "Yes, now I think I can help you a little." "How much?" she eagerly asked. "Well, there are just four points that I would make." "And what are they?" And she stood with pencil in hand to note them down. The process which was just then going on in my mind illustrates a curious fact in psychology. I could distinctly see the four arguments I would make, but if it were to save my neck from the guillotine I could not have stated one of them. It was full twenty minutes before one of them took shape so that I could postulate it. And when I state it you will think it a very simple thing to labor so hard over. And so it is, standing alone by itself. But in my mental process it was part of a larger whole; and so came not by itself, and therefore came slowly.

"I think, my little dear, I would in the first place appeal to the consciousness of my hearers. Say to them, Now you know that in your own experience the ideal is most pleasing. The hopes of your childhood and the bright anticipations of your more mature life have never been and never will be half realized. And this is so the world over. In all ages men have fondly dwelt upon a better future. The dark ages are in the past; the living present is 'flat, stale, and unprofitable,' but the future is a golden age. All nations have their millennium, but it is never past nor present, but to come. This, and more to the same point, constitutes your first argument.

In the second place, you may assert that, in general, whatever is realized has been previously anticipated; but our first contact with pleasurable things is most pleasing. The first taste of wine, the first scent of flowers, the first notes of music are generally most gratifying.

Beauty and sweetness afford us great delight in their freshness, but in time the one flattens to taste, and the other grows tiresome to the eye. Therefore we assert that the real when reached, having been already familiar to us through the ideal, has lost no small share of its savor. Illustrations of this fact come crowding upon my mind, but you must supply them for yourself.

In the third place, suppose you maintain that the real is fixed and limited in its nature, it can never be more nor less. You can weigh, measure, and circumscribe it; and so, whether it be good or bad, you know it has metes and bounds within the circle of possibilities. On the other hand, the play of the human mind in the realm of imagination has no boundary lines. Its wings bear you to regions wider than the earth; to realms higher than the stars; to places deeper than death. Now, this free play of the mental faculties constitutes one of the greatest delights of the mind of man, so that the ideal, as a source of pleasure, must ever exceed the real.

The fourth point, my little one, leads us still further into the science of psychology. You have never studied that. So you think; but I dare say you have more knowledge of mental science than you are aware of. What you know of it has been gleaned in the school of experience, and so not reduced to system. Let us see if we can not arrange our fourth argument out of what we do know of mental processes.

Our cognizance of the real is obtained solely through our senses; but the senses at the best are imperfect, and so they give us at all times uncertain and unsatisfactory information. But the play of the imagination brings to the mind impressions without the intervention of agencies of any sort. Its pictures need no eye to reveal them; its music comes through no ears. With whatever it feeds the mind, it gives without mediation of any sort, and so the results of its operations must be more intense, certain, and pleasing.

These points you can take in this skeleton form and clothe them in suitable garb. If they do not prove the affirmation of this old-time question, why then, when you get through your school days, and are immersed in the cares of life, you must expect some little lad or lass will come to you with a resolution about to be discussed by his literary club; and my word for it, the essence of that resolution will be just what we have been considering. The language of the resolution may, by a philological Darwinianism, show a marked development into something as strange to you as your question,

in its present garb, is strange to me; but the idea will be there."

"Well," said my fair interlocutor, "I can see all but this last point. How do you prove that our senses give us imperfect knowledge? Do you mean to say I don't feel what I think I feel, and hear, and taste, and see, and smell what I think I do?" "Ah, little one, you have not made the human mind a study, or you would not ask that. Almost everybody has implicit confidence in the senses. People think what they see, and hear, and feel must necessarily be as they see, and hear, and feel it to be; but nothing is further from the truth than such an idea. Hardly two persons think alike about any one thing; what pleases one displeases another. In taste and feeling we have a variety almost as numberless as the human race. Yet, if our senses were an infallible test, we should all be impressed alike with the objects that surround us. The man affected with delirium tremens thinks he sees serpents and devils; they are so real to him that he dries out in the agony of terror. And, by the way, this illustration is a good one to urge in behalf of the power of the imagination. If the man, being well, were to see these horrid objects in reality, they would not impress him in half so fearful a manner.

And do you know how deceptive are the senses to the insane mind? They turn light into darkness, beauty into deformity, and the conceptions of the imagination are more vivid than the perception of the real. The lunatic who supposes himself a king is vastly more happy than any real king ever was or will be. His unkempt locks are to him a golden crown, and his rags and tatters are purple and fine linen.

But I must not tell you any more, else the speech you are to make will be mine, and not yours. But stop a moment. If you have good arguments, much depends upon the order of their arrangement. Your ideas should culminate in the best point being put last. That will make a better effect. Your second point is evidently the weakest. It may be properly disputed; so we will put that first, viz.: What ever is realized has generally been anticipated; and by just so much made less pleasurable. If we fail on this point, it does not matter much. Your fourth point is a better one, but not above controversy. It may excite dispute, but will not be easily overthrown. We had better put that down as second on the list, viz.: All we realize comes through the senses. These, we know, are very apt to deceive us. How,

then, can they give us the greater pleasure, when compared with the play of the imagination, whose impressions come through no medium, but are direct and vivid?

As for our third point, we must let that stand where it is. Like Ajax, it defies the blasts of controversy. You might rest upon that declaration as a warrior behind an impregnable wall. I do not think any sober man would dispute the statement, though he might deny that it proved your point.

Now for our fourth argument, that shall cap the climax. We have arranged our material in the best logical and rhetorical manner, and we can have nothing so fitting for a grand finale as this, that in proof of all you have said you appeal to the consciousness of your hear-

ers. They know it is true as well as you. This will appeal to their vanity somewhat, and so win over their judgment.

But there, there, I have said too much already. It you were a boy, it might do; but you are a little girl, and you can knit, and sew, and flirt, without a knowledge of the art of argumentation."

"Thank you, Uncle Ned, for all but the last. I am a little girl, 'tis true, but as the world goes I may yet be a lawyer, or a clergyman, or a statesman; and, oh, won't that be jolly! when I become the Hon., or the Rev., or Judge Miss Brown?"

Ah, simple girl, the conceptions of your imagination are now vastly more pleasing than the perceptions of the real.

HON. WARD HUNT.

THIS portrait indicates that order of temperament which produces strength, smoothness, and refinement. He has strength without coarseness, smoothness without effeminacy, excitability without rashness, force without cruelty, dignity without arrogance, and such a harmony of intellectual development that the results of his mental action are generally justified by facts.

The fullness of the lower part of the forehead shows clear, ready, practical talent. The fullness running from the root of the nose upward to the hair shows quick observation, excellent memory, clearness of criticism, and ability to read the minds and motives of others. The lateral portions of the upper part of the forehead are not remarkably large; hence he is more distinguished for common sense and practical judgment than for theoretical speculation or fine-spun theories. His arguments would always hold proper relation to history and facts, and are easily understood by the common people.

The height of his head, running up through the middle over to the crown, shows Benevolence, Veneration, Faith, Hope, Conscientiousness, and Firmness; hence he has uprightness, reverence, sympathy, respect for

greatness and for God. The head at the crown, in the region of Self-Esteem and Approbativeness, appears to be amply developed, showing a quick sense of reputation and honor, and also of dignity, self-reliance, and manliness. The head is broad enough above and about the ears to show economy, prudence, positiveness, and force. There are indications of a full degree of social feeling; he has strong affection, but with it there is introduced refinement and elevation in the sphere of his social life. His force and dignity indicate a resemblance to the father, while his temperament, his cast of intellect, and his moral and social nature show a strong resemblance to his mother. He is evidently a man of talent, moral worth, dignity, energy, and enterprise.

The present Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals of the State of New York, Ward Hunt, was born in Utica, Oneida County, on the fourteenth day of June, A.D. 1810, and is thus in his sixty-first year, on the verge of the old prescribed term of judicial capacity once established by the laws of our State, though now happily abolished, which cut off some of the best professional wisdom and talent in their prime and vigor, relegating Kent to his library to prepare his Commentaries, and transferring Nelson to the

bench of the Supreme Court of the United States to adorn it yet for a score of years beyond the empirical time of mental decrepitude as formerly admeasured.

The Hunt family is of English origin; but for a century and a half the records show a New York branch of the original stock, of which Judge Hunt is one. His father, Montgomery Hunt, was a gentleman of education, and for many years cashier of the old Bank of Utica, which was indebted to his financial

tended the law school of Judge James Gould, at Litchfield, Conn., and the course being completed, he returned to Utica and entered the office of Hiram Denio, since eminent as a judge of the Court of Appeals, and was admitted to the bar in 1831, having just reached lawful age.

In those days the professional business afforded by banks was important to a young lawyer, and the connection of his father and friends with the Bank of Utica at once se-



PORTRAIT OF HON. WARD HUNT.

ability for the marked reputation it acquired as a leading and principal country bank, with a high standing in New York city as the commercial center. When a boy of about fourteen years, Hunt lost the care and affection of a most excellent mother, who is remembered as a woman of genial manners, a generous heart, and a fine intellect.

Mr. Hunt's education was liberal. He entered Union College in his seventeenth year, and was graduated with credit. He then at-

tended the son a favorable register, and his partnership with Judge Denio shortly after, added materially to his professional prospects. He soon commanded a lucrative practice, which, together with his patrimony, placed him in an independent position. The bar of Oneida County, so long distinguished for men of legal eminence, was of a character to demand ability of all who sought distinction. Mr. Hunt had to emulate or compete with such antagonists as Beardsley, Kirkland,

Foster, and Spencer. He was always a deliberate and orderly speaker, and without any pretense to mere rhetorical display he possesses an aptness in illustrative anecdote and allusion that pleasantly enlivens his more formal speech, as also his ordinary conversation. His practice was of the miscellaneous character common to country districts—now law, then equity, now that of an attorney, then of a solicitor, and commonly as counselor in all. He was connected with some of the most important trials, and won distinction at the bar for clearness of mind and fairness in his conduct of cases.

Judge Hunt has been twice married. His earliest political associations were with the old Democratic party, of which General Jackson was then the Presidential candidate, and for whom his first electoral ballot was cast. A few years after, in 1838, Mr. Hunt was elected by that party to the Assembly of New York, and served as a member in 1839.

On the formation of the Republican party in 1856, when General Fremont became its candidate for the Presidency, Mr. Hunt severed his political connection with the Democratic party, and acted zealously with the new organization, to which he adhered until elevated to the bench. In 1865 he was nominated by that party as its candidate at large for Judge of the Court of Appeals, and the result of the contest showed his election by a majority exceeding 32,000 votes. This placed him in the judicial seat, long most ably occupied by his early partner, Judge Denio, whom he succeeded in January, 1866.

In 1868 the resignation of John K. Porter as Judge of the Court of Appeals, and the death of the Chief Judge, William B. Wright, concurred to give Judge Hunt the position of Chief Judge of that court.

Mr. Hunt's preference always was a seat on the bench. In his case it was signalized by a sudden leap to the highest judicial eminence in the State, without any of the tedious climbing from step to step, which is the usual precursor to such elevations.

Of Judge Hunt's judicial ability, let his opinions as published in the "New York Reports" speak to the sense of the profession which can best judge of them. Of his demeanor in his high office, we may say that he is urbane and courteous, of even and well-

controlled temper, and that he sustains the dignity of his high place with entire satisfaction. He has a fine personal presence, and is in the full enjoyment of all his natural and acquired gifts, physical and mental.

He is a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in which he was educated, and has held therein honorable official trusts; and in all his relations, both public and private, he is everywhere esteemed for the correctness and purity of his life.

STRENGTH FOR THE FAILING.

A. L. M.

COURAGE, oh, faltering soul! be brave!
Swiftly the moments flow with your vain tears,
Swiftly your life is rolling, wave on wave,
Into the cold, dark silence of the grave,
Swiftly and surely nears
The end of all your earthly hopes and fears.

Duty implores you, coward, to sit
Bewailing chances lost, when lo! the hour,
With fair, clean page, whereon no hand hath writ,
Opens to you. Oh, set your name on it!
Stand forth and prove your power.
Let not the rust of sloth your life devour.

Work, ere the dew of youth be gone;
Work, ere the frost of Death your pulses chill;
Let the brave sword of Truth be boldly drawn,
And in the name of Right walk firmly on.
So shall life's very ill
Bow to the triumph of your conquering will.

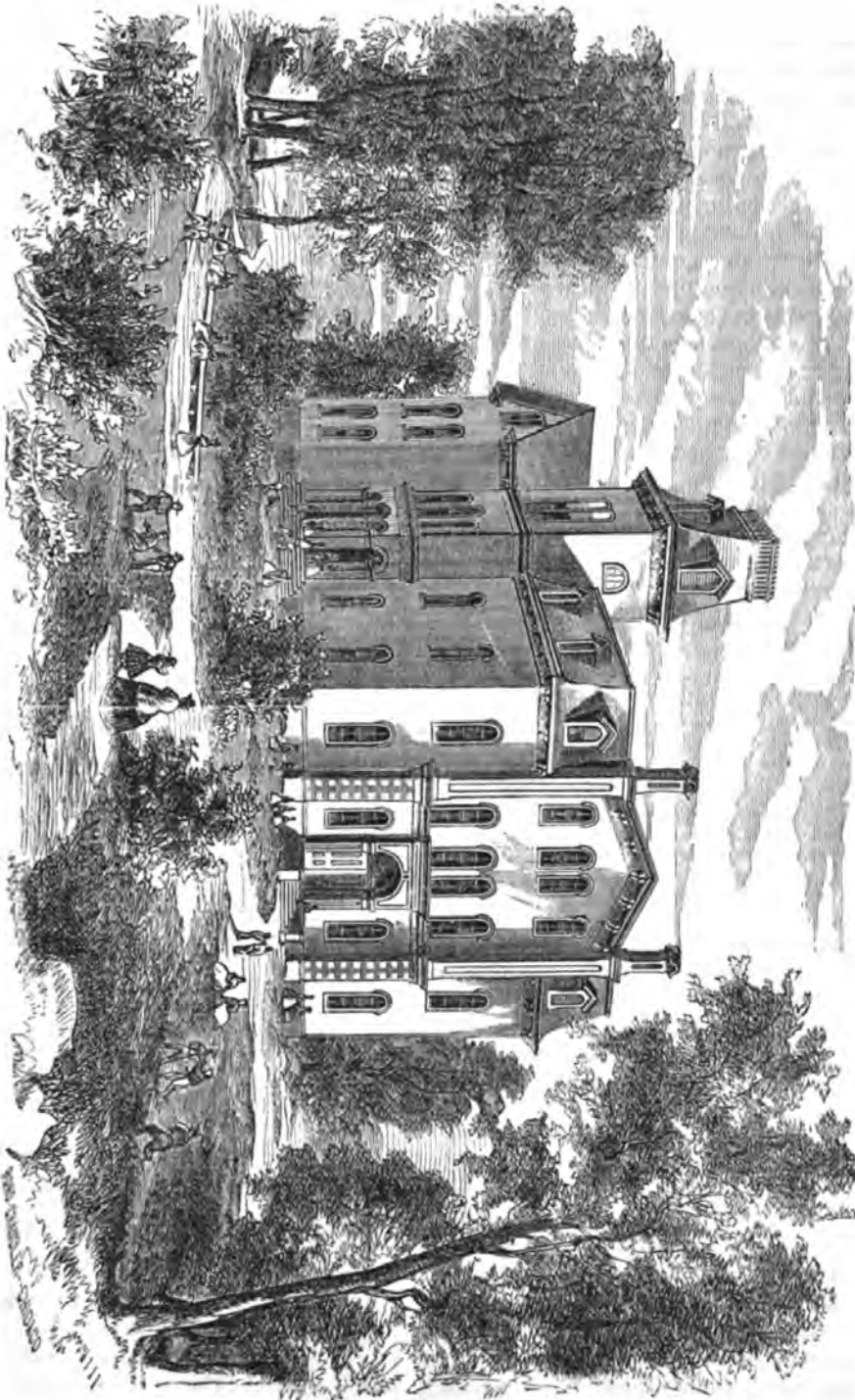
Over the cross shineth the crown;
Better than you for Truth have fought and died;
Bravely bear up though earthly hope go down;
Stand to your faith, though the world scoff and frown,
Angels are on your side,
And heaven about you, let what will betide.

WESTERN SCHOOL-HOUSES.

HEREWITH we present our readers with a view of a model Western country school-house. It is at once BEAUTIFUL, COMFORTABLE, and HEALTHFUL. It is surrounded with trees, vines, shrubs, grassy lawn, pleasant walks, a play-ground, all things necessary to make the place every way attractive. Compare this almost stately edifice with the common, barn-like, dismal square boxes at the cross roads, or on a corner, without a flower, a shrub, a vine, or a tree to rest the hungry mind upon! How much taste and refinement is such a kennel supposed to develop in the character of a child! Be it known that even the *externals* of a school-house, its location and surrounding scenery, have something to do in awaking emotions, pleasing or painful, and in

developing character. We give the West credit for setting the world a most worthy example | good things, come forward with the means to supply them.

A MODEL WESTERN SCHOOL-HOUSE.



in this respect. All honor to the liberal-minded men who, appreciating the influence of these

The Republic, a journal printed in the interest of an insurance company by that name,

published this engraving, together with a view of a French palace, and offered the following very appropriate comments:

"On another page we give an illustration of a palace, that of the Tuileries in Paris. Here we present a common country school-house in Illinois. Does the reader ask 'how common are such beautiful buildings on your prairies?' Well, the architect, G. P. Randall, Esq., of Chicago, shows his own list of about sixty of them, and claims no monopoly in school buildings. Look at this picture, then at that, and thank God you are an American. In all France there is no such example. Palaces for school children, a better house for Jane and Mary and John than the community affords to any one else. Among quiet farm-houses and modest homesteads, the best fruits of architecture and invention given to the mental culture of the little folks. The choicest talent expended in temples of education. Why, then, school education after all is our empire, and we can leave to old nations, whose decay is now coming upon them, literally "as an armed man," the magnificent piles and lavish adornings that are merely set up to pamper imperialism. Better the prairie school-house palace than the palace of the Tuileries, in all that constitutes a promise for a people. But what a contrast to the school-house of our earlier days. Whittier describes one of them:

'Still stands the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning,
About it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.'

"Nevertheless, a glory surrounds the old school-houses of New England, for from those came these, and the whole vast domain of our American empire, from Maine to Oregon, from San Diego to Key West, is becoming dotted with costly school buildings, well founded seminaries, and deeply based universities, whose lineage runs straight back to the worn and whittled benches and battered portals of some old red school-house, stark and cheerless, by the New England highway, whose roadside fences were rock-built, to clear the hard fields for tillage. From that stock came these. While Americans make COMMON SCHOOL EDUCATION the basis of our institutions, history will only open her pages to record our advancement. We can still hold our country as the refuge of the oppressed of all the earth, with a molding and blending power in our system that shall make of all new-comers, of whatever nationality, first, citizens, and then *men*, and from their children and children's children

growth not only in numbers, but in all that makes strength and progress in a nation. No, we would not exchange this beautiful school-house of Sycamore, De Kalb County, Illinois, for the Tuileries, nor would we exchange an earnest-eyed, zealous prairie school-master for Louis Napoleon, or any Orleans or Bourbon of them all. These first shall live and flourish when the shame and disgrace of the downfall of the other will only be known in the moral of the sage and the sad examples of the historian."

Let other portions of our great country profit by this example, and furnish *such* school-houses as shall inspire a sense of respect and call out a love for the beautiful in art, and for the picturesque and sublime in nature. Our thanks are due to *The Republic* and to the architect above named for kindly permitting us to use the engraved illustration.

HYMN.

DEDICATED TO THE SUPPORTERS OF ST. TIMOTHY'S
P. E. FREE CHURCH.

AND who shall stand 'twixt God and me,
When times for praising Him occur?
Before my God I e'er would be
My own o'erjoyed interpreter.

With David let the nations cry,
Let all the people praise the Lord!
The feeblest notes can pierce the sky,
While broken accents there accord.

What privilege so great as this,
That *all* can praise the King of kings!
This is on earth abiding bliss,
And strange foretaste of heavenly things.

Oh, who can doubt when from the skies
The Christ appears the second time;
The poor, the rich, the meek, the wise,
Will be as one in every clime.

Accept the things that will endure;
Let complex barriers timely fall;
God neither knows the rich nor poor,
But he alike respects them all.

Foreshadow now that judgment day;
Before the Lord let difference cease;
Oh, leave as God has made the way
Untrammelled tow'ards the Prince of Peace.

G. H.

WHY DO THE EUROPEAN NATIONS EXCEL ALL OTHERS?

THE reply to this question by Monk, in the June number, studiously avoids the true answer, as do many of the philosophers of the modern school. It has become so much a fashion to disparage or ignore the Bible, that even this candid writer comes up to the *cause* in tracing the causes of human progress, but does

not name it. He says rightly that the children of Israel were early brought in contact with the very highest types of the African races of Egypt, but forgets to state that the culture and wealth of Egypt were the product of Hebrew ideas, and as soon as these were supplanted by the idolatries and philosophies of human reason, Egypt relapsed into a barbarous condition. Both Assyria and Babylon, which are adduced as the high product of crossing the best breeds, owe their improved civilization recorded in their magnificent ruins, not to Hebrew blood, for then, as now, the Jew refused intermarriage with Gentiles, but to the religion taught by the noble Daniel and his brethren.

It is more than amusing to mark the foxy ingenuity of Buckle, Mill, and other skeptics, in manipulating history, to resist the claim of revealed religion to be the author of civil and social improvement. Now, let those who claim all this as the result of climate and blood show us one single nation that has attained a high civilization without contact with Jewish or Christian thought, and they will prove something. Where is that nation? Do not rush back into the twilight of fable, where you can fabricate history, but take any nation whose history is defined and verified. Is it by chance that the Bible-reading are the commercial nations of the globe?

Where the Scriptures are most read and believed there is constitutional government; there are free schools and means for educating the masses; there are progressive science, improved mechanism, steam power, telegraphs, farming machinery, railroads; there are systematic reliefs for the mendicant, the blind, insane, deaf and dumb, and idiotic, and all the characteristics of humane and charitable religion. *And these can be found nowhere else!* The religion of nature, of reason, as taught by naturalists here, covers two-thirds of the race; yet it has never opened free schools, nor built a constitutional government, or a railroad, or steamboat, or telegraph, or mowing machine, or sewing-machine, or an almshouse for the poor, or an asylum for the unfortunate. Why not, if these result from climatic influences and mixture of bloods? It has money enough to build a temple in Peking on whose altars the annual sacrifices exceed the cost of supporting all the Protestant churches of America. Why can't it do something to improve its people? There is but one answer: It is heathenism. Why, as soon as Christianity touches a nation, as it did the Sandwich Islands, South Africa, Liberia, Germany, England, Scandinavia, or America,

do the elements stir with new life, and go on to develop in higher and grander acquisitions of principle, institution, and resource? Is this all by accident? Is it honest to ignore the true cause, as do Buckle, Mill, Draper, Alger, Frothingham & Co.? If they think all this can be accomplished by judicious crossing of breeds, thousands of us stand ready to pay their bills if they will cease their warfare with Christianity and go to Dahomey or France and *try it*. The Mexican republic is but a miserable burlesque, because built on low religious ideas. Ours was built on Christian truth by Christian men, and is a sublime success, and will be till its enemies put down the Bible and the Sabbath. Then they will dig its grave. French attempts at self-government are painful and horrible abortions. She is ruled by Bible haters. Germany has a wise, strong government, because the Bible has exerted a more potent influence there for three hundred and fifty years than all other books. The prince who asked Queen Victoria, "What is it makes England great?" received an honest and philosophical answer when the noble Christian woman took a Bible from the sideboard and gave him, saying, "This Book makes England great." Alongside these let me repeat the sentiments of the Father of his Country in his Farewell Address: "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, *religion* and *morality* are indispensable supports." Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles. Daniel Webster on Bunker Hill said, "The American colonists brought with them from the Old Word a full portion of all the riches of the past in science and art, in morals, religion, and literature. The *Bible* came with them."

A. J. C.

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LOVE OF HUMANITY.—There are men whose affection, at first beginning at home, and loving only the mother who gave her baby nature's bread, have now transcended family and kin, gone beyond all private friendships with like-minded men, overleaped the far barriers of our native land, and now, loving family, friends and country, loves likewise all human kind. This is the largest expanse of affection; the man's heart, once filled with love for one, for a few, for men in need beneath his eye, for his countrymen, has now grown bountiful to all. To love the lovely, to sympathize with

the like-minded,—everybody can do that,—all, save an ill-born few whom we may pity, but must not blame, for their congenital deformity and dwarfishness;—but to love the unlovely, to sympathize with the contrary-minded, to give to the uncharitable, to forgive such as never pity, to be just to men who make iniquity a law, to pay their sleepless hate with never-ceasing love,—that is the triumph of the affections, the heroic degree of love; you must be but little lower than the angels to do that. It is one of the noblest attainments of man, and in this he becomes most like God.

* * *

AMERICUS, GA.

BEAUTY OF CHARACTER.

TO GRACE MARIA PRESCOTT.

CHRISTOPHER HARTMANN writes the following beautiful and truthful lines in the *Banner of Light*:

Lady, there is one truth, and one alone,
Which, to the lover of the beautiful,
In person or in manners, stands supreme.
It is that good alone, in its fair form,
Is Beauty. All else perishes. The eye
Of light, with its bewitching fire; the brow,
The cheek, the lip, the graceful form; all the
Fair symmetry that's held so dear in man
Or woman, must, by the eternal law
Of the Creator's power, which molds and shapes
All outward forms from inward essences,
At last be made to correspond to the
Indwelling spirit. Then one only thing—
When outward forms have crumbled into dust,
And Nature's indistinguishable earth
Holds all that hath so charmed us—one thing then.
Of all we had admired, shall have the power
To assume this mystic grace. Remember, lady,
It is CHARACTER.

When virtue's plastic spirit hath inwrought,
And love, sweet sympathy, and tenderness,
And melting charity for others' woes,
And patience, gentleness, and humble trust
Have all conspired to fix the angelic form—
To shape the countenance, to light the eye,
To give the curve and all the lineament
To this immortal and this living sculpture
Of Heaven's divinest work—oh, that shall last!
When sun and moon and stars decay, and time
Itself expires, and sin alone takes on,
In the dark regions of eternity,
The shape and hue of dread deformity,
This shall forever freshen and delight.
'Tis virtue's own and high prerogative—
The very essence of divinest beauty,
Such as pure angels love, and God himself
In holiness admires.

SELF-ESTEEM.—A man may be addicted to many vices, and yet there may be a hope of reclaiming him. But the moment he loses all

sense of character, and all consciousness of a superior nature,—that is, the moment he begins to look upon himself and his vices as worthy of one another,—that moment all hope of reclaiming him perishes; for the last ground is surrendered on which it is possible for his remaining good principles to rally and make a stand. We have often known men who have retained their self-respect long after they had lost their regard for principle; but never one who retained his regard for principle after he had lost his self-respect. Destroy this, and you destroy everything; for a man who does not respect himself, respects nothing.

STARCH.—Large quantities of starch are annually made from damaged wheat, to be afterward converted into grape sugar, artificial honey, syrups, for the use of brewers and manufacturers of spirits. Some of the starch is converted into gum for labels, postage stamps, etc. Nearly all of our liquid honey is starch syrup, and sometimes old honeycomb is nicely filled with the syrup, and sold at high prices. There are so many uses for grape sugar or glucose made from starch, that it is at the present time manufactured in large quantities; and on one occasion within our knowledge, damaged starch ultimately proved to be of more value for gum and sugar than it was when first purchased in its pure state.

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM LINEN.—To remove wine, fruit, or iron stains, wet the spot with a solution of hyposulphite of soda, and sprinkle some pulverized tartaric acid upon it; then wash out as usual. Strong vinegar can be used instead of the tartaric acid.

MOTH POWDER.—Lupulin (flour of hops), 1 dram; Scotch snuff, 2 oz.; gum camphor, 1 oz.; black pepper, 1 oz.; cedar sawdust, 4 oz. Mix thoroughly, and strew (or put in papers) among the furs or woolen to be protected.

LIQUID FOR CLEANING SILVER.—Add gradually 8 oz. of prepared chalk to a mixture of 2 oz. of spirits of turpentine, 1 oz. of alcohol, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. of spirits of camphor, and 2 drams of aqua ammonia. Apply with a soft sponge, and allow it to dry before polishing.

SPECIFIC AGAINST MICE.—As a specific against mice calomel is recommended. One part of calomel, five parts of wheat flour, one part of sugar, and one-tenth part of ultramarine are mixed, and the whole exposed as powder.

THE TRAVELLER—ILLUSTRATED.

OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[CONTINUED FROM JUNE NUMBER.]



HUS every good his native wilds impart,
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart:
 And e'en those ills, that round his mansion rise,
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
 Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
 And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
 Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
 So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
 But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
 Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
 Yet let them only share the praises due,
 If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
 For every want that stimulates the breast,
 Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest,
 Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
 That first excites desire, and then supplies;
 Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
 To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
 Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
 Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
 Their level life is but a mouldering fire,
 Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
 Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
 On some high festival of once a year,
 In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
 Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow:
 Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
 For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
 Unalter'd, unimprov'd the manners run;
 And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
 Falls blunted from each indurated heart.
 Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
 May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
 But all the gentler morals, such as play
 Thro' life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way,
 These, far dispers'd on timorous pinions fly,
 To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
 I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
 Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
 Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
 How often have I led thy sportive choir,
 With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
 Where shading elms along the margin grew,
 And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew;
 And haply, though my harsh touch falt'ring still,
 But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
 Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
 And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.



Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
 Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
 And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
 Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
 Thus idly busy rolls their world away;
 Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
 For honor forms the social temper here.
 Honor, that praise which real merit gains,
 Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
 Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
 It shifts in splendid traffic round the land;
 From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
 And all are taught an avarice of praise;

They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise ;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought,
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart ;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace ;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year ;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,



And sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow ;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore :

While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts:
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
E'en liberty itself is bartered here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonorable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes glide;
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentlest music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above control,
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WISDOM.

I KNOW not anything more pleasant or more instructive than to compare experience with expectation, or to register from time to time the difference between idea and reality.—*Samuel Johnson.*

SOME men make a great flourish about always doing what they believe to be right, but always manage to believe that is right which is for their own interest.

BENEFIT your friends, that they may love you still more dearly; benefit your enemies, that they may become your friends.

NOR a day passes in obscurity but men and women do great deeds, speak great words, and suffer great sorrows. Of these obscure heroes, philosophers, and martyrs, the greater part will not be known till that day when many that are great shall be small, and the small great.

NOTWITHSTANDING the impressions held in society with reference to the so-called "enterprise" of the day whereby men suddenly grow rich and influential, it is nevertheless true that no man can make or retain a good and useful position in life without possessing habits of punctuality and temperance.—*D.*

IT is not a knowledge of abstruse and difficult questions that we need, so much as a familiarity with the every-day affairs of life.

MIRTH.

TO YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.—*How to bone turkey.* Get up at two o'clock A.M. The darker the better. Climb over your neighbor's fence and "bone" the first gobbler you can. You had better bone two or three when you are at it, as it saves trouble. You will find this plan very economical.

THE following address was on a package received at the Adams express office in Georgia recently:

This package contains a "duck of a bonnet;" Expressman, I pray you place nothing upon it; 'Tis made of a ribbon, a straw, and a feather—The whole with a postage stamp fastened together. Its owner, a damsel, is youthful and fair, But, like Flora McFlimsey, "has nothing to wear." Beware, then, expressman, I warn you take heed, And forward this bonnet with care and with speed.

"GENTLEMEN and ladies," said the showman, "here you have a magnificent painting of Daniel in the lions' den. Daniel can be easily distinguished from the lions by the green umbrella under his left arm."

A SON of Erin just arrived in this land of plenty, being in want, was told, by a person to whom he applied for aid, to go to —, generally considered a very warm region. "Civility invade," said Pat, "to invite me to your father's house."

THAT funny fellow Billings says "Good whistlers are getting putty akarse; seventy-five years ago they were plenty, but the desire tew git rich or tew hold offis has tuke all the pucker out of this honest and chereful amuzement."

REV. DR. BAINES, of Scituate, was an eccentric but earnest man. Being called to officiate at the funeral of a woman whose sole mourner was an adopted son, he began his extemporaneous prayer with: "Strange kind of funeral this, Lord; very strange! No father, no mother, no brother, no sister! There's a young man [suiting the action to the word] that *calls* her mother."

A LADY from the city stopping with a farmer in this vicinity, very earnestly inquired of her host one morning concerning his bees, remarking that he had many hives. The farmer being minus that article, informed Miss — to that effect. But she insisted that he was in error, and volunteered to show them to him, and on going out pointed the wondering ruralite to his numerous haystacks—they being somewhat the shape, but a *little* larger than the olden-time beehive, which we have all seen represented in our spelling-books.

PUZZLE.—The following is an enigma, supposed to have been written by Mr. Canning, which for a time baffled the skill of all England to solve:

"There is a word of plural number,
A foe to peace and human slumber;
Now any word you chance to take
By adding 's' you plural make;
But if you add an 's' to this,
How strange the metamorphosis!
Plural is plural then no more,
And sweet what bitter was before."

THE following anecdote of John Randolph, which was published many years ago, may be new to most of your readers. That eccentric Virginian once while traveling by private conveyance, according to the customs of the times, had occasion to spend the night at a country inn. The landlord, with a persistence worthy of a Down-Easter, made more than one effort that evening to ascertain the destination of his distinguished guest, without success.

The next morning, when about to resume his journey, our friend was again appealed to by mine host in his blandest manner for the coveted information. Mr. Randolph turned upon him, and in a very decided tone said, "Landlord, do I owe you anything?" "Nothing, sir," was the reply. "Well, then, I am going where I please." The road forked not far from the tavern, and it so happened that Mr. Randolph was at a loss which road to take, and sent a servant back to inquire which of these roads led to the village of —. The landlord, standing in front of the tavern, cried at the top of his voice, "Mr. Randolph, *you don't owe me one cent! take just which road you please.*"

Our Mentorial Bureau.

[In this Department will be noticed such matters as are of interest to correspondents and to the general reader. Contributions for "What They Say" should be brief, pointed, and creamy, to secure publication.]

To Our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" ONLY will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify idle curiosity. One question only at a time, and that clearly stated, must be propounded, if a correspondent shall expect us to give him the benefit of its early consideration. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter, if a stamp be inclosed for the return postage.

MEDICINE A SCIENCE.—Is medicine a science?

Ans. Science is understood to be "a collection of general principles or leading truths relating to any subject arranged in systematic order." Medicine, speaking in the sense in which that term is generally used, is not a science. The practice of the healing art is not scientific; for it is not reduced to settled and reliable rules. A medical education embraces a great deal of science. Anatomy, Physiology, and Chemistry are sciences. Surgery is an art based on science. Materia Medica, Therapeutics, and the practice of Medicine are not sciences. Men of experience in the same schools do not agree on all questions of practice; and though all schools agree in Anatomy, Physiology, and Chemistry where science is the basis, there is endless clashing between schools and individuals as to the art or practice of Medicine. When living flesh is wounded and exposed to the air, science teaches that an application to take the place of the skin is needed. Art or practice differs as to what that covering shall be. One applies a plaster of salve, and Nature heals the wound. Another applies a poultice, and Nature heals the wound. Another applies a dressing of wet cloths, and Nature heals the wound. These diverse practices are not science; but the principle of warmth, moisture, and exclusion of air from the wound, is science.

THE ALLOPATHIC, or regular system of practice, employs drugs as medicines, most of them in their nature poisonous, and gives large doses. It claims to be eclectic, and that all remedies belong to its domain.

THE HOMEOPATHIC has for its motto, *Similia similibus curantur*, or like cures like; in other words, that a medicine which will produce a particular disease in a healthy person will cure the same disease in one who is afflicted with it. The most of their remedies are poisonous, and some of the most deadly kind, as the virus of asps. The next

peculiarity of the homeopathic practice is that the medicines are almost infinitely divided or diluted, as high as the thirtieth trituration, viz., 1 grain of opium pulverized with 100 grains of sugar, and 1 grain of this mixture with 100 grains of sugar, and so on for thirty times. A dose of this last mixture might be the tenth of a grain.

The homeopaths are accused by the regulars with not living up to the rule of Hahnemann, or of their standard books, in respect to the smallness of doses. On the other hand, homeopaths accuse the regulars with imitating them in giving much smaller doses than formerly. We believe both accusations are correct. Physicians of the regular school, we feel sure, are giving much less medicine than formerly, not alone because the public rebel against the old big doses, but because they find small doses answer as well, or even better, than the old heroic practice.

THE ECLECTIC school claims to use everything that is good, without regard to what school recommends it, but they are just as clannish and exclusive, practically, as the others.

THE THOMPSONIAN or anti-drug-poison class of practitioners, originating half a century ago in New Hampshire in Samuel Thompson, has at least laid on the shelf the practice of bleeding patients by all schools. Within a year a professor in a New York regular medical school confessed to the students of his class that he had never yet bled a patient. Dr. Thompson said it was unnatural, and raised such an opposition against the practice that the doctors have for many years endeavored to do without its use, and find it unnecessary.

THE MOVEMENT-CURE is a system of treating disease by rubbing, by movements according to specific rules, thus promoting general circulation and correcting the condition of the skin and other tissues, and securing a healthy action of the vital organs and other viscera.

THE ELECTRICIANS treat the nervous system chiefly by means of the electrical, galvanic, and magnetic battery, and by mingling these agencies with human or personal magnetism.

THE HYDROPATHIC SCHOOL repudiates medicines so called, and by the use of water, hot, tepid, or cold (according to the case and the nature and condition of the patient), by air, rest, sleep, sunshine, exercise, diet, and dress, claims to aid in the removal of all curable diseases. Generally, however, few patients have hitherto resorted to this method of treatment who had not tried one or more of the other systems of practice with unsatisfactory results. The hydropaths or Hygie-

nic practitioners have generally had for patients old chronic cases, and so far as twenty years' close observation will enable us to judge, they have, all things considered, done great service to the world.

These various schools have enlarged the field of inquiry and knowledge, and we doubt not have contributed to the efficiency of the healing art. Thompson made the public suspicious of calomel and blood-letting, and the latter has gone by the board without damage to the public. The disciples of Priessnitz have made bathing, the free use of cold water by fever patients, hot compresses on the chest for congestion of the lungs, or on the abdomen for colic, and wet dressings for wounds, both common and respectable. During our late war, for the first time salves and poultices gave way to water-dressings (an easy and available appliance), and we doubt not many a valuable life and limb was saved which under the former method would have been lost, chiefly, perhaps, because the water-dressing, to say the least, is as good as salve or poultice, and can be applied by the patient. A cup of water by the bedside, within reach of the patient, with a sponge, or even the hand, to apply it, will keep down the fever and the patient quiet until nature can effect a cure, even though by carelessness forgotten, or of necessity neglected by doctor or nurse.

The term science is frequently claimed for subjects which belong to art, to skill, or experience. Exact science begins and ends with mathematics. So far as chemistry, astronomy, or engineering are exact sciences, mathematics constitutes the basis of that exactness. —

ALTERING CHECKS — FORGERY.—The following important query having been submitted to us, we communicated with the American Bank Note Company in reference to it, and as the courteous reply of the manager contains all that has a technical connection with the subject, we make it the substance of our answer:

Question. Will you have the kindness to give me through the columns of the A. P. J. as many of the protective means as you may be possessed of against altering the amount of checks over a genuine signature? This mode of swindling seems by the papers to be quite prevalent, and if any ink or other preventive can be used the people would like to know it!

E. W. C.

Answer.

AMERICAN BANK NOTE CO., 142 BROADWAY, }
NEW YORK, May 13, 1871. }

DEAR SIR: In reply to your note of 4th inst., we beg to say that for many years past the question of so preparing checks and other documents of value as to prevent their alteration has been a subject of much attention and labor. Patents, treatises, and suggestions without number have been worked up, tested, and discarded. Peculiar inks, prepared papers, and ingenious mechanical contrivances have all failed to produce a perfect protection. Colored papers, prepared so as to reveal the application of acids, do not prevent or disclose alterations by scraping, and when sub-

jected to chemical attempts the paper can be re-colored after the alterations are made. Perforating portions of the check containing the amount is not effectual, for, by dampening and pressing, a smooth surface can be obtained sufficient at any rate to make the alteration, after which the check can be re-perforated. Cutting the amount out of the check is certainly an excellent protection, but the constant adjusting of the press and the consequent liability to mistakes make such a plan almost impracticable when a large number of checks are used daily. A tint printed over the check with a fugitive ink, which will be removed in any attempt to alter the amount, is the simplest and best security yet offered. The tinted ink must be so prepared as to yield readily to acids and alkalis, and yet not be affected by ordinary liquids; otherwise the customary handling, with wet fingers, etc., would spoil the check. The tint must also represent a pattern (not a stain) of such a character that it can not be successfully imitated by hand in an attempt to restore the removed portions. Checks prepared in this way may be considered practically secure.

Yours truly,

C. L. VAN ZANDT, *Manager.*

LAWS OF HEALTH.—Will you be so kind as to publish, the Laws of Health, in next month's, PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, by giving a certain number of proper & regular, rules, to be adopted, & attended to regularly, for the preservation of Health, in regard to, Air, Bathing; Clothing, Diet, Digestion, Eating, Evacuations, Exercise, Meals, Sleep & Water, What is the best, hour or part of Day, for Bathing, which water is the best, hot or cold, how many minutes for a Bath, how much water, & what kind of, Soap is the best, & should any Exercise, be taken after the Bath, what kind is, best, to what distance or extent; What is best kind, of Clothing to wear in Summer & Winter, how it should be kept, & worn, & changed how often, What kind of Diet is best in Summer & Winter, What is the best hour, for eating, the most food, & also fruit, & what is the best kind of fruit, What is meant by Digestion, What kind of Exercise is the best, what hour, should it be taken, how often during the day, to what distance, and extent, should it be carried, for the preservation of Health, at what hour, should Meals be eaten, how many, & how should Meals be eaten, & give the number of Ounces & Pounds of food that should, be eaten at each meal throughout life for the preservation Health & Bodily Strength, What hour of the evening, is the best time to go Bed for most people the best hour, to rise from Bed in the morning, what position in Bed on the right or left side which is the best of the two how should Sleep be taken with the mouth open or shut & how many hours of sleep should be taken out of every 24 Hours & what is the Best kind of Water, for drinking purposes, when should it be drank, before or after eating, meals how much water, should be drank at once, how many pils, or quarts should be drank, during every 24 Hours?

Ans. It will not be convenient to embody in "next month's JOURNAL" full and complete answers to all your questions, because they would cover two thousand more pages than one number affords. We are glad to observe that you have an *inquiring* mind, and regret the inconvenience of fully satisfying it in one number. If you continue

to read the JOURNAL, you will find from month to month subjects which are involved in your inquiries treated at some length. In the mean time we beg to refer you to a few works, the reading of which may aid you in gaining light on those important topics, to wit: Food and Diet; Hydropathic Encyclopedia; Fruits and Farinacea; Dalton's Physiology; Physiology of Digestion; Flint's Physiology; Philosophy of Eating; Avoidable Causes of Disease; Hall on Sleep; Lewis on Exercise; Family Gymnasium; Swedish Movement-Cure; Hints Towards Physical Perfection; Hydropathic Cook-Book; Health by Good Living, etc.

PRIVATE LESSONS IN PHRENOLOGY.—

Can I obtain private lessons from you on Phrenology and Physiology which will qualify me to enter the field as a successful lecturer and phrenological examiner? If so, at what time shall I come?

Ans. Our professional duties require so much of our time that we can not afford to instruct a single student. We set apart one season of the year, beginning with the first of November, to instruct a class in Phrenology and bring our large collection of skulls, busts, drawings, and paintings under contribution to explain and illustrate the whole subject. In this course of instruction we begin at the foundation and explain everything on the subject which our long experience may have qualified us to set forth. Send stamp, asking for circular entitled "Professional Instructions in Practical Phrenology." This will give you all the particulars.

COURSE OF READING.—To answer a question of this kind would involve so much that a volume instead of the brief space allotted in this department would be required. If one wishes to obtain a stock of general information, the careful perusal of a good encyclopedia would be found a "royal road" to that end. If the inquirer will state specifically how he would begin to read, in what department, we will endeavor to give him such suggestions as may be valuable. Should he desire to read first in history, and to some length, we can suggest leading works enough to occupy his leisure a year or more, and so with other departments. The thoughtful perusal of the History of England by Froude, and of the History of the United States by Bancroft, would take up a good part of the time mentioned. The study of the history of a country should be accompanied by or prefaced with a careful examination of the geography of the country.

POSITIONS IN SLEEP.—Will the practice of allowing an infant to lie on its back, if persisted in until years of maturity, depress the backhead, tend to influence the character of the person so far as relates to Amativeness, Inhabitiveness, etc.?

Ans. No, unless the head be laid on a hard substance. If the child lie habitually on *one side*, it will cause a lop-sided head and face.

BITING THEIR NAILS.—Having, during the past twenty years, seen several cases, or victims rather to this disgusting practice, I resolved to make inquiries through your most valuable JOURNAL as to the cause and its remedy.

I once knew a whole family of six adults, all of whom were addicted to this habit, they having actually eaten their finger-nails down below the quick. How they contracted this filthy practice no one ever took the trouble to inquire, and, as far as I know, it remains a mystery to this day. I also know a gentleman of very high standing in society, a partner of one of the foremost merchants in the city of New York, who bites his finger-nails all day long, even while talking to customers. Yet another instance: a beautiful young woman of seventeen summers, lovely beyond expression, without a blemish or seeming fault but this one, of biting her nails. And, oh, for a remedy!

Ans. It is simply a "habit," which may be easily corrected by any one having wit, moral sense, regard for propriety, self-denial, and decency. Persons with such "habits" should read the little manners book, "How to Behave."

What They Say.

THE RULE OF TRUE LIFE.—The title of this article is used to denote the road to true felicity, or the way to find perfect happiness. All the world is striving to be happy; thousands spend their whole lifetime seeking the road to happiness, but how very, very few succeed! Some of our wisest philosophers have pronounced happiness a chimera that exists only in the imagination. It is a common fallacy of the human mind to place implicit confidence in surroundings to produce perfect happiness; therefore nearly every individual human being is striving for wealth, certain that when that great object is accomplished perfect felicity will naturally ensue. We are all prone to look upon what we do not possess as necessary to our happiness. The weak, the sickly, and the puny feel that happiness depends entirely upon a healthy body and a sound digestion. Those who inherit wealth and a sound constitution think that all they have to do is to follow out implicitly the moral code, and say conscientiously to themselves, I do not lie, steal, swear, bear false witness, nor do I violate any of the moral laws. But such are not really happy, and they try to console themselves by saying that there is no such thing as perfect happiness in this world; that this is only a probationary state in which they are placed to do the best they know how, and that their future happiness is to follow, as a just reward or compensation for their sufferings on this earth. Oh, deluded men! you make a sad mistake, for just so sure as you are unhappy in this world, if there be another, you will be unhappy there. You have no time to lose; "be up and doing;" strive for knowledge; there is no end of improvement in the human mind. Instead of speculating in theories as to your future state, strive to make your-

self worthy of this life, and conscience will cease to reprove, and happiness will surely be found. There is such a thing as being perfectly happy, but few give themselves time to think how it is accomplished.

A great French philosopher said that the root of all happiness was to be just; but in all his writings he never essayed to teach us *how to be just*. Herein lies the great secret: No man is ever master of his profession until he studies it. Being just is as much a profession as being a doctor, a lawyer, or an author. How silly it would sound to say, Be a lawyer, and yet the expression is in substance the same. It is very satisfactory, indeed, to say, Be just; but, ah! how few understand, and how very few will take the trouble to learn! Every one has observed that those persons are happiest whose wants are fewest; they are only following out intuitively one of the elements of the rule of life by being just to themselves; and if they are not happy, it is because their philosophy is modified by other contingencies which their weaker intellect can not comprehend.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—The numbers are as full of good things as any reasonable reader can desire. We are happy to learn that the circulation is largely on the increase.—*Sunday School Workman*.

Rev. Alfred Taylor, editor of the *Sunday School Workman*, is one of the live and progressive clergymen of America. He is no "fossil," no "foggy," but abreast of the age in which he lives. Hence he reads and commends the **PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL**.

A CALL FOR A NEW COLONY.—We have received a lengthy letter from one who, for many stated and good reasons, is desirous of organizing a company for the purpose of founding a new colony. We will allow him to "tell his own story" in the following terms:

"One of the most important subjects that demand the attention of any individual, family, or community is that which bears upon the necessity for a home. The great social question of the day, which should demand the attention and which seems to be treated with the least statesmanship, is the overcrowding of cities, in which thousands know nothing of the blessed influences of comfortable homes. Witness the indescribable horrors of an overcrowded city. Think of a block of fifty-nine old buildings occupied by three hundred and eighty-two families of nearly fifteen hundred persons, young and old, compacted together in a small space bounded by four city streets. There, without the cheering and healthful sunlight, the tenants breathing poisonous gases, with bad drainage, and the uncleanness and dampness of the surroundings, how can healthfulness be possible? Personal cleanliness is nearly an impossibility with them. Their food is coarse and unwholesome, their appetites inflamed by drugged liquors which are vended by

the grog-shops which surround them on every side, numbering in the first three wards of the city one to every forty-two of the population. What tales of crime and misery these figures tell!

What, then, shall we do to rectify all this? It is in our power at least to check this growing evil. That is by forming colonies and co-operative societies, and settling upon some lands in a healthy locality; by forming habits of industry and economy and living virtuously. By isolation a great deal of labor is misapplied which if brought together would be a great saving of time. The time should be divided in such a manner that there be hours for recreation and education as well as labor.

Every man has a fancied paradise in this world which constantly flits before his mind, and he looks forward to the time, through toils and privation, when his hopes shall be realized. Now, I sincerely believe that if a number of these individuals be induced to migrate to localities where there is at least "elbow-room," they will be relieved of the constant fear of lack of employment, because their labor and skill are in eager demand. Land can be bought at very low rates and on easy terms. A few years of well-proportioned labor will have its effect in making them comfortable and consequently happy. It is not an experiment, for it has been tried with the best results.

It is not necessary that all should engage in farming. On the contrary, we want men of varied industries—each one fitted for specific functions. We want farmers, carpenters, masons, gardeners, blacksmiths, tailors, shoemakers, wagon and harness makers—in fact, men in all the trades.

Great and permanent things have always resulted from small beginnings. We ask the readers of this **JOURNAL** a careful consideration of the views presented and the objects sought to be attained, and if any should indorse the principles enunciated and sanction the movement, I would be happy to have them send their names and addresses giving their views upon the subject.

It is not only to the interest of those with moderate means that organization should be profitable, but the rich would also be greatly benefited thereby. The world is capable of producing an abundance for all. It is the fault of the individual that they do not have it. In a work of this kind, drones are not wanted. Those that think labor a curse had better remain at home, as it is they who have, to a great extent, done much to fill our prisons, and it is not our intention to erect a prison or an alms-house in a hurry. Let us be wise to-day! A thinking person after a few moments' reflection will certainly be impressed most deeply that his prospects would be decidedly improved by migration. Let us unite before winter in its sternest phase is upon us again.

Much more could be written, but I fear that I have already trespassed too much on your valuable time. But if there be any persons willing to form

themselves into a colony on strictly moral principles let them write, specifying the locality preferred by them. Respectfully yours,

VALENTINE HAMMANN,
No. 8 Charles Street, New York."

Literary Notices.

There is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books no less than in the faces of men, by which a skillful observer will know as well what to expect from the one as the other.—BUTLER.

MEMOIRS OF ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

Embracing a View of the Origin, Progress, and Principles of the Religious Reformation which he advocated. By Robert Richardson. Complete—Two Volumes in One. 12mo; pp. 1,325. Price, \$4. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co. New York: S. R. Wells.

The position Mr. Campbell occupied in the religious movement of which he was the leading spirit, makes this work something more than a biography. It is a synoptical history of a religious enterprise which in little more than half a century has drawn to itself more than half a million communicants. Our author has given us a statement of the religious principles of his hero, their effect on the public mind, and especially on the religious organizations of the age, and the various instrumentalities by which these effects were produced.

To do full justice to a subject like this, and at the same time to satisfy the public mind with regard to the claims of the various coadjutors in the work, was no easy task.

Mr. Campbell commenced his work of reformation with a principle for his guidance, which was suggested in the famous "Declaration and Address" previously published by his father, Vol. I., p. 258, prop. 3, viz.: "That in order to do this (to promote unity among Christians), nothing ought to be inculcated upon Christians as articles of faith, nor required of them as terms of communion, but what is expressly taught and enjoined upon them in the Word of God. Nor ought anything to be admitted as of Divine obligation in their church constitution and managements, but what is expressly enjoined by the authority of our Lord Jesus Christ and his Apostles upon the New Testament Church, either in express terms or by approved precedent."

With this inscribed on his banner, he necessarily came in conflict with what he regarded as the numerous errors of the various religious parties. Having been reared in the Presbyterian Church, he did not at first realize the full effect that these principles would produce on the customs and practices of that organization in relation to his own future course. The birth of his first child led him to make the inquiry as to the authority for infant baptism, and his investigation resulted in a rejection of the practice.

His next step was the adoption of the weekly observance of the Lord's Supper, in accordance with the practice of the Primitive Church. He also discarded the terminology of the schools in regard to the mode of the Divine existence, and the attributes and work of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and simply urged the use of the words of the sacred writers. This soon led those who misunderstood him to charge him with detracting from the dignity of Christ and the work of the Holy Spirit; but our author has shown that no man has declared more distinctly his faith in the Divinity of Christ, nor any one more explicitly his confidence in the heart work of the Holy Spirit.

He understood the New Testament to teach that the entire influence of the Holy Spirit in conversion and sanctification is through the "Word," and he was ever inclined to adhere rigidly to his premises.

The work will do more to eradicate any false impressions which may have existed with reference to the views of Mr. Campbell and his coadjutors on this subject than any other yet published.

Dr. Richardson's own views, which he shows to have ever been in harmony with those of Mr. Campbell and the Reformers in general, given to the world at this time, are well calculated to exert a favorable influence on the union efforts now in progress.

Those desiring a general understanding of the teaching of the "Disciples," and a history of its practical working, may find them here. The work is beautifully published, and is a credit to the printer's art.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HENRY LORD

BROUGHAM, Written by Himself. Three vols., 12mo, large; pp. 380 each; cloth. Price, \$3 each. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Lord Brougham was a remarkable man; remarkable for his toughness and powers of endurance, also for his powers of observation, memory, and knowledge of men and the world. He was exceedingly industrious, a hard worker, very persevering, with great application. He worked himself up to the top of his profession,—that of the law—and became a leading spirit in the British kingdom. But he was not by any means a model of moral excellence. His conscientiousness was moderate, and he was simply a sharp, sagacious, intellectual scholar, critic, and lawyer. He lacked large, broad, humane statesmanship, or that nice sense of justice which is essential to greatness and goodness. The key-note to this historical character may be seen in what he says of the duties of an advocate: "An advocate, by the sacred duty which he owes his client, knows, in the discharge of that office, but one person in the world, *that client, and none other*. To save that client by all expedient means, to protect that client at all hazards and cost to all others, and, among others, to himself, is the highest and most unquestioned of his duties; and he must not regard the alarm, the suffering, the torment, the destruction he may bring upon any other. Nay, separating even the duties of a patriot from those of an advocate, and casting them, if need be, to the wind, he must go on, reckless of the consequences, if his fate it should unhappily be to involve his country in confusion for his client's protection." We do not wish to underrate or belittle this great character, nor can we permit his palpable faults to pass unnoticed. He has often been held up as a worthy example for young men to pattern after. We think him not a good model.

THE OPERA OF MARTHA; or, The Fair at Richmond. By F. Von Flotow. With Italian, German, and English words. One vol., quarto; pp. 230; paper. Price, in paper, \$1; in muslin, \$2; handsomely bound, \$3. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

These publishers have the lead in America, and will probably retain it. Their works cover the entire ground of music, and are by the best composers.

WHEN OPERAS WERE INVENTED.—The first little beginning in what afterward became opera-writing, took place about the time of the discovery of America. It was proposed to revive the Greek drama, and as that was accompanied by music, also either to revive Greek music or to substitute something more advanced. What was done then, of course, was but a faint shadow of things to come. It was not until about the year 1600 that the opera form became at all like the present; and perhaps

it was a century later before any very special likeness to the present compositions can be perceived. In this formative period worked the true "discoverers" of opera, and honorable mention should be made of Galilei (father of the astronomer), Bardì, Caccini, Peri, Viadana, Emilio del Cavaliere, Monteverde, Cavalli, Carissimi, Cesti, Scarlatti, Lully, and, in England, Purcell. These people, with their works, are nearly forgotten.

THE WONDERS OF THE HEAVENS. By Camille Flammarion. From the French, by Mrs. Norman Lockyer. With Forty-eight Illustrations. One vol., 12mo; pp. 289; cloth. Price, \$1 50. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

Aye, wonders indeed! How vast and how incomprehensible to a finite mind! Yet we can measure the planets! we can predict with scientific accuracy the return of each eclipse for hundreds of years to come! Is this not marvelous? No; it is *science*—it is *knowledge*! Let all small and narrow-minded bigots read "The Wonders of the Heavens," and grow.

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A novel of no particular merit in character, plot, or composition. Why indifferent writers, like the author of the above, should attempt to deal with subjects far beyond their grasp, like the question of Roman Catholicism, is a problem the solution of which can only be found in the fact that their ambition far exceeds their ability. The book is handsomely published, as are all those issued by Messrs. Dodd & Mead.

PUBLIC AND PARLOR READINGS—PROSE and Poetry—for the Use of Reading Clubs, and for Public and Social Entertainment—Humorous. By Lewis B. Monroe. One vol., 12mo; pp. 318; cloth. Price, \$1 50. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The author says: "One of the great needs in our busy American community is innocent recreation;" and like a good physician, he prescribes allopathic doses of—not physic, but—fun. There are a hundred or more of the most racy and popular "pieces" extant,—from Widow Bedott to Mark Twain. All our American humorous writers contribute to make the best book of the sort we have seen.

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Valuable hints on a very important subject. We regret the author did not point out the great injury done to the eyes by the use of tobacco. The book will do good.

LAURA C. HOLLOWAY'S new book, "Homes of Famous Americans," will be out in the early fall. It is to be handsomely illustrated with engravings of the "homes" of the most celebrated American artists, authors, statesmen, etc., and promises to be an exceedingly interesting volume. It is in the hands of her former publishers.

THE KNIGHTLY SOLDIER. A Biography of Major HENRY WARD CAMP, of the Tenth Connecticut Volunteers. By Chaplain H. Clay Trumbull. One vol., 12mo; pp. 349; cloth. Price, \$2. Boston, Mass.: Noyes, Holmes & Co.

A handsome, manly man, with a face beaming with intellectual and spiritual beauty, was Henry W. Camp, the subject of this volume. If there be any truth in physiognomy, if feature and character accord, we need not go beyond the frontispiece for a confirmation of our first statement. But deep regrets come over us when we reflect how much good such a man could have done in the world had he not been cut off in his youth.

Mr. Trumbull has performed the task of biographer in a most creditable manner; nothing but love could inspire such faithfulness. The book is most beautifully published.

A SMALLER SCRIPTURE HISTORY. In Three Parts: Old Testament History; Connection of Old and New Testaments; New Testament History to A.D. 1870. By Wm. Smith, D.C.L., LL.D. Illustrated by Engravings on wood. One vol., 12mo; pp. 875; cloth. Price, \$1. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Theological students, clergymen, and Sunday-school teachers will find this the most condensed Scriptural history yet published.

CHRISTIANITY—its Origin, Nature, and Tendency considered in the light of Astro-Theology. By Rev. D. W. Hall. 18mo pamphlet; pp. 75. Price, 25 cents. Baltimore: The Cosmopolitan Publishing Company.

The object is to prove the pagan origin of Christianity; to do away with the Atonement, and show that heaven is a condition, not a place. The author supports the views of modern Spiritualists.

THE handsomest educational or school magazine in America is the *Connecticut School Journal*, published at \$1 50 a year, in New Haven, Ct. H. C. Davis is the editor.

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PROCEEDINGS of the Homeopathic Medical Society of Ohio. Sixth Annual Session Convened at Dayton, Ohio, May 10th and 11th, 1870. Octavo; pp. 84. Price, 50 cents. Published in Cleveland.

The constitution and by-laws, name and address of each member of the society, topics discussed, etc., are given in this report. Progress and improvement seems to be the motto of the Ohio homeopathic physicians.

THE FIGHT AT DAME EUROPA'S SCHOOL: Showing how the German Boy Thrashed the French Boy, and how the English Boy Looked on. With thirty-three Illustrations, by Thomas Nast. 12mo; pp. 34. Price, paper, 25 cents; cloth, 50 cents. New York: Francis B. Felt & Co.

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Whether the views—Unitarian—of the author be accepted or not, one thing is certain, he will set people to thinking; and if "the agitation of thought be the beginning of wisdom," he will do good service. But has he touched bottom? Has he taken a skylight view of the above? Has he comprehended God? or, is his secular philosophy all-comprehensive? Let the investigation go on.

THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY. A Novel.

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The modest editor withholds his name from a very meritorious production. We should like to present every reader of this JOURNAL with a copy, if we could afford it.

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A well-conducted magazine for boys and girls.

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The author has many admirers in America, and the present story will be perused with interest by all who have read "Consuelo."

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By Rev. J. B. Dunn, of the Beach Street Presbyterian Church, Boston, Mass. One vol. 12mo.; pp. 29; paper. Price, 15 cents. New York National Temperance Society and Publication House, 58 Reade Street.

A good thing to read—a better thing is to practice its teachings.

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August, 1871.

[WHOLE No. 391.]



JOHN TYNDALL, THE EMINENT CHEMIST.

THIS face indicates strength of character in the line of thought; he is earnest, even to intensity, in whatever may employ his faculties. The term "thorough-going" is generally considered applicable to work of a mechanical

or commercial sort, or those kinds of employment which call into requisition chiefly muscle; but it has no less relation to pursuits specially mental. To Professor Tyndall we can apply the term in its fullest significance. He is *thorough-going*; whatever he may be induced to consider in the way of scientific investigation finds in him the very opposite of a superficial worker. He penetrates to the core; scrutinizes each step of the way, and is not satisfied until he has completely sifted a matter.

He is by no means an ostentatious man; affects nothing; but has no small share of ambition to accomplish whatever he attempts; few men, in fact, are more ambitious in this respect.

The breadth of the head in the upper part, on a line with the ears, indicates large Cautiousness, which his intense temperament renders a marked quality in his character. In working out the successive stages of an investigation, few men would exhibit so much care in perfecting them; he rarely finds it necessary to review or re-examine work which he has done. In those departments of scientific inquiry which demand the closest scrutiny, as for instance chemical analysis, Prof. Tyndall is the man who should distinguish himself. His perceptive intellect is strongly indicated, while the reasoning organs present a fair balance. The fullness in the region of the temples indicates no small degree of mechanical ability, besides marked ideality. Although a man of science, he gives heed to the promptings of a strong imagination, and doubtless owes much to the stimulus of that faculty for his brilliant successes.

The face of Professor Tyndall, to a superficial observer, may appear somewhat sharp and irregular in outline; but the more closely it is examined by a thoughtful mind, the more of symmetry and homogeneousness appears. There is

grace in the set of the features; there is a quiet and even gentle expression in the eyes, while the very nose itself indicates harmony of organization and a high tone of culture.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL, the successor of Faraday in the chair of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution of Great Britain, was born in the year 1820, in the little town of Leighlin Bridge, Ireland. His father was a man in very moderate circumstances, but of superior mental capacity. Having a strong taste for religious controversy, he became interested in the discussions of the period relating to the Church of England and the Church of Rome, and being particularly desirous that his son should be acquainted with the principles of the two churches, and should have as clear an understanding of their differences as might be, he prescribed for him lessons and exercises on their primary tenets. The discipline thus received had no little effect upon young Tyndall's mind, and developed in him a love of independence in thought and opinion. His chief study while at school seems to have been mathematics, for which he had a preference.

In 1839 he joined the Ordnance Survey, a branch of which was stationed at his native place. In this new sphere he quickly acquired a practical knowledge of the business, becoming in turn draughtsman, calculator, surveyor, and trigonometrical observer.

An incident which occurred in 1841 was probably a turning-point in his career. While stationed at Cork he was engaged in map drawing, and a gentleman by name of Ivers, who had a position in the same room, showed considerable interest in his work. One day Mr. Ivers asked Tyndall how he employed his leisure, and the answer not being quite satisfactory, Ivers remarked, "You have five hours a day at your disposal, and this time ought to be devoted to systematic study; had I, when at your age, had a friend to advise me, as I now advise you, instead of being in my present subordinate position, I should be the equal of Colby" (then director of the survey). This remark had such an effect on Tyndall that the very next morning he was at his books before five o'clock, and the practice then begun he maintained for twelve years.

In about the year 1844 he had concluded to come to America, on account of poor prospects in his professional line. An engagement by a

Manchester firm, however, diverted his attention, and gave him employment in railway engineering. Three years were spent at this kind of work, in the prosecution of which he exhibited remarkable perseverance under difficulties, and extreme caution. So anxious was he in the matter of accuracy, that he "pushed verification beyond the limits of all ordinary prudence; and on returning from a hard day's work he has been known to retrace his steps for miles, in order to assure himself of the security of some 'bench-mark' upon whose permanence the accuracy of his levels depended."

In 1847 he accepted an appointment as teacher in Queenstown College, in Hampshire, a new institution, devoted partly to junior instruction and partly to the preliminary technical education of agriculturists and engineers. It was surrounded by eight hundred acres of land, upon which, besides farming, surveying, leveling, and other engineering operations were to be practically taught.

Professor Tyndall here developed remarkable tact and resources in the management of insubordinate students, declining all harsh expedients and depending for influence upon pure force of character.

In the laboratory of this institution he found Mr. Frankland, now the distinguished professor in the Royal School of Chemistry in London. Desirous of pursuing their scientific studies under more favorable circumstances, the two friends left England in company in 1848, and repaired to the University of Marburg, to study under the celebrated chemist and physician Bunsen.

Professor Tyndall attended also the lectures of Professor Gerling and Knoblauch, and the mathematical lectures of Stegmann. His first scientific paper was prepared here, and was a mathematical essay on "Screw Surfaces." But the investigation which first made him known to the scientific world was one "On the Magneto-optic Properties of Crystals, and the Relation of Magnetism and Diamagnetism to Molecular Arrangement."

In 1851 he went to Berlin, and continued his researches on the newly discovered force of diamagnetism, and on the magnetic properties of crystals, in the laboratory of Professor Magnus.

The same year he returned to London, and shortly afterward became acquainted with the celebrated Faraday. In 1852 he was elected a member of the Royal Institute, and in 1853 was appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy to that establishment.

The first three years of Mr. Tyndall's residence in London were devoted to an exhaustive investigation of diamagnetic polarity, and the general phenomena of the diamagnetic force—magne-crystallic action included. In the *Philosophical Transactions* and *Philosophical Magazine* he published various memoirs on these subjects, all of which were received with favor by the scientific world.

In 1849 Professor Tyndall made his first excursion to Switzerland, for the purpose of healthful relaxation and exercise. In 1856 he went to the Alps in company with Professor Huxley, to test the application of certain views regarding the cleavage of slate-rocks to the structure of glacial ice. In 1857 he spent nearly six weeks at the Montanvert, and, assisted by Professor Hirst, made a complete investigation of the *Mer de Glace* and its tributaries. This investigation necessitated many perilous expeditions, which are described in the narrative portion of his book "On the Glaciers of the Alps," published in 1860. He devoted the year 1857 to the investigation of a single glacier; but wishing to render his knowledge more varied and general, Professor Tyndall visited almost all the great glaciers of the Alps in 1858, and for several succeeding years returned regularly to Switzerland, reviving his health and gratifying his love of adventure by scaling the most formidable of the Alpine obelisks.

The scientific researches for which Professor Tyndall is chiefly distinguished relate to the molecular constitution of matter. Beginning with his magneto-optical and diamagnetic investigations, he has pursued this train of inquiry with the most interesting results. His researches on the relations of radiant heat to the constitution of vapors are embodied in his able work entitled "Heat as a Mode of Motion," published in 1863, and he has subsequently still further and successfully pursued them.

As a thinker, Professor Tyndall's position is a unique and commanding one. He is not only thoroughly disciplined in the methods of science, a consummate and indefatigable experimenter, full of new devices, both for the exploration and the illustration of phenomena, but he is also a man of enlarged and independent views, to which his high scientific position gives weight and force with the public. This is shown in the general interest that is taken in whatever Professor Tyndall has to say to the public, and whatever the subject upon which he speaks. Of his character as a writer it is

perhaps superfluous to speak; but it may be remarked that the same extraordinary power of vivid imagination which he carries into his experimental researches, and which is tasked to its highest in grasping the conception of complex molecular phenomena, is equally manifested in those bold and striking images with which he enriches his descriptions and narrations. Mr. Ripley says of him:

"His expositions of the theory of heat and light and sound, and of some of the more interesting Alpine phenomena, are acknowledged to be masterpieces of popular statement, to which few parallels can be found in the records of modern science. But in addition to this he possesses a rare power of eloquence and manifold attainments in different departments of learning. I do not know that he has ever written poetry, but he is certainly a poet in the fire of his imagination and in his love for all the forms of natural beauty. Nor has he disdained to make himself familiar with the leading metaphysical theories of the past age, in spite of the disrepute and comparative obscurity into which that science has been thrown by the brilliant achievements of physical research. I noticed with pleasure, in his conversation, his allusions to Fichte, Goethe, R. W. Emerson, Henry Heine, and other superior lights of the literary world, showing an appreciation of their writings which could only have been the fruit of familiar personal studies."

And a writer in *Appletons' Journal*, to whom we are indebted for the substance of this sketch, says:

"Although neither fluent nor eloquent in the current rhetorical sense, he carries his audience completely with him by the clearness and freshness of his expositions and the brilliancy and boldness of his illustrations. Of a highly-vitalized and restless temperament, and a wiry, elastic physique, which is superbly adapted to Alpine climbing, his movements upon the platform are rapid and decisive, and hardly conform to those ideal curves of grace which are so prized in declamatory art. But of his characteristics in this respect we need not speak, as he has pledged himself to come to this country and lecture, when the public will be able to judge for themselves."

As sledging gives muscle to the blacksmith's arm, so thinking increases the power to think. He who masters one subject, gains in mental capacity, and is, therefore, the more able to grapple with another and more difficult one.

The mind, as well as the body, needs its gymnasium. Each faculty should be developed to its appropriate power, and the whole molded into symmetry.—*Exchange*.

FOLLOW YOUR BENT.

IF NONE, WHAT TO DO.

IN the columns of the *Courier Journal*, if we mistake not, we remember to have read something about to this effect: It is a pity that every man when he is born does not have a label hung on his neck telling what he is good for, for many men spend the greater part of their lives in endeavoring to ascertain for what they are best fitted, and if, perchance, they succeed, do so too late in life to apply successfully the knowledge thus gained. Ridiculous as the idea may seem to be, there is far more truth in it than at first blush appears. For every chieftain really competent to lead an army, there are many thousands fit only to obey orders, though men in abundance among them are found well qualified to fill all intermediate positions; for every statesman capable of properly directing the policy of a nation, there are multitudes of civil officers fit only to follow directions, and for every man able to originate and conduct any great enterprise in private life, there are many thousands who will make most excellent sub-officers and workmen, without whom the work can not go on, and who are therefore as indispensable to its success as the master-mind who plans and directs. Ferdinand de Lesseps was the leading spirit of the Suez Canal, yet when English diplomacy had disbanded in one day his army of fellow-workmen, and left him in command of a deserted camp, he must have succumbed but for the inventive genius of his chief-engineer, who planned and erected the steam-giants which so successfully performed the labor of thousands of men.

The world has never witnessed a grander triumph of intellects combining harmoniously, and using the forces of a nation, than the late Franco-Prussian war has afforded. Bismarck was necessary as the guiding spirit to mature the stupendous plan, and by his statesmanship to prepare the way for the advent of the soldier who was to cement with blood the union effected by the measures of the Chancellor. Moltke was no less necessary to bring the army to the state of perfection absolutely demanded for the aggressive movement in preparation for it, albeit it came sooner than was expected; he

was needed to project the mighty and comprehensive plan of invasion, and to direct the half million of armed warriors with whom he operated like a skilled chess-player; and King William was no less needed for the success of the whole movement as an arbiter of difficulties, and a central point around which to rally both statesman and soldier. It is not pretended that he possessed the comprehensive and sagacious wisdom of his prime minister, or the magnificent, scheming, combining genius of his commander-in-chief, yet it is equally as certain that without him the one could not have managed the resources, nor the other the armies, of Germany.

A place for every man, and every man in his place, seems, then, to be the condition of success in every great undertaking, and consequently in every small one also, for great ones are but combinations of small ones. Then comes the query, how is one to know for what he is fitted?

Almost every man of very decided character has an inclination for some particular pursuit in which he is anxious to achieve success, and so marked is this generally, that neither he nor his friends will have any difficulty in perceiving it. Let him follow that, if it be *possible*, for in that line he is most certain to gain distinction. Many men, however, are so cosmopolitan in their tastes and versatile in their capacities, that it matters little to them in what they engage. Their pride leads them to strive for success in whatever they may undertake, and besides, success brings wealth; hence there is no lack of stimulus to exertion. Many men, too, are unable, from the force of surrounding circumstances, to follow the calling of their choice, and enter upon that which offers to them the greatest pecuniary inducements. They have no *special* desire to achieve reputation in it, and prosecute it for the sake of its pecuniary reward; hence they become mere money-getters.

The cases in which men have met with very decided success in any occupation or profession have almost always been those for which they have shown a great predilection; and they have engaged in it frequently under the most discouraging circumstances, and pursued it persistently when ordinary men would have abandoned it in despair. They found their reward in their labor, and if they were progressing toward their goal, it mattered little to them whether they were accumulating a golden store or not. They worked for the future, taking good care to make a diligent use of the

present, well satisfied that the future would bring its reward. Such men hardly need to be pointed to their goal; it is shrined in their inmost hearts. What they most need are words of encouragement and cheer coupled with suggestive advice, lest they faint by the wayside in the dark days which so often occupy the prominent places in their early calendar.

There is, as we have already said, a large class of men who have no decided inclination for any particular pursuit, and are at a loss to know in what to engage. They are not destitute of talent by any means, but they have not the polar star of a fixed purpose like the first, to draw them onward and to light their upward way. These men will accomplish much, very much, provided only that they be properly directed, and they will soon come from very force of habit to love the pursuit in which they engage, and to be very desirous of achieving success in it. What they need is, when they arrive at the period of life in which they must choose some occupation, some guiding head to ascertain for what they are best qualified, and start them fairly in the track in which they are most likely to succeed. Judicious friends and relatives are often able to do this successfully, but not unfrequently they are as unable to direct him as the young candidate himself, and serve only to perplex him with their multifarious counsel. Here Phrenology steps in to his aid and brings with her a long array of facts to substantiate its claims. It claims that the *mind* is *man*, and it claims to be the science (knowing) of mind. And it is but justice to say that it is continually gaining converts to its principles, and the many who have availed themselves of its advantages testify that their confidence in its ability to do what it claims was not misplaced, but greatly strengthened by the trial, and themselves greatly improved by acting upon the advice received.

Every man of very decided cast of mind must, from his very organization, decide for himself upon those subjects which may now and then be brought to the bar of his judgment. But because he is unwilling to be governed by the dictum of any man, there is no reason why he should not avail himself of all the information possible to be obtained, and summon all the witnesses whose testimony he can command, ere he form his opinion and enter his verdict; and if he be wise, this is just what he will do. To this test Phrenology makes not the slightest objection. She only asks a fair hearing before an unbiassed judge, and if she be unable to convince of the truth

of her argument, she has no word of condemnation for those thus unconvinced. Her advice is, Use *all* means within your reach to ascertain your bent, and then by all means follow it.

T. J. P., JR.

GOD IS WRITING EVERYWHERE!

BY this we understand that the workings of God are seen through nature, and his writing indelibly traced on tablets of stone, on the deep water's wave, and in the very air we breathe, which at times is so clear, so balmy, and then again dense with gathering storm or vivid with flashing fire. In these elements God displays his power. His writings on the human heart display his mercy; and were it not for the latter, how futile would the former be to accomplish his great work, the elevation—redemption from sin and degradation—of the whole human family. Philosophers may search, theologians propound, but without the light of God in their souls, their efforts would prove useless toward this great end. One true man with divinity indwelling will do far more toward elevating his kind than a legion of mere scientists, who practically study the laws of nature, and coldly promulgate truths devoid of the light, the life, the spirit of the great Creator of those laws.

Sympathy is the key with which to unlock the human heart,—charity and mercy are aids by which it can be educated. As darkness flees before the light, so does ignorance vanish before knowledge. The stronger vanquishes the weaker.

Then why should we fear to meet error? If strong in the conviction of a truth, we may rest assured that "truth will prevail," and theories, creeds, and doctrines stand or fall as their own merits may predict.

Then should we feel the greater charity for those in error, knowing that when they *see* the truth they will accept it, and are no more to be blamed for not seeing it than the blind man, who, seeing no light, persists in the belief there is none—to him there is not. When a man or a woman feels sympathy for his or her kind, charity for ignorance, mercy for sin, on that heart is plainly traced the writing of the Divine hand, and blessed is that life,—its "peace flows like a river."

Happiness is the earnest wish of us all, then why not start on the right road which leads to it? To make others happy, pour consolation into some despairing heart—varied are the means—is among the surest ways to bring happiness to our own. Money can not make us happy; loving friends are powerless to create happiness for us. It is within ourselves the "jewel lies, and fools are they who roam."

It is said by some that women are severest and most unkind toward their own sex. This is not true of the generous, high-souled woman, for to her her own sex is dearest. Jealousy may be a great source of unhappiness to women especially; but when an enemy is seen it is half conquered; and when women realize they take an enemy into their breast which eats away their own peace of mind, banishes happiness, and curdles all streams of enjoyment, for their own sakes they would shut the door and say to this green-eyed monster, "Here you can not enter." When we realize that it is not in the power of any human being to give us happiness, or take it from us, we will never blame others for misery we may endure, but looking within ask ourselves if we will permit our peace to be disturbed. Enemies may annoy and cause suffering, but they are powerless to make us miserable if within our own hearts peace reigns and conscious rectitude. And although friends may add greatly to our enjoyment and minister to our happiness, yet the seeds of that happiness must be sown and take root in our own souls, or the genial rays of friendship can not cause them to expand and bring forth fruit.

Theology is one great cause of difference of dissension among Christians. The reflecting mind is led to ask, Why is this? The Word of God is free to all, but then we interpret that word so differently, and what to one may seem a command, to another seems a reprimand. Then what is left to us? How can we decide when "lawyers and ministers disagree?" By looking upward and *within* for our light. God's greatest gift to man is reason, and when he prostrates that at the feet of another, and chooses for his guide a human being, he may expect a guide prone to err,—one fallible, as all mortals are.

We may lose confidence in mortals, be up-

set in our theology, but while the mountains stand and the oceans roll we must ever believe in a Supreme Power, a grand Creator, whose voice through nature speaks plainly to our reason; whose providing care and love call forth our deepest admiration, humblest veneration, profoundest love. All we see, hear, and feel, only tells us in unmistakable words that God is writing everywhere.

C. J. GODBE.

PHRENOLOGY IN COLLEGE.—While glancing over the elaborate circular of Eminence College, Kentucky, we were pleased to find that Phre-

nology constitutes one of the studies in its appointed curriculum. The item in the department of study headed "Science and Literature" stands simply thus, "Phrenology (Combe)." We have little doubt that this College, established as it has been under auspices of the most favorable character, will ere long take a most eminent position in the field of American education, and in every respect fully justify the name by which it is known. The catalogue for 1871 contains all the information in detail which may be required by those contemplating a course of study for themselves or others. The regulations in the way of discipline are really admirable, without being severe.

Department of Religion and Psychology.

Know,
Without or star, or angel, for their guide,
Who worship God shall find him.—*Young's Night Thoughts.*
The soul, the mother of deep fears, of high hopes infinite;
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears, of sleepless fever night.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

UNDER THE SURFACE; OR, UNIVERSAL LAW.

BY WILLIAM PITTENGER,

Author of "Daring and Suffering," "Oratory, Sacred and Secular," etc.

LIFE, with all its variety and interest, is usually a product of the surface. Our globe is only peopled outside, and, so far as we know, all the interior is absolutely lifeless. Even in the softer element of water the denizens are mostly superficial creatures, avoiding long abodes far below the surface. Electricity also, whether accumulating on jars, or globes, or clouds, follows the same rule. But most things have roots that strike downward, away from the glare of light and the self-assertion of stem, and leaf, and flower. Though these are unseen, they could not easily be spared, and even in themselves constitute a valuable part of the vegetable world. The delicious potato, the savory beet, and the fragrant onion are cases in point. The geologist pretends to care for the very stones under the earth's surface, and other men of similar tastes are not wanting who cast lines and dredges down to the bottom of the sea. There is a fascination about hidden things altogether independent of any utility they may possess. Who does not delight in gazing on some beautiful prospect that is concealed from general inspection?

I recall a memorable day on which I enjoyed a high degree of this kind of pleasure.

With two companions I had wandered all day under ground, in a little known but glorious cave in Indiana; had crawled on hands and knees through long passages, slid down dark holes, and clambered up overhanging precipices. At length we came to a tract of beautifully sanded floor, as smooth as if prepared for a gladiatorial combat in one of the arenas of old Rome. The arched ceiling was twenty feet overhead, and rose higher as we advanced. The passage also widened, but we soon reached apparently the end of it, a pile of rocks filling the whole breadth and rising to the very top. Up this, however, we climbed, with no small degree of difficulty, using hands as well as feet. When our heads nearly touched the ceiling, we perceived a ragged hole, dark, and obstructed by pointed rocks, large enough to admit a man and opening directly upward. Into this and on we went, as if climbing the sides of a narrow, inverted well, darkness above and now darkness below. Soon we reached what seemed the top, or at least an expansion of the perpendicular tunnel, and rested for a moment on a ledge of rock. But oh, the wonder and the awe when we again lifted our eyes! We had firm footing, and behind us rose a smooth

wall of rock, faintly illuminated by the glimmer of our candles, but towering far beyond their tiny ray; but before us gloom, darkness, utter vacancy! To the excited imagination creation seemed all passed, and we from its utmost verge contemplating space and nothingness beyond. Silence, also, at first seemed supreme, but not long; for, as we gazed, sounds came out of the darkness—faint, miles away—drawing near and again receding, seeming the beating of surf on a distant shore, the trampling of innumerable feet, and, again, cries of solitary, unutterable woe!

The reality of our situation was a fitting basis for such fancies. We had come out on the side of a mammoth subterranean hall, a thousand feet in circumference, whose floor lay far beneath our position, and whose dome mounted two hundred feet still above. We were more than a mile, by the nearest path, from daylight. When a bright illumination had been provided, we saw a real mountain in the center, crowned with half a dozen gigantic figures shrouded in white, and we surveyed the vaulted dome itself, a beautiful oval, belted round with mighty strata, variegated in color, and studded with innumerable pendent stalactites, many of them a score of feet in length. From the tips of these, silvery drops of water fell on the heads of the figures below, and the echoes caused by their fall were caught up, multiplied a thousand-fold, and rolled with startling distinctness around the cave.

This was one of nature's lately discovered wonders. No man can tell how many similar, or even far more sublime scenes lie beneath our feet, concealed in the bowels of the earth. But what is the significance of them all combined? One glance at the star-gemmed canopy of night, one moment of the free sunlight playing over the hills and valleys of the surface, far excels them in all the elements of real beauty and glory. Yet, because of their commonness, these latter are almost unheeded, while men traverse thousands of miles to look upon the strange and unknown.

The same passion for strangeness and novelty is strong in childhood. What real boy does not find far more pleasure in smashing an ingenious toy, in search for the mystery inside, than in exercising all its legitimate capabilities?

But in the world of thought there is a surface as well as in physical things, and consequently a subsoil. The appearance of objects, whether seen or thought about, belongs of

course to the outside only. But with each discovery men go deeper than appearances, until there comes to be a complete contrast and opposition between what is known to exist and what the senses reveal. Could we remove our lines back in time beyond the birth of science, the world, with the very same outside, would look totally different, because of the great diminution of our underlying knowledge. To test the extent of this change, let us try to draw around us the mental horizon of a citizen of the ancient world—suppose a contemporary of Julius Cæsar.

The earth is flat, of course, and we live on the top, while it extends downward an indefinite, perhaps an infinite distance. It may, however, float in a bottomless sea. We rather think there are vast caverns in it—two at least. The abode of Pluto is there, and, also, some kind of fissure or channel by which the setting sun passes to the east. We don't believe that it stands on the back of an elephant, and the elephant on a turtle, or even that Atlas carries it on his shoulders. These stories did well enough for the times of our superstitious ancestors, but we have outgrown them. On our own plane we are bounded by mystery and terror. Southward is the zone of fire, inhabited, where inhabited at all, by hideous monsters. Eastward are deserts and wandering tribes, extending—no man can tell how far. Northward lie gloomy, howling regions of ice and snow, the abode of demons. Westward is the encircling sea; and perhaps if a paradise exists at all, it is embosomed somewhere amid the waves that flame so brightly beneath the setting sun. The clouds are the chariots of spirits, and when storms darken, and Jupiter flings his blazing bolts through the hissing air, we can almost see him at his work. The stars are set in a wonderful and complicated dome of glass, moved by ponderous, world-embracing machinery that requires the superintendence of many powerful deities. There are living beings shrouded in mystery everywhere; but although we can not ascertain much about them, one thing is certain, the Roman Empire is, to all practical intents and purposes, the world, and we need not greatly trouble ourselves about anything outside of it, either above or beneath. It has the best laws, the finest roads, the grandest cities, and the highest civilization possible. Thank Jupiter that we have been born Romans!

These crude conceptions of old were not abandoned in mass, but were exchanged, one

thing at a time, for the clearer ideas of the present day, through a process something like the following: When the eye first beholds an object in a new field, the intellect instinctively guesses its nature and relations. These guesses are almost certain to be wrong. Further observation and study displaces them, one after another, and slowly, but with exceeding majesty and grace, the truth rises into form, enthroned forever. Then the foundation of our knowledge, no longer resting on the shifting sands of the surface, has touched the living rock.

It is to a banquet of roots we now invite you, hoping that if not too delicate in flavor or strong in nourishment they will at least be wholesome. Who is not frequently conscious of a most earnest and burning desire to get at the causes of things? The universe moves around us—terrible sometimes, beautiful often, but always a profound problem. Whence its origin? What the source of its activity? How are its numberless forces controlled? If we attempt to answer all these questions, the morning sun will rise before we are fairly under way, not to raise the very serious question of ability. But there is one master key we would like to find, and make trial of upon a few of the perplexing locks that close the richly-furnished apartments of God's great world-mansion against careless intruders.

In order to be sure of starting far enough back in our search for this key, let us return to our Roman friend. He had great faith in the dominion of spirit over matter. The world was full of powerful, superhuman beings, ruling each in his own narrow realm and keeping order there, that is, if disorder did not happen to suit him better. If a murmur was heard in the top of the pines, the god of the grove was complaining. If a loosened rock rolled down the mountain side, the god who dwelt on the peak had flung it in anger at some of his compeers on the plain. An intelligent spirit was at the bottom of the most common occurrence. The idea of law was very faint, and all the forces of the universe were supposed to result from the activity of myriads of beings, governed by the same whims, caprices, and mingled motives that impel mankind. How strangely we would feel if we thought there was a spirit in each forest and field, each hill and plain, each brook and river, seated at every fireside, rocked on every wave, sailing on every cloud, fanned in every breeze, dwelling in, and controlling every object on the whole earth!

Yet this belief, so full of poetic fancy, was never entirely real. Experience was against it. The legends were complete and attested by witnesses enough, but the unworded logic of daily life went deeper. Many a poor man had sore strife between belief and unbelief, with perpetual oscillations from one to the other. Law was felt where it could not be seen, and the Naiads and Dryads, and Satyrs and Fauns, and Nymphs and Titans, and even the greater gods, had to be careful how they exercised their functions, especially in broad daylight.

When observation began to build a durable structure of scientific knowledge, the tendency to disbelieve spiritual and seek natural causes increased. The incoming of Christianity had an effect, though rather in changing names than in producing broader views in this direction. The patron saints, the Virgin, and the arbitrary intervention of God supplied to the middle ages the place that had been occupied more anciently by the clumsier machinery of mythology. But science was not satisfied with altered names. She would allow of no compromise. Her voice was ever heard as she stepped into new fields, proclaiming in tones silvery clear, if rather cold, "Here is law. I find nothing but law. Every fact is explained by law." Faith asks appealingly, "But where is God?" Science grown bold through repeated conquests, responds, "I see him not. I have dredged the ocean, have belted the earth, have swept the heavens with all-penetrating telescope, but have not discovered God." Faith persists, "I know he lives. He must reign." Science rejoins, "I can not tell. The stars move in self-regulated circles, the fire mist evolves new worlds, the cooling globes break forth into vernal bloom, and life in ordered succession comes forth. There is a law for it all, and in the unchanging cycles of that law all existence moves. I find no need for the hypothesis of a God." With saddened mien, Faith speaks once more, "Sister, forsake me not. Believe with me. I see His footstep on the highway of history. I have marked His fostering care for the church. His hand only holds the gates of death and immortality." Sternly now the answer is hurled back, "Babbler, peace. History is but the evolution of life controlled by climate and other natural agencies. Religious development is governed by law as inexorable as the flowing tides. Death is but the bursting of a bubble on the ocean surface, followed by the rise of other bubbles which shall likewise dance and glitter for a moment, but itself perished forever!"

Who shall decide this controversy, not by

finding the so-called golden medium which is almost sure to be an utterly false and untenable position, but a higher point of view, revealing the truth in all its varied and apparently conflicting relations. To illustrate the ill consequences of missing this, we modernize an old story. Two Irishmen (probably Fenians) met at the door of their accustomed tavern, right under its renovated sign. As they conversed brotherly wise, one of them, looking up at the improvement, exclaimed, "Arrah, Jem, an' did ye say the beautifullest horse our landlord's ben afther paintin'?" "Och, an' it's meself that does that same, Patrick; but sure, an' that same horse is an illegant mule." "No more is it a mule, Jem, than meself!" "Hould aisy there, Pat. Don't be afther callin' names. Don't I see its tail, and its swate airs plainer than the big red nose on yer face, bad luck to yez!" Contradiction succeeded contradiction until the dispute warmed into blows. Eyes were blackened, heads broken, and noses bloodied before it occurred to them to take another look, and a long and puzzled look it was. In the battle they had occupied considerable ground, and described more than one circle, and now, wonderful to relate, the horse had changed to a mule, and the mule to a horse. Another battle was imminent, for both were as positive as before, had not an amused bystander interfered, and by a little dextrous maneuvering convinced them that the board had a mule drawn on one side and a horse on the other.

John G. Saxe shows the many-sidedness of truth still more strikingly in some graceful verses:

"It was six men of Hindoestan
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the elephant,
Though all of them were blind,
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

"The *first* approached the elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl—
'O bless me!—but the elephant
Is very like a wall.'

"The *second*, feeling of the tusk,
Cried 'Ho! what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 'tis mighty clear
This wonder of an elephant
Is very like a spear.'

"The *third* approached the animal,
And happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake,
'I see,' quoth he, 'the elephant
Is very like a snake.'

"The *fourth* reached out his eager hand
And felt above the knee:
'What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain,' quoth he;
'Tis clear enough the elephant
Is very like a tree.'

"The *fifth*, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said, 'E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most:
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an elephant
Is very like a fan.'

"The *sixth* no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail,
That fell within his scope,
'I see,' quoth he, 'the elephant
Is very like a rope.'

"And so these men of Hindoestan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion,
Exceeding stiff and strong
Though each was partly in the right,
And partly in the wrong."

When the instinct of belief is uncontrolled it easily degenerates into superstition. Intellectual investigations, pushed without reverence, may reach the limit of pure atheism. The mind can not rest firmly in either conclusion. Superstition, which in a Christian country takes the form of attributing events to the will of God, regardless of physical causes, never retains dominion over any man who keeps his eyes open, and is not afraid to reason on what passes before them. When atheism, on the other hand, has discovered laws, and parades them before us with triumphant exultation, there is no need to be greatly disturbed, for a mightier question comes behind, *What is the origin and adjustment of law?*

This question, though far from easy, is very important, and in answering it we at once lock bayonets with every materialist in the world, expecting neither to give nor take quarter. What is law? *Law is the uniform mode in which Divine power operates—its origin, God's will; its adjustment, His wisdom.* On this answer, we throw down the gage of battle to all opposing parties. We will very cheerfully help the materialist to chastise all superstitious persons who think a law can ever be evaded, suspended, or repealed. But before proceeding to that business we must settle a point with him, and make ourselves clearly understood.

When we discover a law, according to this view, we have simply found the manner in which God, under similar circumstances, always acts. His will rests on every particle of

matter, giving it just such properties and powers as he desires, but does not govern it one way to-day and another to-morrow. What He has once done we may be sure he will do again under identical conditions, and thus continue as long as the world stands. For example, all particles of matter draw toward each other with a certain regulated force upon each atom, which, for the sake of a name, is called gravitation, but is simply God's power meted out in boundaries over which he might but will not pass. This is a supplement, not a contradiction to science. It finds the cause of law in the prevision of an all-wise Creator, who had certain purposes before him in the act of creation, and adapted all his means to them.

After the manner of good old John Bunyan, we now summon Mr. Atheist to the bar as a witness, and examine him concerning his knowledge of the origin of law. "My dear sir, do you know of any other hypothesis than that just sketched?" "Yes, sir; I do." "Well, what is it?" "Why, it is what I myself hold, and is the *only* philosophical one." "Of course. Describe it." "It is the scheme of eternal necessity. Everything is as it is, because it *could* be no other way." "That's satisfactory. But you see no ordering of laws, no indications of purpose?" "None at all. Inherent qualities work out inevitable results. Where the qualities came from nobody knows, except that they have always been as they now are." "Why, this is only changing names. Instead of law, you now say 'inherent quality.' But it will not do; for all we can learn of nature indicates intelligence, which neither laws nor qualities in themselves can have. For instance, it is a quality of bodies to expand with heat and contract with cold. Tyndall shows how this result is attained by the motion of their particles. Heat, a rapid vibration of atoms, counteracts their attraction in a greater or less degree, and separates them more widely—causes them to expand. Cold reverses the process. But if water followed this rule in freezing, the world would be uninhabitable, for ice would then be heavier than water, and by sinking in all river beds, lakes, and seas, where it would remain unthawed, would soon fill up all depressions and deluge the whole surface of the land. But, as if on purpose to prevent such a calamity, water follows the law only until it comes within seven degrees of the freezing-point, and then, turning right around, begins to expand until ice is formed lighter than the fluid, when, the danger being passed, it returns to the com-

mon rule. No other substance, so far as known, except one unimportant metal, acts in this way. It is no suspension of law, but the ordering of a new law for water and bismuth just at the right point to prevent disastrous consequences. There are ten thousand instances of similar beneficent adjustments. Does it look like the work of necessity or of God?"

But we can trace power directly to its origin in one case only. Shall we find that to be necessity or spirit? In all the voluntary movements of our bodies mind controls matter. When my arm moves, it is not because of necessary qualities of motion inhering in its particles, but because of the determination of my will. A thought of the mind may, through the agency of the muscles, counteract a law of nature. We only contend that God, who gave this power to man, has a similar, but more pervasive and unlimited mastery of His universe. He puts forth His own native force as a living, changeless power, in the ten thousand various ways we call laws, for the accomplishment of intelligent purposes. If God's will thus embraces the universe, we need no other explanation of the constant, restless power underlying the whole of its wonderful structure.

But here comes an objection from another quarter. "What is the reason, if laws are simply forms of God's will, that they are so stiff and inflexible? Why are His relations to the world cast into such stereotyped molds? When He sees that a certain law gives pain, or is the occasion of evil, why not suspend it, which, on this supposition, would be as easy as to continue it?" There is danger, if we are not very careful, that the answer to this will get us into the foggy land of metaphysics. But an explanation may be hinted. Suppose you were in partnership in the execution of some delicate and complicated work, with a great and powerful—we'll not say giant or demon, for these have gone out of fashion—steam engine. As long as your partner confined himself to his own share of the business, and moved his ponderous beams and swift wheels with unvarying regularity, your skill, intelligence, and delicacy of touch could produce their proper effect, and together you would get on famously. But if he began to show signs of irregularity, or of wishing to get out of his grooves for any purpose whatever, you would become sensible of a strong desire to quit the business very abruptly, feeling something like a certain prudent soldier in a ho-

engagement, that presence of mind might be a good thing, but absence of body was decidedly better! Some time ago mother earth gave a slight shake—a mere quiver; but the whole country was in an uproar! Men fear nothing from the revolution of the earth around the sun on its own axis, or for the rise and fall of the tide; but another kind of motion, irregular and unexpected, is utterly confounding.

The principle here involved is, that finite beings can only work with an infinite one, or indeed exist at all, when He limits his strength by positive and unvarying rules. The ponderous system of nature, moved by His hand, is the life-basis of innumerable creatures, some of whom would be swallowed up at every turn by the overwhelming operations of God, if

these operations were not perfectly regular and capable of being understood and provided for. God works so calmly and steadily that the activity of the feeblest being can be supplemented to his without jar or conflict. For their sake, so far as appears, He has made the universe an unvarying machine, controlled by laws as unchangeable as himself, because the expression of his will in the best possible form. Settled by foreknowledge and infinite wisdom they are absolutely immutable. They deal alike with just and unjust, send pain and woe as inflexibly as joy and delight. A missionary sleeping on a malarious coast takes the fever as quickly as a slave-trader, and even if the whole Christian world prays for his recovery, the disease runs its regular course.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CITY OF PEACE.

BY MRS. HELEN A. MANVILLE.

WHEN the tears of this life are all over, dear friend,
And its turmoils forever shall cease,
When up the bright stairway our feet shall ascend
To the city whose name evermore shall be Peace,
Who will miss us, I wonder, from out the glad throng
Of the minstrels who come, and the minstrels who go?
Who will miss us, and, missing, will long for the song
We sang of an even long summers ago?
We know not; we know only this at the best,
We shall leave all our griefs in this valley of tears,

In the evergreen pastures of Life we shall rest, [years.
While the shuttle of Time throws the thread of the
The grave, the dark grave, has no terrors for me,
For Hope has embroidered the funeral pall;
The hands calmly folded, the sleep that we see,
The eyes closed to beauty, the ears deaf to call,—
I, never in thinking of those gone before,
In my heart can bemoan such mute symbols as those,
For they give to the sleeper the key to the door
That leads to the city—the city of Peace.

SPIRITUAL PRESENCE.

IS THE SPIRITUAL COGNIZABLE BY THE MATERIAL?

"How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful, besetuous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children who have never
Been dead indeed—as we shall know forever."

THE question of intercourse with the world of spirits has come to be debatable ground in this last part of the nineteenth century; not because of a lack of proof of it, both in the Divine Word or in the experience of Christians of all ages, but on account of the hardness of our hearts, which have looked only to worldly gain and elevation, and have stifled our aspirations heavenward. We have turned the head downward and the feet up, till our eyes can not bear the divine rays that would penetrate the darkness; and seeing no light in this position, we have said there is none. When friends

more interior in their lives than ourselves have come to us with the records of their experience, we have turned away, with, "Pshaw! you are growing visionary and superstitious."

Another error into which we have fallen with reference to spiritual communications is, that we have looked for spiritual evidence in a natural way; we have listened for concussions of the natural atmosphere upon natural substances, thereby producing sounds that may be heard with our natural ears, when we should know that the spiritual forces are above the reach of the natural or bodily senses. It is a spiritual law that the spirit flows down into the bodily organs and acts through them upon natural things; but the natural never yet has been able to flow back or upward to spirit. We can not reach out a natural hand and feel and grasp a spiritual substance, and so it is of all the other bodily or natural senses; the nat-

ural ear never heard a spiritual sound, neither has the natural eye seen a spiritual form or shape. A forgetfulness of this law, or a want of knowledge of it, has been the source of many terrors to timid, nervous persons with reference to what is termed ghost-seeing.

The quotation at the commencement of this article, though pleasing in its construction, and ending with the shadow of a beautiful truth, that our dead "have never yet been dead indeed," is yet based upon this error. In "Ben Adhem's Dream," it is said "exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold" enough to speak to the angel he saw; when if he had his spiritual sight opened, through which alone he could have seen him, he would have required no more courage to speak to him than he would to speak to any man quietly writing in his room. Do we not speak to friends deceased or not in our dreams? and are we frightened by their appearance any more than we are when in our normal or natural condition we speak to friends about us? The sense of terror and fright we have, with reference to spirits and angels, is from an idea of their state of life and our own clashing, and a semi-consciousness of being the weaker party; but sink the difference of state, suspend or depress the activities of our natural condition by sleep, by sickness, by grief, or by extreme fasting, and we meet on the same plane and know no fear. Who ever heard a person telling what is called a ghost story who showed symptoms of fear? and if a listener asked, "Were you not frightened? I should have been," the reply in such a case invariably is, "Oh, no, I never thought of fear at the time." Aside from such tales, whether real or fabrications, there are very few persons without some spiritual heirloom, some treasured final words of departing friends, which confirm this law. Let me cite a few that have come within the circle of my own friends, nothing doubting that readers from the store-rooms of their own memories may bring forth some fragmentary treasures sufficient to trim the garment we are endeavoring to make up.

In M—, Mass., Mrs. W., an intelligent Christian woman, who had buried two infant children, was drawing near her death, in what is provincially called a "decline." She lay as if fluttering between the two worlds for a number of days; on one of them, her husband going in from his business at noon, proceeded at once to her bedside, and found her alone. Becoming conscious of his presence, she said, "Thomas, have you been in the room long?" "No, my dear, I have just come in. Why do

you ask?" "Because a man was standing by the bed." Knowing that no one had been in, and thinking perhaps her spiritual sight was opened, he asked, "Did he speak to you?" "Yes, he repeated these words, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'" Conscious that her life had been eminently pure and good, and that she stated the fact precisely as she would had one of her friends been in the room and spoken to her, Mr. W. firmly believed that her interior senses were opening to the world of spirits; and this faith was confirmed a few hours after when in the moment of death she reached out her hands with an expression of pleasure and said, "Oh, my beloved, my sweet little babies!" The expression must have referred to her children in the world of spirits, as those she was leaving were nearly grown.

In I—, the same county and State, an aged couple were living upon their own homestead, with an only son and his wife, who had no children. They were accustomed to sit and croon to each other upon one side of the large old-fashioned fireplace, while the daughter-in-law did the cooking and work upon the other. The mother died first. A house is always lonely after a death, until we grow accustomed to the silence and vacancy. It was oppressively so to the daughter-in-law when her husband was away on business, as the farm was far from town and joined a large swamp, and the father seemed to have less and less hold on life after his wife's death, and would sit talking as if he were still addressing his wife.

Mrs. D., the lady, would have been glad not to hear his talk, and would say, "Why, sir, who are you talking to?" Why, to your mother, Sala." "But mother is dead." "No, Sala, she isn't; don't you see her sitting here by the side of me?" And she could not persuade him to the contrary.

Does it not appear evident that his natural powers and senses were in part suspended by extreme age, and hence his spiritual ones were partly opened, and that the beloved wife who had been so long beside him in her natural state was still so as to her spirit, soothing him, as age requires to be soothed, even as she had ministered to him in life. In fact, does it seem possible that there could be any difference of state between two loving hearts who had journeyed together through a long life as would forbid spiritual presence?

In the same town a maiden aunt of the writer was passing away in a state of serenity and peace, so much so, that the neighbors were

almost ready to congratulate rather than to condole with the family. A day or two before her departure, while trying to give a friend a description of a heavenly view, she said, "Oh, the lambs! the lambs!" Some of her listeners thought it strange that she spoke of seeing lambs; but are not the domestic animals symbols or emblems of Christian virtues and graces? and what is more abundantly used as a figure throughout the Divine Word than the flock and shepherd? To the mind of the writer, when her dying words have been repeated, it has seemed that lambs in some measure must have represented the innocence and consequent serenity of state in which she was; and hence those who approached to receive and welcome her into the world of spirits were accompanied by lambs. Do we not derive the sentiment which leads us to use the lamb as the emblem of innocence, from heavenly intuitions?

Again, a widow, an acquaintance of the writer's family, came over from England with several daughters and one son, the more easily to make a home for them. It was through much toil and hardship she succeeded, until the son, the youngest, had reached his majority, when he was stricken with fever and died. She became inconsolable, and for a long time, though restraining herself before her family and strangers, her grief would burst out afresh as soon as she was alone. One day, after all had left the dining-room, she leaned upon the table and burst into a paroxysm of tears, when she heard the word, "Mother," in the voice of her son. Lifting her hand from her eyes, she turned to where the sound seemed to be, and saw him. He added, "Mother, I can not rest while you grieve so," and vanished. Now, we know that it was utterly impossible for his bodily presence to have been there, or that words by a natural voice could be uttered without a bodily presence; but it was possible that her spiritual senses of seeing and hearing were opened, and that the vanishing of which she spoke was merely the sudden closing of the interior sight that seemed at the time to see through the natural organs.

In W——, Eastern Ohio, recently, a lady of considerable talent in literature was dying; her sisters, residents of Long Island, N. Y., arrived one after another to take a final leave of one most tenderly beloved. She was saying to them, "How pleasant it is to have you *all* with me!" when she quickly added, as if the scene had instantly come in view, "Oh, I see pa and ma!" and a moment afterward, "but they can not speak, as I have not yet been withdrawn."

This last remark seems in consonance with the text so often met in the records of the death of the patriarchs, "They were gathered to their fathers," and that Mrs. W. was about to go into the company of her deceased parents; but that they could not speak until she was withdrawn from the body favors the idea that only a part of the spiritual organs were opened, and

"The silence, awful sweet and calm,
They have no power to break,
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake,"

as Mrs. Stowe has said, is in consonance with this idea.

The following little waif has been told the writer while penning this article; it is given as it floats. Recently, in South Brooklyn, N. Y., an infant, too young to form words or even syllables, was dying; suddenly it looked upward and stretched its hands forward, and with delight uttered its only expression, "Goo," and expired. May we not suppose that there was an opening of its spiritual sight to some beautiful scene, causing a gush of pleasure into its infantile mind? Those who are familiar with Sunday-school literature know that such intromission into the minds of dying children is not very uncommon.

In the following case it appears evident that discernment of spiritual states is at times consequent upon a certain weakness of the material or corporeal senses. An aged mother, well on to the nineties, whose mind had so failed by a paralyzed body that her children had ceased to make efforts to explain family occurrences, would persist that a daughter-in-law, with her infant son, was standing at the outside door waiting for admittance to see her husband, who was for the time being with the mother, lifting and otherwise assisting her. Repeatedly would her attendants make a feint of opening the door to pacify her, and to assure her that there was no one there, but to no purpose; she would call out to the little grandson to come in to grandma, in the endearing tones of motherly tenderness. The writer is assured that at the time of the evening when the persuasion appeared to fasten itself upon the grandmother's mind, the daughter-in-law was frequently talking to her little son about papa, and trying to impress upon his mind the place where he was, with his grandmother; and that the particular side-door which the grandmother designated was the one by which they had always approached, either naturally or mentally. Does it not appear evident that there was a convergence of their minds to the place?

and that the grandmother had some perception of the mental or spiritual state of the mother and child?

Those who do not favor the idea that the world of spirits encompasses the natural world, pronounce these things vagaries of the imagination, imbecilities of age, and wanderings of mind in the dying. We ask such, where, upon what plane these wanderings are made? and who guides the steps so accurately taken that they agree with all dying testimony in all ages and nations? It is told of a dying Greenlander that said, "The angels are coming to bear my

soul away. Gently, oh, gently! that I, a poor heathen, may be able to follow you." But allowing the negative, what do these vagaries, imbecilities, and wanderings show, if they do not teach us that there is a system of organs interior to our natural ones, subservient to our use in that land of the souls to which it withdraws on the dissolution of the body? and as laws are sometimes uncovered to our view through disorder in those laws, may we not discover something of the laws of spiritual science by these glimmerings?

E. G. D. POWELL.

Department of Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall:
Thou art the nurse of virtue.

THE BEGGAR AND THE BANKER.

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE?

"**S**TAND out of my way!" said a rough, surly voice, under my window one day, as I sat musing over the bustling scenes below me, at my lodgings in Chestnut Street.

"Your honor will please to recollect," replied a sharp and somewhat indignant voice—"your honor will please to recollect that I am a beggar, and have as much right to the road as yourself."

"And I'm a banker," was retorted still more gruffly and angrily.

Amused at this strange dialogue, I leaned over the case, and beheld a couple of citizens in the position which a pugilist would probably denominate squared, their countenances somewhat menacing, and their persons presenting a contrast at once ludicrous and instructive. The one was a purse-proud, lordly-mannered man—appareled in silk, and protecting a carcass of nearly the circumference of a hogshead; and the other a ragged and dirty, but equally impudent and self-important personage; and from a comparison of their countenances, it would have puzzled the most profound M.D. to determine which of their rotundities was best stored habitually with good victuals and drink.

Upon a close observation, however, of the countenance of the banker, I discovered almost as soon as my eye fell upon it, a line

bespeaking humor and awakened curiosity, as he stood fixed and eying his antagonist; and this became more clear and conspicuous when he lowered his tone and asked, "How will you make that 'right' appear?"

"How?" said the beggar; "why, listen a moment, and I'll teach you; in the first place, do you take notice that God has given me a soul and body just as good for all the purposes of thinking, eating, drinking, and taking my pleasures, as He has you—and then you may remember Dives and Lazarus just as we pass. Then, again, it is a free country, and here too we are on an equality—for you must know, that here, even a beggar's dog may look a gentleman in the face with as much indifference as he would a brother. I and you have the same common Master, are equally free; live equally easy; and are both traveling the same journey, bound to the same place, and both have to die and be buried in the end."

"But," interrupted the banker, "do you pretend there is then no difference between a beggar and a banker?"

"Not in the least," rejoined the other, with the utmost readiness; "not in the least as to *essentials*. You swagger and drink wine, in company of your own choosing,—I swagger and drink beer, which I like better than your wine, in company that I like better than your

company. You make thousands a day perhaps; I make a shilling perhaps; if you are contented, I am; we are equally happy at night. You dress in new clothes; I am just as comfortable in old ones, and have no trouble in keeping them from soiling; if I have less property than you, I have less to care about; if fewer friends, I have less friendship to lose; and if I do not make as great a figure in the world, I make as great a shadow on the pavement; I am as great as you. Besides, my word for it, I have fewer enemies; meet with fewer losses; carry as light a heart, and sing as many songs as the best of you."

"And then," said the banker, who had all along tried to slip a word in edgeways, "is the contempt of the world nothing?"

"The envy of the world is as bad as its contempt; you have, perhaps, the one, and I a share of the other. We are matched there, too. And besides, the world deals in this matter equally unjust with us both. You and I live by our wits, instead of living by our industry; and the only difference between us in this particular worth naming is, that it costs society more to maintain you than it does me—I am content with a little, you want a great deal. Neither of us raise grain or potatoes, or weave cloth, or manufacture anything useful; we therefore add nothing to the common stock; we are only consumers;

and if the world judged with strict impartiality, therefore, it seems to me I would be pronounced the cleverest fellow."

Some passers-by here interrupted the conversation. The disputants separated, apparently good friends; and I drew in my head, ejaculating somewhat in the manner of Alexander in the play—is there then no difference between a beggar and a banker?

But several years have since passed away; and now both these individuals have paid the last debt of nature. They died as they had lived, the one a banker and the other a beggar. I examined both their graves, when I next visited the city. They were of similar length and breadth; the grass grew equally green above each; and the sun looked down as pleasantly on the one as on the other. No honors, pleasures, or delights clustered round the grave of the rich man. No finger of scorn was pointed to that of the poor man. They were both equally deserted, lonely, and forgotten! I thought, too, of the destinies to which they have passed; and of that state in which temporal distinctions existed not; temporal honors are regarded not; where pride and all the circumstances which surround this life never find admittance. Then the distinctions of time appeared indeed as an atom in the sunbeam compared with those which are made in that changeless state to which they both had passed.—*Exchange.*

MISS KATE STANTON.

SHE is a lady of medium height, and is solid, compact, and symmetrical in organization. In complexion she is a blonde, with clear, fine, peachy skin and a blue gray eye, very expressive and magnetic. The indications are, that she comes of a stock at once healthy, enduring, and long lived. She possesses almost exhaustless vitality, and an exuberance of mental vivacity. With her, the lamp of life is well supplied, and may be kept almost constantly burning, without apparent diminution. Her recuperative powers are, indeed, very remarkable. But what of her head, her face, and her

character? There is an excellent proportion, both as to quality and quantity, throughout. She is like a yacht, well built, well rigged, and trim. There is brain enough, but she is not top-heavy. The features are prominent, not flat, indicating unusual activity and development. Nose, cheek, mouth, and chin are all cleanly cut, nicely chiseled, and handsomely modeled. Her head is long rather than broad, and is more fully developed in the perceptive, crown, and executive organs than in those which incline one to meekness, humility, and submission. Her inclinations and capabili-

ties qualify her for literature, teaching, speaking, or for public life rather than for the quiet retirement of domestic life. In medicine, surgery, law, or legislation she would be "quite at home." There is no lack of affection,—indeed, the entire back-head is large, and this may be seen in the lips and chin; but her spirit of self-helpfulness, love of liberty, and sense of independence disincline her to submit to the restraints and duties of a

astic spirit in the person of Miss Kate Stanton. She showed herself a brilliant, daring young speaker,—daring in this, that she invades new realms of thoughts, sees something beyond woman suffrage merely, and appreciates the relation of the social questions now agitated to the necessary reconstruction of society on a broader basis, and the securing for it of a truer, more harmonious, and perfect foundation.

Miss Stanton was born in Charlestown, R. I., within sight of the ocean. Doubtless



strictly domestic life. She can, however, adapt herself to circumstances, and, if need be, live on the wing; become a pioneer; practice a profession, or grace the nursery, the kitchen, or the drawing-room. She has great versatility, and is racy, bright, and smart.

The Labor Convention at the Cooper Institute, which was held last spring in the midst of those many anniversaries which have become, so to speak, "perennial," and closely associated with our American civilization, brought forward a new and enthusi-

her early and intimate associations with the mighty flood had no little influence in molding her character. Her mother dying when she was very young, a grandmother took charge of her and her one sister and three brothers. This grandmother regarded girls as equal in privilege with boys,—thought what was good for one was good for the other. They played and worked together in the open air, and thus built up fine physiques. At school they pursued the same studies, and knew no intellectual differences.

When she had arrived at the age of sixteen, Kate commenced to teach school, and

devoted much of her time to the study of the classics and the higher branches of mathematics. She showed no little ability as a teacher, and won her way into notice as such. Opportunity offering, she took a good position in Dr. Van Norman's school, New York, where she soon became a favorite. Subsequently she went abroad with her eldest brother, and traveled on the Continent, where her busy eyes and ears collected no small amount of valuable information. After a little more than a year's absence, her brother's professional duties called him home, but Miss Stanton remained. She traveled through Holland and Germany alone, visiting galleries of art, making herself familiar with the people, perfecting her knowledge of German and French, and enriching her memory and life with clear and copious draughts from the fountain of human nature. After spending three years in this manner she returned home and entered again upon the work of teaching. She found she had outgrown that sphere of action; she needed a broader, fuller life, and returned to her native State to find it in the study of the law. Here unexpected obstacles met her; but, nothing daunted, she took the position of Bar librarian, where she has law copying in abundance to do, and the most valuable works on jurisprudence at hand, in the reading of which her yearning mind finds much profitable employment. Her active temperament, however, has not permitted her to find contentment within the domain of law alone,—she must make some efforts for humanity, so she has entered heartily into the temperance cause, becoming associate editor with Mrs. Paulina Wright Davis, of the *New World*, published in Providence. This paper is devoted to the advocacy of temperance, equal rights, and the elevation of the race, and bids fair to rival some its elder sisters. As associate editor Miss Stanton has proved earnest, faithful, and efficient. On the platform she exhibits a sprightliness and a dash which favorably impress the hearer; and at the same time she presents her thoughts in a condensed and generalized form, suggesting rather than elaborating ideas. Her voice is rich, clear, and well trained; her pronunciation is admirable; and the shade of natural diffidence diffused through her oratory contrib-

utes to render her quite fascinating. After an hour's talk with her one feels really refreshed. There is not one particle of mawkish prudery about her, yet, refined in every respect, she is natural, free, and thoroughly democratic.

We understand that she contemplates entering the lecture field, and has enrolled her name on the record of the American Literary Bureau. It has been also suggested to us that she may lecture on the subject of "Whom to Marry," a certainly taking topic; and if treated with skill and delicacy, yet in the bold and free manner which one who has once seen and heard her talk would expect, it will procure the favorable consideration of the lecture-hearing public.

A PICTURE IN TWO LIGHTS.

BY BERTHA H. ELLSWORTH.

THREE cherub children on their way
To school I met one summer day;
With sweet infantine grace
Did they their rustic garments wear;
In careless beauty waved the hair
'Round each seraphic face.

With sportive talk, pretended pout,
With childish race and happy shout,
They wended on their way.
Upon the flower-strewn path I turned,
For lovingly my full heart yearned
To watch them in their play.

They loltered in the sunny beam,
And watched the fishes in the stream,
And chased the butterflies;
And thus as Time's wings onward flew,
Their goal, the school-house, came in view,—
To it I turned my eyes.

Grace peeped from out its rustic lines,
Nestled 'mid trees and flowers and vines,
A very Eden bower;
But here no serpent could invade
Where this most happy teacher awayed
Her loving, peaceful power.

With children sweet around her knee,
How purely bright her hours must be
With these surroundings fair!
A blessed lot without alloy
To witness these fair children's joy,
Their little griefs to share.

But here my poet license stops;
To other guise my subject drops;
Descending from my flight,
Where fancy leads plain facts astray,
I'll tell the events of that day
In unpoetic light.

As I, with romance-seeking mind,
Walked out one sunny morn to find
A subject for my rhyme,

I met three dirty, ragged boys,
With dog's-eared books and schoolboy toys,
(Poor show for the sublime).

Three battered dinner-palls they bore;
Mud shoes the only ones they wore;
But *sweet* their faces were;
For, undisturbed from ear to ear,
Molasses spread a luscious smear;
Guiltless of comb, their hair.

So bright an auburn, that 'twas red,
Bristled the locks upon one's head.
Imagine with what grace
Did his most brilliant tresses twine—
Like quills upon the porcupine—
Around his dirty face.

They bounded up, the noisy brood!
With deafening yells and stares as rude;
Then stopped to see me pass.
Then as a backward look I chanced,
The one whose charms his hair enhanced,
Picked something from the grass;

Then quickly ran beyond my call,
Keeping my penknife, whose chance fall
Caused me to thus pursue
Those *innocents*, though truth most stern
Declares they swore and fought in turn,
As if accustomed to.

And thus we to the school-house came;
Of rustic it deserved the name,
Though *rusty* is but truth.
This temple of the A B C's,
Log built between two ragged trees,
Received each hopeful youth.

Near by two sickly bean vines grew;
Admiring them for daring to,
I rapped upon the door:
The teacher soon, with clouded brow,
And in her hand a stout beech bough,
My lost knife did restore.

DIRTY CHILDREN.

WE have often heard it said that dirt must be healthy, because the smutty little urchins that live in hovels, paddle in the gutter, and roll in the dirt are healthy; while the carefully trained child, sheltered from the sun and kept with immaculate cleanliness, is pale, thin, and puny. The children of the rich and poor are thus contrasted, and it is supposed that cleanliness kills the one and dirt invigorates the other. We fancy that there are two prime reasons for this difference. The paleness and poverty of constitution sometimes exhibited by the children of the rich do not come from the cleanliness of their food and clothing, the excellence of their bed and home; these are all favorable to the highest order of

health. But there are other causes for their paleness and the puny appearance. The parents may have indulged in the use of highly seasoned food—may have kept bad hours and lived in an atmosphere of nerve-shattering excitement. Perhaps the mother laced tightly; perhaps she was too “stylish” to nurse her own children; and perhaps it were better for the poor things that they could have honest cow's milk than to draw nourishment from a nervous, excitable mother, living in abnormal relations to life in nearly every respect. Hired nurses may be employed who are not interested in making the children's lives happy—only to keep them quiet—and probably use Somebody's Soothing Syrup, the greatest curse ever inflicted upon juvenile humanity by arrant quackery, as it is made up of laudanum and other stupefying drugs which no human being should take. When a child is old enough to eat, instead of taking a brown crust that is healthful in itself and requires mastication, it has put into its hand sponge cake, which is enough to demoralize the health of a stone-breaker. Then the puny little pet, if on very pleasant days he is taken out at all, is be-wagoned and be-parasoled on the shady side of the street, and does not get a good chance at the sun and air. The poor man's child, on the other hand, eats plain food, and is not overfed. Its parents are hard workers, the father breaking stone or carrying the hod, and the mother helping to eke out support for the six or eight children by taking in washing. Both are sturdy and hardy, and though they sometimes may be foolish enough to drink whisky, they are not able to indulge continuously in dissipation of any sort. Their children have round faces and round limbs, with a dimple at the joints, with thick round feet, and thick red lips, and curly hair, and laughing eyes. To be sure, they tumble in the dirt, but the dirt does them no good. They are not haunted every hour by sharp rebukes for getting into the dirt or tearing their clothes. Their clothes are none too clean to begin with, and they wallow, and flounder, and squabble, and rejoice; they live in the sun and air, and in spite of the dirt, their plain food and their roystering life, their exercise, the atmosphere and sunshine—kindly nature's

best nurses—keep them hearty and healthy. While the rich have a hard time in raising two half-built human beings, the laborer, who may do the drudgery for the garden and stable of the rich man will raise eight or ten square-shouldered and rosy children. The children of the poor should be kept more cleanly, doubtless. Good soft water and soap are no foes to health.

In a country like this, where property is not entailed, the children of the rich are likely to become extravagant, and spend what their fathers or grandfathers earned, and soon go back to the soil. They then touch bottom, are compelled to be industrious, and for a generation or two we have healthy, thriving, earnest people. If Agur's prayer, "Give me neither poverty nor riches," could be answered in respect to all, it would be a great benefit to the rich, and we are satisfied the poor would not complain of it.

MARRIAGE.

IN these days of progress and reform it behooves us to consider well that we do not advance too rapidly. Much is said at present about the strictness of our marriage laws; and some of those who wish them to be made less binding than they are, have spoken and written so sensibly and feelingly on this subject, that our first impression is they must be right. In many instances, where the happiness of the two married individuals alone is considered, they are right; but marriage is the root of our social relations, on which our State government depends in a great degree, and the subject at once assumes so great a magnitude that we begin to realize that we must not form our opinions too readily from individual instances, but must look at the subject from every standpoint—take in all results which have ever grown out of or can grow out of divorce, before we dare to take a decided stand for or against it.

We are always glad to hear or read advice to people in regard to forming marriage relations. Too much that is judicious can not be said or written on the subject, and when we once begin to talk of the marriage tie being broken, we ought to realize the sacred ground on which we are treading. Although we are aware that many are married who apparently ought not to have been, yet it seems to us that the attempt to put the power of separating them into the hands of man would be similar to that of

instituting a practice of putting to death all infants born in unfavorable circumstances. We might truthfully reason that children born of low, ignorant parents, and reared in poverty and crime, would not only be wretched themselves in this world, but, as no man can sin without injuring others, would cause others to do wrong, who, but for their influence, would have made better men and women; consequently, why not end their misery and prevent their future evil course by freeing the soul from its prison while pure and unstained? What intelligent man would not hold up his hands in holy horror at the bare mention of such a practice? Still, he would be obliged to admit that there are many, yes, very many, for whom it would have been better had they died in infancy. Good sometimes springs from sources where we least expect it. Minds have expanded; souls have grown out of their own narrow limits and become grand and noble, and strong and mighty intellects have been formed that would never have become thus had it not been for adverse circumstances. Things are sometimes working together for our highest good when to us everything seems directly the reverse.

We are personally acquainted with a man and his wife who, intellectually, are as opposite as day and night. He was easily influenced; loved his own ease and comfort more than anything else; loved fun, never looking farther ahead than to-day, and caring for little besides the gratification of his propensities,—in fact, seemed only a step beyond the brute. With her the intellectual qualities were predominant. What she would have been had she been placed in different circumstances is not for us to say, but as it was, she found that if she and her little ones were kept from abject poverty, it must be mainly through her own exertions. She had but very little of the education to be obtained from books, and with her increasing family on one hand, and poverty on the other, it would seem that she was perfectly helpless; but she possessed a strong constitution, and a stronger will, to which the weaker one of her husband was brought into partial subjection. By her he was kept from the low company which he would have chosen. By her he was stimulated to more industrious habits than his own ease-loving disposition inclined him to adopt. By her the money that he earned was laid out to much better advantage than it would have been without her advice. If the reader imagine this was easily accomplished, he very much mistakes. Napoleon never planned his

battles with a keener foresight and greater care, and never displayed greater persistence, energy, or courage during their progress, than this woman displayed while directing and executing her conflicts with her husband. Many were the sleepless nights passed by her in trying to invent ways to bring about her desired ends. Many and bitter were her disappoint-

plines which conflict with difficulties alone can give. Her noble gifts and acquirements have descended to her children, children of whom any parent, however ambitious for them he may be, might well be proud. Possessing many qualities in common, yet each is gifted with a marked individuality.

As we think of the pride and happiness with which this mother regards her children, we sometimes try to realize what sort of beings they would have been had their father been united to a woman like himself. And may not what in this case we have always believed to be such a great wrong to the woman prove at last to be all for the best?

GREEN LEAVES.



LITTLE LULU.

ments. Oftentimes it seemed to her that she must be overwhelmed by despair; but thoughts of her children would nerve her on again to renewed exertions. It would seem to many that under the circumstances physical comforts would be the aim and boundary of her thoughts; but she proved it otherwise, for she willingly practiced many self-denials that her refined tastes might in a measure be gratified. A bed of flowers might always be seen at her door in summer, and in winter a few houseplants with their beauty and fragrance added much to the cheerfulness of her humble abode. Come what would, a little time every day was employed in useful reading. Such importance did she attach to each moment of her time, that she wisely concluded that she could not afford to read and then let what she had read be forgotten, consequently she formed the habit of reading very carefully, and retaining what she read. She has been tried as in a furnace, and she came out purified. She has become what no one *can* become unless through that disci-

LULU'S COMPLAINT.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

I'm a poor 'tittle sorrowful baby,
For B'ldget is 'way down stairs;
My titten has statched my finder,
And Dolly won't say her p'ayers.

I hain't seen my bootiful mamma
Since ever so lon' ado;
An' I ain't her tunnin'est baby
No longer, for B'ldget said so.

My ma's dot anoder *new* baby;
Dod dived it—He did—yes'erday,
An' it kies, it kies, oh, so deful!
I wis' He would tate it away.

I don't want no "sweet 'tittle sister!"
I want my dood mamma, I do;
I want her to tise me, an' tise me,
An' tall me her p'ecious Lulu!

I dess my bid papa will b'in' me
A 'tittle dood titten some day,—
Here's nurse wid my mamma's new baby;
I wis' s'e would tate it away.

Oh, oh, what tunnin' yed finders!
It sees me yite out o' its eyes!
I dess we will teep it, and dive it
Some tanny whenever it kies.

I dess I will dive it my Dolly
To play wid mos' every day;
And I dess, I dess— Say, B'ldget,
As' Dod not to tate it away.

—*The Children's Hour.*

HOW TO FIND WORK THAT PAYS.

WE know not how many thousands have been driven to desperation by the thought that, among the busy throng of this world, they could gain no foothold, and have taken upon themselves the final ordering of the life which a kind Father gave them. It is sad to

think that so few, comparatively, know "how to find work that pays." Some do not know how to get a good situation, but will accept of the first opportunity that presents itself, feeling confident that they are on the high road to fortune. Others know how to get a good situation, but do not know how to keep it; and here the old adage, "A rolling stone gathers no moss," is vividly illustrated. Then there are some, poor unfortunates! who do not know how or where to get any situation at all, but do a day's work here and one there, and then "loaf" a day, all the time vainly waiting for "something to turn up." Such a person is well described by Dickens in his "David Copperfield." Those who have read it will remember that "Mr. Micawber" was not smiled upon by Fortune, though he danced attendance upon her all his life.

The three classes I have described lack the first great element necessary in the solving of this question—steadiness of purpose. The way to find and keep "work that pays" is to give your whole mind to it.

Sit down and sum up your abilities.

What position can you occupy? Can you be useful in a nursery? Can you teach school or music? Can you keep books? Are you qualified for brain-work, or must your labor be manual? Think of all these things, and if you are competent for more than one position, so much the better for you. Do not be afraid to make application. State your abilities to one whom you wish to serve, in a clear and courteous manner, not humbly and cringingly, but in a frank, decisive way, which will show that you set a value on your own services, and do not ask a situation as a beggar asks a crust of bread, without any thought of recompense.

If one refuses, try another, and never say "fail." A footing once gained, hold on to it, though it may not be very lucrative at first. By honesty in your dealings, steadiness of habit, and respect toward your employer, you may, in course of time, make it become "work that pays." Above all, do not forget that there are two prices for all your works—one to be given here, and one above. **ZOR.**

Department of Physiology—Our Sanitarium.

The truths of Physiology should be inculcated and enforced early and earnestly, and with the emphasis of high religious duty.—*YOUNG.*

THE NERVOUS AND THE PARALYZED.

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE FOR THEM?

THE increasing frequency of nervous diseases among our countrymen, especially of those forms which lead to restriction, and even suppression of nervous power, is a subject of common remark. Many examples might be cited of well-known persons, some of whom have been prominent as statesmen, generals, clergymen, and professors, who have either shrunk slowly from sight, or been suddenly removed by some form of paralytic disease. Many of these same classes are still discharging their duties, but crippled and embarrassed by the frightful helplessness which paralysis brings. A still more numerous class are disabled by some form of neuralgia, constantly calling for palliation, but never being removed by stimulating and narcotic medicines.

A tendency to disease of this kind seems to pervade all classes of society; no age or condition appears to be fully exempt.

In view of these facts the serious apprehension arises that we are fast becoming a nation of nervous and paralyzed invalids. The inquiry, what is the cause, and what the means of obviating this tendency? thus becomes one of deep importance. And, what can be done to restore the afflicted? is an inquiry of intenser personal interest to members of every community. While the former inquiry has met with almost universal neglect from the medical profession, it has *proposed* many replies to the latter. These have come in the shape of novel medical prescriptions. In our view, however, these fall far short of their intended purpose. They generally turn out to be inefficient in practice, and so prove that the theories upon which they are based are imperfect or incorrect. What in our estimation is a more correct and certainly a very practical view of nervous and paralytic disease, we will here briefly explain.

There can be shown to be two classes of causes for every grave affection, like those pertaining to the nervous system. These, for convenience, may be called the remote and the immediate, or the indirect and the direct, or the primary and the secondary, according to circumstances. The first consists in that fundamental derangement of the powers of life which constitutes the tendency or susceptibility to disease. The second is merely the incident which affords the active impulse, which so arouses morbid action as to render it apparent to the consciousness. The incidental but immediate cause would be quite inoperative did it not find suitable ground and material for its work. What is regarded as the immediate cause would be powerless were it not for the precedent condition. The principle here stated is generally recognized in its application to acute disease. For example, exposure is not inevitably followed by cold; it is so followed only in cases where the condition of the system is such as to act reciprocally to the impression thus made. Similar reasoning may be applicable to acute diseases generally. It is readily seen that analogous conditions exist in chronic nervous disease less palpable only because of the prolonged time which they cover.

The grand mistake of ordinary medical practice consists in the non-recognition of ulterior and indispensable causes. Its paucity of resources is due to its restricted facts. The insidious, slowly operating, and remote but essential causes are regarded either as of no present moment, or, what is more probable, not regarded at all. The real importance of these ulterior causes is far greater than is the direct and immediate circumstance to which disease is usually attributed. It is the latter which usually fixes the attention of the physician.

The consequences of this restricted observation and reasoning are immediately represented in practice. In fact, medical practice is too often founded exclusively on these limited views. The restorative means which correspond with this conception are confined to such powerful stimulants, tonics, and sedatives as oppose the immediate symptoms, with little or no reference to their primary causes. Hence, prominent among the drugs employed are strychnine, iron, quinine, phos-

phorus, bromides, belladonna, ergot, alcohol, and others having similar effects. These are employed in alternation and without stint, and cause just enough temporary stimulation to flatter the hopes of the invalid and secure perseverance in the prescriptions. All who closely watch these nervous cases know the result, and it can easily be predicted in a given instance. Vital power is *not* substantially replenished, and no ultimate and permanent gain is secured. These stimulating procedures are exhaustive, and work lasting mischief. To eliminate power from the body, or to make a forced exhibition of power, does not necessarily imply its corresponding replenishment. Through these stimulating operations the disorganizing and wasting effects are extremely liable to preponderate over the reorganizing and restorative actions and effects. Nervous power is frittered away rather than replenished by these artificial demands. The poor sufferer, when too late, finds himself wheedled out of his time, means, and, more than all, his capacity to recover. That is a superficial view of medical science which regards excitation, producing vital expenditure, as necessarily tending to restoration. The contrary is the general effect of such medication, and is almost necessarily the consequence of all mere nerve-excitation, whether through causes which originally induced disease, or remedies through which cure is invoked.

The origin of this condition is in the excessive demands on nervous power imposed by business, fashion, literature, taste, and the public and private ambitions in our modern life, which are disproportionate to easy and natural supply. The increased facilities which the age affords for pursuing sensorial and emotional gratification contributes to increase nervous tension. All this power involves corresponding nutrition of the generating centers of power, and calls an excessive supply of blood to the acting parts. When these causes are in continual operation, and especially when not counterpoised by corresponding muscular action and nutrition, there results an inevitable tendency to congestion of the brain and spinal cord. The ultimate results of continued congestion are those alterations and deteriorations of nerve-tissue described in medical works, and which

complete the ordinary medical idea of nerve-disease. The more rational view is that these are the products and effects rather than the essential disease.

We can now understand more fully *why* diseases of the nerves, producing neuralgia and perhaps ultimating in paralysis, resist ordinary treatment. Such treatment does not sufficiently regard producing causes; these are allowed to continue unabated. Medical efforts are directed to results, or at most to secondary causes. Nerve-diseases can not be successfully removed while being continuously reproduced. The most lamentable feature of this account of causes is that they do not end with the individual, but a proclivity to undue cerebro-spinal activity and congestion is entailed on posterity. The nervous system of the parent may even appear to escape the consequences of abuse, at least for a good while, if the constitution be excellent, but the penalty is finally manifested somewhere. This hereditary entailment, while it may render obscure the explanation of special cases, yet affords a clue by which to understand much that we see of the phenomena of nervous disease.

In the formation and expression of the foregoing views relating to nervous diseases, we have been aided by the recent work* of Dr. Geo. H. Taylor, who has investigated this subject from the standpoint of causes as well as effects. Dr. Taylor's work, being designed for the benefit of sufferers from nervous disease, more than for the perusal of physicians, avoids as far as possible the use of professional technicalities, as well as all useless distinctions in the forms of disease, and may be read with profit by all inquirers for knowledge on the subject treated. Its main feature is the development of what appears to us a new remedial principle. This consists in the employment of *Force*, in the form of vibratory and other motions, imparted directly to the invalid.

The reader will probably recognize in this idea of force as motion, curatively employed, an analogy to the now general use of force in the form of *electricity*, and also in the use of temperature for curative purposes, as prac-

ticed in the water-cure applications, Turkish baths, etc. Some of the points advanced in this method of direct force may be briefly stated:

1. Force, as motion, *includes* temperature and electricity; both are produced in the body by this method.

2. Direct force as motion is vastly more potent. It is also innocuous, which can not so certainly be said of the other forms of force, or indeed other curative means.

3. It is under more perfect control by the invalid than any other remedial application.

4. It is productive of far greater practical results, as is fully shown in the book referred to.

The great value of the system developed in this work consists in its eminently practical character. It leaves the invalid in no doubt as to what to do. It not only furnishes the plan and means for obviating and removing the primary causes of nervous disease, but also those effects which are manifested in the obvious disease, — the paralysis and the neuralgia. Nothing can exceed the simplicity of the remedial means. To *nerve action* and excitement is opposed *muscular action*, and the resultant demand for muscular nutrition. The nutrition which before supplied nerve-centers with power to act, is now applied to muscular uses, and the morbid nerve action subsides. If the condition of the nerve-centers be of the congestive order, the morbid fullness of vessels is removed, and the consequent nervous inability ceases. If the congestive condition has ultimated in morbid deposits or change, it only demands that the absorptive process initiated by the same means be more thoroughly aroused and longer continued. Effects are removed on the same principle that causes are obviated.

At this point, the reader will naturally inquire, how is this principle of cure available in cases already helpless? What if the capacity for voluntary motion does not exist? The principle enunciated in this book is, that force, originating in a source outside of the invalid, can be relied on to secure all the advantages which exercise gives to the well. But the influence of force, thus applied, does not cease here. It is capable of working profound therapeutic changes unattainable by

* Paralysis and other Nervous Affections, their Cure by Vibratory and Special Movements. By Geo. H. Taylor. Price, \$1. S. R. Wells, 239 Broadway, New York.

other means. The power of another person can be used for this purpose, but is insufficient for continued service; steam or some abundant and constant source of power is indispensable. The power is applied to various parts of the body of the invalid through the intervention of very simple mechanism. The effects directly produced are those of oxidation, revulsion, heat-production, sedation, etc., according to the wishes of the physician as determined by the condition of the patient, all of which are briefly but clearly explained in the work. In these curative operations, force appears to be both directly and indirectly auxiliary to ordinary physiological action, — that action whereby life subsists. Special function, where deficient, becomes complete, and local morbid products, whether invading the spinal axis or other important vital centers, disappear.

The principles and methods advocated in this work do appear not in the least inconsistent with ordinary resources of medicine. They are rather additional to such practice, and reach a point more radical than it contemplates. In this respect these views are in advance of any that have heretofore obtained currency. They are in close accordance with modern views both of physiological and of general science.

ICED WATER.

DURING the hot season the excessive use of iced water is one of the most prolific sources of disease and sudden death. In very hot weather, when water is rendered extremely cold by the use of ice in the cooler, no person should drink it in that condition, but should pour in, or draw from the hydrant, as much water of the ordinary temperature as will modify the iced water to about an October temperature. Then he may drink without damage. Nothing is worse for the teeth than extremely cold water; and many a man has acquired dyspepsia by its bad effect upon the stomach. Not a few have suffered from congestions which were dangerous or deathly. We remember a boy, smart, black-eyed, and handsome, who was connected with our office. He was just old enough to be wise above

that which is written. Being one day remonstrated with for drinking two or three glasses of water as cold as ice could make it, he replied tartly, "Water is never too cold for me; I never feel the slightest injury from its use." The weather was extremely hot, and if ever cold water could be used at any time, that, of all others, when the system was overheated, was not the time to use it so copiously. The next day he was not in the office, and the following day he did not come. The third day about noon he made his appearance, and looked as if he had had chills and fever for three months. He drank no more iced water that summer, and probably got a lesson which will last him his lifetime. It is a wonder it did not kill him. A word to the wise is sufficient.

MORE MILK.—The statistics of agriculture show that the number of cows in the United States is not sufficient to furnish a sufficient supply of milk, and hence it is argued that adulteration by water is very common. At a recent meeting of the Milk Producers' Association of Massachusetts, it was asserted that there were in the State about 150,000 cows, yielding on an average four quarts of milk a day, or in the aggregate 600,000 quarts. Of this quantity two-thirds are used in making butter and cheese, so that only 200,000 quarts a day are available for domestic consumption.

Feeble-Minded Children.—The eighteenth annual report of the Pennsylvania Training School for Feeble-Minded Children, at Media, Delaware County, contains much valuable and suggestive information respecting this important benevolent institution. There are 185 such children now in this school. Dr. S. Morris Waln, president of the board of directors, died during the year. Dr. J. N. Kerlin, the superintendent, estimates that there are 3,500 feeble-minded and idiotic children in Pennsylvania, most of whom do not receive proper care and curative attention. Some of these might be restored to self-support and usefulness; others might be relieved sufficiently to be no longer a burden to themselves and their friends, and all might be more or less benefited by systematic training and care. An appeal is made to the Legislature to increase its facilities for the

care of this unfortunate class.—*Lutheran Observer*.

[We join the *Observer* in its suggestions, and add that frequent appeals are made to us by persons in every part of the country for advice in regard to a suitable place in which such unfortunates may be educated; and we are led to infer that greatly increased facilities are needed. We will not stop here to discuss the questions as to what are the causes of imbecility; but to urge upon the authorities their duties in the care and education of imbeciles and idiots.]

CAN ELECTRICITY BE PRODUCED FROM THE HUMAN BODY?

THE London *Spiritualist* not long since contained a statement made by Mr. C. F. Varley, the well-known electrician, on the supposed production of electricity by the living human body. He says the sparks produced by combing the hair, by drawing off silk stockings, or by rubbing the feet on the carpet, are illustrations of frictional electricity, which in no way depend on vitality, but are due solely to the proper conditions in the substances rubbed together and in the atmosphere. He then comments on another form of supposed bodily electrification, which has led many people to suppose that the brain was an electrical battery sending electricity through the nerves to contract the muscles, and which is produced as follows: The terminals of a very sensitive galvanometer are connected each with a separate basin of water. If the hands be then placed one in each basin, on squeezing one hand violently a positive current is almost always found to flow from that hand, through the galvanometer, to the other hand which is not compressed.

While experimenting night after night on this subject in 1854, Mr. Varley found that after squeezing the hand, opening the clenched fist produced a momentary increase of power instead of a decrease; and when the wind was from the southwest, the power was less than one-fourth as strong as when it was from the northeast. The former wind was found to be slightly negative to the earth; the latter was invariably powerfully electro-positive. On trying to exhibit these currents on one occasion and finding them to be very weak, Mr. Varley washed his hands thoroughly in water containing a little liquid ammonia, in order to decompose the grease in the pores of the skin. The

result was diminution instead of an increase of the power. On washing his hands, however, with a very weak nitric acid, and afterward with water, he obtained more power on squeezing his hands than he had ever done during the most persistent east wind. This led to an explanation of the phenomena as one due to chemical action alone, the act of squeezing the hand violently forcing some perspiration out of the pores. By dipping one hand in a solution of ammonia and the other in one of nitric acid, and then washing both in water, squeezing either hand produced a current in the same direction; and when both hands were placed in the water and a little acid dropped on one of them, a current was instantly generated without any muscular exertion. Mr. Varley finds no evidence that electricity exists in or about the human body, either as a source of motive power or otherwise; and would explain all the feeble electricity which has been obtained from the muscles as due to different chemical conditions of the part of the muscle itself.

CALVIN SISCOE POWERS, PHRENOLOGICAL LECTURER, ETC.

THE portrait evinces an excellent physical condition, and a temperament conducive to both physical and mental vigor. As Mr. Powers weighs two hundred and fourteen pounds, and is solidly and compactly built, it may be inferred that his alimentary functions are admirable. The great bulk of the man appears to reside in the region of the chest, the expansion of which corresponds with his large head, which is a trifle less than twenty-four inches in circumference. Such cerebral capacity requires a superior vital organism for its adequate sustenance, otherwise there would be a failure of mental power.

Those large perceptive faculties associated with that broad head and ministered to by an active and even excitable temperament make the man alive, energetic, and pushing. He is eager to acquire information, and eager to use or disseminate it. He is somewhat restless in this respect, eagerly availing himself of opportunities to apply his views of life mental and life physical.

The portrait, however, is not well adapted to the purposes of phrenological exegesis, although it conveys some apt notion of what Mr. Powers is like. There is an element of

the patriarchal in that flowing beard and mild countenance.

MR. POWERS was born in Johnstown, Canada West, in the month of September, 1826. His father, Samuel W. Powers, is of Revolutionary stock, and formerly resided in Vermont. When the subject of our sketch was



CALVIN SISCOE POWERS.

about four years of age, his parents removed to Elizabethtown, Canada West. After remaining there about eight years, they removed again to Newcastle, in the same province, where the greater part of Mr. Powers' life was spent. His early education was obtained chiefly at district schools, and his opportunities for attending them were limited. In the spring of 1847 he entered the dry-goods store of a brother-in-law, and acted in the capacity of book-keeper and general assistant. Here he remained five years. An unexpected incident led him to become connected with a person engaged in marble-cutting and statuary. Having some taste for art, he not only attended to the management of the business, but also acquired a practical knowledge of the details of marble-cutting. He exhibited a piece of statuary, fashioned by his own hand, at a fair in Cobourg, Canada West, and was awarded the first prize for works of art. In the fall of 1855 he became interested in the publication of a politico-literary newspaper, entitled the *Newcastle Garland*. While prosecuting his journal enterprise, he also continued his studies in sculpture, and acquired considerable local notoriety. For several years he found his employment lucrative, so that he accumulated considerable property.

At Newcastle he became intimately acquainted with Rev. William Ormiston, who is now settled in New York, and whose reputation as a pulpit orator is somewhat extended. The loss of his property through the duplicity of an agent compelled him to make a new beginning, and in the furtherance of his interests he spent two years in traveling through New England as business agent, shorthand reporter, newspaper correspondent, and lecturer. He delivered lectures on various subjects, politics included. During the canvass which resulted in the first election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency, he occasionally interested himself in behalf of the "martyr," speaking when occasion offered, and writing and reporting for the press. His first introduction to the career of a phrenological lecturer occurred in 1861, when he delivered a lecture before a Western literary society on the subject of "Phrenology *vs.* Bumpology." The success that attended the delivery of this lecture induced him to become a practical phrenologist. In that capacity he has traveled tens of thousands of miles, and lectured in nearly all the large towns of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, northern Illinois, and northern and central Iowa. The press generally in these States speaks most favorably of Mr. Powers' abilities as a speaker and examiner, and his success has been fairly demonstrated, both by the popular esteem expressed for him in those districts which he has visited, and by the pecuniary returns from his labors. The country has need of a hundred such teachers.

THE GRAVE AND THE ROSE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO, BY MARY H. GILBERT.

To the rose the dark grave said :
" With the tears upon thy brow.
By the pale, meek morning shed,
Flower of love, what makest thou ? "

To the grave the red rose said :
" Sepulcher, what makest thou
With thy gaping gulfs so dread,
Laying low each noble brow ? "

The rose said : " Oh, darksome grave !
Of these tears I amber make ;
Lo ! perfumes the sunshine lave,
Tears to sweetness I awake."

To the rose the dark grave said :
" Plaintive flower, souls come to me
Immortality to wed,
Angels of the skies to be."

STREET SIGHTS IN CHINA.

OUR Foochow correspondent, Rev. Mr. Doolittle, sends us some additional views of Chinese life, which we take occasion

generally without a hat or cap, unless the weather be very wet. The peddler always carries his own weighing scales.

Not unfrequently a fisherwoman carries about the streets a string of fish, large or small. Usually her trowsers are much longer and fuller than those of men, and she always wears an upper garment, being ever modestly dressed. Generally she appears with naked feet, and often wears flowers, one or more, natural or artificial, in her hair. Besides fish-peddlers who go from house to house, or pass along the street seeking buyers for their fish, there are numerous stands by the side of the street where, in the morning, fish are exposed for sale.



to illustrate from the original designs by "celestial" artists.

In the early morning, the streets of a crowded city, located near the sea, or by a river fruitful in fish, are thronged with the sellers and the buyers of fish, some going to the fish market and others returning from it. Those who supply the suburbs and the outskirts, or the population two or three miles from the fish market, after buying their load start off for their field of operation at a brisk, swinging pace, with the baskets or bamboo trays of fish suspended on the two ends of a bamboo pole, poised on one shoulder, so that one basket comes in front and one behind. In warm weather the fishmonger usually goes with bare feet and short pants, and without any upper garment. In colder weather an upper garment is worn, with or without a sash tied round the waist, and

During the day, from morning till night, fowls are carried to and fro in the streets, in two large, open-work baskets, made of bamboo splints. They have no handles, but are carried by ropes, which are passed, crossing each other, on the bottom of the basket. Generally the fowl-peddler carries



ries along a vessel placed on the top of a basket, which contains food for the fowls

during the day. On this vessel will be often found the instrument by which he weighs the fowls, whether chickens, ducks, or geese, when he has concluded a bargain. The Chinese sell by the pound, and this circumstance explains the fact that the bird has generally a very full crop, which oftentimes contains something heavier than common food.

The peripatetic or traveling restaurant is a very convenient institution, and common over most of China. A glance at the cut suffices to give, with a brief explanation, a



good idea of the convenience. The pot placed over or rather on the furnace—which is heated with wood or coal—suspended on one end of the shoulder stick, contains some soup or other edibles, hot, for the hungry coolie or weary traveler; or, in place of the pot, there will be a tea-kettle with hot or boiling water. Under the furnace is a place for the extra fuel, and a bucket or jar of fresh water to fill up the kettle or the pot when it needs to be replenished. From the other end is a small kitchen cupboard; on the top, and visible to the spectator, are bowls and spoons or chopsticks. Underneath are drawers for arrow-root, lily-root, vermicelli, etc., with sugar. Under the drawers is oftentimes a place for extra fuel, or supplies of the articles to be cooked for customers.

For half a cent, or less, one can have, at a minute's notice, vermicelli, or rice-balls, or arrow-root, or lily-root, etc. For two or three cents one can purchase enough of a lunch to satisfy temporarily the cravings of hunger.

THE MOUND-BUILDERS AGAIN.—A correspondent in a number of your JOURNAL advances the idea that the mounds of our country are natural formations, and not artificial, as generally supposed. There is a class of mounds called by geologists moraines—frequently seen along Western rivers—that are unquestionably natural formations. Some of these have no doubt been used by the Indians for places of sepulture, as stated by your correspondent, and he is probably correct in his conclusions so far as his observation extends; but that all mounds are of this kind is a great mistake. At Elm Grove, West Virginia, near where I write, there is a mound, and there is an excavation on the hill some half mile distant, inclosed in the graveyard attached to the stone church there. When the country was first settled, there was a plain track from the excavation to the mound, evidently worn by dragging the dirt along

it to build the mound. The places where the dirt has been taken from to build other mounds in this vicinity have also been identified.

There is abundance of evidence to show that these mound-builders were more advanced in the arts and civilization than the Indian tribes found occupying the country. There are occasionally seen traces of forts through this region, which were doubtless the work of this pre-historic people, and they give us a clue as to their probable fate.

There is one of these, an earthwork, near Newark, O., in quite a good state of preservation, and it very much resembles those built by scientific engineers of the present day. It is surrounded by a ditch, and the gate-ways protected by bastions, just as we find them prepared for modern warfare.

Is it not possible that the inhabitants of the seven cities discovered by Major Powell last summer in Arizona may be a remnant of this people?

W. C. STEWART.

TREADELPHIA, W. VA.

N. A. INDIANS—CAN THEY BE CIVILIZED?

THE OJIBWAYS.

NOT by the guns; not by firewater and tobacco; not by wicked, swindling agents; not by party politicians. No! such

or of the industries and duties of civilization? They are children, mere *infants* in these matters, and are to be *educated*, aye, that's the thing, educated. Are they "slow to learn?" So it is with other races who live wild and savage lives. But they can be *improved*, Christianity is sufficient, when properly practiced, to reach and subdue "the savage breast." Let it be tried. Instead of swords, spears, tomahawks, and rifles, give them plowshares and pruning-hooks,—agricultural implements—and teach them to use them. Instead of the precarious chase for wild game, give them



TWO OJIBWAY INDIANS.

agencies only make a bad matter worse; cunning cruelty on the part of more knowing whites begets only a spirit of revenge on the part of these children of the prairie and the forest. They will resent to the death unfair treatment. Look at those specimens of human beings—creatures of circumstances—they are here by the same Divine right that we are here. Are they to blame for being born Indians, with all their love for wild life? Is it strange that they should be just what they are? What do they know of art, mechanism, science

cattle, sheep, poultry, gardens, etc. And when instructed in husbandry they will gradually adopt the customs of civilization, and come into right relations with our government. This will save the red man; without this he must soon pass away. Let us treat them properly, humanly, as becomes Christians, that *their* blood be not on us.

Here are specimens of the Ojibways from the Red River of the North; they have one gun and one tobacco pipe between them. One smokes a few whiffs, then passes the pipe to his

neighbor, who does the same, and so it passes from one to another. Is not this economy?

The hunting-grounds of these Indians extend from the dividing ridge between Lake Superior and Lake Winnipeg to the Red River of the North. They are essentially wood Indians, and the headquarters of the most powerful and warlike band is on Rainy River, the only available route at present for communication between Lake Superior and the settlement of Manitobah. The number of Ojibways engaged in trade exceeds one thousand. At their grand medicine ceremonies they as-

semble, in June, on Rainy River, to the number of six hundred; they are very independent and warlike, constantly sending out war parties against their inveterate enemies the Sioux of the Prairies. They have always regarded the intrusion of "whites" with great jealousy, and forbid foreigners from plucking even a flower or picking up a stone without their express permission. In a few days they could gather a thousand fighting men on the banks of Rainy River by sending tobacco (equivalent to a treaty to unite in warfare) to their allies and relatives on Red Lake River and the country about the head waters of the Mississippi.

Department of Literature, Science, Education.

THE GERMAN SCHOOL SYSTEM.

GERMANY has the most perfect school system in the world. For more than three hundred years the foundations of this system have been established, and the beautiful structure has been rising, until now not a German child, living in his native country, is unable to obtain the means of a good mental culture.

There is such a relation established between the school authorities of a parish and the national minister of public instruction, extending through all the grades of authority, that the lowest primary schools are under the complete control of the highest school authority. By such a complete organization the government can apply most thoroughly all its school laws.

In this country we are entirely wanting in that organization by which either State or national laws can be applied so as to affect the character of our public secondary schools; and our private schools are under no supervision whatever. They may be taught by those who have neither talent nor acquisition necessary for successful teaching, and they may be managed so as to send into society the most superficial men and women, and we have no help for the mischief.

All Prussian children are treated by the government as though they belonged to Prussia, and would in the future become Prussian citizens. The Prussian government takes it for granted that it has the right, yea, more, that it is a public duty, to establish schools in which every child may receive such a culture as will fit him to be a good Prussian citizen. The

government also claims the right to exercise the same control over the private as over the public schools.

Before one can open a private school he must pass a public examination, and be found competent to teach, not a particular grade of schools, but to *teach* school. In addition to this examination, he must present his course of study, and his daily order of study, to the proper authority for approval before he can commence his work. After this has been done, he must take a solemn oath, by which he pledges himself to teach so as to secure the best results within his power to attain. Then, during his term's work, his school is subjected to the same kind of supervision as is applied to the public schools. At the close of each term, the inspector and the parents of the children are expected to be present to judge of the fidelity of the teacher.

The law in regard to attendance is enforced by the school committee of the parish, who are required to keep an accurate account of attendance, and to make report of all failures, and to apply penalties.

Prussia is well provided with normal schools in which teachers may receive a thorough preparation for their work; and in no other country is there so much professional enthusiasm. Teachers during the time of preparation are exempted from military service, and after graduation, preference is given to them over teachers who have had no special training. All incompetent teachers are to be promptly removed from their schools, and all old teachers

who have spent the best of their strength in the service of their country, are to be supported in their old age at their country's expense.

All school authorities, including the teachers themselves, being a branch of the general government, are much respected, and are able to exert a commanding influence. The German teachers study most carefully the philosophy of their work. Having received an impulse from the great Pestalozzi, they have adapted their courses of study and their methods of teaching to the wants of the human mind. They make human culture the end of study and teaching. Two ideas guide them in making out their course of study. One has reference to the selection of topics, the other to the arrangement of these topics. Such a selection of topics is made as will lead the mind of the student to all kinds of activity in studying them. These topics are arranged in the course so as to meet the wants of the mind as its powers are developed. The method of teaching employed requires the actual presence to the senses of all objects, and to the intellect of all subjects of study.

While in Dresden, I saw a lesson in language given in one of the private schools, to a class of little girls. The teacher was a strong man, and a distinguished graduate of a German university. He presented to his young pupils a bird's nest, and a branch upon which the nest was built. He led the pupils to know of the nest through their own senses. Then he taught the "nest;" then he taught the form of the nest, of what it was composed, giving names as he taught. Then, in like manner, he presented the branch, the twigs, the bark, and the wood of the branches, the leaves, and the parts of a leaf. Then putting these objects aside, he drew upon the blackboard a beautiful picture of all that he had presented, requiring his pupils to give the names of things as he represented them in his picture. After ideas had been thus excited, and their oral names had been learned, the written form of the names were taught. During this exercise, the pupils were so much excited that they could with difficulty contain themselves.

In another school, I observed the teaching in botany. The class was composed of boys of twelve years of age. The teacher had gathered, in his morning's walk, the plants he desired his pupils to study, giving to each boy a plant belonging to the class of plants he desired that day to teach. Taking one of the plants in his own hand, he led the boys, each one for himself, to observe until he found the marks to be

used in classification. The teacher then simply gave a name to the class which the boys had themselves discovered.

Under such teaching, the boys studied with their whole strength, for more than an hour, with unabated interest.

The best German teachers do not use text-books in the school-room. They have the objects of study before them, and in the presence of their classes. The intuitive ideas to be used as the basis of mental activity and knowledge are in the minds of the pupils, the language and the science are in their own well-trained intellects, and it only remains for the teachers to direct the mind in the study of the things, and give to the acquired knowledge a language, and the young pupils will be led to know facts, and general principles, and science by their own individual activity. Books are to be used, after a time, for reference.

There are no mixed schools in Germany. The boys and girls are not permitted, as in this country, to work out together, in the same classes, the problems of science, so that they may be trained to work out together in after-years, successfully, the great problem of life.

The primary schools are generally taught by the most learned and skilled male teachers, who give the elementary instruction with all the enthusiasm that this important instruction is adapted to excite. Such instruction in Germany is never intrusted to unskilled hands; nor do the authorities allow a frequent change of teachers in the primary schools. In Bavaria, the teachers continue to teach the same class from the time it enters the school until the day of its graduation. The organization of the schools, and the modes of teaching, make the German schools a happy place both for teachers and pupils. The teachers are most thorough in their work, and the pupils are trained to think until the truth connected with the subjects of study is discovered. In this way the German student is trained to thoroughness and to patience, two things not always found among the acquisitions of American scholars.

The Prussian system of education has made every man able to think for himself, for he has received at least all the culture a Prussian common school can give to him. He is a patriot, for he has been taught from early years to sing patriotic songs, and to love his native country. He is a successful soldier, for he has received in the schools a thorough and general discipline. The Prussian army is an army of well-educated men. Scarcely one in a hundred

thousand can be found unable to read and write. They gained an easy victory over the Austrians, because they opposed general intelligence to physical force. Prussia is now

the stronghold of Protestantism in Europe, and the day is not far off when she will be made the most powerful and prosperous country on the Continent.—*The Congregationalist*.

A NEW GUESSING OF AN OLD PUZZLE.

OR, THE CHINESE LABOR QUESTION.

BY FRANCIS GERRY FAIRFIELD.

NOW that the fancied imminence of Coolie labor has stirred the working classes to attempt political combination on a scale of national importance, it becomes a part of the duty of every thinker to canvass both the justice and expediency of their action. Political combination is in itself a partial confession that unionism and co-operation are inadequate weapons in the battle between the employer and employed; and the resolution to appeal to Congress by the formation of a National Labor Party involves the admission that the workingmen have failed in their efforts to control State legislation. The theory is, that the trade-unions hold the balance of power in the United States, and have only to act as a unit to enforce their demands. This is undoubtedly true as an abstract proposition; but it has not apparently occurred to the leaders of the movement that it may be difficult to sever even unionists from habitual association with standing political organizations. Men who have acted for years with the Democrats or the Republicans will not find it easy to break loose from them and act with a new party; and when leaders of the labor movement thrust this necessity in their faces they will be apt to be met with doubt, indecision, and at best only partial support from a very respectable minority. Experience has proved the validity of this conclusion thus far. On the other hand, bread and butter is a powerful motive. Less than 100,000 Coolies have been imported into California, and yet that 100,000 Coolies have enabled the capitalists to control the labor market. Previous to the introduction of Coolie labor, cigar-makers commanded \$30 per week; now they receive only \$25 per month, and the scale of descent is true of other trades as well. Were 50,000 to be introduced into New England, the labor market would be similarly affected. As many more in the State of New York would be attended with equivalent disaster to the laboring classes; and, generally speaking, were Coolies in number equal to ten per cent. of the employed class to be introduced

into the United States, the employer would be able to make his own terms, all the forces of unionism to the contrary notwithstanding, and the results of years of struggle would be lost. Again, the introduction of Coolies to this extent is by no means impossible or even improbable. It has been done in California; experiments with Coolie labor are taking place in all the Southern States; already New England manufacturers threaten its introduction into cotton and woolen manufactories; and, generally, the attention of capitalists has been directed to the Mongol as equal to the solution of the problem, "How shall the aims of unionism be thwarted?"

It is a plain proposition. The importation of Coolies equal to rather less than ten per cent. of the whole laboring class has reduced wages, on the average, from \$25 a week to \$25 a month; and a similar introduction would have the same effect in any part of the United States. The question is limited, therefore, to the plain matter of bread and butter; and of bread and butter the human race has always been remarkably tenacious. Men—and very good men, too—will fight, beg, steal, rob, even, for bread and butter; and Germans, who are men, too, after a certain fashion, have been known to fight about beer. In fact, the King of Bavaria was for years in the habit of suppressing riots and insurrections with free lager, and never for once did he fail to effect his purpose. It is useless to argue *a priori* that a fact can not be (therefore is not) when it is proved *de oculis* that it is. It is useless to demonstrate that a fact is not because it ought not to be in the opinion of him who argues, when the fact is whether it ought to be or not; and the workingmen have manifested a comprehension and recognition of facts as they are in their discussions of the question, which are creditable to their sagacity. Bring in bread and butter as a motive, and you can effect almost any combination you like; and, bound together as the workingmen are by that strongest of human motives, the success of the movement is less

problematical than that of a great many which have succeeded.

It is generally conceded that the Crispins at North Adams were in the wrong. Mr. Sampson tells his story, and they tell theirs; but that they refused to work on tolerably favorable terms—terms which the Crispins of Brookfield accepted after due examination—is a fact. That the organization at North Adams interfered, and would not permit their brethren of Brookfield to work on Mr. Sampson's terms, is also a fact; and, again, it is more than doubtful whether the terms of the contract with the Coolies could have been pronounced illegal under Mr. Wilson's bill, had that bill been passed. The contract was made with every individual Coolie separately considered, and not with a factor for a gang. The terms were stated personally to every member, and every member accepted or rejected according to inclination. They receive \$25 a month, and are no more bound by the terms of the contract than a Yankee Crispin would be under similar conditions.

The Crispins and operatives of New England and elsewhere may as well disabuse their minds of the idea that Coolies will never make efficient operatives in the departments of skilled labor. California experience proves that they manifest remarkable aptitude for all the imitative arts; and they are as likely to excel the native artisan on his own ground as they are to be excelled by him. This is the testimony of Mr. Sampson so far as his experience has extended; and Mr. Cummings, of the Boston Crispins, agrees to its substantial correctness. If the Labor Reform Party succeeds in compelling submission to its demands for prohibition, then, of course, there is an end of discussion. If not, unionism in this country meets its Waterloo or its Sedan defeat; and Mr. Sampson is the Von Moltke of all these Napoleons put together. The cardinal difficulty that the leaders will find in the way, will be to convince the great body of workingmen at large that Coolie importation on a large scale is imminent, and that, whenever the importation of Coolies equals ten per cent. of the working population, the operative must consent to a three-fourths deduction. Convince the mass of the working people of the correctness of this view of the question, and you may make a unit of them against any political party, no matter what or how inveterate their previous associations; and that this state of facts has been quietly brought about in California is attested. Facts are facts. It is nonsensical to pooh-pooh that a thing can not come to pass under given

circumstances when under similar circumstances it has come to pass.

New York has ships, and Boston has ships; and, if it can be made remunerative to use them in furtherance of Coolie emigration, they will be used for that purpose. Four years of Coolie influx at the ordinary rate of foreign influx at the ports of New York and Boston would put unionism *hors du combat*, and enable the manufacturer to make his own terms with operatives. All the trade-unions in the United States would find it quite impossible to hold ground against employers for a single month. Supply and demand are inexorable; and, whatever oppression may be worked by an increase of supply willing to work at quarter-prices, the great commercial law will have its way. Political economy has no mercy on the individual, or on the mass, for that matter. Its abstractions may kill—often have killed—but they will be quoted while they kill; and it unfortunately happens that right-and-wrong is one thing and political economy another thing. The great principle of statesmanship, the greatest good of the greatest number, has never been illustrated in governmental science. On the other hand, for four centuries trade has been a sort of Juggernaut over-riding all rights except those of the manufacturer and tradesman. England began legislation in the name of trade as early as 1350; and English legislation and English ideas have more or less shaped American. Coolie labor is an English idea, having been introduced into the British colonies after the abolition of slavery. Statutes of laborers, anti-combination acts, and conspiracy laws are all English ideas—concoctions to keep down wages in the name of commerce—to suppress combinations of workingmen on the ground of restraint of trade. To undersell in the market of the world England has paupered one-fifth of its able-bodied population, and pampered one-twentieth with every species of legislation in their favor.

It is undoubtedly true as an abstraction that the capitalist has a right, inherent and inalienable, to buy his labor in the lowest market—has, therefore, the right to employ Coolies quite unrestricted, if it suits him. It is, again, undoubtedly true that the workingman, who is the largest consumer, has a right, inherent and inalienable, to buy goods for consumption in the lowest market of the world, unrestricted by tariffs; and if the manufacturer is permitted to resort to the open market of the world for labor with which to produce his goods, the workingman, who represents the general consumer, has

an equal right to the open market as a buyer. Free trade in labor involves free trade in the productions of labor. Protection of home-manufactures is inconsistent with non-protection of home-labor; and the workingman is right when he objects to work at the capitalist's own price, and to pay the capitalist's own price for goods—for tariff legislation under the circumstances is nothing more nor less than class-legislation very skillfully masked. Protection of home manufacturers did at one time mean protection of native labor, except in so far as emigration, normally conducted, might affect wages; but, with Coolie importation in full blast, it means nothing more nor less than oppression of native labor.

It is not intended here to discuss the question of protection. The American theory of tariff had its inception in a state of facts, which still exists. By systematic pauperization of the working classes England was able to produce a ton of iron, a yard of carpeting, a cut of cotton cloth, or a pattern of dress goods at less than one-half its cost of production in this country. The very existence of a manufacturing interest here depended upon one of two things. Either wages must sink to the English level, or a tariff must be instituted which would enable home manufacturers to compete in the home market, producing at normal wages; and preference was, with wisdom, given to the latter. The American idea of protection, therefore, had its origin in the principle of the greatest good of the greatest number; and while England presents the state of facts in consideration of which it originated, the judiciousness of its abolition must continue an open question. Free trade could not but prove disastrous to manufacturers, and, through them, to the working classes. Justice demands, however, that protection shall not be perverted from its original significance, by the introduction of a Coolie labor system similar to that of the British colonies. The ordinarily filtering of Mongolian emigration to America is one thing, and the foundation of a semi-slavery system in manufacturing and workshops another thing. To prohibit the former would be to contravene the traditional policy of the Government, though the right to prohibit it can not be questioned. To prohibit the latter, and stringently to prohibit it, is demanded by the great first-principle of statesmanship, the greatest good of the greatest number.

After all, there is a dream-land in the hard science of political economy; and upon the verge of the dream-land—the great dream-

problem of the relations of capital and labor—the world now treads. Every mood of civilization—every century of progress has its own political economy. Precedents are often worse than useless—worse than embarrassing; often work positive harm. Crawling forth from the myth-land of the middle ages, like a butterfly from its caterpillar, the present civilization has thus far been one of gradually unfolding individualism, in which every separate atom of humanity has represented in itself, to a greater or less degree, the toiling of the human after the ideal of egotistic supremacy. Whether this contracted social system—and spirit—is to be permanent is a problem that the next century must solve. While it lasts its own logical system of economy, social and political, must and will prevail; for it is grounded in the humanity incident to the century. The old text-books of economy are, therefore, *passés*, and can not be even modifiedly applied to the problems of the age, any more than Spinoza's metaphysics can be made to supersede the larger, more logically grounded, and more unerring deductions of the scientific method. There is needed—and imperatively needed—a new social and political philosophy in sympathy with the freer intellectual movement of the nineteenth century. The workingmen, through unionism, are doing what they can to maintain the spirit of a civilization grounded in individualism—to evolve a coming, though perhaps utopian republic, all the units of which shall be of equal social, moral, and political value. Co-operation, unionism, and political combination represent the means by which they expect to bring about the evolution of this dream—this elysium of an historical humanity interpreted by personal egotism in all its separate atoms; and the United States have long represented the land designated by destiny for the foundation and realization of it. The workingman, could he express himself adequately, would regard invention simply as a vehicle by which labor is to be lifted into the intellectual sphere—as a vehicle for the doing of the hard hand-work which has hitherto rendered labor unintellectual. In his view, the loom represents a certain percentage of muscle to be replaced by a certain exercise of brain as an intelligent operative; and, in his theory of economy, he demands remuneration for the production of the loom by his skill directed; considering it as the vehicle or muscle through which he expresses that skill with greater advantage to himself and his employer. Unfortunately, the vast questions involved in the philosophy of consumption and production.

of supply and demand, elude his analysis. To him they constitute an *arcana* of sophistry, arguments from which are to be let loose to mystify him, but not to refute his plain, practical propositions. If, before invention superseded muscle, he worked fifteen hours a day to produce a given quantity, then, invention having superseded muscle, if what was formerly produced in fifteen hours can be produced in six or eight hours, it is his right to receive for the six or eight hours what was formerly received for the fifteen. This is the logic of the eight-hour movement and of the ever-repeating demand for increase of wages! and it is all grounded in the fact that labor is waxing more and more intellectual.

What is it all about? It all comes back to the world-old dream. The workingmen of the nineteenth century had a dream. A dream of Utopia it may have been; but they undertook to put it in practice. The capitalist had his dream, and, not finding the circumstances favorable to its evolution, undertook to import more favorable circumstances. The duty of the Government in the matter is to be not only legal but just; and, in demanding the prohibition of Coolie importation under contract, the workingman has justice on his side, and can afford to be inexorable in his importunity. Ten millions of Coolies stand ready to be im-

ported to work at \$25 dollars a month; and there are ships enough with which to import them. The world-old dream recurs again in the nineteenth century; and this time it recurs practically—presses for solution. This vast joke—this pun on God Almighty termed humanity—is the riddle of it worth the trouble of unraveling? Has it any destiny at all, except to be and to cease from being?

The old dream—the dream of Man comes back again. Plato had his solution of it in the *Republica*; Sir Thomas More, in the *Utopia*; Cabet, in *Icaria*. Fourier had his dream of Man; and Comte his, in the *Politique*. Hegel had his dream; and there is a dream older than them all—the dream of Eden—and most epic and grand of them all as well. There was One, centuries since, who died for his dream; and somehow or other in Him who died for it, humanity had faith. It may be better to live for a dream than to die for it; but all dreams to become dynamic in history must have the seal of blood. There have been some deaths for this dream of human freedom and equality; and there may yet be many more. The struggle of the Paris Commune proves that; but, possibly, the most emphatic seal of blood is yet to come. It is one of the faults of humanity that it will have dreams, and will fight for them.

CONVERSATION AND ITS USES.

BY JOEL BENTON.

[The following was published in a New York paper, but is of sufficient interest to bear republication.]

IT should be as easy to talk as it is to walk, to fly, or to swim. But good conversation is referred either to a special endowment or to art. In the best instances it may be partly a product of both. If its rareness or deficiency is indicated by general lament, it would seem as if the inanities of modern life had no need of stringent and stimulating words.

We know, at any rate, that the good talkers are few—and the reason is not far to find. Notably in Shakspeare's age—and in times quite recent by comparison—the wits of the coffee-house, or social coterie, brought together the news of the day; each rendering the other, in a measure, that service the morning paper does us. The Athenians, too, who were always eager to hear or to tell a good thing, could season their speech with the true Attic salt—with humor and wit. They kept their minds elastic by epigram and repartee. But

we have no faculty for these. The telegraph and railroad have put our tongues out of joint. The daily paper makes the breakfast-table mute; and, when we leave this repast, endless pamphlets, journals, and books fill the leisure that remains.

It is well understood that our evening parties are purely formal. They are not meant for intellectual or choice social resorts. We crush together, if we go, in a jam of elegant silks and ribbons, and often merely exchange glances. Such talk as occurs is merely a "hodge-podge of trifles;" and nothing is said which another day does not obliterate. Music, most distressingly artificial, and the German are apparently the strongest diet it would be safe to afford. Or if we could smuggle a few good talkers in such a mob, it would not avail. The conditions themselves are fatal to wholesome speech.

It was not always so. There were clubs in the old time where conversation alone was the

all-sufficing thing, and where gracious words, fitly spoken, and applied to topics that stimulate and amuse, became the center and source of delight. If our Sorosis, while asking for its sex equal rights in the state, will see that there is a reform also in the parlor—which is not now a genuine talking-room, but only a *parlor* in name—it may win a triumph not less important than the one at which it now aims.

For, say what you will, there are two things in which women are our easy superiors. They can write letters with infinite grace, and they can talk, if only they would. Mr. Higginson says that a woman's letter is the most perfect thing in literature. There is a kinship between this and good speech; and I have noticed that those girls who deluge you with sprightly, vivacious wit, are full of incessant brightness in their letters. A friend of mine notes with constant surprise the amount of luxuriant and tropical writing and gossipy paragraphing certain correspondents of this sex in Washington and elsewhere are able to furnish, and prepare well, for perhaps a half dozen papers each week. And they do it between other tasks, and in the midst of exacting social demands.

The difference between a good letter and an agreeable interview is largely one of intensity. Mr. Alger calls letter-writing "an indirect exchange of thought;" conversation, "a personal exchange of life."

I think we could find by burrowing among packages of old letters, cobwebbed and yellow, that were written when the stage-horn had not been silenced by the screech of the locomotive, gems which make the durable excellence of good books—and grace and life that our stilted press-reporters might well give half their earnings to attain. They were then the warm talk of passionate friends—not the dry records of to-day, from which something has taken the pith and electrical force.

Doubtless our women, too, could make our parties greatly better than they now are, to which one only goes to be bored, or to be rid of a disagreeable task. If Margaret Fuller had always had as gracious and deferent a manner as she had abounding wit and *verve*, her thrall would have been as touching as it was supreme. Madame Rambouillet, Madame Recamier, and other French women, who centered about them the galaxies of authorship, politics, and art, show in what way women, even yet, can more than match in power the expected ballot.

It is a mistake to suppose that authors, who

charm us by their written discourse, must necessarily converse well. We suppose there are those who can talk, but we do not commonly find them the most inspiring out of their especial field. It has been suggested that they save their best things for their books, and perhaps do not wish to scatter their pearls on the traveled highway. Coleridge had, a certain famous power of talk; but he was abstracted and metaphysical. Charles Lamb, being in haste, cut himself loose one day by dis severing the coat-button to which he held, and on returning a long time after, found Coleridge still talking, with the button in hand. These sermons may be marvelous enough, in their kind, but are far removed from the fluent, antithetic, pauseful speech. Macaulay was brilliant chiefly as a monologist; and Goldsmith, who wrote as if he were inspired, "talked like poor Poll."

Hazlitt, whose great critical acumen will be allowed, is of the opinion that "authors ought to be read, and not heard," and the biography of most men of letters attests the justness of his remark. Descartes, the mathematician and philosopher, Buffon, the naturalist, and La Fontaine, of fable memory, were all singularly poor talkers. A friend of Marmontel, the novelist, found him so dull after an interview, that the only recompense, he said, for the weariness, was to resort to his books.

Probably among American authors, there have been no two more unequal in conversation than Halleck and Hawthorne. Halleck said he never met Hawthorne but once, and then at a dinner, where they chanced to be seated together. "We talked incessantly," says Halleck, "but Hawthorne uttered not a word."

It is well, perhaps, that one form of expression should be left to those who would otherwise make no sign. Certainly authors ought not to monopolize all the best gifts. And this average of power it concerns the multitude to keep. We should say here, that our American talent of haranguing and blatherskiting on the platform is no fair offset to our deficiency in pungent, spermatic talk. If of the latter we have too little, of the former we have some to spare.

We must not forget that conversation has a mission beyond even the club and the social gathering. Its sway is also sweet and ennobling when but two or three are joined—not in the full circle, but in the smallest arc of one. Its crowning excellence and sanctity are usually in the inverse ratio of its members. The

best feast is where no reporters are allowed. Who can whisper a secret to two? Whether we be lovers or friends, our most tender and confidential thought can be spoken to but one. There is no dispersion then in the positive or negative pole. Add a third person—the electricity weakens, and impediments appear. Instantly appears a wall of reserve, and, one by one, the inner doors of the heart shut.

The deliciousness of its pauses; its sparkle; its spontaneity; its bracing power, and its intricate, interlacing suggestions would each make a separate theme. He who can not listen well in particular will not talk well. Fear no tyrant so much as this one, for he kills all inspiration at once, and usurps the heart. There

must be sympathy of persons, or your words will be formal and cold. Gail Hamilton (I think it is) says she can not sit at ease, even in silence, with any one with whom she can not also talk. I think the universal experience is here expressed, so necessary is the proper magnetism.

But the power of wholesomic, winning talk we can not magnify or exalt too much. I am not sure it should not be taught, and mingle with other scholarship—at least in schools for the girls. I will agree, when I get sufficiently able, to endow a professorship to make conversation a distinct department (if it shall be accepted) in Vassar College. And where could the experiment be better tried?

ARE WE TRUE TO OURSELVES?

IT is conceded that the love of power is co-incident with human nature, but a willing adaptation to *being ruled*, provided the governing power is impalpable (but none the less tyrannical), seems equally apparent, with much the larger proportion of humanity.

All dumb servitude, whether voluntary or not, all abnegation of individuality, rob the world of so much mind-power and life-force; of so much perfect manhood, the inner man being warped and undeveloped. Disinclination to brain-labor, the dread of responsibility, the love of repose, and the inertia which consequently follows from an unexercised brain, render it pleasing and restful to have others think for us, and establish fixed rules for our action. Many of these rules, having borne the soundings of the plummet line of ancient usage and approval, have become venerated, though not subjected to the light of reason or principle. Thus more opportunity is given for personal aggrandizement, for providing for comfort and pleasure; thus are unduly stimulated those faculties which tend to the material, and we are bound as firmly by the invisible chains of custom, fashion, and usage, as the galley slave to his wheel,—*our servitude being voluntary*. After long subjection of the heart to fixed forms, its natural yearnings suppressed, its acquiescence uncalled for, its genuineness unvalued, what wonder if it become a hardened incubus, and we become hollow, “whited sepulchers!”

How astounding and mortifying when, perhaps once in an era, some false “received opinion,” which has become time-honored, which we have not only believed, but nurtured and

acted up to, either under the light of a master-mind, who in God's light has seen light, and has succeeded in awakening us to the truth, or by the march of events (under God's leadership), the wonderful opening up of the truth is made so plain that even the dumb can understand his meaning, yes, how mortifying to find that our eyes have been blinded by the chimera of that subtle, intangible power we call *prejudice*, that will-o'-the-wisp more powerful, more insinuating, more unconquerable from its intangibility!

The cause of country may be at stake, life-blood, oppression may be involved, still, mind and heart are chained to a *platform*, which, being put forth by *our* political party and supported by its press, *must* be right; and so, like “dumb-driven cattle,” we give unwavering partisan adherence to it; and that birthright of American sovereignty is cast away too often for less than even Esau's birthright brought him—nothing life-giving, naught but dry bones.

And how willingly we run in the race of fashion, and subject ourselves to all manner of strange requirements and grotesque disfigurements of person, repressing and wasting individuality of taste, and often sacrificing all adaptability, and stifling germs of true artistic sense until the fitness and beauty of things are merged in a chaos of show, glare, and tinsel! What matter, so that we are guided by the lines of the goddess of fashion! We chafe not at the bit. What matter if her Juggernaut car rolls over the broken remains of beauty, refinement, and truth!

Even when the heart, stirred with the throb-

blings of affection, has sought to symbolize its feelings of gloom and shield itself by the outward garb, Fashion steps in, fixes the time this is to last,—in fact, has reduced it so entirely to a system, that it would seem too often that what was meant as the symbol has become alone the reality—the shadow without the substance. The well-spring of feeling is curbed and hedged about until it has dried away!

So we go on, like machines wound up (without caloric), to move in certain directions, in certain fixed grooves. To be sure, we do not

go ticketed; mind is let out (happily not sold)—heart subject to a ground lease (which we hope will expire this side of eternity); nor have we a notice on our frontlets, "No disturbing subjects entertained here;" but all within quiet, and guided by time-honored opinions and usages. But we have fed so long upon husks that the vital spark is so nearly choked with the ashes of withered aspirations that coldness, vacuity, and starvation are where ought to be the warmth, fullness, and vigor of a genuine manhood.

C. P. N.

UNDER THE WILLOWS.

BY C. HENRY LEONARD.

Under the willows the lilies are weeping,
And the violets droop from some deep-hidden pain;
For flowers have grief for their comrades a-sleeping,
Though they wake from that slumber to blossom again.

Under the willows the zephyrs are sighing,
And they moan in their branches the woe of their breast;
Lo! e'en the night fairies, grief-laden, are crying
In their watch at the feet of our Nellie at rest.

Under the willows our darling reposes
So still and so cold in her little white shroud;
Upon her breast lies a fair garland of roses
That had faded with her from the blight of a cloud.

Under the willows our Nellie now slumbers;
The gold of her hair changed for a bright crown;
Her lips, that were cherries, the death-dew encumbers,
And it ladens her eyes that were so open and brown.

Under the willows our treasure lies buried,
And our hearts are weighed down by the darkening gloom;
But Hope (that was sleeping) has wakened, and carried
Our thoughts to that glory whose gate is the tomb.

Under the willows,—and over the River;
Twin thoughts, O the sorrow and comfort ye tell!
"Under the willows!" why murmur? The Giver
Has but taken our beautiful, bright, and laughing-eyed Nell.

BE JUST.

SINCE we have had any account of time, the uppermost thought in the human mind has been how to be happy. This subject was initiated in a previous paper, on the Rule of True Life; it is of so much importance, and admits of so many exigencies, that its continuation under the present heading is deemed pertinent; as it is proposed in this essay to demonstrate that all happiness in this world is embraced in the proper appreciation and fulfillment of the import of these two little words. "To be just," sounds so simple that the majority who hear the invocation pass it by without considering it worth a thought, or giving it a respectable place in their memories. Every man feels within himself that his unhappiness in this world is solely attributable to his poverty, and each one has a standard from which, according to the reach of his mind and his sphere in life, he gauges his estimate of what constitutes poverty. He strives to acquire wealth, and

failure precipitates him into the depth of misery, when oh, how easy it would have been to a well-schooled mind to have lessened the wants and adjusted them to his means, thereby changing the false illusion of misery into soothing content.

In order to be just to our fellow-man, we must first learn to be just to ourselves, as the best way to teach virtue is to be virtuous. Justice, like charity, begins at home; but do not take it that to be just to one's self means selfishness, for how is it possible to believe one capable of being just to his neighbor who is unjust to himself? Man assumes a religion for the sake of happiness, and a great many are so enraptured with the prospect of after-life that they give no heed to present existence, and measure their happiness in the world to come by their misery in this. Here is the commencement of fanaticism. Fanatics can not be happy in the mildest form of fanaticism, because to be just is to be happy,

and fanaticism is positive injustice to one's self and to all the world. No religion yet invented by man is entirely clear of fanaticism. No man who conscientiously professes a creed can be thoroughly happy, because his sect must necessarily be at variance with another denomination, therefore disputes arise, and he can not be just because his prejudices prevent him, and he is made totally miserable by exercising the prime element which he is taught to look to for the most happiness. Virtue comes from God, and never occasions any disputes; all these heart-burnings are about opinions, which are the inventions of men. Some few persons who profess a religion or creed are apparently

happy; but in most of these cases it will be found, if traced out, that they are not devout adherents to their faith, nor are they ever considered necessary or essential to the welfare of their church, and when examined they will invariably prove perfectly passive as to their belief—in fact, not knowing really what their religion is, but merely professing a faith for the sake of social preferment.

The subject of being just may be continued in my next paper. In this I have considered it in its bearing upon religion, that being the uppermost feeling by which, erroneously, hope is nourished for the fulfilment of the much-wished-for felicity.

ALBERT JAYNOR.

THE JUDGMENT OF SATAN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. VIENNET.

HIS Sable Majesty held his court in the audience-chamber of the infernal palace. The occasion was one of unusual significance to the assembled demons. A royal proclamation had been issued announcing that special attention would now be directed to the claims of those rival dignitaries who sought the distinguished honor of naming the present age as the patron of its follies and crimes.

Among the rival candidates, Ambition, true to her character, was the first to present herself. Intrigue, her sister, pressed closely in her rear. The claims set forth by each none could contest, and the royal judge warmly congratulated both upon the results of the evils they had succeeded in entailing on the human race.

Still, his horned majesty seemed to hesitate between the two sisters, when the Demon of Gold, the same which under the semblance of a calf Aaron had offered to the adoration of the Hebrew race, also called Mammon among the Philistines, and Plutus in ancient Greece, demanded this honor for himself.

"Ambition," he said, "is very useful and very dear to us, and eminently worthy of your favor. She is mean, mischievous, and prating; she adopts without scruple any means necessary to the accomplishment of her own ends, and becomes blind to every principle of honor and right in the struggle for success. She is hampered by no sentimental notions of nobility and greatness of soul in her unflinching devotion to her most gracious and royal master. Intrigue is also worthy of the favors of

my puissant liege. She has lately greatly advanced her emprise over this age. There is not perhaps an honor or an office of emolument sought by mortals which she is not able to control. But while these distinguished merits should be fully weighed by our illustrious judge, it is only just to present the fact that henceforth both these obsequious servants of the mighty Satanic will must be subordinate to me. I am the sole idol of the men of this age. The most modest, they who have been least infected with my spirit, could swallow all Pactolus without quenching the thirst that possesses them. This age is then mine! Who can dispute with me the honor of naming it the 'Age of Gold?'"

"I," cried Vanity, "I, by whose tyranny man is enslaved and his life filled with torment. I know my power. . . . Mortals, insatiable in their desire for riches, will do very many degrading things to amass gold; but after all these sacrifices have been made in its behalf, I am successful in commanding the unlimited sacrifice of gold upon thousands and thousands of altars. I enforce its expenditure to dazzle, to 'make an appearance,' to strive for elegance, to outdo everybody else in magnificence, till, thanks to me, the age is carried away with ruinous excess and unchecked extravagance. Through my counsels families are ruined, wives and daughters for a shawl, a robe, a gem, arrayed against husbands and fathers. Through my suggestions arise the strifes and divisions among ministers, deputies,

warriors and courtiers, poets and learned men, in both state and church, and by them are all manner of factions, hopes, and hatreds excited." . . . Vanity would have continued thus, had not her eloquence been interrupted by cheers without end from the satanic throng. All her rivals gave way, and Satan pronounced a

grand edict by which this age should be named on the infernal records the AGE OF VANITY.

The spirit of evil chooses the instruments of his power with a wisdom at which we marvel, while we tremble with apprehension as they insinuate their subtle influences among all classes of men, and in every phase of life.

AMERICAN WONDERS.

SILVER SPRING, Florida, is one of the greatest curiosities in the South. It bursts forth in the midst of the most fertile country in the State. It bubbles up in a basin near one hundred feet deep and about an acre in extent, and sending from it a deep stream sixty to one hundred feet wide, and extending six to eight miles to the Ocklawaha River. In the spring itself fifty boats may lie at anchor—quite a fleet. The spring thus forms a natural inland port, to which three steamers now run regularly from the St. John's, making close connections with the ocean steamers at Pilatka. The clearness of the water is truly wonderful. It seems even more transparent than air; you see the bottom eighty feet below the bottom of your boat, the exact form of the smallest pebble, the outline and color of the leaf that has sunk, and all the prismatic colors of the rainbow are reflected. Large fish swim in it, every scale visible, and every movement distinctly seen. If you go over the spring in a boat you will see the fissures in the rocks, from which the river pours upward like an inverted cataract.

Another wonder is, that "Stone Mountain,"

of Georgia, which was rendered famous during the late war, has not been more written about, talked about, and traveled about is unaccountable, and indicates a want of admiration for the wonders of the Southland. Were it across the waters it would be in song, in sermon, and in lecture, and travelers by scores would go as they now go to the Pyramids;—

"These the work of man,
That the work of an Almighty hand."

Imagine a mountain of solid granite, towering two thousand feet, with scarcely a shrub on its defiant bald face. In its solitude it is alone; no kindred nigh! Not even the faint outline of a mountain is discernible in the distance; and as we turn our gaze upward to its perpendicular height, the classic Palisades seem tame, and we can but wonder if it be a boulder from some distant sphere, suddenly, by some freak of nature, ejected to our planet; or may it not have been that during the great primeval ocean, which once overspread the earth, matter attracted matter, until the mighty pile arose, and will stand until the final consummation of all things here?

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CITIES OF THE PLAIN.

A DEATH-SCENE OF THE BIBLE.—GEN. XIX.

BY *. *. ****.

NIGHT.

IT is now night, night! It is the last night before the unending fires of Sodom. It will be the wickedest night of this most wicked city. So it is; the most abandoned, the most exulting, the haughtiest wickedness comes just before the greatest fall.

Night! night! when all the emotions, sentiments, propensities, passions, and lusts of man are deepened, when deeds of darkness are more deeply dark. So, too, to the religious mind, it adds a solemn awe to its faith. The religious meeting has the greater effect, and the sermon is doubly strong to lay hold on the

deep foundations of the conscience and the soul of man at night. But there is no faith, no sermon in Sodom; so the night to the Sodomites was like a curtain to cover their carnival of sin.

How beautiful, how appropriate! how like wise men hungering and thirsting after knowledge it would have been for the people of Sodom to have assembled at the doors of Lot, and to have escorted the two strangers of noble mien and wise aspect whom the patriarch with all hospitality was entertaining at his house to the public place, and to have said unto them,

"Men and brethren, tell us good news from the far country from whence you may have come, and from the lands where you have pilgrimaged! And if you have any word of exhortation, brethren, speak on!" And perhaps no people in all the ages would ever have heard such a sermon as these strangers could have uttered in their ears; for they could have told them in the eloquence of archangels of the heavens from whence they had but just now come. They could have told them, in the eloquence of seraphim, of the Almighty God, the Lord of Hosts, in whose company they had just been, and who even then stood upon the verge of the mountains around about their beautiful valley, waiting, it may be, for an invitation to come and sup with them and they with Him, until even the Sodomites would have cried out "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" And even Sodom and Gomorrah, and Admah and Zeboim, would have remained unto this day the most favored of cities, in the most delicious of valleys, and the joy of the whole earth.

Ah, no! Sin is utterly besotting. It knows everything it wants to know already; it hates all true knowledge; the most ignorant of all things, it hugs its darkness.

SCENE SECOND.

What do they? They raise a vast mob. In the language of the inspired story, "The men of the city, even the men of Sodom, compassed the house of Lot roundabout, both old and young, all the people, from every quarter." They demanded that the strangers be delivered to them, that they may commit sins so abominable that the tongue refuses to speak them for very shame and pollution. And while the seething, raging mob are storming the house the angels smite them with blindness, that Lot may be saved.

This, however, does not deter the Sodomites, for they had gone on so long from abomination to abomination, reveling in all manner of lusts, and inventing new sins, such as had never before been dreamed of, until their sensual and horrid desires had consumed them. So the Sodomites, though blind,—more blind with lust,—urge the siege to get possession of the bodies of the visitors.

SCENE THIRD.

"Up! Get ye out of this place, for the Lord is come to destroy this city!" cry out the archangels. "Where are your sons and your daughters; your sons-in-law and your daughters-in-law? Up! Bring them out of this place!"

How blessed to be related to a friend of God! There is salvation in being but a relative of such a one. Lot finds his kindred, and cries in their ears, "Up! and let us away; for the Lord will destroy this city!" But he seemed as one that mocked them. Ah, it is in vain for the besotted heart to have a kinsman akin to the Most High.

Poor Lot, he is bewildered; he knows not which way to turn. The angels lay hold of him, and upon his wife, and upon his two unmarried daughters, who are with him in his house; for while the hesitating, doubting Lot lingers, the angels remember the cry of the faithful Abraham unto Jehovah, and His promise to His praying servant, and they determine to save Lot for his uncle Abraham's sake. Still, there is salvation for the kindred's sake.

The angels force Lot and his wife and his two daughters out of the city. "*Escape for your lives! Look not behind you! Neither stay thou in all the plain! Escape to the mountain, lest ye be consumed!*"

"Oh, not so, my Lord!" cries out the half-doubting Lot. "Here is a little city;—is it not a little one? Let me stay in it. I will perish in the mountains!"

What a vivid picture of man unto this hour! He is dreadfully afraid of being damned; but he does not like to be saved in God's own way, with all his heart and soul and mind and might. He is all the time trying, or willing, at least, to be saved by the "skin of his teeth." The infinite Redeemer, who all this while still stands upon the mountains roundabout, inspires the angels—for the record says that "He still remembers the prayer of his loving Abraham." The request of Lot is granted. He flies into Zoar, and the little city is spared for his sake. Ten righteous would have saved Sodom; one righteous saved the little Zoar.

LAST SCENE.

It has thus taken all the night to save Lot. The sun is risen; and this day in Sodom shall be as all the days of the past! The day shall be as a rest, that the Sodomites may refresh and strengthen themselves after the defeat of the night; that they may engage more passionately and besottedly in the pollutions of the coming eve. No, no, no! *Their time is come!* The time of the inevitable retribution and day of vengeance *is come!*

Jehovah, from his place upon the mountain's brow, stretches forth his hand and utters the word of doom! A night deeper than that of Egypt and Erebus combined puts out the light

of the risen sun! The gloomy, black, deep thunder-clouds gather together, their fringes and centers gleaming with the forked flashes of lightning and torn with the bellowing thunder-bolts. No, no! No thunder-storm; far worse! Even a judgment day for the people of Sodom.

By the word of doom of the Lord of Hosts, it is as if the bottomless pit is brought up from the deepest abysses, and its awful mouth yawns over the doomed cities of the plain! From its profound center come the sulphur, brimstone, and fire in one storm of pallid flame! One wild, wailing shriek from all the multitudes of the cities goes up through the columns of blazing fire into the mouth of the pouring pit—and all are burned to ashes. Every living thing, every house, every monument, every wall, all things dissolve to white ashes in those intensely blue and pallid sheets of fire. The very ground is melted and sinks below the level of the seas.

Bitter waters that taste of ashes and lye and brimstone cover the scene and put out the fires—waters in which no fish or living thing can exist—accursed of God. And thus it remains, the "Dead Sea," unto this hour.

And all is over.

"Remember Lot's wife!" She "looked back, * * * and she became a pillar of salt." Ah, let us draw near, and read the inscription, written by the unerring finger, that is upon that monument of salt. Read! "Almost saved, and yet lost."

THE BEAUTIFUL SUNSHINE.

BY MARY J. S. UPSHUR STURGES.

"THE beautiful snow! let it go! yes, go!
'Tis the beautiful sunshine I want, you know—
One ray in my half-dead face—ah—so!

This cellar's so cold and damp."
A rickety stool and a broken chair,
A pile of tatters, and she lies there;—
Oh, for the warming sunshine where
There is neither stove nor lamp!

The beautiful snow! Ah, poet, sing low
Your beautiful song as we go, as we go;
Note by note it is lost in the wall of woe,
As we traverse the streets at will.

For, hear her: "O biting and bitter snow—
Torturing, chilling wherever you go—
I thought it was only man that could so
Pierce and freeze and kill!

"I thought it was only the scorner's sneer
That could cradle the heart-blood as you do here,
And pluck to the marrow and bones, and sear
With the venom of winter-breath.
But it's winter without and winter within
And around and above this abode of sin,

And the pitiless snow drifts in—and in—
As I stare at the great white Death.

"And the storm is over, you say? Ah me!
Well, glory to Heaven! Did you let me see
A glimpse of the sunshine? or could it be
A dream of the years ago?

Did you pull away from the window-pane
The ragged blanket that all in vain
From habit I stuff there in snow and rain?
Say, was it a dream, or no?

"Ah, that was no vision! Thank God! thank God!
Pretty soon on the pauper's burial sod
Must come (in pity defend the clod
From the pelting and pitiless snow!)—
Must come the winters as I lie deep—
Must come the summers as there I sleep—
But, give me a nook where the sunshine may creep
On the grave unknown and low!

"Thanks! thanks for that warming glow and beam!
Is it real? Let me kiss it! But do I *not* dream?
Twenty years came down in that thawing gleam—
Twenty years ago, you know.
You saw it shine in the harlot's hair,
But you saw not the chrism that descended there,
The sanctified memory of years so fair!—
Twasn't thus with the warring snow.

"That messenger bright as it came from heaven—
Could it be?—did it say, 'Thy sins forgiven?'
It sounded so, and I thought the heaven
Came out of the far-away,—
Came out of the good deeds *they* had done—
The dear 'old folks' that are dead and gone—
That I stabbed with my sins and then left alone,—
Could it be? could it be?—I say.

"Twenty years ago!—shall I tell you now
Of a pure young girl with an innocent brow?
Of a love misplaced?—of a broken vow?

You will laugh at me, I trow!
'It is no laughing matter!' Ah, there you're right!
Then I'll tell of the wooing that summer night,
When the apple-blossoms fell in the fair moonlight,—
Ah! had I but been cold as the snow!

"The beautiful sunshine! More! give me more!
Oh, how it soothes me—my bones so sore!
Best of all, how it shows me the beautiful shore
Where I was beloved and young.
The shore of that sea I can never repossess!
And yet I am there—for a sunny-haired lass
Dances butterfly-like in the flowers and grass,
And she sings the songs I sung.

"Let *them* talk—let *them* sing of the beautiful snow,
Blessed with warmth and plenty wherever they go.—
It has different stories for high and low,
As my cellar down here will say.
Yes, deceitful snow! your errand is higher
Than burthen of want to the dame or sire
Of the household circle around yon fire
In the great house over the way.

"But the beautiful sunshine that brings my dreams
Is the only thing upon earth that seems
To speak to all alike, and that dooms
The outcast's horrid den
As fitting a place—in its filth and sin—
To mention the name of the Maker in,
And love, by the law of love to win,
As the grandest palace of men."



NEW YORK,
AUGUST, 1871.

OUR NEXT PRESIDENT.

WHO shall he be? Politicians are now speculating on the question of the succession. Our country will be greatly agitated, and partisans will try to make it appear that the perpetuity or failure of our institutions depends on the issue. Demagogues and hungry office-seekers will talk loudly and long to gaping crowds about this or that candidate,—this and that measure; and some falsehoods will be told. We shall not participate in this further than to express our honest preferences for honest men. No really important questions divide us. We are at peace. The treaty of Washington assures the settlement of the Alabama claims, and Jonathan shakes hands with John. The tariff will be quarreled over without fighting; free schools will be extended, and so will free religion. Temperance will marshal all her forces and diminish the quantity of grog. Women will demand equal rights, and all who are equal will get them. Our candidate for the Presidency must be something more than a politician, a soldier, a financier, or a jolly good fellow: he must be a scholar, a gentleman, a statesman, and a Christian,—nothing less. He must also subscribe to

“THE TEN COMMANDMENTS,”

and keep them. Nothing but intelligence, integrity, prudence, and true religion on the part of people and Presi-

dent will keep us—as a nation—from going the way of other transgressors.

A TRUE BASIS. If it be said that nations, like men, grow old and decay, we reply, that it is only the material part that grows old or that decays. The soul does not grow old, nor does it decay. A nation based on true Christian principles, with godly men—men sanctified by the Holy Ghost—to administer the laws, would be everlasting. When a good man departs, and his mantle falls on another, “his works do follow him,” and thus the truth and a godly government would be perpetuated. A dishonest servant robs his employer, and the concern goes down. So of government. An idle aristocracy eats out the vital principle in a monarchy. Ambition, vanity, luxury, and indolence bring nations to poverty, anarchy, and ruin. Is America traveling on this road? If so, she will come to its end ere long. But with good men at the helm, the ship of state may be navigated successfully to the end of time. Let us “put the right man in the right place,” and rest in peace with the assurance that God rules the hearts and minds of godly men. Let us weed out all self-seekers and trust no bad men. Let us worship God; have no idols; permit no swearing; keep the Sabbath; honor parents; do no murder; commit no adultery; allow no stealing, no slandering, and keep down covetousness. Let us love the Lord our God with all the heart, soul, and mind, and our neighbor as ourselves. Our neighbor is MAN, with no distinctions as to race, color, sex, or condition. Are we up to this high standard? Have we not denied our God? Do we not worship the *golden calf*? Are we not profane? How many of us keep the Sabbath in a *proper* manner? Fine feathers in fine churches won’t do. Are we mindful or are we neglectful of the old folks? Do we wish competitors or our enemies dead? What is this but mur-

der in our hearts? Who is free from lust? and who subdues or subordinates the passions to the Holy Spirit? Look at the libertine, in half the men you meet! Who does not steal, or cheat, or get the better of his neighbor in a trade, when he can? Who? Is he not a rare exception among men? Are not all men

covetous? And where is the man who loves his neighbor as himself? Is it "easier to preach than to practice?" Aye,—but the grace of God is sufficient for those who will, to keep all His commandments, and he is the best man who comes the nearest to that. *He* should be OUR NEXT PRESIDENT.

A GOOD WIFE.

WE concede that man is, or should be, the rightfully constituted "head of the family,"—and all good wives would have it so. We concede that he is the head of the wife, as Christ is the head of the church, and every *real* wife, be she president, queen, or empress, would *prefer* that a manly MAN should be at the head, and take the lead. It is in accordance with the order of nature, and according to the teachings of Scripture, the revealed will of God. Every man *ought* to be capable of assuming and maintaining such relations. It is his to brave dangers, to protect and to defend. But suppose the gray mare be the better horse? in other words, suppose the wife to be in every way the most capable of taking the lead? Suppose she be the *better* captain? It is a general rule that the best thought governs, and the best mind will lead. Man is supposed to have intellect, reason, and practical common sense; he should have Constructiveness, integrity, hope, application, perseverance, dignity, resolution, and executiveness, all manly qualities. Women should have much of the same, with a predominance of kindness, affection, taste, economy, order, sense of propriety, spirituality, and devotion,—all wifely, womanly qualities. A good wife is supposed to have finer and higher sensibilities than her husband; while his tendencies are more or less earthward, hers are supposed to be heavenward. At any rate, she will hold him

steadily to duty, and keep him up when, without her, he would wander, indulge in enervating luxuries, and go down to the appetites and passions. It is not in the *presence* of his good wife that he indulges in his intoxicating cups or in bacchanalian riotings, but in her absence. It is not when in the presence of wife and other loved ones that those frightful games of chance called "gambling," which so often result in ruin, despair, and death, are indulged in, but in their absence. At home, most men conduct themselves with more propriety and circumspection than when abroad among strangers. Why? The influence of a good wife—next to one's religion—is all-potent. Is a man tempted to smoke, chew, or snuff tobacco? The thought that it would offend his loving wife would cause him to refrain! If this be not the case with all, it is certainly so in many instances. There are weak women who on becoming wives of self-indulgent men, to show their self-denial and desire to please, stultify their natures, and may be heard to remark, "I like the smell of a good cigar," "I like the taste of wines, porter, beer," etc., when the truth is they only *endure* them. Now, what are the consequences of such weakness? The man inclines all the more to such indulgences having the *sanction* of his wife. One kind, decided word from her would have changed the whole course of his life, and have made him self-denying instead of self-indulgent.

He becomes a sot, can not live without his dirty pipe, his mug of beer, or glass of whisky. But is not he altogether to blame rather than his wife? Granted, but she could and should have helped him. He needed just that moral and spiritual encouragement which she, as a good wife,

could have given. "I like the fumes of a fragrant Havana," has brought down many a man to a drunkard's grave. "I wish you would not smoke," has saved many men from the sin of self-indulgence, dissipation, vice, crime, and premature death!

ENJOYMENT—HAPPINESS.

IN what do these consist? How may they be attained? What is the secret?

With reference to this subject there are "many men of many minds." The diversity of opinion among men is as great as their physiognomical expressions. There are no two exactly alike; nor do any two think precisely alike on all points. Each seeks enjoyment; all desire happiness. Many a man lives in his propensities, and seeks enjoyment in their gratification. He rises no higher than his appetite and sensual nature. His chief gods are wine and women; next to these come the love of lucre and of place. He seeks money and position, not so much for their use as for the love of them. In the pursuit of one or all of these he forfeits his health, his morals, and even his hopes of heaven. Still, he seeks enjoyment—happiness. His chief error consists in the fact, that his *philosophy* is all wrong; he has not yet learned that *one's highest happiness consists in making others happy*. He craves sympathy for *himself* instead of seeking to bestow sympathy on *others*. His purely selfish aims must inevitably end in failure. Suppose he acquire the wealth of the Astors, Stewarts, or Rothschilds; suppose he indulge in inordinate affection,—does this bring real enjoyment or enduring happiness? No, no; up to this point of his existence he has not risen above the teachings of the heathen philosopher who said, "Do unto others as others do unto

you." He is yet to come up to the higher plane of Christ's teachings, which were, "Do unto others as ye *would* that others should do unto you." In *this*, and in this alone, we have the secret of real enjoyment—true happiness. It is further illustrated in those words so often spoken, so little practiced: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." When mankind is educated up to this high standard, there will be less self-indulgence and more self-sacrifice, and the highest happiness. What enjoyment can be more exquisite, what happiness more complete, than is realized by the teacher, preacher, and benefactor, who put others in the way of self-improvement and growth in grace, and who relieve the sufferings of the unfortunate? Is it not a source of real enjoyment to Mr. Peter Cooper when he meets a house full of thankful hearts who express so much gratitude for the privilege he has afforded them for acquiring knowledge through his noble Institute? Will not his last hours on earth, yea, his very departing, be made glorious and happy by the grace vouchsafed to the good and the godly? Reverse the picture. Here is a close-fisted, mean, and selfish rich man. He has earned little or nothing by personal labor or exertion. He has become rich perhaps by selling whisky and tobacco, or by speculating in stocks; by shaving notes; or by distressing the poor whom circumstances placed in his power. All these things are lawful; but are they

expedient? do they bring happiness? The physician who relieves physical suffering enjoys exquisite sensations. The wise counselor, who advises a way out of a difficulty, enjoys the fact as much or more than the client. The merchant who supplies a real want, at a rate satisfactory to all concerned, enjoys the act. The mechanic who makes a machine or erects a useful structure for the use of others, is compensated almost as much by *thanks* as by dimes and dollars. The artist who produces a picture, a piece of statuary, or anything enjoyable, can never be paid in money alone. It is the thought of ministering to others' enjoyment that *he* is made happy. In the same way we might go through all the different human pursuits, and we should find that the highest happiness in each consists of the ultimate desire TO MAKE OTHERS HAPPY. Verily "it is more blessed to give than to receive." Let us thank God for the blessed privilege of "doing unto others as we would that others should do unto us,"

THE STUDY OF PHRENOLOGY.

THE demand for lecturers and teachers of Phrenology is increasing. Every volume on Phrenology which is read, every issue of the AMERICAN PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL sent forth, every stray copy of the PHRENOLOGICAL ANNUAL makes a convert, awakens in somebody a desire to know more of the subject, and to avail himself of its advantages. Such people often write to us, "Do you know of any good phrenologist within fifty or a hundred miles of my residence?" Others write, "Send us some reliable lecturer and examiner." We can not answer all these calls ourselves; our duties in the publishing line and in our own office-practice consume our time, and our only way to preach this gospel to all is to do it by means of our publications and by sending out everywhere well-instructed disciples in this good cause. Accordingly, every year we give careful instruction to a class who wish to become lec-

turers and teachers in this important field. To this class, commencing about the first of November in each year, we invite only those who possess good common sense and an earnest desire to benefit the human race. Those who are mere quacks and adventurers, who expect at the start to pocket a hundred dollars a day, before time and practice have ripened their abilities, making them worthy of such success, will not be likely to honor this or any other calling. Phrenology, like farming on a good soil, will produce the just recompense of reward to the laborer. Whoever faithfully and intelligently follows it, may reasonably expect not only adequate compensation, but those interior rewards which come from a consciousness of having done valuable service to mankind.

Sometimes a man with gray hair and baldness gives us cordial greeting, informing us what wonderful reformation our words, which were uttered more than thirty years ago, have wrought in his life and character. Not long since a mechanic, carrying on a good business, had occasion to call at our residence, and in the course of conversation, inquired, "Is not your husband a phrenologist?" "Yes." "Please tell him that all I am I owe to him; for I was a wild, rash, reckless lad. He told me my bad tendencies, and how to obviate them; and from that hour I have led a different life, and am happy to say that my wife, children, neighbors, and church-brethren have no idea what a change was wrought in my career by the seasonable and fitly-spoken words of that phrenological examination." This we call remuneration, though he paid us at the time the usual fee, and as a mere business transaction our relations were closed satisfactorily. This "bread upon the waters" which comes back after so many days; this feeling that one is not living in vain, but is molding men to a better life, to higher aspirations, and more earnest endeavor for the true and the good, is a reward which money is too poor to purchase, and which will outlive time itself.

THE QUESTION OF THE ERA.—The publication of "Woman vs. Woman's Rights" in our June number has awakened a strong feeling throughout the country. We have been flooded with articles, long and short, leaning on one

side or the other of the great question. Many of these articles are eminently worthy of presentation to the public through the medium of our columns, but it would be utterly impossible for us, consistently with the demands of other matter, to publish more than a twentieth part of them. We find that Augusta Wheeler has many friends among the intelligent and well-educated of her sisters. We find also that she has many opponents who are equally entitled to respect for their intelligence and mental culture. Agitate the subject, ladies, keep up the excitement. Much good will grow out of so free a ventilation.

AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.

THE civil war in France is about ended. The reign of fire and blood is over, and France now finds respite from strife, and turns to consider the terrible penalties which she has paid for foreign and internecine struggle. The most terrible chapter in the woes of France is that written by her own people in the last days of the Commune. Then Frenchmen were opposed to Frenchmen in the fiercest conflict. Tongue could not picture the horrors which occurred in the last throes of that mistaken, fanatical organization. In the height of their frenzy its champion said, "We shall either rule in Paris or destroy it," and only the vigorous and overwhelming efforts on the part of the army of Versailles, assisted in a passive yet effective way by that remnant of the Prussian army which lay encamped outside the walls of the city, prevented the execution of the vengeful menace. As it is, some of the fairest portions of the city are smoldering ruins. Many buildings around which thronged most interesting historical associations, and whose architectural beauty made them the admiration of the civilized world, were partly or entirely destroyed.

The glorious and venerable cathedral of Notre Dame itself barely escaped. It had been bedaubed with inflammatory matter, but the Communists had not time for an effectual attempt to fire it. Fortunately the greater part of the splendid Louvre was saved by the exertions of the victors, although its priceless library has perished. Of the Tuileries, the gorgeous palace of the old French

monarchs, but a shell remains. The Palace of Justice, Customs Warehouse, Odéon, Conseil d'Etat, Ministry of Finance, the Lyons Railway terminus, and the magnificent Hotel de Ville have been destroyed. The victors, whose feelings of retaliation were doubtless heightened by Communist vandalism, wreaked a terrible vengeance upon the conquered. Massacre and execution followed the capture of Paris. Hundreds, nay, thousands of the insurgents were shot.

But after all, this is nothing more than a phase of war, for war means a destruction of life and property — everything which peace seeks to preserve. We are told that the work of reconstruction has already commenced. We hope that it is true; that the sword and the chassepot have been thrown aside for the spade, the hammer, and the chisel.

We hope, moreover, that the fearful experience through which France has passed will be a profitable lesson, and that a government will be instituted which shall court the ways of peace, and seek to establish it by all the aids of universal education and mental emancipation. Only liberal government, "government of the people, for the people, and by the people," will secure the ends of a true civilization. Whether France is prepared at this juncture for such a government is questionable; but we hope after this last crucial experiment she will enter upon a new and improved career, that the scales which ignorance, bigotry, and dogmatism have molded may have fallen from her eyes, and that her course henceforward will be more consistent with wisdom.

MODERN PHRENOLOGY.

IN the *Evening Mail* for June 14th an article was published, under the caption of "A True Philosophy," which makes two or three allusions to Phrenology which are evidently inaccurate. The writer of the article discusses the spiritual side of Phrenology, and says many things which will find the ready agreement of enlightened Christians. The following statement, however, we deem it necessary to notice:

"Popular Phrenology, regarding physical organization only, assumes that mind is sub-

ject to and governed by material laws merely, and by this limited and circumscribed definition of mental science has contributed largely to foster and confirm the materialistic tendencies of the age."

We are somewhat surprised that the author, who has for many years been a close student of Phrenology, should make a statement of this character. He must overlook the fact that many leading clergymen of the day, in their expositions of the Scriptures, make use of phrenological principles for the better elucidation of them. We do not know any phrenologist, whose opinion is valuable, who ignores the relation of Phrenology to the spiritual—who does not lay particular stress upon the influence of the spiritual nature upon the physical or exhibited activities of mind and body. We were of the impression that the question of the materialistic tendencies of Phrenology had long ago been set aside and disposed of. In fact, we very rarely hear from an intelligent source an objection of that character. Phrenology has just as much to do with the spiritual side of man as with the material side. It can not be otherwise, if the whole man is to be considered; and the phrenologists of the day, who are earnestly and faithfully diffusing the elevating doctrines of the science, insist upon an understanding of man's psychological and religious nature as a chief requisite to proper mental culture.

WOLVES IN SHEEPSKINS.

FROM time immemorial Satan has inclined to clothe himself as an angel of light. Hypocrisy and deception have always sought a reputable mask. The ass is said to have been wise enough, when he would have exercised power, to clothe himself in the lion's skin. But generally such falsely clad brayers convict themselves out of their own mouths. Our purpose is not to say that ministers of religion are accused of faults and follies, of crimes and misdemeanors; but when this is true they are convicted and punished. Nor is it our purpose to spend much strength on immoral physicians. Lawyers of exceptionable morals can plead their own cause, and the world has a pretty correct no-

tion of tricky barristers. It is not to be supposed that all public men are perfect, even though we had no evidence on the subject, for, being human, men are fallible; and as the twelve Apostles had one Judas, it may be safe to presume that if there be not one minister in twelve at the present day who ought to be better than he is, or who ought not to be in his present position, that there are at least some whose character is not represented by the exterior—that there are some "wolves in sheepskins." We believe that the ministry is less inclined to palliate the faults of its associates than the members of any other profession. Physicians, if they do not live in the vicinity of their rivals, will generally stand up for their guild. Lawyers will defend lawyers for the credit of the profession. But ministers bear down heavily on their brethren who are derelict in duty, more than on common church members, because it seems such an infamous disgrace to the profession.

The honest and true minister feels that if a man enters the sacred profession with unclean hands, or follows it with an unclean heart, in the way of dissipation, or licentiousness, or dishonesty, he should be dealt with severely. In this they are right. Ministers have many opportunities for intimate confidences; they associate with the members of their parishes on terms of equality and cordiality, and those who are not good at heart, those who are bad and seek to follow bad practices, have many opportunities for soiling their reputation and committing offenses against society. The same is eminently true of the physician and the dentist; and, we may add, that the phrenologist in his professional intercourse with the world, if he wishes to be bad, is not without opportunity.

All these professional men should therefore be upright and pure. A man who deals in charcoal or ice, or who serves with bread, milk, or beef every family in the neighborhood, has such relations with families that no temptation exists for the breach of social confidence. Not so with the minister, physician, dentist, and phrenologist. If a coal-heaver is base, the better sort of people, at least, have no cognizance of the fact; he has no opportunity to evince his baseness toward them. When persons, therefore, come under our hands for examination, seeking to

know what profession they should follow, if they be of low organization in morals, with strong tendencies to animal indulgence, we recommend them not to follow any one of the professions we have named, and generally they do not desire to do so. Such men should be employed in what are called the laborious occupations.

As ministers are interested in religion, and in the honor of their profession, we are interested in Phrenology and phrenologists. We would have the profession lifted above all suspicion, and those who follow it men with clean hands and upright purposes. Anything like false pretenses, dissipation, or licentiousness on their part should be frowned down.

Why should men falsely write and publish their names with the prefix "Professor?" Some phrenologists have been properly elected professors in literary or scientific institutions; but to-day there is no professor of Phrenology in this country, and it is sheer impudence and egotism to assume the title. If we were lecturing, and ladies or gentlemen thought proper to address us as professor, it would be their business, and not ours. But we would neither write nor print it in connection with our name, unless absolutely elected to be professor of Phrenology in some association or college. Phrenology has suffered no little from the bad conduct of sensualists, who disgraced themselves and it by their avowed relation to the subject.

The phrenologist who is pure and true, and aims to do good, to honor his profession and himself in the performance of honest work, has our cordial indorsement, and all the moral support we can give him; but dissipated, licentious men, full of false pretenses and foolish egotism, deserve our sharpest maledictions.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR.

ON the 10th of June last the city of New York was the scene of an unusual occurrence. A statue of Prof. S. F. B. Morse, the developer of the electric telegraph, was unveiled in the Central Park with very interesting ceremonies. Although the telegraphic fraternity, under whose auspices the statue was procured, was chiefly interested, the intellect generally of the country was repre-

sented. The statue is seven and a half feet in height, is of bronze, cast from the model made by Mr. B. M. Pickett. It represents the distinguished inventor in the act of receiving a telegraphic dispatch, and taken altogether is a creditable work of art. We have already given our readers a biographical sketch of Prof. Morse, but some reference to him at this time will be appropriate.

He is a New-Englander by birth, was born in Charlestown, Mass., April 27th, 1791. In early life he was an artist, and one of the founders and promoters of the National Academy of Design in New York. During a voyage to Europe, in 1832, he became impressed with the idea which culminated in his invention. The first apparatus which he arranged for some practical experiments was made in 1835. Two years later he had so far perfected it as to venture public experiments at the University building in the city of New York. In 1838 he applied to Congress for an appropriation to build an experimental wire between Washington and Baltimore, but his proposal was regarded as chimerical and absurd. He then visited Europe, but did not succeed any better there, as he failed even to obtain patents for his apparatus. He returned to this country, and after repeated solicitation obtained, on the last night of the session of 1843, an appropriation of \$30,000 for the construction of the experimental line. Of course it proved an entire success, and was the beginning of the vast network of wires which now brings the nations of the earth within speaking distance of each other. It is most fitting that a statue should be erected to the man whose persistent industry developed this priceless feature of modern civilization. It is eminently proper, too, that the statue should be set up to living worth. It has been too much the custom to erect memorials of departed worth. Men of genius and learning, or men who claim no genius, but whose efforts in the great cause of humanity have proved of inestimable value, deserve the honors of the world while they live.

The extent to which the human race has been benefited by the telegraph is shown in the following statistics: Europe possesses 450,000 miles of wire, and 13,000 stations; America, 180,000 miles of wire, and 6,000

stations; India, 14,000 miles of wire, and 200 stations; Australia, 10,000 miles of wire, and 270 stations; and the extension throughout the world is at the rate of 100,000 miles of wire per annum. There are, in addition, 80,000 miles of submarine telegraph wire in

successful operation, extending beneath the Atlantic and German Oceans; the Baltic, North, Mediterranean, Red, Arabian, and China Seas; the Persian Gulf, the Bay of Biscay, the Straits of Gibraltar, and the Gulfs of Mexico and St. Lawrence.

HOTEL LIFE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

IT is generally admitted that America leads the world in first-class hotels. And although one of the youngest of our great cities, San Francisco is abreast of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, or Washington in her hotel management and accommodations. It has been our fortune within the past fifteen years to "put up" at most of the best houses in all the States of the Union, and also in Europe. We speak, therefore, from observation and experience on the subject; and in according to California this credit for the excellence of her hotels, we do not exaggerate. We give a view of the OCCIDENTAL, with its four hundred well-furnished rooms, in which we resided and luxuriated for a brief season. Besides broad and pleasant stairways leading to all the floors, there is a large \$20,000 Otis elevator, rising from basement to attic, in which the tired traveler or the invalid guest may be almost instantly lifted or lowered to any floor in the house by the touch of a bell-cord! Would the reader like to know what we had to eat in this great hotel? Here is the ordinary bill of fare for dinner which was in use when we were there:

SOUPS: Beef broth, with vegetables; and sago.

FISH: Salmon, à l'Allemande; and baked cod, à la d'Orleans.

COLD: Boned turkey aux truffes, à la gelée; roast beef; pressed corn beef; mutton; ham; lamb; tongue; and chicken salad.

BOILED: Leg of mutton, caper sauce; corned beef and cabbage; beef tongues; bacon; chicken, caper sauce.

ROASTS: Ham, champagne sauce; beef; chicken; loin of veal; loin of pork; and spring lamb, mint sauce; with pork and beans.

ENTREES: Ris de veau, braisé, aux champignons; sheep's tongue, poelée, à la Duchesse; macaroni with cheese, à la Catalane; veal fricasee with turnips; mince of beef, à l'Espagnole; roulade of lamb, aux tomato sauce; jambon sauté, à la Bayonnaise; civet de lièvre, au Bordeaux.

SEASONING: Assorted pickles; cranberry sauce; currant jelly; horse radish; olives; lettuce; apple sauce; cucumbers; Cashmere Chutney sauce; fresh tomatoes; and California bon-zest.

VEGETABLES: Mashed potatoes; boiled new potatoes;

baked sweet potatoes; rice; parsneps; summer squash; egg plant; artichokes; stewed tomatoes; green corn; turnips; onions; and green peas.

GAME: Antelope, with currant jelly; venison.

PASTRY: Peach pudding, brandy sauce; orange cake; Vienna cake; jelly rolls; almond sticks; raspberry pie; peach pie; apple pie; peppermint candy; lemon ice-cream.

DESSERT: Prunes; almonds; raisins; pecan nuts; California walnuts; peanuts; apples; grapes; peaches; pears. Tea, coffee, and chocolate,—

with more than eighty kinds of wine for those who drink! Will this do for dinner?

Here is the bill of fare for breakfast:

Coffee; green and black tea; and chocolate; with milk from Milbrae Dairy.

BREAD: French; Graham; corn bread; German rolls; Boston brown bread; hot rolls; English muffins; and egg muffins. Wheaten grits; milk, butter, and dry toast; fried mush; waffles; flannel cakes; boiled hominy; oatmeal; and buckwheat cakes.

BROILED: Tripe; pig's feet; liver; beefsteaks, plain and with tomatoes; smoked salmon; salt mackerel; fresh salmon; pickled salmon; ham; mutton chops, plain, breaded, or with tomatoes; bacon; and venison steak.

FRIED: Fish balls; ham and eggs; fresh fish with pork; tripe; calves' liver; stewed kidneys; corned-beef hash; apples and pork; sausage; and salt codfish with cream.

POTATOES: Baked; fried; Lyonnaise; stewed.

OYSTERS: Fried oysters; stewed oysters; and stewed clams.

EGGS: Fried; scrambled; omelets, boiled, plain or Spanish style; and jelly omelets.

COLD: Roast beef; corned beef; mutton; boiled ham; beef tongue.

Breakfast, from 6 to 12. Lunch, from 12½ to 2½. Dinner, from 5 to 7½. Tea, from 7 to 9. Supper, from 9 to 12.

Nor is this all. The cooking is of the best description; the waiters polite, sensible, prompt. We may go through kitchen, stores, laundry, dining rooms, parlors, sleeping rooms, and offices, and all will be found neat, clean, and tidy. The beds may justly be called sumptuous. On the tables may always be found a full supply of excellent ripe fruits, melons, berries, grapes, etc., such as grow nowhere else in the world so plentifully and so good as in San Francisco.

We take the following extracts from an article in the *Overland Monthly*:

"In San Francisco there are five leading hotels, occupied by two thousand people, who, for about a thousand dollars a year each, enjoy handsome apartments, the use of a large number of servants, and the choice of an unsurpassed bill of fare. By adopting the system of co-operative housekeeping, such as hotel life really is, there is a great saving. And then, again, it is so pleasant to have all one's bills aggregated into one: one's water-tax, gas bill, rent, washing, butcher's and grocer's bills, and all the other bills that flesh is heir to.

"One would hardly suppose that there is invested, in the five principal hotels of San Francisco, capital to the amount of \$4,800,000, and that their annual income is nearly three millions of dollars. Yet this is perfectly true of the five hotels which are known as the Grand, Occidental, Cosmopolitan, Lick, and Russ; and they about as dissimilar in their respective characteristics as they are in their titles. The capital invested in the Grand is over \$1,000,000, but is a paying investment, and is regarded with some little pride as a tolerably representative hotel. The Occidental has a large and excellent class of customers, and previous to the building of the Cosmopolitan secured the great bulk of the best foreign arrivals, including the then Eastern visitor, such as he then was—scarce, and, as compared with the present article, somewhat embryotic. The Cosmopolitan opened with wonderful advantages in the shape of a good set of permanent people, with a large and diffused acquaintance, that rapidly brought the hotel all it could attend to; but then travel increased to such an extent that they all had plenty to do, and ere long the necessity for a new and large hotel became so apparent that the Grand stepped in to fill the place. The Lick, which has always had less of the transient custom than any other, has been *par excellence* the family hotel of San Francisco, even as the Everett House was the family hotel of Boston. The 'Lick House set' was as distinct a branch of society as it is well possible to imagine; and to it the 'Occidental set' ran a lively opposition. But the Occidental and Lick House sets have disappeared; they have

been scattered broadcast into many places, and the old rivalry is almost forgotten, and is fast fading into oblivion. The Occidental has a steady family seasoning in addition to its large Eastern business, and is capable of accommodating nearly a thousand persons. It yields an income of \$600,000 per annum, and its rental is \$96,000. It represents over \$1,000,000 capital. Its hall is one of the features of Montgomery Street.

"All four of these are fine hotels; and it may be said that they that go through the world in hotels get more value for their money in San Francisco than anywhere else in the world—even in cosmopolitan Paris.

"The Russ House is essentially and distinctively transient in the character of its patronage, with just one or two families thrown in as a sort of moorings or nucleus for the more ephemeral portion. Here you meet your friend from the country, and it is his headquarters while he negotiates with capital for an advance on his fall crop, or purchases a stock of groceries for his store in some inland village. It has just enough of the city flavor to give him all the spice of novelty he wants, while the appointments, table, and general arrangements of the house are plain and subdued enough to make him feel at his ease. The Russ fronts 275 feet on Montgomery Street, and 180 on Pine and Bush. It contains 280 rooms, and has accommodated at times as many as 500 people. The land upon which it stands is worth about \$400,000, and the building and its furniture \$325,000. It is a good investment, and pays the owners one per cent. a month. The income of the hotel may be estimated at \$400,000 per annum or thereabouts. The Russ has occasionally, as mentioned, accommodated 500 people, which implies that its country patrons have outrun its capacity and called into existence the Brooklyn. This hotel is situated directly opposite the Cosmopolitan, on Bush Street, and is in every respect a second Russ House.

"There is probably no hotel in the United States so unique in its individuality, or so historically identified with the town in which it is situated, as is the What Cheer House of San Francisco. Certainly no hotel in the United States is conducted on such peculiar principles; and it may be reasonably

doubted if there be any that so completely and satisfactorily meets the requirements and tastes of one peculiar class of customers. What the *Cosmopolitan* used to be to the speculators in 'Washoe,' the *What Cheer* is to the 'honest miner;' but inasmuch as the 'honest miner' is not the creature of stocks or the ephemeral millionaire of the season whose existence depends on the uncertainties of 'Change, but a prominent and reliable individual, his caravansary has not had to seek new avenues of patronage and sources of revenue, but lives and thrives by him still. True,

in the lifetime of the modern 'honest miner.' With some of them it occurs as often as twice a year; with others only once; and with many but once every two years; and the rational being who understands wherein its pleasures lie, will readily concede that the measure of the real enjoyment that these men experience is small indeed. They toil and labor for six months or a year with pick and shovel, away up in some one of the inland mining districts of the Sierras; amass a few hundred dollars or so, and then spend it in a week. Miners come in numbers to the city



each boat from Sacramento does not crowd the establishment to its utmost capacity as formerly; nor does any one longer hear in its hall or in the surrounding bar-rooms the chink of prodigally squandered twenties, but nevertheless it is a paying property, and year by year turns many ducats into the coffers of the proprietors. The individual so endeared to us all under the title of the 'honest miner' is an anomalous character, and well worthy of study and contemplation while undergoing the 'What Cheer' phase of his existence. This 'What Cheer' phase is an oasis

every week, and at once betake themselves to the *What Cheer House*. They never think, as a general rule, of going anywhere else, and indeed would have but little cause to, since the establishment is the only one really suited to them. All the fees they have to pay amount to two dollars per week for their room. This insures them a good, clean bed, in a room which is so clean for a hotel, that its shortcomings are wholly unobservable by its average occupant, clean water, a towel, and a piece of soap. What more can an 'honest miner' want?

"All the patrons of the hotel, however, are not of this particular kind. There are numbers of farmers, and well-to-do *rancheros*, stock-drivers, farm-hands, and others, whose business brings them occasionally to the city, and who patronize the What Cheer House on account of its cheapness. There are also numbers of miners, who are steady in their habits and close with their money, who go to that hotel; some of them prospectors, who have made a strike in the shape of a rich ledge, and who are in town looking for a capitalist; and others, the owners of claims that they would like to sell. Miners from every district on the Pacific coast are there; and morning, and noon, and night they may be seen in groups on the sidewalk in front of the hotel or in the office, talking over old times, the last rich strike on such and such a Flat, and comparing notes and prospects. Many a miner has come down to the What Cheer House with just money enough to pay his expenses for a few weeks, and has gone back at the expiration of that time estimating his wealth by thousands—having raised a Company on his claim, or sold out for hard cash. The distance from the What Cheer House to California Street—the Wall Street of San Francisco—is short, and many have availed themselves of it well.

"The What Cheer takes no boarders, gives little or no credit—unless well secured by baggage—and loses very little by defaulting guests. In the basement there is a large restaurant, conducted on the cheapest plan, and giving daily about four thousand meals, at an average price of twenty cents per head. The food is good, but plain, with no particular grace or art displayed in the cooking, and is noticeable mainly for quantity. The notices to guests are suggestive and quaint, and on the bill of fare sundry cautions are appended, so that he may not outrun his exchequer and then simulate ignorance of the price. "Butter free, with two ten-cent dishes," "No bread with one fish-ball," and such similar interlineations, occur. It is, in the main, an excellent restaurant, and supplies the wants of a large class of people. The house has its library—a rather good one, by the way, and tolerably well patronized—its barber-shop, and its laundry. The latter, as might be suspected by the shrewd reader,

does most of its business outside, and, beyond the washing of the house proper, depends on the former for support. On the whole, the What Cheer house pleases and suits its guests thoroughly, and consequently, as an hotel, it is a success. Its revenue is large, and its owners have through it attained great wealth, and may safely lay claim to owning the most peculiar hotel in the United States. It may be said to be the only hotel of its magnitude and pretensions that contains the announcement, "Guests will please not go to sleep on the stairs;" as well as the only one in which the female sex are entirely dispensed with.

"It is thus, in the various ways above indicated, that the 'homeless life' of San Francisco finds its requirements. Whether this peculiar social condition is as consistent with permanent prosperity as it is a product of high civilization, it is not our purpose to inquire. These conditions exist in San Francisco probably to a greater extent than in any other city; and they are also met with greater promptness and ingenuity than elsewhere. Independence is the great charm of hotel life. Boarders have their apartments, into which no one is supposed to intrude and they have all the advantages of a splendid *ménage*; but with all this they are no better off than any one of the other two or three hundred who dwell in the same caravansary, unless, perhaps, that their purses enable them to live on the first floor, while some of the others live on the fourth. But then, even this latter advantage is lost through the agency of that institution peculiar to our large American hotels—the elevator—of which there are two in San Francisco: one at the Occidental, and another at the Cosmopolitan. This makes all men equal: the dweller in the attic, and the luxurious individual of one flight of stairs. Bachelors boast that there is no life like hotel life; but then they do so inconsistently quit it on the slightest provocation that one of the other sex may offer them, that they can not be accepted as authority on the subject. But the social peculiarities of this kind of life require a deeper criticism than, perhaps, is consistent with this article."

From the foregoing, the reader may infer that hotel keeping in San Francisco is re-

duced to a perfect system; and that he may judge at which house to stop on his arrival by steamer through the Golden Gate, or overland, by rail.

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THE VENDOME COLUMN.—The celebrated column in the Place Vendome, which was destroyed by Communist authority shortly before the entry of the Versailles army, was made from the bronze of 1,200 cannon captured from the Russians, Prussians, and Austrians. It was begun on the 25th of August, 1806, and entirely finished in 1810. The total weight of the bronze is 251,367 kilogrammes—about 600,000 lbs. The expenses for the construction were as follows: Melting the bronze, 154,387 fr.; weighing same 450 fr.; chiseling, 267,219 fr.; the statue of Napoleon I., which surmounted it, was made by Chaudet, and cost 13,000 fr.; 83 sculptors for the bas-reliefs, 199,000 fr.; sculptured cornices, 89,115 fr.; general designs, 11,400 fr.; masons, locksmiths, carpenters, and plumbers, 601,979 fr.; architects, 50,000 fr.; 251,367 kilog. of bronze, at 4 fr., 1,005,468 fr.; total, 2,352,468 francs, —about \$470,000 in gold.

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WISDOM.

He that will do no good offices after a disappointment must stand still and do just nothing at all. The plow goes on after a barren year; and while the ashes are yet warm, we raise a new house upon the ruins of a former.—*Seneca.*

In vain do they talk of happiness who never subdued an impulse in obedience to a principle. He who never sacrificed a present to a future good, or a personal to a general one, can speak of happiness only as the blind do of colors.—*Horace Mann.*

CO-OPERATION is the key to the wealth of the earth. Justly, wisely used, it will give to the laborer what should be his, the profits of his own earnings.

WHAT profits us, that we from Heaven derive
A soul immortal, and with looks erect
Survey the stars, if, like the brutal kind,
We follow where our passions lead the way?

—*Claudian.*

MEN's lives should be like the day, more beautiful in the evening; or like the summer, aglow with promise; or like the autumn, rich with the golden sheaves, where the good works and deeds have ripened on the field.

THE very best and the very worst of men are not as good or as bad as they seem to be. Calculate accordingly in estimating your fellow-man.

PROVIDENCE has a thousand keys, to open a thousand doors, for the deliverance of his own.—*Rutherford.*

It is grateful to see the clear shining of the sun after a rain. It is not a change from truth to falsehood which men need, but from one form of truth to another.—*Edwards A. Park.*

HOLD ON.—Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, or speak harshly, or use any improper word.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, or do any wrong.

Hold on to your feet when you are on the point of kicking, or running away from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame, or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others are angry about you.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is much more valuable to you than gold, high places, or fashionable attire.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.

As softly, from moor and woodland,
Fades the lingering blush of light,
So silently, peacefully, and stilly
Is born the pure, silent night.

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MIRTH.

A YOUNG lady who passed the Fifth Avenue Hotel Sunday afternoon wanted to know if all the men who stood upon the stoop were waiters. Yes, street waiters.

CATSKILL is said to have for a resident the laziest man yet discovered. He got up one morning last winter with one ear frozen because he was too lazy to turn over on the pillow to warm it.

"I MEANT to have told you of that hole," said a gentleman to his friend, who was walking with him in his garden, and stumbled into a pit full of water. "No matter," said the friend, "I've found it."

AMERICAN readers are often amused with the names of Chinese. To them Li Po Tai and Chy Lung look very funny. But perhaps it is only in the way we print it. Suppose some of our own were given thus: Ho Race Gree Ley, Schny Ler Col Fax, Hi Ram Conk Ling.

"You have considerable floating population in this village, haven't you?" asked a stranger of one of the citizens of a village on the Mississippi. "Well, yes, rather," was the reply; "about half the year the water is up to the second-story window."

A STRANGER recently went to a hotel in Hartford for a bath, and as he did not emerge from his retirement for an hour, the proprietor entered with fears of suicide in his heart, to see what was the matter. The stranger had only been washing his shirt, and was waiting for it to dry.

At one of the stations on a certain railway, recently, an anxious inquirer came up to the door of the baggage-car and said, "Is there anything for me?" After some search among boxes and trunks, the baggage-man rolled out a keg of whiskey. "Anything more?" asked the wet-grocer. "Yes," said the baggage-man; "here's a grave-stone that goes with that liquor."

Here is something from England which may serve as a sort of puzzle. It is illustrative of cockney tendencies in etymology. It is a livery-stabler's bill, said to have been once actually made out as we see, and duly handed in. One may "fancy the feelings" of "misterenereix" on being presented with it. It might be called a sample of cockney phonetics.

misterenereix				toblivgunosur			
toanos	-	-	-	-	-	^s 7	^d 0
toatakynonymom	-	-	-	-	-	6	6
toatolhofhol	-	-	-	-	-	7	6

We invite guesses from the curious as to what it means.

AN overgrown, muscular Missourian, somewhat predisposed to pugilistic encounters, had a rather severe attack of rheumatism, which occasionally confined him to bed. A mischievous young man, bent on having some sport, reported his case to several physicians, stating that a man was sick in the village with some mysterious disease; that pins might be stuck in any part of his body and he would not show the least sign of pain. The doctors met, had a consultation, and assembled in the sick man's room. Finding him asleep, they began sticking pins, needles, and bodkins in various parts of his body. The man rolled over, opened his eyes; thought they were going to dissect him, and bounding enraged from his bed, got hold of a chair and belabored his visitors unmercifully. There are now several professors of the healing art going about with their heads bandaged, inquiring about that fellow who reported a sick man *who had no feeling*.

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD city boy told his mother how to make butter: "You just take a long stick with a cross at the end of it; then you get a big tub; and then you borrow a cow."

THE TRAVELLER—ILLUSTRATED.

OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[CONCLUDED FROM JULY NUMBER.]



FINE, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too blest, indeed, were such without alloy,
But foster'd e'en by Freedom ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,

All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress ambition struggles round her shore,
Till, over-wrought, the general system feels,
Its motions stop, or phrenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honor fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to thee alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown:

Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
 The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
 Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
 Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
 One sink of level avarice shall lie,
 And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonor'd die.



Yet think not thus, when Freedom's ills I state,
 I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
 Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
 Far from my bosom drive the low desire;
 And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
 The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
 Thou transitory flower, alike undone
 By proud contempt, or favor's fostering sun,
 Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure;
 I only would repress them to secure;
 For just experience tells, in every soil,
 That those that think must govern those that toil:
 And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
 Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
 Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
 Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
 Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
 Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
 Except when fast approaching danger warms;

But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law:
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And thus polluting honor in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchange'd for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,



And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling, long-frequented village fall?

Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamp around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays,
Through tangled forests and through dangerous ways;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind:
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience all our own.



Our Mentorial Bureau.

[In this Department will be noticed such matters as are of interest to correspondents and to the general reader. Contributions for "What They Say" should be brief, pointed, and creamy, to secure publication.]

Go Our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" ONLY will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify idle curiosity. One question only at a time, and that clearly stated, must be propounded, if a correspondent shall expect us to give him the benefit of its early consideration. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter, if a stamp be inclosed for the return postage.

MORE "LIGHT."—In your answer to "Let there be Light," you totally ignore the teaching of the Holy Writ in regard to the creation of heaven and earth, man and animals, in *six days*, and say that geology proves so and so. May I ask what if geology does prove these things, have we not the Bible that tells us (and we can not but believe it) that the earth, man, etc., were made in *six days*? The Bible was given to us for our instruction, and we should believe its teachings. I say, let geology alone so far as it comes in direct contact with the Bible. The Bible is a truth, all will admit, and geology is founded upon mere circumstantial evidence.

B. P. F.

Ans. We are not aware that we ignore the real teaching of the Bible in regard to the creation. We expressly quoted the statement, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." We have no theory to establish, no skepticism to foster, and do not desire to ignore anything of truth in any department of inquiry. Man can not know whether one earth only, or, to enlarge the thought, one solar system, came into being at the time indicated, or whether all planets and systems were created at the same time. Forty years ago a religious man, especially a minister, would have startled Christendom had he boldly proclaimed his belief that *days* in the first chapter of Genesis meant long periods, and that it might have required many years to bring the earth into habitable condition. Now, most intelligent ministers of the Gospel accept the facts of geological science, and hold to the central meaning of the teachings of the book of Genesis. In the days of Copernicus and of Galileo the great religious teachers repudiated the theory of astronomy which everybody now accepts, viz., that the earth is a globe revolving on its axis every twenty-four hours, and presenting one side successively to the sun, making alternate day and night on the earth. The contrary was taught and believed. The earth was considered flat, and the sun, moon, and stars were thought to have been made solely to light the world. This is the way it appeared. The statement that Joshua

commanded the sun and moon to stand still was to them proof positive that they traveled just as they seemed to do, while the earth was flat and stationary. Where the sun, moon, and stars went to when they seemed to man to set, and how they got back to their rising, was not known nor very well explained.

We take the Bible to mean that "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." There is no doubt of it. But when that beginning was it is not stated. We believe that "the earth was without form, and void,"—that it was a chaotic mass of molten matter, and as it cooled it became surrounded with gases and steam, making it quite impossible for either vegetable or animal to live on its surface, and that at the end of a "day" or *period* this state of affairs was changed by Almighty power and wisdom. In the passage from the 11th to the 16th verses we have an account of grass and trees and fruits: "And it was so." Yet if we are pinched to a literal rendering of times and days, we have the earth covered with grass and fruit-bearing trees before the sun itself was created.

We suppose the best biblical scholars are agreed to-day all over the world that the Mosaic account of the creation or revelation of the earth is substantially true as a fact, but that for ages the human race has honestly but ignorantly understood the term day to mean one of our days of twenty-four hours, instead of a cycle or term of duration in which certain great specific changes were wrought out on the earth's surface. Some still believe the earth to be a flat surface. It so appears to the naked eyes; but the contrary is demonstrated every day, though a man in England last year was willing to lose \$2,500 on an experiment which resulted in an absolute mechanical demonstration that the earth is a globe as round as an apple.

Poor Galileo, however, was compelled to kneel and confess publicly that his teachings on the earth's rotundity and motion were untrue, on the pain of losing the globe which adorned his own shoulders; but as he rose from his compulsory kneeling, he whispered to one of his friends, "The world *does* move; though." A hundred years hence it would require an affidavit or the records of history to convince any intelligent man that geology and the Scriptures had ever been supposed to be at war. God's book of nature and His book of revelation are every day becoming better understood, and His word and works are seen to harmonize.

CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.—Should a person always follow the dictates of his conscience? If not, what shall he follow?

Ans. The word *conscience* really means a knowledge of what is passing in one's own mind or disposition; but the faculty or sentiment of **CONSCIENTIOUSNESS** makes us yearn after truth and righteousness, which is quite a different thing. Our friend means by Conscience what the phrenologist means by **Conscientiousness**.

Man should follow his conscientiousness, or he will be a sinner in every instance of its violation. But one should seek to have an enlightened conscientiousness. Animals are not endowed with the faculty of conscientiousness. The possession of these two qualities, with a few others, constitute the human being as distinguished from the lower animals. Instinct governs animals; reason and conscientiousness, with the other moral sentiments, should govern man. Conscientiousness does not tell us, in all cases, what is right; its office is to give the love of right, a sense of duty and justice. Its essential monition is, "Do right." Reason and experience must be employed as a guide to what is right, and then Conscientiousness impels us to do the right.

If a man were alone on a continent or island he could appropriate everything to his own use or comfort which might come within his reach. He would be able to say truly, "I am monarch of all I survey," simply because his "right there is none to dispute." But let others come to the island, and in the plenitude of the natural wealth begin to make improvements and gather in the fruits of labor, and very soon convenience and necessity would require that each should recognize the rights of property,—the just claim of each to a property in the fruits of his own productive industry. Any trespass upon the productions of others would be recognized by the intellect as a wrong, and thus would be laid the foundation of the right of property. "Thou shalt not steal," would grow into a law, and Conscientiousness would then for the first time be called into use. Reason would show the propriety of the rule; conscientiousness would enforce it. In the country forests, where nuts are so abundant that one can enter and eat to his heart's content, he would not think, nor would the owner, that he had been stealing. In the city, where nuts are bought by the peck and retailed by the half pint, if one were to step up to a stand and eat freely, or were to take a handful and walk off, as he would in the country forest, without a twinge of conscience, he would soon be made to know that the act was stealing, and ever after his conscientiousness would recognize the rights of the vendor and the wrong of stealing. We take a drink of water at any man's well or hydrant, and give thanks to the proprietor, not for the water as a thing of value, but for the use of his fixtures, or as a mere courtesy. But on the Sandwich Islands, where, being

of late volcanic formation, there are no springs, and when the cisterns and pools are dry on the coast, a man has to walk over mountains fourteen miles and back to bring a few gallons of water, a glass of water would then have a high property value, and to take it without leave or payment would be stealing. What gives water no value and its unpaid use no criminality but its plentifulness? And what but the weary labor it cost the islander to procure a few gallons constituted its property and its unbidden use theft? Reason sees no value in one case, and no wrong in using it, and conscientiousness is not called into action; in the other case, reason, considering the immense labor incident to the obtaining of the water, recognizes the right of property in it, and conscientiousness says "touch not, taste not" without consent and compensation. Some men have so much conscientiousness that they fear to act at all lest they should act wrongly. Many are very honest, but very ignorant. These should not violate their conscientiousness, even though they have vague ideas of what is right. Some are clear-headed, and know that things are earned or constructed by others, but they have so little conscientiousness that the feeling of incumbency and duty is weak; the first live in constant fear of imaginary and possible wrong; the last get what they crave, and are little influenced by considerations of moral responsibility. Conscientiousness says Do right, and we should obey it; but through the exercise of reason we should seek to learn what is right, that honesty of purpose may not lead us into positive wrong through ignorance. This is simply the *moral* aspect of the subject. Veneration and Spirituality, however, enable us to recognize a religious obligation, and to feel "Thou, God, seest me," and this gives a higher sanction to the exercise of Conscientiousness.

ABOUT HEADS.—1. Has another organ of Language been discovered that takes cognizance of proper names, species, etc.?

Ans. Several suggestions have been made, and the position between Time and Locality has been regarded by one at least as its location. We have as yet no reason to accept it as a discovery.

2. What should be the distance from the opening of one ear to that of the other around Individuality and around Human Nature, with an entire circumference of twenty-two inches measured around Eventuality and Philoprogenitiveness, in a full-sized and well-balanced head?

Ans. The proper measurements of such a head should be: circumference, 23 inches; ear to ear around Individuality, 12½ inches; ear to ear around Human Nature, 13 inches; ear to ear over Firmness, 14 inches. All these measurements are with the tape.

So far as we know, no two heads have ever been found exactly alike; even the Siamese twins are as different as other brothers not so closely united. Culture makes a most marked difference in heads and faces. Compare the head of an ignorant boor

with that of a scholar or philosopher! Eternal change is the order of nature, and we are constantly changing.

A STAGE-STRUCK YOUTH.—Would you advise me to study for the stage? I think I am well constituted for it.

Ans. Something like twenty years ago a young man with eager longings like yourself for the spangled life of an actor, applied to Mr. Burton, the late distinguished comedian, for a position. Mr. Burton's answer contains so much of practical admonition on the subject of the stage, that we give it in full as detailed by that young man in after-years.

"Young man, you had better go drown yourself. If you have pluck, energy, and ambition you can find a far better future for yourself in other pursuits—with the auditors rather than the actors. One-half the work required to make a good actor will make a rich man in any other profession. You have spoken to me plainly and with earnest hopefulness. Allow one who is, comparatively speaking, an old man, to advise you never to look to the stage as a means of support. Every city is full of poor, miserable devils, hanging about the doors of theaters, living in idleness, waiting for a chance to be put on in somebody's place. The tinsel of the stage and the reality of life are very different things. The smiles, the laughs, the fun, and the well-fitting costumes worn by the actors are only for the occasion. But few smiles come from the heart,—they are only face-deep; while the clothes are left in the wardrobe after the actors have donned their rags and gone home.

"If you are willing to work, you had better do it outside of a theater,—it will be better for you. Should you not happen to possess those qualities which constitute good actors, to enter upon the life would effectually spoil you for anything else; for once let the shiftlessness of unqualified stage life be tasted, and the victim is forever spoiled.

"Should you be possessed of mettle and good material for an actor, just so fast as you go up others will pull you down, or attempt to. You will encounter bickerings and jealousies, and all sorts of combinations against you, for actors, like musical celebrities, are most jealous of each other. The road to success is a hard one; while, as a general thing, an actor's life is darker even than the stage when the audience has retired and the gas has been turned off.

"If, however, you wish to try it, I will give you a chance. But it is a dog's life you would enter upon. A situation one week—and idleness for a month. A little cheap applause from the boys in the gallery, and a hungry stomach after you have gone home. Better stick to type-setting,—then you will have the making of yourself, and the making or unmaking of actors besides."

LIGHT.—Why is it that sunshine entering a room through a small crack takes a circular form on the wall?

Ans. All that can be said on this point is that such is the fact. Light thrown off by a luminous body assumes a conical or cylindrical form, according to the conditions under which it appears to the observer. All pencils of light are primarily diverging,—every point of a luminous body throwing off light in a conical stream; converging rays and parallel rays are generally regarded as having a cylindrical shape.

FLUENCY OF SPEECH.—I presume my Language is small, as I am a very poor conversationalist—experiencing great difficulty in getting the word I want to convey my idea—though the ideas themselves not unfrequently fail to recur when bid, to my no small annoyance, and, sometimes, confusion. I am sure the trouble doesn't result from diffidence, as it is none the less when conversing with those of the least intelligence than when with those whom I most admire for their talents and attainments. Moreover, it is equally present when I practice extemporizing alone. Will you inform me of a method, if there be one, by which I can acquire the art of talking coherently and fluently?

Having observed that good talkers can generally commit to memory a poem or the like very readily, I have thought there might be a correlation between the faculties upon which talking and committing to memory are respectively dependent, and that perhaps if I were to practice committing to memory until I acquired an aptitude therefor, the mental training might enable me to talk better. Has the theory any scientific basis?

Ans. One of the best means of cultivating Language is by reading aloud to friends. The training of the vocal apparatus, the muscles of the throat and tongue, is quite as important as the training of the mental faculties which generate the thought to be uttered, or the conception of the words in which to clothe the thought. One may be a first-class critic of dancing without having danced a step, and one in like manner may be a critic of composition or of speech without the facility to utter his own thoughts even when they are clearly defined in his mind. Some clear-headed men live silently, and read until their minds are richly stored with facts and ideas, but they can not talk half so easily as one who has not half their talent or information, but who has practiced talking. Committing to memory is one excellent method of cultivating freedom of utterance, yet one of the princes of lingual power and command of words, Henry Ward Beecher, can not commit to memory the language of others, and finds it very difficult to quote correctly more than half a dozen passages of Scripture. When he writes portions of a sermon, he changes their language very much in the delivery.

WHO IS HE?—A Prof. —, of N. Y., advertises the "Triumph of Science! The Lightning Method of Shorthand Writing, the Marvel of the Nineteenth Century! New, Brilliant, and Effective! The Mystic Art Within the Reach of All!"

Ans. We do not know him, nor is there any Prof. Gray in the city directory. We guess he is a — myth.

SMOKING.—Will frequent smoking cause a person to become narrow-chested, or the abdomen to get flattened? If so, why?

Ans. Persons not naturally inclined to corpulency generally get thin in the cheeks, narrow in the chest, flat in the abdomen, and pale and leathery in complexion, in consequence of using tobacco; because tobacco is such a poison that a man not accustomed to its use would die in six hours if he were to take a single cigar into his stomach, and

it could not be thrown from the system. If it could lie there quietly like arsenic, it would be death to the strongest man.

RECOVERY OF MUSCLE.—After a muscular fiber of the human body has weakened its tension by use, can its former contractility be fully restored? and if so, how?

Ans. Unless the muscle has become diseased, it can be restored by exercise adapted to its condition and hygienic living. Men may become thoroughly exhausted by excessive exertion, and so unable to move about, but rest recuperates their energies. This is analogous to the exhaustion of a single muscle or a set of muscles. Even rupture of certain ligaments or cords is susceptible of cure. Be kind enough to write us more definitely on this subject, and then we shall be able to make a more specific answer.

A NERVOUS BOOK-KEEPER.—Will you please inform me whether it is possible to curb my very emotional nature? My occupation is that of book-keeper. Will exercise or diet affect it in any way?

Ans. Yes; so will hard work. Study mathematics moderately, saw wood, shovel gravel, split rails, or engage in any real missionary work. Do good. If you go much to church, you must also do much of something else to keep up a balance. Get up a club of subscribers for the *PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL*, for example; that will call out other faculties than those allotted to the emotions. Try it, and report early.

SNAKES—HOW THEY RUN.—Will you please inform me, through your excellent *JOURNAL*, upon what principle or by what means the snake runs? This is a mystery to me.

Ans. Snakes have scales on their under surface which they can slightly raise. These serve to take hold upon the ground or whatever surface they crawl over. Moreover, their progress is made by means of lateral motion or by wriggling, thus bending the body rapidly and instantly straightening it, holding on to the ground meantime by the scales they make rapid progress. If a snake be watched, he will be seen to hold on by the scales near the head and draw up the body into lateral curves; then holding to the ground by the scales near the tail and straightening the curves the head is pushed forward. As this process is generally too rapidly performed to be distinctly recognized by the observer, the snake's progress seems a mystery; but where one has an opportunity to observe the snake when he moves very slowly, the whole process becomes plain.

CAN NOT SPEAK FOR CHOKING.—When I rise to speak, I am so embarrassed my heart seems to rise in my throat and choke me. It is not for a want of knowledge of my subject or from a loss of words. What is the trouble and what the remedy?

Ans. If you use coffee and tobacco, their effect is to induce a rush of blood to the head under excitement. Embarrassment can be overcome by

practice. You should read in public, and after awhile you can speak your own thoughts. Some ministers are, for many years, afflicted in the same way, but by writing and reading their discourses, in whole or in part, they finally overcome the embarrassment. A lengthy and exhaustive article on "Bashfulness" may be found in our "Combined Annals." Price, by mail, \$1 50.

"UNIVERSITY MEDICINES."—What do you know of them, and of the Professor, J. Walter Scott, at the head of them?

Ans. It is only a private "one-horse concern," not recognized by any regular school of physicians. We class it with the Philadelphia shop falsely called "Howard Association," and other contrivances bearing names intended to mislead and deceive the public, and to catch "indiscreet young men" and others, who do not know any better than to trust strangers and advertising quacks.

COUSINS AGAIN.—Two of my first cousins married and have a daughter. Would there be any objection to my marrying that daughter on the score of consanguinity?

Ans. Yes, most decidedly. If "Anxious Inquirer" had read any full year of this *JOURNAL* he would have read his answer two or three times. We may add in advance of the asking, that it is not thought proper for brothers and sisters to marry.

MUSIC.—Could a person having the organ of Tune small ever learn to sing? and would cultivation enlarge the organ?

Ans. Yes. Small organs are not so easily cultivated as larger ones. The man who has naturally a good muscular system will show cultivation more readily than one who starts with small muscles; still, the culture will show on the small muscles. The same is true in respect to all the mental organs.

ARMY OFFICERS.—Have you ever known any celebrated officers of the army with small perceptive organs?

Ans. Distinguished men, both in and out of the army, must have a fair development of the perceptive organs. The most distinguished soldiers of all ages have had large perceptive as well as large reflective organs. Caesar, Wellington, Napoleon, Washington and Scott had large perceptive, and large, or rather large, reflective organs.

A SUBSCRIBER at Stafford Springs thinks our illustration of Sublimity to be inappropriate, but he does not suggest any other. These symbols are simply intended to indicate either the natural language or the perverted action of the organs. The reader may illustrate each faculty as he pleases.

EXERCISE FOR CLERKS.—What kind of exercise or recreation should you recommend to dry-goods' clerks confined within doors from seven in the morning until eight or nine o'clock at night?

Ans. Clerks thus confined should have a pair of

dumb-bells, weighing two pounds each, and use them vigorously three minutes at a time three or four times a day during business hours; and have another pair at home with which to take half an hour's exercise every morning and night. Let tobacco, coffee, and spices alone, and sleep eight hours, and even dry-goods clerking will not hurt you.

What They Say.

CEREBRAL LUMINOSITY.—We talk about enlightened nations, enlightened minds; and I would express a few thoughts about enlightened and illuminated brains. I believe the mind becomes both heated and lighted through the medium of the brain,—or, in other words, cerebral excitement in the superior-anterior region, at least, produces both light and heat. The expression "enlightened mind" means vastly more than the world at large knows. We have been accustomed to speak of all the different conditions of mind without associating it with simultaneous and similar conditions—indispensable conditions—of its instrument the brain.

We may compare the human brain with the earth in many respects. We have reason to believe that the brain, like the earth, has a light and a dark side. Whether its proportions of light and shade are half and half like those of the earth may be uncertain; but I think the upper anterior portion of the brain only is more or less illuminated in proportion to its development and activity, while its inferior portion is in darkness. The structure, relations, and movements of the earth are such as to produce all its variety of life and organism. There is a material life and power, and also a mental and spiritual life and power inherent in the earth which has been progressively developed; and its possibilities of higher productions in the future are vastly beyond the ken of science.

The brain may be compared to a tree, its lower part or roots being closely allied to and dependent upon the earth, while its upper part is like the tree-top, whereon we expect to find the fruits and flowers of human life. As the roots of the tree are under the earth, and in darkness fulfilling their functions, so the lower brain fulfills its office in darkness; and these dark regions, like the cellar to an elegant house, are the basis upon which the upper mansions, the spiritual apartments, "the dome of thought," are built and depend.

Oh, how significant to the student of the brain are the words of Christ: "A good tree can not bring forth evil fruit; neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit." He also said to his disciples in his great sermon on the mount: "Ye are the light of the world: a city that is set on a hill can not be hid," etc. We have abundant evidence that when Christ chose his disciples they had upper brain enough, and it was illuminated

enough to understand partly, at least, and apply his sentiments and doctrines. It requires a luminous brain to appreciate the impressions of enlightened minds. A fully developed, active upper brain is the most brilliant and beautiful establishment on earth. We have good evidence that every organ and every region of the brain has its subtle emanations, its *aura* or atmosphere of different colors and shades. If clairvoyants are reliable, the aura of the intellectual or frontal brain is blue, which color is the symbol of truth. The aura of the moral and spiritual brain is yellow, orange, and golden, colors symbolic of the highest attributes of the human mind. The colors of the upper posterior brain are the different shades of red, the symbol of war and ambition. As we go down the back-head we descend into the regions of darkness. The contrast between the darkness and light of the lower and upper brain is perhaps as great as that between the darkness under a palace and its brilliant upper rooms. The upper machinery of the brain might be likened to a large cotton factory at night, highly illuminated, and in full operation. You enter and see wheels, bands, shafts, spindles, shuttles, etc., all in motion, attended and controlled by skillful and intelligent heads and hands. But a cotton factory, as complex and wonderful as it is, is a simple affair in comparison with a human brain. The brain represents and illustrates the spectrum—solar, chromatic, thermal, and chemical—in the most effective, grand, and glorious operations; but language can not depict it.

This "light on the brain" is, doubtless, the result of combustion, or a chemical union of phosphorus and oxygen. Oh, what a laboratory is the human brain! It is a well-demonstrated fact that highly intellectual persons manufacture, so to speak, large quantities of phosphoric and other acids, and that such persons are more liable to derangements and weaknesses of the kidneys, bladder, etc., than those whose activities are chiefly physical. These acids and other substances that pass off through corporeal organs and channels are the chips and clinders; the residuum of mental action and—thought-making! An intensely active and luminous brain can not sleep well in solar or artificial light, but needs total darkness as well as stillness. On the contrary, persons whose intellectual machinery is stupid, can sleep easily either in sun-light or gas-light, and are disturbed neither by light nor noise.

J. H. COOK.

COLUMBUS, KAN.

EXPERIENCE.—What a strange fatality is that which seems to impel mankind blindly onward regardless of the experience of others who have gone before! Travelers tell us that in Styria the superstitious natives have a custom of marking the site of every accident by flood or mountain path with a picture depicting the nature of the casualty. At one point where the road overhangs the river a representation of a lady precipitated into the flood will be seen; at the next sharp

turn a carriage will be portrayed as upset, with gashed and bleeding travelers writhing beneath; or an astounding avalanche will be shown swallowing up the "cilwagen" and all its passengers. Now, one of these illustrated mountain pathways is a fitting emblem of the journey of human life. On every side we may see ghastly pictures of "ruined manhood and wasted youth." Yet regardless of these pictures, and of the solemn warnings of all past experience, or of the deep groans that come up to our ears from the dark chasm yawning at our very feet, we totter onward to certain destruction, and our names are soon used also "to point a moral" if not to "adorn a tale." Let those who are about to turn aside into the path of idleness, or plunge into the turbid flood of sensual pleasure, or who are standing on the brink of the awful gulf of intemperance, pause for a moment, and look at the melancholy pictures all around them; and let them remember that these pictures are as convertible as the algebraic characters x and y , and can be made to represent all who turn from the pathway of duty and meet with destruction.

WARREN TRUITT.

MY FIRST EFFORT IN PHRENOLOGY.—It was three hundred miles northwest from St. Louis,—St. Joseph, Council Bluffs, and Omaha were then scarcely known,—and not far from the river which Clark and Lewis ascended to the Rocky Mountains. I was a mere youth attending school in the district. I obtained from a store in the neighborhood a copy of a work on Phrenology published by your house in 1840. This book I studied attentively, and it became noised around among the boys that I was a phrenologist. One Sunday morning quite a number of neighbors had assembled at our house, and the subject of Phrenology coming up, I was pointed out as a disciple of the science. I did not feel particularly bad on that account, but I felt that I was not master of my trade. It so happened that there was a man in the company who had lately emigrated from the State where Daniel Boone used to have dog-fights. This man insisted that I should examine and tell him what I thought of his head. After some hesitancy I told him that I would tell him what the book said. Only imagine a little boy feeling the head of a pretty old man to tell him something about his character which he did not know himself. But I only agreed to tell him what the book said, and so went to work. The first "bumps" on which I placed my fingers were Combativeness and Destructiveness. I said these were "*very large*." Upon this announcement I experienced all the anathemas of the crowd for giving the old man, who had joined the church, and was thought to be quite a saint, such a character. I told them that was what the book said; I tried to get out of it myself by laying the mistake on the book. But still thinking that it might be right, I subsequently watched the man's actions closely, and found that

he was very cruel in his treatment of his negroes, and within one year from that time he actually sewed up his hogs' eyes to keep them out of his cultivated fields! "There," said I to the objectors, "Phrenology is right after all." E. M.

"WOMAN VS. WOMAN'S RIGHTS."—Woman's rights seems to have become an absorbing subject with many, almost a monomania with some; and scarcely a paper or periodical of any kind can be taken up but it is found laden with some message of this character; and what poor, abject, oppressed subjects we have become! so it seems to be said; and what cruel tyrants, what terrible ogres the men are! almost second editions of Blue Beard! I am almost astonished, sometimes, after perusing these sensational articles, to find myself capable of standing upright, or even daring to speak in the presence of cruel man. Something more than a year ago this little green State of ours (old Vermont) was shaken to its foundations by an army of Woman's Rights invaders, threatening us with opening a sure and speedy path to the polls, and rushing us into franchise whether we would or not; and such a sense of our ignorance and unsiftiness to enjoy such a privilege came over us, it nearly suspended our breath until the conflict was over, and this army became defeated in their project. I am glad, for one, that they did not succeed. I do not want the privilege. Perhaps our learned sisters, advocating the cause, are prepared to accept the success of their mission understandingly; but I am not, and so am like thousands of others. We know nothing about politics, and to rush us into them in all our ignorance would be doing our country a great and irreparable wrong. Thousands of ignorant men are ranked already as voters in our republic who are a living, destroying curse upon us. Their votes are bought and sold at the will of debased, ambitious, selfish, unprincipled politicians; and why multiply their number many times by the addition of others who would part with a vote for a print dress or a ribbon? We had much better cut down the number of votes. I wonder what has caused all this disquiet and unrest among my sisters! Why need they be so anxious to extend the orbit of their sphere? In the various stations of life, as wife, mother, daughter, sister, or friend and teacher, woman exerts an unbounded influence either for good or ill, and holds the weal or woe of our nation in her hands; what more need she ask for? On the late anniversary of the National Woman's Suffrage Association, Mrs. Stanton deprecated the present state of our country as found under the masculine control; and thus implied that it would be much bettered if woman could only have a finger in the pie. But I sincerely hope the Presidential chair will never be reduced to the extremity of being filled by a woman. Just hear Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull: "We *will* have our rights; we say no longer, By your leave," etc.

Now, my dear "lords of creation," what is going to be done for you? Know when woman says she will, she will. Please read the remainder of this reported speech, and see what will be your destiny if you refuse free, untrammelled franchise to these aspiring women. They are going to secede from you, and erect a new constitution and government of their own. Then, what will you do? I see no alternative left for you but to take up the late popular refrain, "Put Me in My Little Bed," and retire from the arena of public strife; there will be nothing left for you to do but rest. LEWIS.

FROM THE PRISON-BOUND.—A correspondent writes from the prison at Joliet, Ill., in most grateful terms, on account of some little attentions received from us. He says:

"According to the rules and regulations of this place, I am allowed to write once only every ten weeks, and to-day being my first opportunity to answer your kind letter, and acknowledge the receipt of your valuable books, which were duly received on the 21st of April, * * * I can not express my deeply-felt gratitude on paper. * * * I hope to reciprocate your past favors in a way that will be beneficial to you at no distant day. Your books have given me much needed information. I am situated in a place (as you are aware) where there are a great many different shades of character, and am thus enabled to proceed with a study which will help me in my future life. * * * You will hear from me again once more, and that will be signed with the sweet word liberty.

"Yours respectfully, R. B."

The following verses are sent with the above letter, which, R. B. says, express his grateful sentiments.

MY FRIEND.

BY W. W. MALOTT.

Give me the friend with open heart,
With frank and manly brow,
Who scorns deception's scheming art,
And falsehood's traitor vow.

Aye! one that when the world's chill frown
Falls darkly on the soul,
Will lift the spirit up, and crown
With joy life's mantling bowl.

Give me the friend with courage high,
Who knows no coward fear,
And manhood from his speaking eyes,
Shines out serene and clear.

Not one that, when detraction's voice
Stings as an adder's fang,
Will, secret, in each wound rejoice,
And in each bitter pang;

One that, when all the world forsakes,
Will but the closer cling;
Who counts all sacrifice he makes
As naught, if peace it bring.

This is the heart for which mine yearns,
The friend for whom I pine;
The soul for whom mine ardent burns,
Dear friend, I've found in thine.

PHRENOLOGY IN THE PULPIT.—A Western clergyman writes: "I apply phrenological principles in all I think or say. Does it matter under what name the truths are put so the world is benefited? I think not. It seems to me that, in theology especially, men are cowardly "In trying all things and proving all things," but they have a death-grip in holding fast to things not very good at best. * * * It has been a marvel to old ministers and to young ones who start from the dogmatic schools to see how I could pitch into things in a practical sort of a way, even before I had pretended to go through the form of studying for the ministry, but it is not strange to you who know the text-book I follow—human nature. * * * If I get more credit than my single talent deserves, I do not forget the key which unlocks so much of good. * * * Occasionally I meet the JOURNAL. To read it is much like renewing an old love or kissing an old sweetheart. * * * Let us reach hands across and say to each other, "Our works are one in aim if not in name." High above is the realm of God's truth, and below is humanity, walking in darkness yet seeking the truth. This is the end for which all true men work,—to teach mankind that whosoever will give up the lower realm of animal appetite shall find the realm of spiritual life."

Literary Notices.

There is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books no less than in the faces of men, by which a skillful observer will know as well what to expect from the one as the other.—BUTLER.

THE DESCENT OF MAN, and Selection in Relation to Sex. By Charles Darwin, R.A., F.R.S. With illustrations. Two vols., 12mo; pp. 945; cloth. Price, \$4. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The world is, or should be, very much obliged to Mr. Darwin for his studious investigations. He has set many men to thinking, and this is one way to supplant ignorance, superstition, and bigotry. But has Mr. Darwin established the fact as to the descent or ascent of man? Has he *proved* anything? What of the origin of man? Was he a direct creation of almighty power, or did he grow out of plant, insect, reptile, or animal? Are there still higher orders of being as much above man as man is above plant or animal? He gives his version of "Instinct and Reason," with many interesting facts; but fails to define them in accordance with phrenological science. This, however, is a matter of no moment with the author who is driving on to establish a new theory. We commend his zeal, his learning, and his sincerity. We, in common with others, question his judgment, and do not accept his inferences and conclusions. Nevertheless, we concede the propriety of this line of investigation. Obtain a fact, and then

trace it to its origin. All facts and all true theories begin and end in God. We would trace out the course of nature in all things. Read Darwin, and accept that which he proves. Learn all we may,—and it is not wicked to learn all we can—we shall never know all. The Messrs. Appleton have published "The Descent of Man" in excellent style.

PRINCIPLES OF PSYCHOLOGY. By Herbert Spencer. Second edition. Vol. I.; 12mo; pp. 635; cloth. Price, \$2 50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The work is divided into five parts: the first, the Data of Psychology; second, Inductions; third, General Synthesis; fourth, Special; fifth, Physical, with an Appendix on the Action of Anesthetics and Narcotics.

This is a work for advanced thinkers by a master. Few will undertake to sit in judgment or to criticize seriously Herbert Spencer. He is human, it is true, and therefore fallible. But let those with a longer reach of intellect, with a broader scope of mental vision, question him if they will. Let smaller minds sit at his feet and learn. The publishers are entitled to our best thanks for reproducing so acceptably the works of this distinguished author.

MARRIED FOR BOTH WORLDS. By Mrs. A. E. Porter. One vol., 12mo; pp. 281; cloth. Price, \$1 50. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Here is the neat introduction which explains the object of this ethereal, if not spiritualistic work: "Do write the life of your friend Esther S—," said one who had just finished Miss Phelps' "Gates Ajar;" "it is a beautiful record of consecrated love."

"I have attempted this work, but the sketch falls far short of the reality. It is difficult to give all the lights and shadows of such a quiet, unselfish life, or to portray love as deep and pure as it is rare in this world."

Say what we may of this lady's theology, she writes in such a way as to attract many readers.

CASTLES IN THE AIR, AND OTHER PHANTASIES. By Barry Gray. "An old man prattling in the sunshine." One vol., crown; 8vo. \$1 50. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

A volume of sketches in Barry Gray's playful manner. They are not stories crowded with exciting incident, but rambling, good-natured characterizations of people and customs. "Castles in the Air" are the half-revery reminiscences of a middle-aged man looking to what might have been. The "Other Phantasies" are similar light and gossip papers enlivened by anecdote and song and humorous incident. Some of the headings of the chapters will indicate the scope of the book: "The Garret in my Grandfather's House;" "Ghosts at the Parsonage;" "All Hands around the Mahogany;" "A Light Dessert with Tarts;" "The Professor's Strange Story;" "The Pro-

fessor's Insane Friends;" "Alcibiades Falls in Love;" "Peaches and Cream for Two." A capital summer book when recreation rather than hard thinking is the object. —

INSTITUTES OF MEDICINE. By Martin Faluc, A.M., M.D., LL.D. Ninth edition. Dedicated to the Medical Profession of the United States. One vol., octavo; pp. 1151; sheep, marble edges, Library Style. Price, \$5. New York: Harper & Bros.

An exhaustive treatise on Physiology, Pathology, and Therapeutics. A standard work on medicine which has been before the public since 1847, and passed through nine editions, which speaks for itself, and requires no further commendation. It is regular allopathic orthodox. No new-fangled, ill-sustained notions encumber its pages. Those who practice according to these teachings will kill or cure—according to rule—if not according to Divine Providence. —

THE PEOPLE'S PRACTICAL POULTRY BOOK: A Work on the Breeds, Breeding, Rearing, and General Management of Poultry. By Wm. M. Lewis. Illustrated with over one hundred engravings. Price, \$1 50. New York: D. T. Moore, Publisher, *Rural New Yorker* Office.

The work is gotten up in excellent style, on fine paper, and well illustrated—the cuts embracing fowls, turkeys, ducks, and geese. Different breeds are described; also the diseases to which they are liable—houses and other fixtures—incubators, etc.—full directions for caponizing; and in an appendix is given the points of excellence in the different breeds according to the English standard. This chicken business has a magnitude little known, except to the initiated. It is worth while to look into it. —

CHRISTIANITY AND POSITIVISM. A Series of Lectures to the Times on Natural Theology and Apologetics. By James McCosh, D.D., LL.D. 12mo; pp. 369. Price, \$1 75. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

This course of lectures on Christianity and Positivism was delivered, by appointment, as the second course on the foundation established in the Union Theological Seminary by Mr. Zebulon Stiles Ely, of New York. Among the subjects discussed were, The Nature and Need of a Revelation; The Character and Influence of Christ and his Apostles; The Authenticity and Credibility of the Scriptures, Miracles, and Prophecy; The Diffusion and Benefits of Christianity; and The Philosophy of Religion in its Relation to the Christian System. The topics of the first series are, "Christianity and Physical Science;" of the second series, "Christianity and Mental Science;" of the third series, "Christianity and Historical Investigation, with an Appendix on, first, Gaps in the Theory of Development; second, Darwin's Descent of Man; third, Principles of Herbert Spencer's Philosophy. The work is admirably published, on the best type and paper.

THE EYE IN HEALTH AND DISEASE, Being a Series of Articles on the Anatomy and Physiology of the Human Eye, and its Surgical and Medical Treatment. By B. Joy Jeffries, A.M., M.D. 8vo; pp. 112. Price, \$1 50. Boston: Alexander Moore.

The author treats his subject under the following headings:

Anatomy of the Eye; Physiology of the Eye; Old Sight and Spectacles; Near-Sightedness, or Myopia; Long-Sightedness, or Over-Sightedness—Hypermetropia; Astigmatism; Cataract in Children simulating Near-Sightedness; Cataract; Artificial Eyes—How and Why they are Worn; Squinting Eyes—Why and How they must be Operated on; An Artificial Pupil—What it is, How and Why the Operation is Performed; The Ophthalmoscope—What it is, and How it is used; Injuries and Diseases of the Lids and Eye—their General Care and Treatment; Type for Testing Vision.

THE WIFE OF A VAIN MAN. By Marie Sophie Schwartz. Translated from the Swedish by Selma Borg and Marie A. Brown. 8vo; pp. 156; paper. Price, \$1. Boston and New York: Lee & Shepard.

Why not the *vain* wife of a vain man? but we will not mislead by irrelevant questions. The lady author has received the indorsement of good judges in popular literature, and we doubt not she stands in the front rank of her class. The enterprising publishers will have the thanks of readers for the good style in which these works are furnished.

WONDERS OF EUROPEAN ART. By Louis Viardot. One vol., 12mo; pp. 335; cloth. Price, \$1 50. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

"A translation of the second series of the *Merveilles de la Peinture* by M. Viardot, the first part of which was published last year under the title of 'Wonders of Italian Art,' and received with much approval. It embraces notices of the Spanish, German, Flemish, Dutch, and French schools, in which M. Viardot has critically examined into the merits of many thousands of the most celebrated paintings." All artists and lovers of art should read it.

HER LORD AND MASTER. A Tale. By Florence Marryat (Mrs. Ross Church), author of "Love's Conflict," "Veronique," etc. 8vo; paper; pp. 117. Price, 50 cents. Harper & Brothers.

This is No. 362 of the (unabridged and unaltered) Library of Select Novels.

PAPERS FOR HOME READING. By Rev. John Hall, D.D. One vol., 12mo; pp. 365; cloth. Price, \$1 75. New York: Dodd & Mead.

These able papers have already appeared in the leading journals. It is a valuable compilation. Here are the topics: Temper at Home; The Virtuous Woman; How She Kept the Fifth Commandment; Be Strong; The Bars of a Castle; A Life Story; Shining Lights; The Question Every One Should Ask. The author writes as he speaks, with effect and power. Let him continue to write.

HIT. By Mary E. Walker, M.D. One vol., 12mo; pp. 177; cloth. Price, \$1 50. New York: Published by the Author.

Dr. Mary Walker, of whom the world has heard, dedicates this book to her parents, to dress reformers, to her professional (medical) sisters, and to the great sisterhood. It is a handsome volume, with an indifferent likeness of the author, which will doubtless be read with pleasure and profit.

She talks in a familiar, chatty manner about Love and Marriage; Dress Reform; Tobacco; Temperance; Woman's Franchise; Divorce; Labor; Religion.

"Strike if you will, but hear."

If other ladies do not think with Miss Walker, it only proves that Miss Walker does not think with other ladies. There are evidently "many men of many minds," and women, too.

LIGHT. By Jacob Abbott. With illustrations. One vol., 12mo; pp. 313; cloth. Price, \$1 50. New York: Harper & Bros.

The second of a series of "Science for the Young," explaining in a pleasant narrative form, with the aid of numerous illustrations, the principles underlying the varied phenomena of light. A very instructive work.

NOTES, Explanatory and Practical, on the Epistle to the Romans. Designed for Bible-Classes and Sunday Schools. By Albert Barnes, author of "Notes on the Psalms," etc. Tenth edition, revised and corrected. One vol., 12mo; pp. 367; cloth. Price, \$1 50. New York: Harper & Bros.

It is enough to announce the work without further comment, to secure for it a large circle of intelligent readers. "Though dead, he yet speaketh" for the instruction of the many.

THE OLD WORLD, Seen with Young Eyes. One vol., 12mo; pp. 262; cloth. Price, \$1 50. New York: T. Whittaker.

All books of travel must prove more or less interesting, though one writer repeats another. This author describes in a colloquial style what he saw in Europe during a six months' tour, without in the least lessening his patriotic love for his native land. It is very handsomely illustrated and neatly published.

THE BEST FELLOW IN THE WORLD. His Hopes and Mishaps narrated for Public Benefit. By Mrs. J. McNair Wright. 12mo; pp. 350. Price, \$1 25. Introduction by Rev. T. L. Cuyler. New York: J. N. Stearns, Publishing Agent.

This is the title of a new book just issued by the National Temperance Society, by this popular author, and is one of the best Temperance books ever published. It shows the seductive nature of alcoholic drinks; the physical retribution which follows the career of what the world calls the "Best Fellow," giving facts and statements concerning inebriation, etc., and showing the necessity and benefit of the grace of God in the heart. What better reading than this for the rising generation?

THE PLEASANT COVE SERIES. The Young Deliverers of Pleasant Cove. By Rev. Elijah Kellogg, author of "Lion Ben of Elm Island," "Arthur Brown, the Young Captain," etc. 18mo; pp. 304. Price, \$1 25. Lee & Shepard, Boston and New York.

The author aims to teach an important lesson in courage to dare, fortitude to endure, enterprise to accumulate, and prudence to retain. Possessed of these admirable qualities, a boy is encouraged to fight the battles of life in an honorable and manly way. It is a good book for boys.

BENCH AND BAR. A Complete Digest of the Wit, Humor, Asperities, and Amenities of the Law. By L. J. Bigelow. New edition, enlarged. With portraits and illustrations. One vol., 12mo; pp. 582; cloth. Price, \$2. New York: Harper & Bros.

Here are anecdotes of the Lord Chancellors of England, British barristers, chief justices and advocates, U. S.; also, stories of the Western bar, with miscellaneous epigrams, puns, and poems, with thirty illustrations. A book for attorneys, judges, politicians, and legislators.

THE HISTORICAL READER, embracing Selections from Standard Writers of Ancient and Modern History, interspersed with illustrative passages from British and American Poets, with explanatory observations, notes, etc., to which are added a Vocabulary of difficult words, and biographical and geographical indexes. By John J. Anderson, A. M., author of a "Grammar School History of the United States," etc. 12mo; pp. 544. Price, \$1 80. New York: Clark & Maynard.

The success attained by this author with other similar works is an evidence of his capabilities to make useful books for educational purposes. This work combines instructive history with entertaining reading, including poems and appropriate pieces for declamation in schools and academies.

YOUNG AMERICA ABROAD. Second Series. UP THE BALTIC; or, Young America in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. A Story of Travel and Adventure. By William T. Adams (Oliver Optic), author of "Outward Bound," "Shamrock and Thistle," etc. 16mo; illustrated; pp. 368. Price, \$1 50 per vol. Lee & Shepard, Boston and New York.

Revised and compiled from "Our Boys and Girls," and published with illustrations in the handsome style exhibited in of all Messrs. Lee & Shepard's books. Just the thing for boys who would like to see the world, or at least read about it.

THE CHURCHMAN is said to be the largest journal with the largest circulation in the Protestant Episcopal Church. It has eight pages, forty columns. Size, thirty-five by forty-eight inches. Terms, \$3 a year. To clergymen and divinity students \$2 50. Sample numbers sent free. It is published weekly by Messrs. M. H. Mallory & Co., Hartford, Conn.

A large number of distinguished writers have already been secured, among whom may be mentioned the Bishop of Western New York, who will

publish in the *Churchman* "Apollos; or, a Review of the Neglected Scriptures;" the Bishop of Eastern, who will publish a series of articles on a subject of engrossing interest to churchmen; the Bishop of Connecticut, the Bishop of Central New York, and others, as well as several eminent clergymen and laymen. The *Churchman* contains full Church news from every diocese, and is careful to furnish its readers with accurate reports of important meetings, particularly Conventions—General and Diocesan. The interest of the Foreign News is increased by letters from regular correspondents in England and on the continent of Europe. In its editorial columns it discusses vigorously and thoughtfully all subjects which affect the Church's prosperity, and attends particularly to those matters which belong to the Church's practical work.

We advise our readers to ask for a specimen copy, and judge for themselves of its merits.

COMMON SENSE in the Household, a Manual of Practical Housewifery. By Marion Harland. One vol., 12mo; pp. 556; cloth. Price, \$1 75. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

A complete guide to the mysteries of the *cuisine*, together with some valuable hints on various household matters. The authoress is evidently an accomplished housekeeper, as well as "bas blues."

OLIVE. A Novel. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Fair France," "The Ogilvies," etc. 12mo; pp. 428. Price, \$1 50. Harper & Brothers.

Among all our story writers none stand higher than Miss Muloch. We take it that "Olive" will be found no exception to the rule as to quality.

THE McALLISTERS. A Temperance Story. By Mrs. E. J. Richmond. 18mo; pp. 211. Price, 50 cents. New York: National Temperance Society.

A capital thing. It pictures The Home of the Drunkard; Brighter Prospects; The White House on the Hill; Dark Days Again; Suffer and Grow Strong; Power of Faith; Dare to do Right; Making Home Happy; Shadow and Sunshine; The Gordon Family; A Mother's Influence; Farewell Glances.

THE CHILDREN'S WEEK. Seven Stories for Seven Days. By R. W. Raymond. Illustrated. One vol., 12mo; pp. 142; cloth. Price, \$1. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

To induce reading, and at the same time interest and instruct, this little work must prove a success. The illustrations are: Seven Stories; Stovepipe Hole; Karl's Return; Secret Discovered; Twenty-ninth of February; Fiddler before the King; Tom and Pet in the Moonlight; Drowned Dogs; Felix and the Idea. It is very nicely published.

FIFTH SERIES OF THE "BREITMANN BALLADS." "Hans Breitmann in Europe," with Other New Ballads. By Charles G. Leland, author of "Hans Breitmann's Party," etc. Pp. 291. Price, 75 cents. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

This American author puzzles our English cousins, and his works are blamed and praised by the critics. He evidently enjoys the notoriety, and

will keep on showing up Hans as a lover, a husband, a father, a politician, and possibly as a statesman.

SOPHOCLES—*Ex Novissima Recensione*, Guillelme Dindorff. 18mo; pp. 340. Price, 75 cents. Harper & Brothers.

Messrs. Harper are publishing a series of Greek and Latin works, of which this is the thirteenth; the preceding being, Cæsar; Virgilius; Horatius; Cicero de Senectute et de Amicitia; Sophocles; Euripides; Thucydides; Æschylus; Herodotus; Xenophon; Sallust; Lucretius. It is believed that this series will prove far more acceptable to American students than any other edition hitherto published.

THE BHAGVAT-GEETA; or, Dialogues of Krēṣṇā and Arjūn, in Eighteen Lectures, with Notes Translated from the Original, in the Sanskreet, or ancient language of the Brahmins, by Charles Wilkins. 12mo; pp. 169. Price, \$1 25. Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, Chicago.

The best description we can give of this strange old book is to quote from the editor: "We offer to the public a very curious specimen of the literature, the mythology, and morality of the ancient Hindoos. It is an episodic extract from the 'Mahabharat,' a most voluminous poem, affirmed to have been written upward of four thousand years ago by a learned Brahmin."

BANCROFT'S TOURISTS' GUIDE. The Geysers. San Francisco and Around the Bay (North). 18mo; pp. 220. Price, \$1 50. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Contents: De Profundis; A Trip into the Country; The Tour Northernly; Napa Valley; The Geysers; Clear Lake Region; The Tour via Santa Rosa; Marin County; Petaluma Valley; Santa Rosa Valley; Russian River Valley; Sonoma Valley; San Francisco.

This is just such a work as every visitor to the Pacific coast will find to be indispensable. It would be well to procure a copy in advance, and so read up the subject.

THE HISTORY OF ROME. By Titus Livius. Literally translated, with Notes and Illustrations by D. Spillan, A.M., M.D. 2 Vols.; 12mo; Vol. 1, pp. 747, Vol. 2, pp. 725. Price, \$1 50 per volume. Harper & Brothers.

We have here in two handsome and compact volumes the best histories of ancient Rome published by an ancient Roman. It is unnecessary for us to commend so well known a work.

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A thrilling story by these able twin-authors.

SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY and Publication House, New York, May, 1871. With Appendix, Containing a List of Officers, etc. 8vo; pp. 48. Price, 25 cents.

Mr. J. N. STEARNS, the able publishing agent, 18 Reade Street, deserves the warmest thanks of all

good temperance men for his judgment, zeal, and good management. This new report is a new feather in his cap.

DRAWING BOOK, for Schools and Beginners. Designed and drawn by M. H. Holmes. In four parts. Long quarto. Neatly bound in paper. New York: Harper & Bros.

The first four of a series of twelve lessons in drawing, beginning with straight lines, and carrying the pupil through simple shaded forms. An excellent work for beginners in the art.

RALPH THE HEIR. A Novel. With illustrations. One vol., octavo; pp. 282. Price, \$1 25. New York: Harper & Bros.

Mr. Trollope writes clever stories of the English middle class, and this is no exception.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM, its Scientific and Moral Aspects. By J. S. Douglas, A.M., M.D., Ph. D. 12mo pamphlet; pp. 36. Price, 25 cents. Milwaukee: I. L. Hauser.

Among other statements indicating the object of the work, the author says: "It is proposed to show that the spiritual hypothesis, in view of all the facts, is absurd; that all their intelligent phenomena unmistakably indicate a mundane origin, and are incompatible with any other hypothesis." The subject is still open for discussion.

ROUTE FOR A MONTH'S TOUR THROUGH THE ALPS OF SWITZERLAND. By Prof. James D. Dana, of Yale College. 12mo pamphlet; 25 cents. New Haven, Ct.: Charles C. Chatfield & Co.

In eleven 12mo pages Prof. Dana gives much useful information on the point. The publishers insert a list of their valuable publications.

BASIL; or, The Crossed Path. A Story of Modern Life. By Wilkie Collins, author of "The Woman in White," "The Dead Secret," etc. 8vo pamphlet; pp. 178. Price, 75 cents. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

ARTHUR O'LEARY. A Novel. By Charles Lever. 8vo pamphlet; pp. 221. Price, 75 cents. Same Publishers.

SIMON. A Love Story. By George Sand, author of "Consuelo," etc. 8vo pamphlet; pp. 80. Price, 50 cents. Same Publishers.

Of these works it need only be said that they belong to the cheap and popular class of light, romantic literature. Is it healthful?

THE NURSERY is a charming little pictorial magazine for the youngest readers. It is published by John L. Shorey, of Boston, at \$1 50 a year. Send 15 cents for a specimen number, and then see if you can "keep house without it."

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION. By Charles Reade. Illustrated. One vol., octavo; pp. 39; paper. Price, 25 cents. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Is this "just the thing" for such a house to publish? We are not too careful as to the mental pabulum set before young people, but this seems to us altogether too strong and rank for a healthful diet. Have the publishers considered their moral responsibilities?

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

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[WHOLE No. 392.]



HON. JOHN A. BINGHAM, M.C.

JOHN A. BINGHAM, now member of Congress from the XVIth District of Ohio, was born in the town of Cadiz, in that State, on January 21st, 1815. His father was a man of more than average acquirements, good business ca-

pacify, and sterling integrity. After passing through the common school of his village, the son entered Franklin College, located at New Athens, Ohio, where he soon became distinguished as a diligent student, and especially as

an expert debater. His knowledge of history also was very extensive, and he excelled all his schoolmates in brilliant and apparently spontaneous eloquence. Like Daniel Webster, he delighted in selecting some striking thought, which he would dwell upon until it had arrayed itself in the most forcible and resplendent language. He would then store it away in a memory not only quick, but exceedingly retentive. These treasures of coined thought which were mostly accumulated without the use of the pen, were thus preserved for years, and were always ready for use in the heat of debate or the flow of unpremeditated speech.

Mr. Bingham was prevented from graduating by a severe illness, which occurred in 1837—the last year of his college course. The next year he entered upon the study of law, and in the spring of 1840 was admitted to the bar. His brilliant talents and studious habits speedily won for him an enviable reputation, both as an effective advocate and a judicious counselor. He did not for a time give much attention to politics, but his great abilities were soon recognized, and his services invited. His convictions led him into the Whig party, but he remained among the rank and file of that organization, winning considerable reputation as an eloquent speaker, but receiving no more tangible reward until 1846. He was then appointed prosecuting attorney for Tuscarawas County, Ohio, and was twice elected to the same position. Finding it, however, at once less lucrative and less agreeable than the private practice of his profession, he at length resigned, and without ceasing to take a lively interest in both State and national politics, resisted all solicitations to re-enter public life. By strict attention to business, weight of character, and depth and earnestness of conviction on all the great topics which at this time began to agitate the country, he increased his reputation, and prepared the way for taking a prominent part in other than local concerns.

These were the days of fierce strife between the partisans of slavery and of freedom. The great struggle of 1850 was followed only by a very short lull, when the still more momentous agitation of 1854 began. The introduction of

the famous Kansas and Nebraska bill, with provisions drawn in the interests of the slave power, but in direct conflict with the compromise measures of earlier date, first aroused the storm. A wave of fearful excitement swept over the whole country. It was believed that the Southern leaders, who had met with nothing but feeble remonstrances to their encroachments for so long a period, had at last grown bold enough to throw off all disguise, and were now openly working to make human bondage the supreme law of the land. As a consequence, all who felt slavery to be wrong, determined on stern and uncompromising resistance; convinced that in no other way could they prevent its further extension. From this conviction and determination sprang the Republican party, whose creed marked out a simple and perfectly practicable line of policy. "No more slave States or Territories" was the battle-cry that rang throughout the Northern States. For the sake of constitutional guaranties the new party was willing to let the institution alone where it was already established, but determined that no foot of soil then free should ever be trod by a slave. As this policy would lead necessarily to bitter and prolonged strife in Congress, the Northern people looked about them for leaders whose principles were firmly fixed, and who at the same time possessed the intellectual ability to make themselves respected. Among the men called to the front by the exigencies of the hour, many of whom have since become famous, Bingham took a prominent place. Naturally of a confident, determined spirit, perfectly fearless when convinced of duty, he was a born leader, while his exhaustive knowledge of the whole course of American government from the earliest times, rendered him a formidable opponent to those seeking to substitute the doctrine of devotion to slavery for the principles of universal liberty.

Mr. Bingham first became a candidate for Congress, from the XXist District, Ohio, in 1854. Although his name was announced but a short time previous to the election, yet his success was overwhelming—his majority being the largest ever cast in that district. He at once secured an extensive influence in the House of Representatives, which by diligent attention to business, complete mastery of all subjects brought before him, and fearless advocacy of his own principles, he continually increased. During the whole of the Kansas struggle, and the turmoil of the Fremont-Buchanan Presidential campaign, he was ever at his post. Civil war was imminent. Threats

of violence were heard in Congress every day. Secession and disunion were held up by Southern partisans as the natural and inevitable consequence of a Republican success. Under all this, the friends of freedom calmly persisted, and when Fremont was defeated, they accepted the result like good citizens, but did not abate a particle of their efforts to oppose the further spread of slavery. The Democratic party, more firmly bound than ever to its interests, ruled the administration, but were not at harmony among themselves, and the Republicans, by persevering firmness, and aided at critical moments by the less unscrupulous of their opponents, were able to prevent the consummation of all plans which had been matured for forcing slavery into the Territories. In all the memorable "field days" and "parliamentary battles" Bingham took a conspicuous part. His speeches are remarkable for their freedom from those vulgar appeals to prejudice which have so much disgraced American political oratory. Then, as always, he spoke calmly, but with an almost irresistible weight of conviction. In his most happy efforts, in the House of Representatives or "on the stump," but little cheering was heard. His audiences listened in silence, with grave countenances, as if thinking "This is *truth*, and we ought to *act* upon it." Even opponents were not unfrequently driven to confess their conviction of his sincerity. No small part of the permanent influence which he wielded arose from the depth and weight of his devotion to the principles he entertained. The Declaration of Independence, with its clear and sharp axioms, was to him not a mere collection of high-sounding phrases, fit to adorn a passionate appeal for votes, but the expression of truths that ought to be wrought into law and government; and to accomplish this result he devoted all his talents and eloquence.

There is a custom in some parts of the United States that no public man shall be continued in office for more than two terms. When he has enjoyed political honors and profits to this extent, it is supposed to be his duty to retire, and allow the "chains" of some other "servant of the party" to be honored. After two Congressional terms, the politicians who held this doctrine of fairly "sharing the spoils" around the camp, asked Mr. Bingham to decline a renomination. Not wishing to strengthen an absurd and childish custom—one which inflicts no small degree of injury on the country at large by depriving it of experienced officers as soon as they begin to be fitted for their position, he replied to all overtures of this kind by say-

ing that he was the servant of the people, and would continue to work for them and for the interest of his country in a public or private capacity, as they might elect. A very heated canvass followed, at the end of which he was renominated by a two-thirds majority, and triumphantly re-elected. When Mr. Bingham took his seat in 1859 the mutterings of the coming storm were heard on every side. A violent outbreak could not much longer be delayed. The Kansas difficulties still continued, and in October the country was thrown into frenzy of excitement by the "Harper's Ferry Raid," and the subsequent trial and execution of the famous John Brown. During all these trying scenes Mr. Bingham's course remained unchanged. He spoke frequently in behalf of the freemen of Kansas, and declared that slavery was a sin—the cause of all the national troubles. At that time Washington was filled with slaveholders; the whole current of society was colored by their influence; and it required no small degree of even physical courage to speak plainly against the armed and triumphant evil.

The split of the Democratic party in the Presidential election of 1860 destroyed whatever hope of success they might have possessed, and gave the administration into the hands of Abraham Lincoln. Upon this the Southern States, one after another, began to secede, without even waiting for his inauguration. Although they professed a desire to separate peaceably, and many statesmen of the North were convinced that the old course of compromise and concession would still avail to preserve the Union, yet Bingham, in opposition to both sides, saw with perfect clearness the inevitable result of the steps that were taking. Believing that war would soon come, if secession was persisted in, he introduced a "force bill" for strengthening the army and navy in readiness for the contest. But his counsels were unheeded, and the bill rejected. When war came, it found the nation utterly unprepared—almost without the shadow of a military force. Abraham Lincoln took his seat, and shortly after Sumter was fired upon, and both sides sprang to arms. The first advantages were on the side of the South, and great quantities of valuable stores and munitions fell into their hands. Several victories also were won by them, and a formidable party arose in the North opposed to the further prosecution of the struggle, which they maintained to be a hopeless one. Against these Bingham set his face as a flint. Not naturally of a sanguine

temperament, he did not anticipate a very speedy triumph, but he felt sure it must come in time, and urged the equipment of large armaments, and the resort to strong measures. The writer—then a soldier in the ranks—breakfasted with him the second morning after the first battle of Bull Run. He was sad but not discouraged, declaring that the reverse would ultimately produce good results by convincing everybody of the necessity of really warlike measures. He ardently supported the bills preventing the return of "contraband" slaves, the confiscation acts, and all the other steps by which the way was paved for the issue of the Emancipation Proclamation. While such measures were under discussion, his readiness in debate often found a most appropriate field. On one occasion C. L. Vallandigham, of Ohio, made an elaborate speech, after months of preparation, advocating the separation of the United States into four great divisions, which should act as a check on each other; and striving to prove that without some such arrangement the Western States would follow the fortunes of the victorious South. At the conclusion of his address the Republican members crowded around Bingham's chair, and asked him, as their most available man, to reply. This he did in a speech of such pungency and power as to completely undo the effect produced by the arguments of the other.

A little incident will set in clear light the impression produced by the determined character and patriotic eloquence of Bingham upon the enemies of the country. While the writer was a prisoner of war at Atlanta, Ga., in the fall of 1862, the news of the election of that date in the North, which were greatly in favor of the Democrats, arrived. Looking from our windows we saw the streets filled with excited men, tossing their hats and shouting, "We've carried the election," with every manifestation of joy. One man called out, as if telling the best news of all, "Bingham is defeated," which was greeted with uproarious applause. We could scarcely believe it, as knowing the large majority by which he had been formerly always elected, and believing the district to be impregnable. But the explanation was simple. The State had been re-districted, and Harrison County, in which Bingham resided, transferred from the XXIst to the XVIth District—the latter as strongly Democratic as the former was Republican.

This interruption of his Congressional career, which only lasted for one term, did not diminish his activity in the service of the country.

He spoke almost continuously, and in almost every State of the Union, in favor of the vigorous prosecution of the war, and contributed not a little to the reaction of popular feeling which followed the Democratic success of 1862. He was appointed—in 1864—Judge of the United States Court for the Southern District of Florida, but soon resigned. In the same year he also received an appointment as Judge Advocate in the United States army. Resigning this, he was made solicitor for the United States in the Court of Claims, which he held until his re-election by a very close vote from the same district in which he had been defeated before—a change due in great measure to his personal popularity.

In addition to the Congressional duties upon which he entered with renewed zeal and enlarged influence, Bingham took part, as Assistant Judge Advocate, in the trial of the assassins of President Lincoln, and in the impeachment of Judge Van Humphries before the Senate on a charge of treason. He was also one of the five managers in the famous impeachment of Andrew Johnson for high crimes and misdemeanors—the greatest State trial of our history. His speech on that occasion ranks among the most brilliant ever spoken on the American continent. Johnson, it will be remembered, escaped conviction by a single vote.

In the whole series of legislation and constitutional amendments known as the reconstruction acts, Bingham took a most important and honorable part. He was no blind partisan, however, but had the independence to maintain his own views when they differed from those of his party and of the country at large. He voted against the Civil Rights Bill, although he most ardently favored the end it was designed to accomplish, because he believed it went beyond the legitimate powers of Congress. He afterward had the satisfaction of incorporating the same thing in the XIVth Amendment of the Constitution, thus placing the rights of all citizens on the most enduring foundation.

He also labored for the XIIIth and the XVth Amendments with all the powers of his earnest eloquence. But although thus determined to secure the just fruits of the war, he did not cherish a vindictive spirit against the conquered. When the South was threatened with famine, he supported in a characteristic speech a proposition to give them aid from the national treasury. He also advocates amnesty for all offenses, but insists upon maintaining law and order, and security for persons and property, at all hazards.

Mr. Bingham is fifty-six years of age. The trying ordeal of the last ten years has left very legible marks upon his brow, but he is still in the calm maturity of his great powers, and bids fair for many years of future usefulness.

The following extract from Pittenger's "Oratory, Sacred and Secular" conveys a just idea of his manner of address.

"Many have listened to his eloquent words, and in the stormy events of the last few years his name has become a household word. . . The character of eloquence for which Bingham is noted is that which most persons suppose most incompatible with a spontaneous selection

of words—beauteous, elegant, melodious, and highly adorned. Mr. Bingham in speaking is calm, clear, and pointed. His manner indicates confidence, and his words flow freely. Imagination is allowed full play, and the spirit of poetry breathes everywhere. He abounds in lofty and beautiful imagery that places the truth in the clearest light. While the subject is never lost sight of, a thousand graces and beauties cluster around it from every hand. From the elevation and certainty of his language, many casual hearers have been led to imagine that his speeches were written and committed. But the reverse is the case."

Department of Religion and Psychology.

Know,
Without or star, or angel, for their guide,
Who worships God shall find him.—*Young's Night Thoughts.*
The soul, the mother of deep fears, of high hopes infinite;
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears, of sleepless inner sight.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

UNDER THE SURFACE; OR, UNIVERSAL LAW.

BY WILLIAM PITTENGER.

[CONCLUDED FROM AUGUST NUMBER.]

THERE are physical laws, vital laws, mental laws, moral laws, and spiritual laws. Each of these classes is made up of a great number of individual laws. Vital laws cover the field of organic chemistry, of botany, of zoology, and physiology. Others are not less extensive, and while the boundaries of each are well defined, different laws often unite in the same field for the production of compound effects. A rock, while undisturbed, is governed by physical law alone; but in a perfectly developed man, all the laws from the physical to the spiritual are harmoniously blended.

As might have been anticipated, invariable order was first observed on the surface of the earth where objects are so near and tangible as to render deception peculiarly difficult. When we see a river gliding steadily to the sea, we do not need a river god to roll its waves along "Water will run down hill." Gravitation explains its currents, eddies, and all. If a portion of a steep hillside is loosened by rain and forms a landslide, we do not think of the sins of the farmer whose property is ruined, or even of those of the

luckless traveler who may be buried beneath it, but merely say, "It was the rain." Superstition can not mislead us concerning these and kindred phenomena.

But the aerial world was much longer thought to be the abode of mere chance, or governed by the putting forth of God's power for moral as well as physical purposes. The winds shift and change, rise and fall. The clouds form and dissolve again. Their shape, motion, and duration are as indefinite as the play of thought in the mind of a child. The lightnings cleave their own path and never follow it the second time. Drouth parches, or rain falls where it happens. Here is a field for direct Providential control far more tempting than the solid footing of earth. Men pray for rain who would never think of praying for a river to change its channel. The thunderbolt is the voice of God, and bold indeed must he be who would jest about it, though he may speak sportively of a blooming flower unblamed. Very strange are some of the ideas entertained about such things. Years ago, on a hot summer noon, I worked hard, in company with my father and his as-

sistants, in stacking a rick of hay. A sudden storm arose, and the thunder-peals came fearfully near. Soon an awful explosion caused every window in the house where we had taken refuge to vibrate again, and looking out we saw the haystack wrapped in flames. All efforts to extinguish it, even aided by the fast-falling rain, proved unavailing. One wiseacre thought if we only had plenty of milk to throw on, we might succeed, *but lightning could not be put out by water*. Many conjectures were hazarded as to the reason for this destruction of property by the Divine Hand, most of them being akin in principle to the ideas entertained by a certain worthy Dutchman. He had helped to build a meeting-house, and when called upon for a further subscription to aid in putting up a lightning-rod, exclaimed, indignantly, "No! no! We have built de Lord a nice house; and now if he go to work and toonder it down, let him do it; I no hinder him." Wind and cloud and rain are no more under the control of God than anything else—that is, he has fixed natural laws by which all their phenomena are determined.

But when we pass from the inorganic world to that which is instinct with life, we find new conditions. Purely physical laws still operate, but a higher element—the life-power—takes rule. Matter becomes the servant of vitality. Laws are multiplied and intertwined in puzzling mazes, but are as unbending as ever. Our hearts are often touched at the sight of calamity and suffering, but we can not arrest the laws through which they are inflicted. Vegetation and decay, growth and death, health and disease succeed each other in no chance medley. Sickness, indeed, is often thought to come by chance, or referred to God's hand exerted in punishment or correction—which of these usually depending on whether it is ourselves or somebody else that is afflicted.

When the cholera first appeared in Europe, dismay and terror reigned. The dead were in every house. The living walked by open graves. Friends greeted with aversion and distrust, for they knew not in whom the pestilence might lurk. The pall of woe and death enshrouded the whole land. It was declared to be the visitation of God, and to avert his wrath vows were offered, sermons

preached, masses celebrated, penances undergone; but not till the dreadful season ended did the spent plague retire. Then men had leisure to search out the particular sins—usually those of their neighbors—that had incurred the awful infliction. It sounds almost irreverent, but is nevertheless true, that in the sense of the theorizers neither God nor sin had anything to do with it. The cholera originated in the pestilential delta of the Ganges, a direct consequence of the neglect of the simplest health laws by the miserable population. Then, in obedience to another mysterious law, called by the French solidarity—by which the inhabitants of the globe are linked together in bonds of common interest, and the welfare of each made necessary to the welfare and safety of all—it burst forth as a terrible contagion, and the poison found favoring circumstances in the filthy quarters of cities, and wherever the conditions of health were reversed. So far from being lawless, no less than three sets of vital laws presided over its destructive course.

But faultless as the logic of science is in all such cases, its application sometimes seems very hard. Yet the truth should be told. A sweet little child lies confined in the parlor. The house is hushed under the shadow of a crushing sorrow. The father and mother may be tearless, but a desolate agony rests upon their hearts. Friends as they enter sit down in silent sympathy, or embitter sorrow by the commonplaces of consolation. The minister reads of Him who is the resurrection and the life; then speaks. What shall he say? That the little one was taken away by Him who loves children in order that it might never feel the grief and burden and weariness of life? The words are soothing, but in their obvious meaning they are untrue. The normal, Heaven-ordained course of human life terminates in old age. The child has fallen short of it through one of three causes: by violence; by willful or ignorant neglect of vital laws on the part of its parents or guardians; or the sins against natural law committed by immediate or more remote ancestors, causing the transmission of an organization too frail and imperfect to endure the stress of life. God has established the laws by obedience to which life is maintained,

but in no proper sense has he taken the life of the child, and it is wicked to accuse him of it.

The wide-spread disbelief in the certainty of vital law gives rise to the intolerable nuisance and concentrated humbug of patent medicines. Every pill and decoction, from those that cure the worst cases of consumption in three weeks to those that cover the baldest pates with waving locks in just half a dozen applications, find not only purchasers, but eminent men, and even—I blush to say it—ministers, to publicly attest their virtues. We really ought not to laugh at the heathen, for they are not so far behind us in these things. A traveler in Africa declares that he was surprised and delighted to find in the possession of the chief medicine man of one of the interior tribes a carefully preserved copy of the New York *Tribune*. On inquiry, he learned that it was exceedingly valuable, as a minute fragment of it either rubbed on the outside or taken inwardly was a sovereign remedy for as long a list of diseases as Perry Davis' Pain Killer or Hostetter's Bitters. When will the world get sense enough to learn that the way to health lies through an observance of the laws of life, and not through either dosing or conjuring?

Perhaps some persons will have accepted our conclusions thus far who will hesitate on entering the next department—that of organized society. They may think that stones, planets, elements, and living individuals are left to the government of law, but that states, nations, churches, and associations of every kind are controlled directly by God's hand—just as the skillful pilot allows the waves to sparkle past at their pleasure, and cares nothing for drift-wood, but ever guides his noble vessel with nicest precision. The supposition is hardly plausible, for societies and nations are but the sum of their individual members, and if the latter are under law, the former can not be free from it. But we need not rest in inference. Fixed laws can be traced in the rise and fall of nations as surely as in the revolutions of planets, only they must be of another kind, for we are now in the realm of mind. Principles, motives, affections, and impulses take the place of attractions and affinities. The whole course of history, when read in the light of its laws, becomes unutter-

ably sublime. The truth and the reason of that declaration, "Righteousness exalteth a nation," shine out like the rising sun. A nation is not exalted miraculously by the introduction of God's reserved power, but simply because righteousness is a natural source of harmony, organization, and progress. Sinful passions drive men asunder; goodness knits them together, and promotes all those works that broaden and deepen the foundations of national power. This is the reason that Christian nations have outgrown and overtopped pagan ones, and Protestantism, in a similar degree, advanced beyond Catholicism. Why was it that Prussia so far outstripped Austria in the centuries-long competition between them? Or, to make the comparison more striking, without changing its nature, how did Prussia become so much stronger than France? She had an open Bible, studied for the past fifty years—I care not what is said of rationalism—as in no other country, and from it she learned these things: *conscientiousness*, which gave a healthy tone to every part of public affairs; *charity*, which has kept the peace between her citizens; *patience*, preventing bloody revolutions; *zeal for humanity*, which has made manhood noble by putting education on the broadest basis; *obedience to authority*, rendering her matchless military system possible. France had the Bible open, but closed it on St. Bartholomew's; opened again for ninety years, her mightiest monarch once more shut it up and banished half a million of its readers from her borders. From that hour France began to die—less rapidly than Spain on the commission of a similar folly, but not less surely,—decaying first in the nobler and more spiritual elements of national character, and afterward, by inevitable consequence, in the ruder realm of physical power. For two centuries she has been slowly but certainly declining, until in our own day we have seen the sword drop from her nerveless hand and heard the air resound with her mingled wailing and lying. Gravelotte and Sedan are but the echo across centuries of St. Bartholomew and the revoked edict of Nantes. Her fall has come by the working out of a law as impartial and passionless as that which causes alcohol in a man's stomach to make him drunk, or a body unsupported to fall to the

ground. When we contemplate the wonderful arrangement and nice adaptation of laws, especially in these higher realms, can we do better than exclaim with St. Paul: "*Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!*"

But there would be something very cold and unsympathetic in this account of God's sovereignty if we stopped here. Many a beautiful and orderly system appears perfectly chaotic when only approaching completion. It is conceivable that a skillful artist may paint a picture so that it presents nothing but confused and purposeless masses of color, until by one stroke of the brush he adds the missing link and throws the whole into the softest outlines of beauty. The very highest department of God's laws, without which all the others would have the hardness and metallic ring of atheism—has been purposelessly reserved to the last. Spirits are higher than matter, and God's relations to them are very intimate though always regular. It is from the observation of such uniformity, and the Biblical expressions concerning it, that have arisen the much debated doctrines of predestination, election, and fatalism.

In the departments of creation already reviewed, we find no channel of communication open between the creature and the Creator. This need not be wondered at. All the qualities inanimate nature was designed to have were impressed upon it at the first. No change is required. Neither can it in any sense sympathize with God. Vegetable and animal organisms are in a similar condition. Their laws were perfect in the days of Adam. But with men the case is altered. Judgment, reason, thought, and moral power are kindred to God. Their operation introduces changes that need to be provided for, and they give a power of sympathy and appreciation which render an approach to God desirable. Now, how shall intercourse and personal acquaintance with him be secured? Shall he come to man in any way that may happen, and at any time, as familiar friends visit each other? Shall he flash down in glory through the sky, burst up through the earth, walk with angelic splendor into our shops and homes,

speaking in articulate thunder out of the clouds, produce wonders above all law on every side of us? No, no! He has not built up the fabric of nature regular in every part, surpassing in changeless nicety of precision the subtlest power of thought, only to destroy the whole in the effort to meet man on his own level! He has done better, and to all other laws has superadded one of spiritual intercourse. This law bears two different names, according to the side of it at which we look. On the divine, downward-reaching side, it is termed the gift of the Holy Spirit; on the human, ascending side, it bears the generic title of prayer. We can not gauge the exact effect of either, or describe the mode in which the human and Divine Spirit touch upon each other, any more than we can estimate the dynamic force with which the cloud above and the ocean beneath approach and kiss each other in the formation of a waterspout. But some of the conditions of contact we can understand, and will mention four. The first condition is, that in no case shall the personal influence of God overtop the possibility of resistance by the human will. The second is, that this influence increases by man's desire for and effort toward it. The third, that one person may do something toward strengthening it for another, even without his consent. The fourth, that numbers, aspiring and praying together, obtain it—probably through sympathy—more easily and powerfully than isolated individuals. Within this circuit, so far as we, looking in all lowly reverence, can ascertain, God has bounded his power and his will to give present help to humanity. In such spiritual assistance there is no interference with natural law, but a supplementing of it by a beautiful spiritual law, which operates "*according to the purpose of Him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will.*"

The conditions of this law explain the feeble hold of goodness upon the world in its earlier ages. There was but little then in humanity which could respond to the efforts of God, or upon which he could work in any hopeful way. Progress was very slow, as the very desire for it was absent. But the effective power of God increased with the multitude of those who sought to know him, and those who attained this knowledge influenced

others in the same direction, so that advancement, within certain limits, has not been merely in arithmetical, but geometrical ratio.

This statement of beneficent spiritual influence would, however, be very incomplete without the bringing forward of another related agent of great potency. It may be fitly introduced in answer to an objection that has probably occurred already to many minds. In this utter inflexibility of law, what place is left for the Christian miracles? There is no place by which any miracle can enter a completed system from first to last. Each department of existence has its code of rules, adapted by the highest wisdom to the accomplishment of every needed purpose within itself. God will suspend or change any law just when he finds that he is mistaken about its working, not before. But the laws of one department do not govern a higher one; much less can they bring the higher into being. Creation is the ushering in by incomprehensible might, of something new, and is above all law—unless God has also instituted a law of creation itself, determining the times when worlds and systems shall begin to be—a subject about which we will have no opportunity to learn anything until we have shouted with the “sons of God” over new-born worlds.

To our view, therefore, all creation is necessarily miraculous. Even in pre-existing realms, the appearance of new beings may bring disturbances not according to former laws. Suppose the inorganic world complete, and the first vegetable about to be created. It must originate either with the germ or the plant. In either case, God produces by direct power an arrangement of material particles such as the vital forces of the plant will afterward copy in obedience to due forms and vital laws. This is as truly an exertion of superhuman and supernatural power as Joshua's staying the sun. Each new creation is a similar miracle—a miracle necessary to *any* beginning, but useless and harmful ever after.

How can this be applied to the Bible miracles? Easily enough. The whole of the revelation centering in Christ is a complete system, subject to its own laws, and harmonious with all the world. If it is really a separate existence, and not a mere outgrowth

of natural forces, and our analogies have been correctly drawn, we may expect it to come in miraculously—the miracles being those that are necessary to give it form and secure it a safe lodgment for future growth. In accordance with the same analogy we may expect it to produce results in the world of mind by supernatural means that afterward take place under well-defined laws, when miracles have accomplished their purposes and have ceased to be performed.

It is thus, we believe, that Christianity enters the world attended with the pomp of signs and wonders that drop from it as soon as it has been securely planted. What is to be the source of its continued power? Personal divine influence has already been spoken of. To this there is added a concentrated personal human influence not less powerful. Each man has his own influence, emanating from the “abysmal deeps of personality,” and surrounding him as a kind of attractive energy. Some great men have been able to gather hearts to themselves as millionaires gather gold. It has been noticed, too, that many characteristics of the great man are impressed on his followers, and that his power over them often outlasts his own life. Christianity is built upon an influence precisely similar, save in its surpassing strength. A wonderful man gathered the love and affection of thousands around him, and then departed from the world in such manner as to strengthen the bonds that bound them to him. Being perfectly pure and righteous, his influence is altogether for good. It is made still more intense by the belief that his life revealed God, as well as true manhood. He directed his followers to seek personal acquaintance with God, and promised that they should not seek in vain. Of the world's moral government he is the chief agent, or, as he himself said, the “corner-stone.” Is this simple device for elevating mankind worthy of infinite wisdom? Before despising it, look at a physical analogy of wonderful exactness.

The contrivance by which the material universe is sustained might have been very different. In the solar system, balancings and groovings, chains and granite walls, might have been relied on for maintaining regular revolutions of the planets. Fancy the orbit

of the earth constructed like a railway track with wrought iron, and calculated inclines and powerful bracings to secure permanence and safety. But instead of this clumsy machinery, God simply commanded the sun to stand fast in the center, and by his glorious shining to enlighten the whole, and by a mysterious sending forth of mighty but precise and unfailing energy, to bind them, while moving in perfect freedom, all firmly to the grand center of motion. The planet touches nothing. It is bound nowhere. Its freedom is perfect, and it sings on its way, unchecked and unperplexed forever! It is at liberty to move in response to the attraction of all its sister planets, swerving just in proportion to their weight and nearness, but never for a moment relaxed in the grasp of the central force.

So God might have kept man in the path of righteousness by laws on every side of him, armed with immediate vengeful penalties, smiting him as with slave-driver's whip if he swerved to the right hand or the left. He might, by slight changes in our physical or mental constitution, have made many sins which are now temptingly easy to us difficult, if not impossible. But instead of all this, he raised up a man excelling ordinary men as far as the sun excels the worlds around, and endowed him with divine attractions, for the purpose of drawing men to the paths of virtue. This is his scheme for the moral renovation of the universe. Does there not appear a manifest intention to produce a perfect copy in the spiritual world of that which scientific men discovered long ago, with boundless admiration, to be the master key of the natural world?

We regard religion, then, as the compound result of three forces: the first, impulse by miracle; the attractiveness of Christ; and the living touch of God, communicating not so much thoughts and words as feelings, impulses, and aspirations. Under these the world, within the circuit of Christianity, has been growing upward with steady momentum. It gives promise of a still brightening future. Compounded of these three, religion is the supreme force in the domain of mind. Mind, in its turn, as manifested within our knowledge, rests upon organic life, and *that*, gathering its materials from dead atoms,

builds them into form under its own laws. The scale is complete,—matter, life, intellect, spirit. The whole order of existence rises in mountain-like grandeur, series above series, gradation above gradation, until the summit is lost in the clouds. Upon it, the Infinite One is seated, invisible and alone. Lowest of all is physical nature, moving smoothly and harmoniously under his irresistible mandate laid upon each particle. Higher comes man, surrounded, sustained, and impelled by laws stronger than ribbed steel, but not deprived of moderate room for his own voluntary actions—room that enlarges as his knowledge of laws, and compliance with their conditions, enables him to pass at pleasure from the sphere of the dominion of one to that of another, and especially as he feels the central attraction which makes him freer yet, by transmuting all the iron of law into the gold of love. Above are still more gifted beings, the play of whose wings is seen on the surface of the clouds. Beyond—we know not now, but Faith declares we shall know hereafter.

MISS BURDETT COUTTS.

THE charitable munificence of this lady has made her name very extensively known. Possessing immense wealth, she has not been at all backward in contributing to the support of those established eleemosynary enterprises in her native country which commended themselves to her notice, but has sought out objects and made occasions for the application of her means. She was born on the 14th of April, 1814. Her father, Sir Francis Burdett, was a fine specimen of the English gentleman, a representative of an ancient Derbyshire family which had received a baronetcy in the year 1818. In his time he acquired some notoriety as a politician, and especially for his zeal in the cause of reform. He was educated at Westminster School, and for thirty years represented Westminster in Parliament. In this we may find some reason for the choice made by his liberal-minded daughter of Westminster as the field of some of the earliest of her public charities. In the midst of a poor and squalid locality she purchased ground, and erected the beautiful gothic church of St. Stephen the Martyr, as a memorial of her father who died in 1844. Her grandfather, Mr. Thomas Coutts, accumulated the fortune which forms the greater

part of the wealth of Miss Coutts. He was a leading London banker. He was twice married. His second wife surviving him, she inherited by special bequest the bulk of his vast fortune. She afterward married the Duke of St. Albans; but judging it right that the money she possess-

mother, the Duchess, she inherited an immense property, so that in 1850 she was regarded as one of the wealthiest persons in England. She was about twenty-three years of age when she came into possession of her inheritance. Had what is miscalled a life of pleasure pos-



ed should return to the family of her first husband, she constituted the youngest and unmarried daughter of Sir Francis Burdett her heir, on condition that she should assume the name and arms of Coutts. Hence we understand how it is that the lady under consideration is named Miss Burdett Coutts. From her step-

possessed any attractions for the young lady, she had at her command the amplest means for gratifying her inclinations. However, she was not inclined to indulge in social or fashionable excesses; in fact, excluded herself in great part from such enjoyments as were customary among those in her station. From time to time she

appeared in society, as was incumbent upon her; and Moore, the poet, relates in his diary, that having seen Miss Coutts in splendid attire at a Queen's ball, he called upon her the following day and found her preparing to send her dress back to the bank. "Would you like," she asked of the poet, "to see it by daylight?" On his assenting she took him to a room up stairs where the treasure was deposited. With it was the famous tiara of Marie Antoinette; and on his asking what might be the value of the dress, she answered, in a quiet way, "I think, altogether, about one hundred thousand pounds."

In connection with the memorial church erected in Westminster she established a school where now upward of five hundred children receive instruction. Her attention shortly afterward being directed to the situation of religious interests in the African colonies, Miss Coutts liberally contributed toward the endowment of a diocesan, or bishop, at Cape Town, and in 1847 the Rev. Robert Gray was consecrated in Westminster Abbey for that field of labor. His efforts were very successful in advancing the state of religion there, so that several new churches were erected within a few years. Miss Coutts also endowed the bishopric of Adelaide, in South Australia. The whole course of her subsequent life we find starred with the most liberal benefactions, at one time giving her attention to the establishment upon a permanent basis of some school or hospital or other charitable institution; at another time contributing most freely toward the extension of the advantages of some institution so that it might be the more generally made available by those needing its offices. She erected in Columbia Square, London, a block of model lodging-houses for the poor. More than a thousand persons are accommodated there, and are supplied with every convenience in the form of baths and washing-houses. On the same plan the model lodging-houses provided by the munificence of the late Mr. Peabody have been built.

In times of scarcity and distress Miss Coutts has employed hundreds of poor sewing-women, paying prices that would have ruined any ordinary contractor for work of the kind given out. The "Brown's Lane" charity is one of her many forms of benevolence. There poor needle-women get their meals as well as their work. From it nurses are daily sent out among the sick with those delicacies and comforts which are so acceptable to them.

The magnificent Columbia Market, which

was opened in the presence of the royal family in April, 1869, is one of the latest of Miss Coutts' gifts for the advantage and convenience of the Bethnal Green poor. It cost about a million of dollars, and for beauty of design and style of ornamentation it is said that no other market in the world equals it. An admirable series of by-laws were prepared by Miss Coutts herself for the regulation of the traffic.

A handsome church was erected in Carlisle by this lady in 1864. For the topographical survey of Jerusalem, conducted by Sir Henry James, she supplied the funds.

One of the many worthy enterprises which is the recipient of her favors and personal attention is the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. On the 4th of May, 1869, when the foundation stone of the Society's new building in Jermyn Street was laid, she was a leading participant in the ceremony. And in this connection it may be added, that while on a recent visit to Scotland, this humane lady inspected an improved cattle truck which is fitted with appliances for supplying the animals with hay, oatmeal, and water during their journey. By her direction a trial was made of the truck in conveying cattle from Edinburgh to London. What had been before denied was fully proved. The cattle ate and drank heartily on the way, and arrived at their destination in excellent condition. Miss Coutts obtained the consent of the directors of several of the railway companies to have some of their ordinary trucks fitted up on this new principle at her own expense.

In concluding this brief account of a lady whose name is destined to rank so high in the annals of benevolence, we can not refrain from remarking that what most calls for our admiration is her personal, tender, and active interest in the condition of the poor around her, and the business-like sagacity which has secured for her efforts such excellent and practical results. In each undertaking she has sought not only to relieve distress of a physical character, but with the relief to contribute permanent good in the way of the social, moral, and spiritual elevation of the beneficiaries.

The organization of this lady indicates an earnest, susceptible, and even pathetic nature. Naturally retiring in disposition, the earnestness which is impressed upon the performance of what she esteems her duty nevertheless gives her a character for boldness and energy. She has a practical intellect; is by no means dreamy and visionary. Appreciative of real

life, she is ready in judging those conditions and deciding those questions which may be submitted to her consideration.

The large development of Benevolence, which towers up at the median line of her head, speaks for itself; and Veneration is also

strongly marked, closely related to and imparting to her Benevolence the deep religious sentiment which pervades her charitable work. She possesses much genuine elevation of character; her aristocracy has the true ring of high-toned sentiment, of real dignity and delicacy.

A PRAYER.

BY MISS FRANCES L. KEELER.

As night's dark curtain falls,
And storm-clouds hide each star,
We cry, with bitter tears—
"O God, how lost we are!

"How many, many times
Throughout the bygone day,
Because the flesh was weak,
Our spirit went astray.

"Though conscience pleaded loud,
We still kept doing wrong;
We drifted with the tide,
Because we were not strong.

"And now, while all without
Is hidden—earth and sea—
We look within, and find
How great our need of Thee.

"So, Father, grant, we pray,
The pardoning grace we seek;
And give us strength each day,
Remembering we are weak.

"And when life's toil is o'er,
May we, with sins forgiven,
Through Him who died for all,
Find rest and peace in heaven."

UNINTENDED INFLUENCE.

BY WILLIAM AIKMAN, D.D.

DID you ever stop to explain the effect which the mere presence of some persons has upon you? They may not speak a word, scarcely give you a look, yet they influence you. You feel them without either touch or sign.

There are persons whom you speak of as having a chilling manner, which at once repels you. The coming of such a one into a circle where a moment ago all was cordial sympathy and pleasure, is like the floating of an iceberg into the tropics; the air becomes hyperborean where summer was reigning.

So there are those whose personal presence you can well describe in no other way than by saying, it is sunny. They carry with them an air of health and joyousness. Their step in the house makes the children smile and the circle grow full of talk; it is, even in the sick chamber, like a breeze of spring; you can not tell why, you only *know* that the place is brighter for their being there.

This effect of mere air and manner goes much farther than the emotions and spirits of those who feel it; it has a bearing upon character and shapes life. No one can tell how early it is felt and how lasting are its results. The infant in its mother's or its nurse's arms is perpetually a recipient of it. That infant may be catching hour by hour the disposition and

character of her upon whose bosom he is held. It is not material food only that he draws from the mother's breast,—power is emanating in word and manner, nay, in the subtle unnamed outgoings of thought and feeling from that bosom, and the little one makes them part of his life. The fretfulness or petulance of the mother is seen to reproduce itself in the child. Many a mother who has been impatient and perhaps angry at her infant because it was "cross" perhaps, were she willing, might find the cause of it all in her own disposition. How could he catch sunshine out of a cloud? How could he gather material for smiles out of the perturbed place where he has been nestling?

It is most probable that the character and disposition of children are formed more by these silent influences than by words and precepts. Indeed, in a multitude of cases these latter are wholly overborne by the former; the direct and announced teachings are in one direction, the secret but mighty outflowings are in another. Arctic navigators drifting northward sometimes see a huge iceberg crashing its way southward through ice-fields—the unseen under-current has a mightier hold on its mass than the surface drift.

You may call it what you will, or you may be unable to name it at all, yet there are few who are not cognizant of the influence the sim-

ple presence of certain persons have upon them. Women know it, though they may not be able to explain it. The quick instinct of a woman! how keen it is to discern character, and to recognize it simply by this unseen outflowing of the soul! Perhaps it is because the nature of a true woman is more keenly sensitive than man's. A needle floating delicately on the water's surface feels the faintest approach of a magnet.

Laura Bridgeman, the deaf, blind, and dumb girl, was a very striking illustration of this recognition of unintended influence. Before she was taught self-restraint, and had learned to guard her demonstration of feeling, she would show, on the moment of introduction, the most opposite emotions toward those who approached her. On taking the hand of one person she would at once dash it from her and turn away with every expression of annoyance or, possibly, disgust; while touching the hand of another, she would hold it and endeavor to pass her own hand caressingly over the arm and cheek of its possessor. Deprived of the ordinary means of knowledge, her abnormal sensitiveness actually felt the emanations of the stranger's life and character.

But extreme instances need not be cited. All persons are more or less affected by this occult power. One man makes you easy, another disturbs you merely by his presence, and you may not be able in either case to explain the reason; and what we feel as flowing out from other men is perpetually streaming out from ourselves.

Every man carries with him a power which he can not but exert. He can not so shut his soul within his body that it may not go forth. Take attar of roses and fold your hands tightly as you may, will no perfume go forth? The words of the old Book are true, "Ointment in the hand betrayeth itself." The aroma of your moral life will go out. You may guard your lips, you may shape with minutest care your acts, but your inner life will go out and some one will be touched and shaped by it.

Here is a new and intense meaning given to every man's life. It is not in most cases so much what he does or what he says that make his influence—it is what he *is*. That which is within he can not by all his power keep from going forth. He can not help it if he would. It streams out from him like the unseen magnetism that it is.

Every man is perpetually at work, not only in hours when he purposely puts forth his powers, but when most of all he is thoughtless

of it. Indeed, the thoughtless hour may be the hour of most lasting power, since it gives the truest revelation and throws out the most subtle influence.

Responsibility goes farther than most men imagine. It does not end with words and acts. He is responsible for what is within, since that will inevitably go forth for good or ill.

That unintended power is often the truest influence of the man, as it is the mightiest. It may be the reverse of what he wishes it to be. His words, his acts may be in one direction, while the influence of his inner self stretches out in another. Many a parent *lives down* all his most carefully inculcated lessons. His silent life is mightier than his spoken words.

What we want is to *be* right within.

THE INTEGRITY OF THE BIBLE.

IT is a matter of congratulation that the Bible has passed triumphantly through the ordeal of verbal criticism. English infidels of the last century raised a premature wail over the discovery and publication of so many various readings. They imagined that the popular mind would be rudely and thoroughly shaken, that Christianity would be placed in imminent peril of extinction, and that the Church would be dispersed and ashamed at the sight of the tattered shreds of its *Magna Charta*. But the result has blasted all their hopes, and the Oracles of God are found to have been preserved in immaculate integrity. The storm which shakes the oak only loosens the earth around its roots, and its violence enables the tree to strike its roots deeper into the soil. So it is that Scripture has gloriously surmounted every trial. There gathers around it a dense "cloud of witnesses,"—from the ruins of Nineveh and the valley of the Nile; from the slabs and *bas-reliefs* of Sennacherib and the tombs and monuments of Pharaoh; from the rolls of Chaldee paraphrasts and Syrian versionists; from the cells and libraries of monastic scribes and the dry and dusty labors of scholars and antiquarians.

Our present Bibles are undiluted by the lapse of ages. These Oracles, written amid such strange diversity of time, place, and condition—among the sands and cliffs of Arabia, the fields and hills of Palestine, in the palace of Babylon and in the dungeons of Rome—have come down to us in such unimpaired fullness and accuracy, that we are placed as advantageously toward them as the generation which

gazed upon the book of law, or those crowds which hung on the lips of Jesus as he recited a parable on the shores of the Galilean lake, or those Churches which received from Paul or Peter one of their epistles of warning or exposition. Yes! the river of life, which issues out from beneath the throne of God and of the Lamb, may, as it flows through so many countries, sometimes bear with it the earthly evidences of its checkered progress; but the great volume of its water has neither been dimmed in its transparency, nor bereft of its healing virtue.—*North British Review*.

REV. T. J. CARNEY, of Whitehall, Ill., the beloved husband of one of our esteemed contributors, died recently from injuries sustained by being thrown from a frightened horse. As a minister Mr. Carney was an indefatigable worker, especially out of the pulpit among his parishioners. He had just made a change in the locality of his ministrations, and it was thought that his efforts in the new field had an excellent prospect of success.

At all times a Christian gentleman, he never failed to do good in word and work whenever opportunity offered.

EDWARD H. RULLOFF.

DURING the past few months the public mind has been greatly agitated by the singular circumstances attending the trial and conviction of this man for murder. His career, so far as known, is so full of interest that we deem it necessary to present it for the consideration of our readers. The character of his intellectual attainments, and the strange and atrocious nature of his crimes, make up a case which is almost unparalleled in the record of trials for murder. No little sympathy was enlisted on account of his extensive and varied scholastic acquirements, but at the same time that sympathy found no little antagonistic horror and righteous indignation because of his atrocious villainy. The character of the man seems to have been a mystery to his fellows. Here was one of unusual acquirements, undeniably endowed with extraordinary abilities, and who had, with the activity of a morbid nature, assisted by a memory of extraordinary power, collected an immense mass of information in various branches of learning, yet apparently heartless, without those higher feelings which minister to the delicate and sympathetic qualities of human nature; and who went through a long and checkered career of hard and unredeemed villainy. The case presents a psychological problem which is quite within our province to consider. By some journalists Rulloff has been compared with Eugene Aram. One says: "Like the hero of Bulwer's strange story, Rulloff was, or claimed to be, a philologist; was learned in the law, and conducted his own defense when on trial for life.

In him, as well as in the Yorkshire usher, criminal tendencies were offset by an abstract and earnest devotion to study. A student from instinct, he became a felon by choice. His whole essence centered itself in the unwarmed, uncongenial arrogance of intellect." We, however, discern but little similarity between Aram and Rulloff, for the former suffered the penalty of but one crime, and that crime his own sensitive conscientiousness moved him to disclose; and besides, his character, although that of a "grave and solitary man," had been hitherto without marked reproach. Rulloff, on the contrary, seemed to lack moral sensibility; down to the moment of his execution was doggedly impenitent and indifferent, and even in that last hour gave utterance to shocking profanity. His career was tarnished with numerous offenses against law human and divine, and he moved about under a cloak of suspicion which in itself would have overwhelmed most of those who are deemed hardened in vice and crime. In the following sketch are presented the main points in his history so far as they have been elicited, although of his early life but little is known besides what he himself has related.

He was born in 1819, at Hammond River, New Brunswick, B. N. A. According to his own story, his father died when he was about five years old, and left him to the care of an uncle. He went to school until he was fourteen, mastering in that time the English branches as far as they were taught in the high schools. He was a constant reader, and the books which he devoured and digested

included every branch of human learning, so that he early acquired a general knowledge of science and literature. Not choosing to enter upon a profession, he was not permitted to study the classics, although he desired to do so, in order that, as he expressed it himself, he might "be a gentleman." At that early age he became impressed with the idea that he had a high destiny to fulfill in the development of a lingual theory which would greatly simplify the study of language; and he sought in the Greek to find a basis for this theory. He also gave much attention to works of a materialistic character. When eighteen he left home and commenced his career as clerk in a dry-goods store in St. John. He afterward studied pharmacy, but finding it uncongenial, changed it for the law, the principles of which he mastered, qualifying himself for the highest practice at the Canadian bar. Up to the time of leaving home there is no evidence that his moral character was specially deficient. He had no strong religious convictions, but he had the impressions given him by years of careful training by a most exemplary mother. But in St. John he became associated with profligate and unprincipled men, through whose influence his mind became indifferent to all moral restraint, and, notwithstanding his auspicious prospects, he turned from his studies and profession and committed a theft, for which he was sent to the St. John Penitentiary for two years. When his time had expired, he disappeared from St. John, and became utterly lost to his relatives and to all who had known him up to the time of his conviction. He next appeared in Tompkins County, New York, in 1842, where he was employed for a short time as a canal-driver; after which he became a clerk in a drug store in Ithaca, where he rapidly acquired a knowledge of drugs. But his restlessness soon induced him to make another change, and he went to Dryden, in the same county, and engaged in school-teaching.

Among his pupils was a girl of sixteen, named Harriet Schutt. Almost from the beginning of the school his attentions to Miss Schutt were those of a lover, and were accepted by her as such. In age the parties were unequally matched, and in mental acquirements as well as worldly prospects

he seemed much her superior. He had a smattering of all the sciences. He was a botanical physician, a druggist, an excellent penman, a classical scholar, a mechanist of rare original power, a lawyer, and a forcible, fluent speaker; and being, moreover, possessed of a good address and polished manners, he seemed a marvel. Yet the Schutt family instinctively shuddered as they saw this "paragon" insidiously creeping into their domestic circle, and Harriet was remonstrated with, but to no purpose. He had magnetized her. Her brother Ephraim demanded of Rulloff references as to character from his former home, but his demand was contemptuously refused. At last, seeing that Harriet was determined in her choice, opposition to the marriage was withdrawn, and it was accordingly solemnized on the 31st of December, 1843, when the bride was seventeen and the bridegroom twenty-five. Very soon, however, it was apparent to the family that their distrust of Rulloff had been well founded, for all but his wife saw that he was a man of excessive selfishness and inexorable malignity. Soon after the marriage, without the slightest cause, Rulloff chose to become incensed by what he charged to be the too intimate relations of his wife with a Dr. Bull, a cousin of the Schutts, who had for years been on intimate terms with them, and his spleen soon culminated in actual outrage. On one occasion he felled her to the floor with an iron mortar-pestle. The remonstrances which this treatment evoked from his wife's relatives made him more rancorous toward them, although in a large degree dependent upon them for support; for with all his accomplishments he seemed incapable of making a practical use of them by earning a subsistence.

At last all parties became tired of this bickering life, and there was general rejoicing when he removed with his wife to Lansing, five miles from Ithaca, and a mile and a half from Cayuga Lake. For a time after this removal he did better, was more considerate toward his wife. He entered upon the practice of medicine, and gained the confidence of a large portion of the community as a skilled botanical physician and a man of temperate and industrious habits. Among those who thus regarded him was Mr. W. H. Schutt, of Ithaca, whose child being taken

sick with a simple ailment of infancy, Rulloff was called to treat it. Under his treatment the babe grew rapidly worse, and the next day died in convulsions. The mother, also, who had seemingly been perfectly well when Rulloff was first called, suddenly sickened, and died in the same way two days afterward. In 1858, more than twelve years subsequently, her body was exhumed, and what remained of the tissues of the stomach was sent to Dr. Doremus, of New York, who found in them distinct traces of copper poison. No suspicions, however, were aroused of the learned doctor, and their deaths were attributed to "the inscrutable ways of Divine Providence."

One evening, not long after these occurrences, while a Miss Robertson was visiting Mrs. Rulloff, the latter's husband mixed some medicine in a mortar and proposed to give it to his child. The mother objected with terrified eagerness, saying that the babe was in perfect health. Rulloff declared that she needed the medicine as much as the babe. She said she would take it, but the child should not. At last, Rulloff desisted, saying that he had only been joking. At nine o'clock that evening Miss Robertson left the house, and from that time Mrs. Rulloff and the child have never been seen on earth. The next morning Rulloff borrowed a horse and wagon from a neighbor, saying, in an off-hand way, that an uncle having called during the night, Mrs. Rulloff and the child had gone with him to Mott's Corner, and to make room for them in his small wagon the uncle had been obliged to leave behind a large chest which Rulloff desired to take to him. Mr. Robertson unsuspectingly assisted Rulloff in placing the chest in the wagon, and Rulloff getting in drove off. Attendant and subsequent circumstances have testified with increasing directness for twenty-six years that that chest contained the bodies of his wife and child. Yet Rulloff exhibited a somewhat unusual cheerfulness on the morning in question, and drove along at an easy pace as though his errand by no means demanded haste. No positive evidence was ever obtained to show how he disposed of the ghastly contents of the chest, but as the wagon was traced to Cayuga Lake, it is supposed that they were sunk beneath its waters. Some, however, believe that the bodies were sold to the Geneva

Medical College, and there dissected. The next day Rulloff returned to Lansing with the horse, wagon, and chest, and filling the latter with books and the clothing of his wife and child, went to Geneva. He soon after visited his brother-in-law, W. H. Schutt, at Ithaca. When questioned as to the whereabouts of his wife and child, he gave contradictory accounts; and several weeks having elapsed since their disappearance, suspicions of foul play were aroused. Rulloff finding himself suspected, suddenly left Ithaca. He was pursued, captured, and lodged in jail. As the bodies of his victims had not been found, it was impossible to prove a murder, and he was therefore tried and convicted of abduction, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment at hard labor. While in prison he exhibited a wonderful aptitude in acquiring the outlines of those mechanical arts at which he was put. During a portion of the time he was employed in designing patterns for carpets, in which he showed great powers of invention. He generally submitted readily to the rules of the prison discipline, but occasionally the malevolence of his nature would flame up almost to the point of insubordination. An indictment for murder was subsequently obtained against him, and he was found guilty on circumstantial evidence and sentenced to death; but a stay of proceedings was obtained; and while in the Tompkins County jail in 1857 he corrupted the jailer's son, Albert T. Jarvis, and with his assistance escaped. He was again arrested, but escaped through legal technicalities advanced by himself.

His next appearance was at Red Creek, Wayne County, N. Y., as a German linguist and portrait painter, where he made many friends by his accomplishments. In 1861 he was lodged in Sing Sing Prison for burglary. After his release he became associated, with William T. Dexter and the Jarvys before mentioned, in a partnership which was active with villainies of all kinds. In 1868 he began his work on "Method in the Formation of Language." In 1869 he came to New York and took up his residence at No. 170 Third Avenue, the house of Mr. Conrad Jakob. Here he led a quiet life, and was regarded by the Jakobs as a great scholar and a man of amiable disposition.

When next we hear of him it is in connection with the late Binghamton burglary and murder. The particulars of this horrible affair have been so thoroughly circulated



EDWARD H. RULOFF.

through the newspapers that we need scarcely give more than a recapitulation here.

In company with his partners, Jarvis and Dexter, he entered the store of the Halbert Brothers, Binghamton, at two o'clock on the

morning of the 17th of August, 1870. The clerks, Mirrick and Burroughs, awakened by their entrance, made an attack upon them and had secured Jarvis and Dexter, when Ruloff returned and shot Mirrick, killing him instantly. All three then fled. Jarvis and Dexter, in attempting to swim the Chenango River, were drowned, and their bodies shortly after recovered. Ruloff was captured in a barn near the town. When shown the dead bodies of his two companions, he denied ever having seen them before, and was about to be released from custody when he was recognized by Judge Balcom, before whom he had been tried for the murder of his child. He was rearrested, tried, found guilty of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to be hanged on the 3d of March, 1871. A stay of proceedings, however, was granted, and the execution did not take place until May 19th.

While Ruloff was in prison awaiting the execution of his sentence, he busied himself in his "philological" researches, exhibiting a stolidity of character with reference to his horrible situation which indicated certainly a wonderful lack of moral susceptibility. Various conflicting rumors being prevalent with reference to his mental capabilities, scholarship, etc., several gentlemen of learning visited him in his cell for the purpose of obtaining some definite information. We take the liberty of introducing here a statement made by Prof. Mather, of Amherst College, who had an interview with Ruloff. As the substance of this interview is generally interesting, and the Professor's deductions entirely in accord with the views of science, we copy it almost at length.

"My visit was not one of idle curiosity, for one of my colleagues in the College had shown me, some months since, a criticism of Ruloff's, written years ago, when he was in the State Prison at Auburn, N. Y., upon parts of Professor Taylor Lewis' edition of one of Plato's dialogues, which had warmly interested me in his scholarship. The next morning, about nine o'clock, the advocate and I went down to the prison, and the gentlemanly High Sheriff at once consented to grant the interview, if Ruloff was willing. The doomed man at first refused, as he had done of late to all visitors, but when told that I was a student and teacher of Greek, he at once

consented. He approached the heavy latticed iron-door and asked very politely if I could remain long enough to learn something of the beauties of his theory of language. Without replying, I turned to the officer and asked if I might be permitted to go into the cell. He said yes, and proceeded to unlock the massive padlocks. It was a long, narrow, granite-built room, but high, and furnished with plenty of light and pure air. As we entered, Rulloff approached with two dilapidated chairs, and with the most winning courtesy asked us to be seated, and offered to relieve me of my hat. He sat down on his rude pallet opposite me, and I told him that I had seen the criticism referred to above, and that I had desired to learn how he had acquired his knowledge of the old languages. He replied, with a smile, that he had obtained it all by honest work; that he had never been in a college or university, but that from boyhood he had a most intense interest in the beauty and the strength of the Greek tongue. He complained that he had been laughed at by the public as a superficial scholar, and wanted me to satisfy myself on that, and then hear what he had to say about the formation of language. I replied that as we had no text-books I could not examine him, to which he rejoined that many of the classical authors he knew by heart, and would try and repeat portions if I would suggest where he should begin. Thinking that something from the *Memorabilia* might be appropriate to his present needs, I suggested the third chapter, first book, where the sentiments of Socrates with reference to God and duty in their purity and exaltation approach so nearly to Biblical revelation, and he at once gave me the Greek. Other parts of the same work, as well as the *Iliad* of Homer and some of the plays of Sophocles, he showed great familiarity with. Then, in order to show his thoroughness, he criticised the common rendering of certain passages, and he did it with such subtilty and discrimination and elegance as to show that his critical study of these nicer points was more remarkable than his powers of memory; in fact, I should say that subtilty of analysis and of reasoning was the marked characteristic of his mind. On one or two passages of Homer, in particular, he showed great acuteness of criticism,

and a most thorough appreciation of the grandeur of the sentiment.

One or two renderings of President Felton he opposed most vigorously, and when I supported the common version, he quoted from a vast range of classics to confirm his view. His theory of language I can not enter upon here, for it is too subtle for the general reader. It is very original, is quite contrary to the established views upon comparative philology, and probably will never be of any practical use. Most persons think him a monomaniac upon this, and certainly his enthusiasm is most remarkable. He sat there in his chains, just sentenced by the highest court to die on the gallows, and without a word, or apparently a thought about his doom, he argued and plead for his favorite theory as though he were wrestling for his life and was determined to win. He is anxious to have philologists examine the manuscript of his work. He urged me to come with several such men, and take time to see whether his theory is true. He asked my pardon for the apparent dogmatism of the statement, but said he felt convinced that this theory of language was a special revelation to him, and that perhaps a hundred years might elapse ere it would be known again, and then added, significantly, 'And you know that whatever is done must be done quickly.'

"In person, this man is about middle height, and of robust build, and is apparently verging on fifty years—not at all the broken old man he has been represented. He has a singular face, not villainous or grossly sensual, nor is it scholarly. The features are strongly marked and full of sinister meaning. It is a face that you could not forget, and yet would not care to think about. His eye, which is dark hazel, I had heard was the striking feature, but it did not impress me so, perhaps because it showed struggle and suffering. The bad lines in his face to me were about his chin and forehead, and his neck is very short and stout and heavy. In manners he is very urbane and natural, and he converses with great facility and elegance. His voice is mellow and pleasant, and occasionally showed tones of tenderness. But, for all that, I do not believe the man has any tenderness save for language. In looking at him

you would never imagine him as loving any human being, and you would be sure that his hatred would be implacable. He is certainly an enigma, and offers in himself a powerful argument against the theory that education is alone sufficient to lead to true manhood. Those who would throw out moral and Biblical teaching from our systems of culture have a difficult task to harmonize their theory with such a character as this. Here is a profound and appreciative student of all that is beautiful and glorious in classical learning, working for years as a philologist, and with a zeal rarely equaled, and yet all the time living a life of crime as dark and terrible as any criminal in our land. He shows that true culture and true manhood can only be by a development of the moral sense, and that we must educate the heart as fast as we educate the head, or our knowledge may only increase our sin."

In the basilar portion, in the region of the ear, Ruloff's brain was chiefly developed, and this development was most strongly marked; yet so largely endowed was he with intellect, especially of the perceptive order, that he could by its imperious exercise enact the part of a gentleman. In early life the whole man in Ruloff had not been subjected to training and discipline, a most unfortunate omission for one who then so much needed the best moral advantages. His strong intellect, however, yearned for exercise, and applied itself closely to study, but the lack of moral balance is conspicuously evident in his whole career. He was capricious, spasmodic, erratic, unable with all his apparent accomplishments to earn a comfortable subsistence. Hence we see him shifting about, finding a permanency nowhere, and now and then falling into crime. According as circumstances seemed to him to require their exercise, he manifested, with that rare skill born of a naturally strong and cultivated intellect, contrivance, cunning, energy, the smooth urbanity of the polished gentleman, the protesting, open-mouthed amazement of injured innocence. He was, in fact, a consummate quack and impostor. His large, strong body and large, coarse brain made him in his way "a power." He possessed such a *will* that he could mesmerize and overwhelm weaker natures, and subject them to himself.

All who had any intercourse with him agree in regard to his having a singular influence over them.

Very soon after the execution of this singular man, his head was taken by certain authorized physicians of Binghamton and dissected. The brain was found to weigh fifty-nine ounces, being nine and a half or ten ounces heavier than the average weight. The heaviest brain on record is that of Cuvier, the celebrated French naturalist, which is given by some authorities at sixty-five ounces. The brain of Daniel Webster, partly estimated on account of a portion being destroyed by disease, weighed sixty-four ounces. The report of the investigation proceeds to state that the lower or animal portion of Ruloff's brain, including that devoted to the physical and mechanical powers, was unusually large, while the upper portion of the brain was very deficient. According to the Binghamton *Republican*, "In the formation of his brain Ruloff was a ferocious animal, and so far as disposition could relieve him from responsibility, he was not strictly responsible for his acts. There is no doubt that he thought himself not a very bad man on the morning he was led out of his prison, cursing from the cell to the gallows."

The circumference of the head, the tape measure being carried around over the eyebrows, was twenty-four and a half inches,—the average size is about twenty-two inches. The skull was found to be exceedingly thick, in no part of the line traveled by the saw being found less than three-eighths of an inch in thickness, an extraordinary fact when we remember that the usual thickness of a man's skull is less than a quarter of an inch. The head was opened in the usual way, by parting the scalp over the top of the head from one ear to the other, and sawing off the top.

His physical organization was one of extraordinary strength and endurance, and excited the wonder of the surgeons who performed the operation above mentioned. In height he was five feet eight inches, very compactly built, with a large chest, a thick, short neck, and a large head, as above stated. The engraving represents him as he stood at the gallows doggedly awaiting the execution of the terrible sentence of the law. From the Binghamton artist, Mr. Hamlin, who painted

the only correct portrait of Ruloff which exists, we have received these particulars of his personal appearance. He says further: "His hair, a light brown, had been clipped just before his trial, and stuck out at the angular developments of the cranium, the scalp showing slightly through. (This cranial angularity indicated a strong predominance of the motive temperament, with a relatively coarse organization, although he had derived, from his mother probably, an element of nervous susceptibility which made itself apparent in his intellectual precocity.) His brow was intellectual, his nose nearly straight, except the rather sharp turn up at the end. His eye was small, of a dark gray, but sometimes appearing of a hazel tint, and at a distance even dark in its peculiar effect. His lips were not properly thin lips, but were drawn and compressed inwardly. Especially was this the case during the trial, when they were alternately compressed and relaxed very often, and it seemed at times that he was making an effort to appear composed. His chin was tolerably well formed, rotund and full, with something of the double about it. The eyebrow was neither finely carved nor full, and the ear small and decidedly peculiar in shape."

We can trace in his career, few as the details are, the workings of his lower nature. Secretiveness, Destructiveness, Constructiveness are found working together in close harmony, while in his quiet or studious intervals Self-Esteem, Approbativeness, and the intellectual faculties come in for their share of predominant activity. Ambition for scholarly reputation stimulates his robust intellect to exertion, but that single aim is not sufficient to repress the large and active organs of Destructiveness, Combativeness, and Acquisitiveness which clamor for indulgence, or to give them a direction which may prove of utility. Conscientiousness small, and weak from long disuse, Veneration apparently wanting, and Benevolence, what there is of it, a mere tool of the intellect, what is there to give an elevated tendency to the physical nature of the man? His selfish qualities governed everything else. The back-head was well developed, but even that was entirely subordinated. Witness the treatment of his wife, child, and friends! His powers

of fascination were exercised only to procure certain selfish exacting ends. With his large Human Nature, he knew well how to impose on those who judged only by appearances, or from a superficial examination. There have been and are grave doubts among theologians as to a "personal devil"—a being so low and so bad as to be beyond the hope of regeneration or redemption. Such a personage we may almost venture to pronounce Ruloff. He certainly was but little short of a moral idiot, although he had enough intellect to enable him to discriminate between what was right and what was wrong. He knew a thousand times better than he performed. His were not so much the sins of ignorance as of design.

In this respect he was not much unlike the many swindling quacks who manufacture, advertise, and deal in patent medicines, alcoholic "bitters," or the other thousand-and-one medical nostrums. All these are liars; all are robbers; all are would-be murderers, seeking by their base inventions to filch money from the pockets of helpless, innocent victims.

Ruloff, however, was unique in his type of villainy. His is a case which is *sui generis*, presenting psychological features never brought to public notice before, and his trial and conviction must take a place among the "celebrated causes" which illustrate the annals of judicial investigation.

THAT LINE FENCE.

OLD Farmer Smith came home in a miff
From his field the other day,
While his sweet little wife, the pride of his life,
At her wheel was spinning away.

And ever anon, a gay little song
With the buzz of her wheel kept time;
And his wrathful brow is clearing now
Under her cheerful rhyme.

"Come, come, little Turk! put away your work,
And listen to what I say:
What can I do, but a quarrel brew
With the man across the way?"

"I have built *my* fence, but he won't commence
To lay a single rail;
His cattle get in, and the feed gets thin—
I am tempted to make a sale!"

"Why, John, dear John, how you do go on!
I'm afraid it will be as they say."

"No, no, little wife, I have heard that strife
In a lawyer's hand don't pay.

"He is picking a flaw, to drive me to law,
I am told that he said he would;
And you know, long ago, law wronged me so,
I vowed that I never should.

"So what can I do, that I will not rue,
To the man across the way?"

"If that's what you want, I can't help you haunt
That man with a specter gray!

"Thirty dollars will do to carry you through,
And then you have gained a neighbor;

NOTE.—A good many contentious farmers, and many not farmers, might profit by the above.

It would cost you more to peep in the door
Of a court, and much more labor.

"Just use your good sense—let's *bulld* him a fence,
And shame bad acts out of the fellow."

They built up his part, and sent to his heart
Love's dart, where the good thoughts mellow.

That very same night, by the candle light,
They opened, with interest, a letter;
Not a word was there, but three greenbacks fair
Said the man was growing better.

Department of Physiology—Our Sanitarium.

The truths of Physiology should be inculcated and enforced early and earnestly, and with the emphasis of high religious duty.—TOWMAN.

LIFE IN A HEAD ONLY—A REMARKABLE CASE.

SOME think, and I begin to agree with them, that when a man falls under the ax of the guillotine, and that great public razor shaves him so neatly, he is not instantly deprived of consciousness or the power of thought; that his head still has to enjoy or endure some moments of conscious life; that at last it dies, not because its life is taken away with the body, but because it is starved out, its supply of appropriate food being exhausted, and no more reaching it.

Suppose such a head, still living and thinking, could be grafted upon a vegetable trunk. And suppose that trunk capable of supplying the needed nutriment, but that otherwise it should remain wholly uncontrolled by the head it bore.

What manner of life would that head experience and manifest? Would the will remain intact? Would love and hate be possible to such a being? In short, would the entire man, physiologically speaking, be present in the head? Would a tree-with-a-human-head be mentally and morally a man? Does the human head contain the man, or is it only a part of the man?

Such questions have presented themselves to me very frequently during the last half year. For in that time I have carried on a very singular correspondence. A dozen fools-cap sheets lie before me. They are written over closely and very legibly. They exhibit a good degree of native talent, without being much indebted to educational advantages.

These long, and to me very interesting, let-

ters were written to me, I may say, by a head, virtually situated in accordance with the supposition above. This head which writes is not indeed actually severed from the body which once bore it about among men. But below the neck it has no control of that body whatever, with the slight exception to be mentioned. This head could move the limbs of a tree just as much as those of its own body. Sensation as well as voluntary motion is gone. Pins have been thrust to the very head into this body without interrupting the flow of conversation in which the head happened to be engaged. Unless visually aware of it, no rude handling of the body calls the attention of the head. In fact, the body is as nearly as possible a vegetable,—sending food to the brain, and carrying on its own functions tolerably, but disdaining altogether to obey its orders. The exception is a barely perceptible turning of the right hand, which also has sensation enough to feel the crawling of a fly on its surface. But how does the head manage to write? As John Carter painted, holding the pencil in his mouth. Try it, and you will find out that hands are a great convenience. Having myself made the attempt, I conclude that it would require a whole term at writing school to enable me to do half as well as my unfortunate friend. But I must let him tell his own story.

"My name is James T. Anderson. I was born in 1845, at the little village of Dahlonga, in Iowa. My father died when I was

two years old, and not very long after my mother married again. It seems to me that I have had a strange life. I have had so many hair's-breadth escapes from death, I wonder that I am still alive. At the age of three I was tossed in the air several times by a cross cow. A man saw me, and rescued me. Not long after, my mother gave me a dish of bread and milk, and left me on the cabin floor to enjoy it. When she returned, I was enjoying it. A monstrous rattlesnake had crawled up through the floor, and we two were having a fine time. I took a bite, and he a bite. We both liked bread and



JAMES T. ANDERSON AND HIS SISTER.

milk, and I liked my pet. He disappeared when my mother came (doubtless knowing the prejudice entertained against his race), and I am afraid he came to an untimely end.

I was five years old when I had another escape. My stepfather sent me with three horses to the creek. They went well enough to the water, but when they turned homeward they began to run. I could stick on, but I could not hold them, and away they went with me. My mother saw them coming, and ran out to try to save me. She reached the bars just in time to lay hold of me. The horse went from under me, and catching the harness on a spike as he entered the stable, tore it off him as if it had been paper.

Some time after, I was sent to town on horseback for a jug of molasses. Horse took fright, saddle turned, my foot went through the stirrup to the knee. Horse made several desperate jumps to get rid of me, and I felt

quite promiscuous among his legs and feet. But finally he stopped, and I managed to climb up his foreleg and unbuckle the girth. My jug had also miraculously escaped, and we were soon on our way again.

Afterward I was climbing a tall tree for a squirrel. I must have been near sixty feet from the ground, when the limb I was on broke, and I fell. But I was not to be killed that time either. A friendly crotch in the tree about ten feet below caught me, and I was not much hurt.

I grew up very active and strong. I was fond of all sorts of sports, and none of my friends could beat me at running, jumping, wrestling, or climbing. I could turn a summersault forward or backward. I knew a great many gymnastic feats, which I loved to repeat for the fun of exercising my active muscles. Every fiber of my frame was alive and ready for duty.

In the spring of '63 I found employment which suited me exactly. I engaged to Mr. McCameron to accompany him to Fort Kearney. I was mounted on a gallant little pony with an Indian saddle, and drove the cattle belonging to my employer. Nothing could have pleased me better. How I enjoyed the wild freedom and adventure of that trip! I shall never see the beautiful plains again. But my imagination sees them whenever I choose. Everything is not lost while memory remains.

I returned to Iowa, and after finding various employment, I at last enlisted in the Fourth Iowa Battery. We rendezvoused at Davenport, and remained there till the following spring. Then we were ordered to New Orleans. From thence we marched in a drizzling rain a hundred and sixty miles to Thibodeaux; and there we staid till the war closed and we were mustered out. We did not see much of real war except the labor and the monotony.

The next spring I took to the plains again, this time as a teamster. We made two trips from the Missouri River to Fort Kearney, and then crossed and recrossed the plains from Fort Kearney to Cottonwood Springs and back all the season. I liked that sort of life. All this may seem dull to other people, but I hope they will remember that I have not much to tell about my present life, and I like

to talk about what happened when I could go about like others. A caged bird likes to remember the time when it could fly over mountains. I am glad I did travel so much, and see so many things, for now I can think about them.

Now I must come to the end of all this active life, so full of enjoyment. How can I speak of the moment when from a strong, active young man I was changed in an instant into—a dead body, with a living head!

It was the latter part of June. The leaves and flowers were in their glory, and I felt just like them. I did not know how to express the life and vigor that glowed in my frame. They say I was a handsome young man. I know that I weighed two hundred, and there was not an ounce of useless flesh either.

In the back yard of my uncle at Glenwood, Iowa (where I was visiting), there were two small oak trees. These trees were connected by a low pole, with a little swing attached. By jumping I could lay hold of the pole with my hand. I used the place for my gymnasium.

One afternoon I was practicing as usual, my cousin looking on. I did not take into account the fact that I wore a new pair of gaiters, tipped with smooth patent-leather. As I swung down from the pole by my feet, the treacherous leather slipped on the pole, and I fell. My head was not more than two feet from the ground, and I tried to save myself. But I could not. My cousin also sprang to catch me, but was too late. I received a blow of two hundred pounds (my weight), and the force of it came upon my neck, just where it joins the shoulders.

The sensations of that moment can never be described. I was bewildered, though perfectly conscious. What had happened? Was my whole body crushed to a jelly? Why could not I move? Where was that horrible tingling, that seemed far off, as if ten thousand needles were pricking me, or as if a whole swarm of venomous ants were biting me?

The surgeon lived opposite, and came in a few minutes. I told him I was hurt very badly; that he was to bleed me, but not touch my limbs, or move me, for my body was all crushed to pieces.

They carried me to a bed, though every

movement made me shriek. When Dr. Bosbyshell placed his hand on the injured spot, I for the first time felt his touch, and cried out in pain. I knew then that my neck was broken (as they call it), and felt that my hours on earth would be few. Every care was given me, and all that skill could do to alleviate my sufferings was done. Inflammation came on at the injured spot, and every one thought death would soon relieve my sufferings. But after a few days, to the wonder of all, I began to mend. Friends came to see me die, but found me able to be carried back with them to my old home.

We traveled slowly, and I suffered much, but at last we reached the old cabin, where I have now lain helpless for nearly three years.

In time my naturally good spirits returned, and I could talk and laugh as well as ever. They have made me a little wagon, in which my old comrades often carry me off to their homes, or draw me about through the groves. They are all very kind to me, and have even arranged festivals to raise a little money for me. I am my own man now, and can not expect my stepfather (who has a large family) to do much for me besides furnishing my board. I would be glad to live a little more by myself if I could, as the old cabin is pretty full, and the noise tires me. Some friends are trying to help me get a little room by myself, where my good sister Maggie (who is a cripple too) will take care of me. I could not do without her.

After a while, I learned to write with the pencil in my mouth, as you see in the photograph. It helps me pass many hours pleasantly. I don't claim to write a good hand any more, but I do think I write a tolerably good mouth, considering. A good friend came to see me last fall, and told me about John Carter, who was hurt like me, and how he learned to be a famous painter. I got some little copies, and am trying to learn.

If I can get by myself a little, where I will have a better chance, I hope I may learn to draw some little pictures that people will buy as curiosities. If I can, I shall like it, for it seems hard not to do anything toward supporting myself. I think I could enjoy life very well if I could help myself a little.

I begin to suffer a good deal lately. If I take cold there is a dreadful cough that I

have no control over, and it seems like to tear me to pieces.

Once I was carried to court. A doctor said he would cure me, and I did not know but he could. He said he would not charge

trouble with it. By-and-by I shall carry it up to the Highest Court of all, and I think the Judge will be on my side.

Now I believe I have told you all I know about myself. You can do as you please about publishing it, if you think you can do any good. So no more at present. Give my love to all my friends, and [take] a good share for yourself. Yours truly,

JAMES T. ANDERSON."

It will be seen by the fac-simile that the cheerful and hopeful fellow really does write a "tolerably good mouth!"

I became acquainted with Mr. Anderson's case a year ago, through the accident of seeing a few lines which he had written to Dr. Bosbyshell, who attended him when he was injured. As soon as I could make it convenient, I visited the sufferer at his home, about a day's ride by cars from here. I found him cheerful and brave, though at the time suffering from the racking internal cough he mentions. His great enemies were the swarms of flies which incessantly buzzed about his face. To defend himself he had a leafy twig between his teeth, which he twirled about with no little skill. As he was unable to be placed in a chair, I did not see him write, but have since received many letters from him, from which I have condensed, without materially altering, the account of himself given above. All the facts are his, and the language as far as practicable.

So far as I can learn, the case is without a parallel in the world, except that of John Carter, of England. Should Mr. Anderson's life be spared, I hope his eager desire to "draw little pictures to sell" will be gratified. I send his photograph, which includes, very much to my satisfaction, that of his kind sister Maggie, who devotes her life to the care of him. The photographer was at the trouble to go four miles in order to take the picture, which he did without charge. I am indebted also to Rev. H. Bross, of Ottumwa, for assistance in securing it.

Think of a person in Mr. Anderson's position talking about "enjoying life" if he can only get a quiet room! And see how bravely he calls himself "his own man," while he has only a head to claim! The moral, to those who have the ordinary use of life and limb, does not need to be pointed out.

me anything unless he cured me. After a while he sued me for a large doctor's bill. I was no better, and I had only to appear in court to show that he had not cured me, and he lost his case. However, he carried it up to a higher court, and means to give me more

Do not mind of your mouth,
I am not a good writer,
but your only, your only
James T. Anderson

I am satisfied that the mind is not necessarily dwarfed in any faculty by being driven from the outworks into the citadel. The mind still loves, still chooses, still enjoys, though its ordinary servants all rebel and it has not a member to do its bidding.

What if the brain also rebels, or loses power to exhibit the working of the mind? Will the mind cease to work, or will it only cease to be manifest, and become one of the "things which are unseen," but which "are eternal?"

J. K. NUTTING.

HUMAN LOCOMOTION—HOW WE STAND, WALK, AND RUN.

(From the Transactions of the American Institute, 1870-1871.)

BY BURT G. WILDER, S.B., M.D.,

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THE second of the course of scientific lectures before the American Institute was delivered Tuesday evening, December 27th, 1870, in the Academy of Music, by Prof. Burt G. Wilder, of Cornell University. It was very profusely illustrated, and interesting, practical experiments attested the truth of the lecturer's statements. This lecture we have been permitted to publish. The Professor said:

During the past year I have spoken four times upon the subject of this evening's lecture; twice in Boston before the Lowell Institute,* and twice before my classes in the Cornell University. The first time, I thought I understood the subject very well; but at each repetition I perceived more clearly the existence of matters which I could not explain, and to-night I freely admit that the points which are perfectly clear to me are vastly fewer than those which remain to be investigated.

You are incredulous as to there being anything abstruse or difficult to understand in the subject of human locomotion. "Anybody can stand; a very Hottentot can walk about; and the beasts themselves get over the earth after their fashion, occasionally even upon two legs like ourselves." Very true, but no one has heard a gorilla, or a bear, or an ostrich lecture upon the subject of bipedal progression; yet they employ it constantly or upon occasion; we all see and hear perfectly well; so does the most degraded savage, even better than ourselves; and yet, at the present time, the most learned physiologists are in doubt respecting the exact nature and functions of certain structures in the eye and the ear; every child knows a mosquito, and no very profound erudition is required in order to be bitten by one; but how few of us have any idea of the complicated apparatus by which our skin is pierced, the

blood withdrawn, and poison instilled into our veins: and finally, wise as we think ourselves, big as we are now, and firm as we are upon our legs, there was a time when, as our parents will testify, we could not even stand upright; and we have gained the power to stand, to walk, and to run, only by long practice, at the expense of much time and many hard knocks.

Dr. Holmes says: "Walking is a perpetual falling with a perpetual self-recovery. It is a most complex, violent, and perilous operation, which we divest of its extreme danger only by continual practice from a very early period of life. We find how complex it is when we attempt to analyze it. We learn how violent it is when we walk against a post or a door in the dark. We discover how dangerous it is when we slip or trip and come down, perhaps breaking or dislocating our limbs, or overlook the last step of a flight of stairs, and discover with what headlong violence we have been hurling ourselves forward." Of the complexity of walking there can be no doubt, and I am convinced that if any ten now before me should undertake to come forward now into my place, and tell all the rest how they stand and how they walk, they would in the first place offer you as many contradictory explanations of the phenomenon, and if any one undertook to give the lecture over again he would contradict himself as flatly as I did when I delivered it for the second time. Now, granting all this, it is certain that I am not here to say everything that is or can be known respecting human locomotion.

HOW WE STAND UPRIGHT.

Whatever be the mental and spiritual distinctions between man and beast, there is no doubt that the human body differs less from the body of a gorilla than this does from some of the lowest monkeys; the gorilla even stands upon its feet and "apes" mankind. But

* In a course of lectures upon *Hands and Feet of the Mammalia*, Jan. and Feb., 1870.

neither it nor any other ape or beast whatever stands *erect* like man; for in none of them are the head, trunk, and legs so arranged as to be balanced one above the other in the same plane. This is the case in man alone. The human



FIG. 1.—Diagram of man in the erect position, showing the position of the joints; the darker lines represent the muscles which preserve the balance.

body is a perpendicular column composed of several segments which are accurately balanced upon each other. The head rests upon the spine in such a way that it tends to fall forward when we are asleep, rather than backward; but with all animals the jaws are so large and the point of attachment of the head to the spine is so far back that there is no balance whatever, and the weight of head requires large muscles in the neck; that we have no such muscles is evident when we get upon "all-fours," for then the effort to keep the head raised, or in the position of a quadruped, is very fatiguing. In the gorilla, again, the spinal column itself forms but a single curve from the skull to the pelvis; but with man, it forms several curves, which compensate each other, and so becomes an elastic rod to lessen the jar in walking, while yet the place of attachment to the hip bones is just under the point supporting the head.

The hips themselves are so inclined forward that the whole trunk is balanced upon the heads of the thigh bones, and the legs, instead of being bent, as with most animals, are fully extended, so that hip, knee, and ankle joints all lie nearly in the same plane, and the weight of the whole body comes upon the key-stone of an arch formed by the heel behind and the ball of the foot in front.

But a flexible column, such as has been described, with its heaviest parts above the middle of its length, would at once collapse and fall to the ground unless supported in some way; and so we find that on all sides the segments of the legs and of the head and spine are braced by muscles, which are in a state of constant though unconscious contraction, so as to maintain us in the erect position, while their power is so great, especially of those forming

the buttocks, as to enable us to stand upon one foot and bend the body and leg, while supporting a heavy weight.

Now all this has been often and well described, and I have spoken of it here partly to introduce the less perfectly understood subjects which follow, but chiefly to call attention to the fact that while many animals stand upon two legs, and may even approximate the erect position, yet man alone assumes it naturally and perfectly, his whole frame being adapted for it in a way not elsewhere seen. There is great significance in the erect position of man, for though it may differ but little from a slightly inclined position, yet the difference is like that which separates the "just right" from the "nearly so," and causes the human body to point straight upward, while the fishes are horizontal and the other vertebrates seem to be striving in vain to raise their heads away from the earth heavenward. This being man's prerogative, and emblematic of his high origin and destiny, how strange that human beings should, even in sport, much less as a serious pursuit, train themselves to assume an attitude which is precisely that of the apes, in the so-called "Grecian bend," which, I am happy to see, is gradually disappearing from respectable society. The head is disfigured by a ponderous *chignon*, which is comparable to the filthy masses of hair long cultivated by some low African tribes; to



balance this unnatural weight, the head and body are tilted forward; one bad bend demands another, so the knees are bent and the heels raised, and the latter are propped up by those instruments of torture and disfigurement, high-heeled boots. The total result is an attitude which is as completely that of the orang-outang as the human body is able to assume; but no ape has ever been known to adopt a "bustle" in order to call still further attention to those parts of the body which his organization has caused to project. If the theory of derivation be true, then the artificial Grecian bend of the fashionable nineteenth century is a "reversion" to the natural monkey bends of our ancient ape-like progenitors.

FIG. 2.—Diagram of a man bearing a heavy weight, and yet keeping his center of gravity over the point of support in the ball of the foot.

HOW WE WALK.

In walking, the trunk and head are the *weight* to be carried; the legs have the *power*, and this power is exerted upon the feet, which form *fulcræ* and *levers*, in connection with the floor or the earth; but we shall find that the body is not a dead weight, but elastic and alive, moving slightly in the direction needed to maintain the balance of the whole; so, too, the legs are not merely *muscles*, they are also a considerable weight, and adapt themselves to the surface over which we are moving; and finally, although the feet are chiefly mechanical instruments, acted upon by muscles which arise higher up upon the legs, yet they have muscles of their own which strengthen the arch under the instep already described and give to all their movements a peculiar grace which is seen in no other creature; the apes have a much shorter heel, and the dactyls (toes) are so much longer and curved, that they can not plant the whole sole flat upon the earth, but only the outer border; moreover, their primus (or great toe) is much shorter than ours and stands out from the side of the foot like a thumb, so that it can not, like ours, receive the weight of the body and aid in the spring for the next step; the bear's pes, it is true is "plantigrade," like that of man, but the heel is short, the primus is shorter than the other dactyls, and the whole bony structure is so unlike that of the human foot, that instead of rising at the heel and springing from the toes, it is raised altogether, and put down again with a "flop," which is very much like the ungainly step of the negro minstrels.

Much more might be said on the peculiar structure and action of the human foot, which is a most interesting and useful part of the body, although much less is thought of it than of the hand; it is generally concealed from view, and the toes are the only parts of the body which have been thrown into disuse and seriously injured by civilization; we ridicule the Chinese for the distortion of their feet, yet our fashionable bootmakers are quite as guilty, since they abhor the natural form of the foot, and decide upon the proper shape of their wares with very little reference to the parts to be covered by them; the narrow sole, the in-bent great toe, and the elevated heel are not a whit less ridiculous and injurious than the compressed foreheads of the Flathead Indians.

A good, general definition of walking has been already quoted. The body is allowed to fall forward upon one leg, the other leg swinging forward like a pendulum, and planted at

some distance in advance; this process being repeated for every step, the "leg-pendulum" of a short man swings of course more rapidly than that of a tall one; in the words of Dr. Holmes, "Commodore Nutt is to M. Blhin, in this respect, as a little, fast-ticking mantle clock is to an old-fashioned, solemn-ticking, upright timepiece."

The same author makes the following statement: That a man is shorter while walking than while standing; and as the explanation of this fact involves most of the things I have to say, I will endeavor to show why it is so.

But first, is it a *fact*? There is a time when we rise upon the foot, and when one would expect the height to be increased. In proof that Dr. Holmes is right, we have, first, the evidence of ladies, who say that a skirt which does not reach the ground while standing, may sweep the ground while walking; and second, the experiment which I now try, of walking rapidly, with the eyes shut, under a rod which just touches the top of the head while standing under it; in order that this experiment shall be satisfactory, however, the following conditions must be observed: The rod must be steady and horizontal; the person walking under it should have no idea of its exact location, and should walk in a natural manner, neither "ducking" nor throwing the head back, as one is inclined to do when passing under anything; a little brush, filled with paint and set into a cork pinned to the crown of a hat so as just to touch the rod while standing, will never touch it while walking under, if the above conditions are observed.

Granting the fact, how shall we account for it?

First, we must distinguish between the *length* of the body and its *height*.

The length of the body is the distance between two parallel but not necessarily horizontal planes, coinciding respectively with the two extremes of the body, the vertex and the soles. This length will be greater or lesser, according to the state of the *respiratory organs*, as I show by experiment; if the short arm of a lever be placed upon the head while the lungs are empty, the other arm will fall as soon as a breath is taken in; in part, this explains why a wrathful man looks taller, since he is generally holding a full breath.

This length will also vary according to the *attitude* of the body; for the different segments of the spine (vertebræ) are separated by elastic cushions of fibro-cartilage, which are compressed by the body's weight while in the erect po-

sition, but extend themselves when we lie down. This also is easily shown by experiment: A rule is fastened to a board, and the difference in the height of a man while standing up and while lying down upon it is at once indicated by a sliding piece, like that of a shoemaker's rule. This experiment is more striking if some weights are held in the hands while standing. The compression of the intervertebral cartilages accounts for the familiar fact, that we are shorter at night than in the morning; and also for the stunting of young persons who are overworked, or obliged to carry great weights. Finally, the length of the body as a *whole*, varies with the position of the head, trunk, and legs, or that of the segments of the legs, as is easily shown by experiment: If we stand under the short arm of the lever already mentioned, any inclination of the head in any direction will allow the long arm to rise; so will any bending of the trunk itself, or of the trunk at the hips, or of the thighs at the knees; the same result follows when standing upon one leg, for then the opposite side of the body is unsupported and sinks a little, while the middle of the body swings toward the supported side, so that trunk and leg are not in a straight line, but form an open angle at the hip.

That the whole body must be shorter when any of its parts are bent upon each other can also be proved by geometry. A straight line measures the shortest distance between any two points; when the body is erect and the legs straight, it coincides with a straight line, but when it or any of its parts are deflected, then it departs from the straight line and becomes part of a curved and therefore *longer* line, and as a part is less than a whole, the body is then shorter than before.

So much for the *length* of the body; its *height* is the distance between two parallel and *horizontal* planes, coinciding as before, with the vertex and the soles; in other words, the height of the body is measured upon a *vertical* line, while the length may be measured by *any* line; and, moreover, the height may be varied without a change in length, as when the body is inclined as a whole in any direction, yet preserves its erect position so far as regards its different segments; this of course could only occur while the body is supported by a board or other unyielding surface, but it proves the theoretical distinction between length and height.

Practically, the height of the body is affected by whatever varies the length, so that we

reach the following conclusion: A man is at his average height in the middle of the day with the lungs moderately distended, when standing erect with both feet flat upon the earth and the trunk and limbs in the same vertical plane; his height is greater in the morning, and after a full inspiration, and when the feet are extended upon the leg; his height is less at night, after a complete expiration, when out of the perpendicular, or when any two segments of the trunk, head, or legs are flexed upon each other.

Now, the time of day and the state of the lungs have no direct connection with locomotion, so that in the endeavor to account for the decrease of height while walking, we have to consider only the deflections from the perpendicular straight line which may occur during locomotion.

The most constant of these is the forward inclination of the trunk from the hips, in order to allow the weight of the body to aid in overcoming the resistance offered by the air, just as a rod carried upon the finger must be inclined in order to prevent the air from carrying it backward.

This inclination of the trunk may be hardly noticeable, as in slow walking; but when the speed is increased, the resistance of the air is much greater, and it has been found that in rapid walking the trunk inclines forward at an angle of fifteen to eighteen degrees.* Of course it is possible to walk and even run with the trunk nearly erect, but in that case the resistance of the air must be overcome by muscular effort, just as a rod must be held very firmly in the hand in order to be carried forward in a vertical position.

As has been already shown, the forward inclination of the trunk, since it is a deflection of the whole body from a perpendicular straight line, tends to lessen the height while walking, other things being equal.

The second deflection from the perpendicular is the lateral inclination of the trunk from the hips during all parts of a step in which the body is supported by a single leg. The center of gravity of the trunk lies between the hips, and a line dropped from it must always come inside the points of support; while standing upon both feet, this line will come between them, but when supported wholly or in part upon one foot, the center of gravity must be so shifted as to be over that foot, the whole body swings over toward the side of the supporting

* Article "Motion," *Cyclopedia of Anatomy and Physiology*.

leg; but in order to preserve the balance, the trunk is not kept in the same line with that leg but remains nearly erect, and so forms an open angle with the leg. According to the proposition already given, this must lessen the height at all parts of the step excepting when the body is equally supported upon both feet, that is, in every position excepting the "rest," and the "heel," which will presently be described.

The movements of the legs themselves during walking are much less simple and easy of description, as any one may learn for himself by trying to follow his own movements and to describe them. At any rate, I have found no satisfactory account of them in books, and am far from convinced that the one I shall now give is correct in all respects; for in order to explain the decrease of the height during walking, we must not only know how each leg moves by itself, but also observe the coincidence in the movements of the two legs; and every one knows how difficult it is to watch two people carefully at the same time.

There are two methods of studying the various positions assumed by the legs during locomotion; the first is by means of the "instantaneous photographs." In the article already referred to, Dr. Holmes reproduces four such figures, showing several points very clearly, namely: the length of the stride in rapid walking, the planting of the heel of the advancing foot, and the great elevation of the other heel just before that foot leaves the ground. But excellent and well-chosen as are these figures, they are insufficient for our purpose; chiefly because the *same* foot can not be traced in its progress from the beginning to the end of the step, and because the several figures do not agree in height and attitude. I selected fifteen figures or groups from several hundred such stereographs, and had them enlarged by photography upon a single card; they illustrate the points above mentioned, and also the rapidity with which one foot swings by the other, since in some cases the lower part of the swinging leg is nearly invisible. Still, I found it impossible to so arrange these figures as to show all the subdivisions of a single step with the same foot.

The other plan adopted is as follows: Having first carefully practiced and studied the various movements which occur while walking, and ascertained which are the most easily recognized positions, I mounted a table, and, by aid of a supporting rod, assumed these positions, and remained in each of them long enough to allow the artist to make these dia-

grams.* To these positions I have given names for convenience of description and reference; but it should here be stated that it is quite possible that they have been christened already by some German authors of papers on human locomotion in Müller's *Archiv für Anatomie*, which I have not yet been able to read in detail.

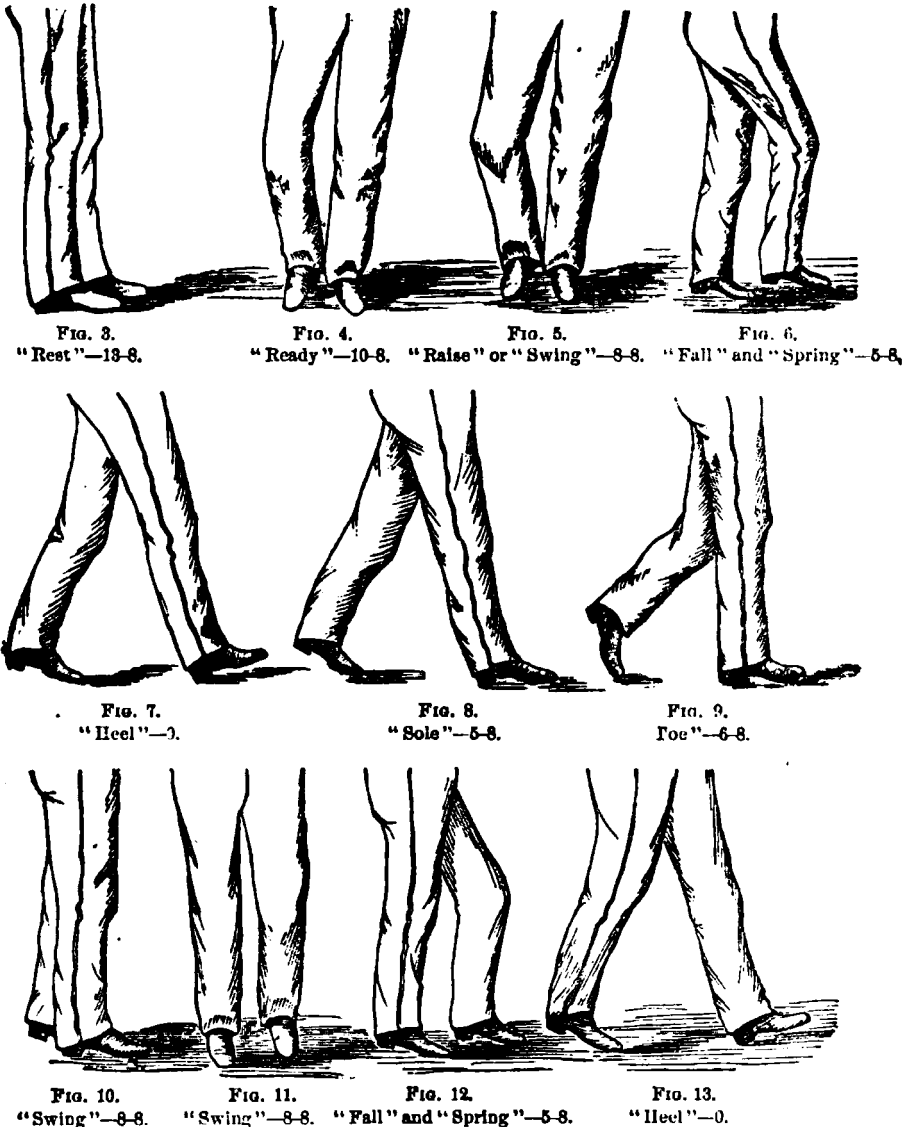
The position of "rest" (fig. 3), is that in which both feet rest flat upon the earth, the one perhaps a little in advance of the other; we are then at our greatest normal height; and in my own case, this is thirteen-eighths of an inch greater than the least height reached in the course of the step. The next position is called "ready" (fig. 4), because the body is swinging off to the left so as to be supported chiefly by the left leg, and the knee is bent slightly in readiness for the succeeding movement; the deflection from the perpendicular in this position diminished my height three-eighths of an inch, so that it was only ten-eighths of an inch greater than the least height. The next position is taken when the body is swung still farther to the left, the right knee more bent and the foot just raised from the ground so as to swing clear in the next movement; in this "raise" position (fig. 5) the height is still further decreased by two-eighths of an inch, so that it is just an inch above the least height. In the next position (fig. 6) the body is allowed to fall forward, and a *spring* is at the same time given by the foot, the heel of which rises from the ground; but although this, other things being equal, would tend to increase the height, yet so decided is the "fall" that, in my own case, the height was diminished three-eighths of an inch; but as this "fall" or "spring" position is not a real "position," but a continuous movement of the whole body, the exact decrease in height will vary from its beginning to its close in the next position. In this (fig. 7), the heel of the advancing foot comes to the ground, while the heel is still further raised, so that the body rests upon the heel of one foot and the toes of the other; and although the trunk is now nearly erect, and the elevation of the heel and toe tends to increase the height, yet the separation of the legs lowers the body another five-eighths of an inch, and the height is least (0) in this the "heel" position.

In the next, or "sole" position (fig. 8), the heel rises still further, and the body is carried forward by the continued spring from the foot,

* Mr. George Le Baron Hartt, of Ithaca, who has also drawn these diagrams upon wood for the present publication.

the sole comes flat to the ground, and the height is increased by five-eighths of an inch; it would be even more increased but for the commencing deflection of the trunk toward the right; in the next or "toe" position (fig. 9) the leg comes more nearly into a vertical plane above the foot, but inclined to the right, while the heel rises until the whole sole falls back-

by the side of the right in the "ready" position, and then comes the "rest," in which the greatest height is attained. But if another step is to be taken, then the swing is succeeded by the "fall" or "spring" from the right foot (fig. 12), and then comes the "heel" position, as before) fig. 13), the body being supported by the *left* heel and *right* toe.



ward, and only the *toe* touches the ground; the height is here increased by one or two eighths of an inch, and in the next or "swing" position (figs. 10 and 11) it rises to eight-eighths, or just an inch above the lowest point, this being, in fact, the same position as that already described as the "raise" or "swing" (fig. 5). If we mean to close the step here, the left foot is planted

THE GRADIGRAPH.

Taking now a piece of chalk and holding it steadily against the blackboard, I take a single step forward and stop at the "heel" position; the chalk has made a downward curve; continuing the step and coming to the "rest" position, the chalk makes a corresponding upward curve reaching the level from which it

started; in this way, the length of the step is indicated both by the length of the curve and by the difference between the highest and lowest points. At the same time, as may be seen by observing a person walking, from behind, and as has been already proved by our experiments, the head oscillates from side to side in each step; but each lateral curve is equal to two vertical curves, because, during a single step with the right foot, for instance, the head has swung off to the right side and remains there, while it has not only sunk to its lowest point but risen again to the highest; so that half of a lateral curve is equal to a whole vertical curve, and in a series of these, one lateral curve is equal to two vertical curves, as already said.

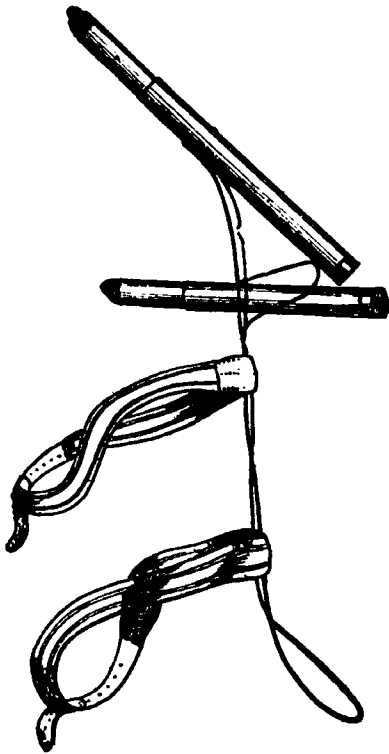


FIG. 14.—The "Gradigraph," or "Step Recorder," seen from the side.

While making these experiments, it occurred to me that a simple instrument might be devised which should register the lateral and vertical curves at the same time in such a way as to enable us to compare and study them. After various trials, which I will not here enumerate, the "gradigraph," or "step recorder," became the instrument which will now be used.

It consists of two tin cylinders, one inch and a half in diameter, so attached to a frame of

iron wire as to point forward at an angle of forty-five degrees, the upper one in a vertical, the lower one in a horizontal plane, and to the right. The lower and inner ends of the cylinders are closed; in each runs a hard wood piston upon a spiral spring. Each piston projects about four inches from its cylinder, and carries in its outer end a crayon of charcoal. For use, the frame is strapped firmly upon the back, so that the upper piston projects a few inches above the head, and the lateral piston a few inches beyond the right shoulder; the wearer then takes position beneath one board and at the side of another, so arranged that the crayons are in the center of the boards, and the upper piston is forced about two inches downward to enable the crayon to remain in contact with the upper board during the lowest position of the step; the wearer now steps forward in as natural a manner as possible, merely taking care to keep the lateral crayon in contact with the board. A series of vertical and lateral curves will be described, which, if faint, may be traced over with the charcoal. If the upper board is now let down so as to rest obliquely just above the lower board, these curves appear as seen in fig. 15.

The above curves do not indicate the exact amount of either lateral or vertical oscillation; for, beyond the figures already given, I have not been able to make what may be called the quantitative analysis of human locomotion. The curves are somewhat exaggerated to facilitate comparison.

In comparing the curves produced by the gradigraph, it must be borne in mind that the upper series are lateral while the lower are vertical. Although we can not show them otherwise than upon the same surface, it will be noted, 1st. That each upper curve is equal to two lower curves. 2d. That the upper series are represented as lateral oscillations with respect to the dotted line A A, while the lower curves simply rise and fall with respect to the dotted line B B. 3d. That the extremes of departure of the upper curved line from the line A A coincide with the extreme elevations of the vertical line toward the line B B. 4th. That the points of intersection of the upper line with the line A A, coincide with the extreme depressions of the lower line from the line B B. 5th. That while each entire upper curve equals two lower curves, each lower curve coincides in length with so much of an upper curve as lies upon the same side of the line A A, so that X X is equal to Y Y. 6th. That at each end of each curved line is a

short, straight line at a right angle to the lines A A and B B.

Now, to state the same facts in connection with the movements of the body. The lower series represents the rise and fall of any part of the trunk, say the shoulder, from which the lateral barrel of the gradigraph projects. In the position of "rest" this point will have its greater elevation; but in preparing to take a step forward, the lateral swing of the body into the positions "ready" and "raise," causes this point to fall five-eighths of an inch (more or

finally, having again reached the point O, if the position of "rest" is to be taken, the head comes back suddenly and without advancing to the point A.

Of course, the *length* of both lateral and vertical curves will depend upon the length of the step, and so will the *depth* of the vertical curves; but the degree of lateral oscillation of the head, as indicated by the upper series, depends not upon the length of the step directly, but upon the height of the individual, and also upon his width; for, in order to preserve the center of

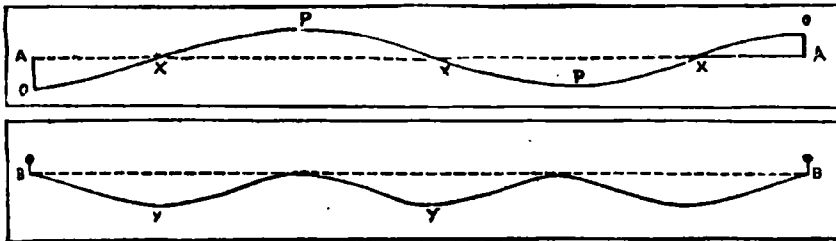


FIG. 15.

less). When the advancing foot has been planted and the position of "heel" is taken, the height is least; but then the body begins to rise upon the advanced foot until the "swing" position is reached, in which the height is the same as in the "raise" position, in which the real step began. Then another step is taken with the other foot, the body sinking and rising as before. Then the third step is taken with the same foot as the first, and an indefinite series of similar curves would be formed, until we come to the "rest" position, when the body rises to the height which it had when starting. Each of these vertical curves measures a *step*, that is, the space traversed by the trunk and head in passing from the "swing" position upon one foot to the same position upon the other; and this step is also the distance between the heel of one foot and the toe of the other in the "heel" position.

The upper series of curves represents the lateral oscillations of the head in respect to a line connecting with its positions when at *rest*. In preparing to take a step, the body swings off toward the side of the supporting leg, as shown in figs. 3, 4, and 11, and the head begins to advance, therefore, not from A, but from O; by the time the "heel" position is taken, with the advancing foot planted at a point under P, the head has moved back to the line A—A, but leaves it again and reaches P, while the body is advancing to the swing position in readiness for another step; then it again crosses the line A A at X, and describes a second curve, X—X;

gravity over the point of support, of two men equal in *width*, the *taller* will oscillate the more; and of two men equal in *height*, the *wider* will oscillate the more. But there are also individual peculiarities of gait which may not depend upon either of the above conditions, and which would be merely indicated by a trial with the gradigraph.

This instrument is evidently capable of much improvement in detail, which I hope some time to make, but I am convinced that even now it shows more clearly than has been heretofore, the relation of the lateral and vertical oscillations to each other, and the extent of each in the gaits of different persons; it may even be possible to give it such accuracy as to enable us to discriminate between the gaits of different nationalities as readily as we can now between those of the short and the tall man, between the natural, unaffected walk and the absurd "stage strut," which gives the most extensive lateral and vertical oscillations from the straight line.

The difference between the step and the pace is made evident by the curves produced by the gradigraph; each short curve is a *step*, for it measures the distance between the two feet in the heel position, and also the distance which the head and trunk traverse from the "rest" of one foot to the "rest" of the other; but each long curve measures a *pace*, or two steps, being the distance between the points where the same foot is raised and planted again; likewise the distance traversed by the head and trunk from

the rest of one foot to the rest of the same foot, after two steps have been taken. If a man's step, then, is twenty-eight inches, his pace is fifty-six inches.

Besides the forward movement of the body in walking, and the lateral and vertical oscillations already described, there is a fourth movement, consisting of a partial revolution of the trunk upon its own axis during the "swing" position, when the trunk is supported by one leg; the whole trunk is faced a little to the opposite side; the shoulder and hip of the supporting side are thrown a little in advance of those of the opposite side, as becomes still more apparent when a pole is strapped across the shoulders; this partial revolution of the body probably occurs with all, during natural walking; although it is in part contracted by the alternate swing of the arms, the left going forward with the right leg, and so generating a force in the opposite direction; with large persons it becomes more apparent; an exaggeration of this same movement, generally accompanies the "Grecian bend" already mentioned, and the "bustle" then receives a motion which is aptly described by the German word "*schwanzen*," applicable, properly, only to the waggle of the tails of monkeys and other beasts. If our comparisons seem odious, they are just, and even lack some of the features which would yet more distinctly indicate the source of all these fashionable abominations among the *demi-monde*.

I have already mentioned the alternation of the swing of the arm with that of the leg of the same side, or, in other words, the coincident forward swing of the left arm and the right leg, and of the right arm and the left leg; it is worth noting that this diagonal movement of the arms and legs is precisely what occurs in the trotting of a quadruped, where the right hind leg and the left front leg are moved together forward and backward.

This brings us to a very curious matter, which is summed up by Dr. Holmes as follows: One side of the body tends to *outwalk* the other side; that is, a person never goes in a perfectly straight line for any distance, but always turns to one side or the other, and at last describes a circle and returns to a point not far from where he started. Many such cases are on record, but I have not been able to learn to which side the turn was made; the Hon. John Stanton Gould informs me that he has frequently been lost in the woods, and thinks he turned without exception from *right to left*; that is if he started to go due north he would

deflect toward the west; he also mentioned a case of wandering in a circle by convicts who escaped from Clinton Prison in this State, and referred me for further information to Mr. Ransom Cook, who was for a long time connected with the prison, and who has written me as follows respecting that case:

"The two convicts escaped from the prison about the middle of the day; they started north upon a run, intending to go to Canada; they said they ran almost continually, until almost dark, when they found themselves near the prison yard, about fifty rods farther south than their starting point, while they had thought they were continually going north. They did not know in which direction they had turned, but it must have been quite abruptly, to bring them back upon nearly the exact spot which they had left. I have been told by G. W. Beekwith, Esq., a lawyer of Pittsburg, that it was a received opinion among hunters and woodsmen that lost persons traveled in a circle, turning to the left."

Now, this is very interesting, but not quite conclusive, and I would be very glad to have the experience of any persons who have been lost and have traveled in a circle; the experiment might even be tried by letting a man, unprejudiced, walk blindfold over a great plain covered with a light snow. I have tried an experiment upon a very small scale in a room forty feet long, trying to walk along a seam of the carpet with my eyes shut; in nine cases out of ten I found my deflection to be to the *right*; and although I by no means regard such a trial as satisfactory, the result certainly accords with some facts already ascertained; for the greater propelling power of the right foot would cause the whole body to revolve more toward the right, and so turn the person toward the right, instead of the left side.

In this connection may be mentioned two facts which seem at first to contradict each other: the first is, that, as a rule, the left leg is used for supporting the body, while the kick is delivered with the right, indicating the greater power of that foot; the other is, that in marching, the time is marked by "*left*," "*left*," "*left*," spoken at the moment the left foot is swung forward to be planted in advance; and this would indicate that the left is the more important foot in walking, but not really; for although the left foot takes the step, the spring which determines the length and force of that step or movement is given by the right, and it is said that in some cases a careful measurement of the steps shows that the impulse given by the right

foot carries the left foot an inch or two farther than the right foot is in turn propelled by the left.

HOW WE RUN.

Between the walk and the run three differences will suggest themselves:

1. Running is faster than walking.
2. In running, the body is more inclined forward.
3. There is a greater spring in running.

But although these distinctions generally exist, they are not essential; for (1.) You *may* walk much faster than you *may* run, although you *can* run the faster. (2.) You may walk with the body bent forward, and you may run with the body nearly erect. (3.) You may spring more, and so rise higher, in walking than in running.

There is, however, one difference between walking and running, which is less apparent, but is really the only essential difference. It is, that at every period of the step in walking some part of one or both feet is upon the ground; the body is always supported; but in running, there is a moment when the body is wholly unsupported, when both feet are off the ground.

Now let us note the movements in running. We may start from a standing position upon the flat of one or both feet; but after once starting, the heels rarely, if ever, touch the ground, and the ball of the foot both receives the weight and makes the spring. After starting, too, there seems to be only two real stages instead of five: one when the right foot is springing and the left is swinging forward; the other when the left is still in the air and the right also has left the earth; then the left comes down

and makes the spring, while the right swings forward in its turn. The result is, that at one instant the body is supported by the ball of one foot, at the other instant by nothing at all; and this constitutes the main and essential difference between walking and running. Some figures of the appearance of the feet in walking and running I have given in "Bird, Beast, and Fish," *Harper's Magazine* for November and December, 1869, and January and February, 1870. But the careful reader will observe that the descriptions are not the same as here given, and will be convinced that I am right in supposing still better ones will be given hereafter.

There are several other modes of human locomotion. We may hop upon one foot, or jump upon two: we may also leap upon two, but in leaping, the two feet are not together as in jumping; and, finally, we may vault from one or both feet, aided by one or both hands. Springing, bounding, and skipping are varieties of leaping, according to the relative height and length of the movement.

But our time has expired. I do not pretend to tell you all that is known, much less all that may some day be learned upon the subject of human locomotion; and although I hope to have made some points clearer than they were before, I am so little satisfied with my own explanation, that I am willing you should remain convinced of but one thing, that the most common actions of the body require careful attention; and that no branch of natural history, however minute, can ever be followed to the end; we may tire of it, and lose our hold of it; our successors may find in it more than we, but God alone knows all the fruit it may bear.

WHAT WE INHERIT.

A SUBSCRIBER writes despairingly relative to the sins of the parents being visited on their children of the third and fourth generation, as alluded to in a statistical paragraph published in the June number of the JOURNAL, page 397. This subscriber, a lady, doubtless, complains that on account of the bad habits of her forefathers she is rendered miserable.

The law of hereditary transmission is one of the most fixed and uniform. Effects follow causes; otherwise, who could live an hour on the earth with any degree of safety

or security? When we sow wheat we do not expect barley, nor do we expect to gather figs of thistles, or thistles of fig-trees.

Our correspondent is evidently clear-headed, intelligent, but morbid in her sentimental impressions. She has inherited her intelligence, and should be thankful for it; she has inherited her morbid state of mind, and is not to blame for it; and will not be held so. What there is that she rejoices in, she has inherited from ancestry, and the best gifts pertaining to any of the human race have been as much the legitimate inheritance of con-

ditions which produced such gifts, as are the misfortunes which people inherit. Moreover, this law, well understood, ought to lead people to correctness of life and habit. Some must suffer from the wrongs and evils of parental habit; and tens of thousands are blessed and rejoice, ignorantly, perhaps, in the best of qualities and faculties which have come to them through self-denial and the earnest effort of a virtuous and intelligent parentage. Nay, more; men can improve themselves by proper care. They can guard against the evils of parental taint, and maintain tolerable health to a good age. If one finds he has a fiery temper, inherited, he is not to blame for its possession; he is sim-

ply to blame for its perversion and abuse. If he has but one talent in any respect, he is bound to use that one talent, and he shall have the proper reward. If he have five talents, his responsibility is equal to his possession, and he must use it accordingly. Let our friend be thankful for what she is, and when she remembers the mercies by which she is surrounded, rejoice in them, not forgetting that when the life that gleams and glows in the realm of the great Beyond,—when the curtain of time shall be lifted, and the soul permitted, without clog or hindrance, to go forward to perfection, she may then have qualities that shall give her wings, and those whom she now envies, may have occasion to look up to her.

Department of Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only life
Of paradise that has survived the fall;
Thou art the nurse of virtue.

HAVE CHILDREN NO RIGHTS!

TO THE HUMANE SOCIETY THAT IS TO BE.

SINCE the abolition of slavery and the establishment of a society for the "Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," the call for the further extension of human sympathy seems practically to have ceased. In consideration thereof I hereby announce my intention to petition Government to establish a protective humanity association, in which the interests of human *children* shall be included, so that their claim to a peaceable possession of at least a moiety of the world's great common, without being tortured by the vicious class that seems to control mostly the premises. There has been much writing and speaking and some legislation upon man's rights, women's rights, and cattle's rights, but children seem not to be included in any of the programmes of these movements of progress.

Why don't somebody declare himself a candidate for the Presidency, with the plauk of "Children's Rights" running all the way through his platform? He would be the man for whom I would take territory to canvass. The Declaration of Independence informs us that "all men" are entitled to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and I infer that it means women and children as well as men. Now, I declare that I *can* have no pursuit of

happiness so long as my nerves are unstrung and my soul horror-stricken by a view of scenes like those I am about to describe. Read it, humanitarians, and get ready to sign my petition.

Leaving the cars at C—, my traveling companion and myself procured a carriage and set out for B—, a small town ten miles distant. Our route lay through a sparsely settled prairie, and the roads being very muddy in consequence of the recent heavy rains, our progress was slow and difficult. We had proceeded about two miles when one of our carriage wheels gave evidence of approaching dissolution, and upon examination was found unfit for further journeying. My companion left me in possession of the reins and proceeded to a house a little way ahead in search of another vehicle. Returning soon after, he said, "Our only hope is to return this to the livery stable and get another. I will try to take the concern back, and do you go to that house and wait till I come for you; and permit me to express the wish that nothing may occur to mar the felicity which will offer itself in the contemplation of the surroundings of that beautiful prairie home."

This last expression was uttered in a manner bitterly sarcastic, and as I had known him

to form correct conclusions from momentary glimpses of men and things, I walked leisurely toward the house with no very pleasing anticipations of the hours to be passed there in waiting. It was indeed a "beautiful prairie home." Small groves dotted the premises in various directions; the residence was large and well designed; the yard tastefully laid out and adorned with shrubs and flowers. As I stepped upon the first flag-stone of the front walk I could not refrain from exclaiming, "Beautiful! beautiful!"

A tall, spare lady, about thirty-five years of age, met me at the hall door and led the way to a parlor. She had a fair complexion, golden, almost red, hair, nose inclining to sharpness, lips as thin as a wafer, and large, cold, penetrating bluish eyes. After a few moments' conversation, which evinced culture and refinement on the part of the lady, she politely excused herself on account of domestic duties; hoped I would "amuse myself with books and papers, and pass the time as agreeably as possible," and withdrew. I sat by an open window inhaling the fragrance of roses and mignonette, and listening to the bird-music in the firs. I saw the bees loading themselves with pollen from a shrub near the window; a rabbit stood up and fixed his keen eye upon a bed of pansies, as if debating the propriety of dining on them in preference to clover. Two butterflies alighted upon a large white rose—a beautiful foreground upon which to contrast their violet and orange plumage; a gopher ran from ambush in a clump of iris and entered his subterranean home under the edge of the front walk; a humming-bird thrust its beak far down the calyx of a spangled lily, and then flirted coquettishly among its charming neighbors, too nectarine in its tastes to remain long a guest of either. Just here a new feature presented itself in this panorama of beauty—a sweet child of perhaps eighteen months came trotting down the walk and stopped before the spangled lily; out went one tiny hand and carefully touched the delicate petals; an expression of perfect loveliness rested upon its face, while its lips were uttering an infant tribute to beauty quite unintelligible to myself. Then the hand was withdrawn, and clasping all save one finger was again extended to stroke the velvet finish of those petals, oh, so carefully! What a scene for the inspiration of an artist! But it changed quickly. The eyes were looking in the direction of the walk leading to the rear part of the dwelling, and the beautiful expression became displaced by one of fear and suffering. Did

you ever see a vulture swoop down upon a dove? an eagle upon a young lamb? If so, then you have some idea of what I saw. A hand clutched that little arm, and the next instant the child had passed from my view. I heard a shriek resounding from the back porch, and then I heard that unmistakable sound caused by a blow of the flat hand upon naked flesh; down, down, down, at least ten times in succession, driven by an angry spirit, a cruel spirit, a *devilish* spirit, came a mother's hand upon the naked, quivering flesh of her guileless infant—till its shrieks were stifled, till its sobs were hushed, till it became mute through fear and torture. Oh, Heaven! how the scalding blood hurried to my brain! How the electric darts sped through every nerve and fiber of my frame! How the devil of Combativeness rose lion-like within me! I could have crushed that hand under my heel at that instant with as little remorse as I would have trod on the head of a venomous reptile. A few moments before and I had been peacefully contemplating a scene of surpassing beauty and happiness—what had taken the heaven out of my soul and supplied its antitype instead?

I had made the circuit of the hall rapidly several times within a few minutes. I seated myself again at the window and began a review. There were still the birds and the bees and the butterflies. A fine Newfoundland lay in the clover where I had seen the rabbit, and the gopher came out of his house and went foraging. Birds, beasts, and insects reveling among beauty,—but oh, Father in heaven, a little child put to torture for touching a lily! I smothered upon my lips the angry words which my soul dictated, and looking out upon the lawn saw a child of about five years dart from behind a screen of evergreens and run toward the house. He stopped when a few yards distant and turned his face toward a man whom I now saw hastily approaching. The child clasped its hands nervously, and screamed in piteous tones, "Oh, I am 'fraid my pa will whip me—oh, so hard!" The man, or demon, had a small riding-whip, a rawhide, in his hand. The boy was dressed in thin cotton. The demon drew the whip at arm's length, and I heard the first stroke, followed by a shriek of, "Oh, papa! please don't—please don't, papa!" I sprang away from the window and rushed out of the hall, down the walk, looked up the street and invoked the return of my companion. Was I in pandemonium? The sky was dun with clouds; the air was blue with smoke; I wondered if it was brimstone. The

sun was nearly down, and I waited half an hour, but saw no carriage approaching. I returned to the house, and we sat down to supper. We—the master, bland and social—the mistress, all smiles and agreeable—two hired men, and a servant girl, but not a child was in sight. When the servant brought lights into the parlor the little boy came with her. I engaged him in conversation, seated him by my side, put my arm around him, and saw his beautiful melancholy eyes look trustingly into my own. An hour later and the family were assembled for prayers. The infant sat straight and silent in its chair near its mother; the boy sat by me. The father read the tenth Psalm. Oh, how I wanted to read to them about Christ and little children! Then he prayed for God to send down blessings, “spiritual and temporal;”—I wanted to pray Him to send down fever and ague, rheumatism, and paralysis, till there should not be one right arm left with the strength to strike a child.

Morning came, and so did my carriage. As we journeyed onward, my companion asked, “How have you been entertained?”

“First tell me what caused you to make the remark you did while leaving me yesterday,” I replied. He answered, “When I was going up to that house yesterday, I saw a little boy that ought to have worn a blessed, happy face, but instead, it was sad and pitiable in the extreme. When I reached the house I saw its mother, a passionate, deceitful, cruel woman, and I know

you would not stay in that house an hour before something would occur to wound your extreme sensitiveness.”

“How did you know she was such a woman?” I hastily inquired.

“I read it in her face and bearing,” he replied. He did read it, but by what power he read such truth I can not tell. I would give years of labor for that power, whatever it is, for it would warn me and save me from the experience of many an unpleasant incident. I have related only the occurrences of one afternoon. I have seen hundreds of similar instances of varied shades and types. It would take years to tell of all that I have suffered in consequence of the abominable practice of beating and torturing babes.

And now, oh, ye rulers and legislators, reformers and agitators, against the extension of all further “Bills of Rights” I protest, till there shall be some guarantee that children’s rights are at least equal to those of pigs and lambs.

Not many years ago a father whipped a child to death, and was sentenced to serve two years in a penitentiary. If he had stolen a horse he would have been sent for a longer term. Before we have any further extension of territory or Christianity; before Cuba or San Domingo is annexed, or more missionaries are sent to China, let this American nation take measures to extend civilization among our *Christian* fathers and mothers who put to the torture their own children. X. Y. Z.

HUNTING A SERVANT.

[The following sketch is an interesting one. We have had some personal experiences in back lanes and up creaking stairways of almost precisely the same character, and doubtless many of our housekeeping readers will recognize their own “hunts for help” as their eyes glance down the columns. Perhaps some friend of the “help” side, however, would like to read a lecture from the practical experience of that side. If so, let us have it; but it must be interesting.]

MY wife is a delicate little woman. She was esteemed a great beauty when I married her. Her mother told me if I would preserve the roses in her cheeks, I must be very tender of her and shield her from too much care. For that reason I have always advocated the dismissal of servants who were not *absolutely perfect*. One morning last week Jane omitted to put the large spoons on the

table, and the cruets were entirely empty. I took the matter in hand, as a good, kind, considerate, thoughtful husband should, and spoke sharply to the girl. She undertook to answer me back, and I sent her straight out of the house.

“That is the way to do it,” I said. “If one girl doesn’t suit, try another.”

“But, my dear, Jane was a good servant in most respects.”

“That is what you say of them all. I tell you, and have told you repeatedly, that it is just as easy to get those who are right altogether. You are too gentle a mistress, and your servants impose upon you. If I had charge of the house they would have to toe the mark. I am tired of seeing you so overshadowed with household affairs. Even now

there are wrinkles settling in your forehead, as if you were forty-five instead of twenty-seven."

"Ah! the wrinkles date far back of Jane's forgetfulness. I am not sure but they have been produced by the frequency of my visits to intelligence offices. I thought the last time I went to one that my hair would turn white before I got away."

"Why don't you follow up some of those girls who advertise in the *Union*? My mother used to, and was very successful," I continued.

"I have, a score of times. I got Delia from an advertisement—the one who sat down on the baby, thinking he was the rag-bag—and Alice, who stole all my best towels; and Julia, who would take her beaux into the parlor every time we were out in the evening; and I don't know how many more. I have come to the conclusion, that when a servant is neat and honest, it is best to overlook trifling shortcomings. If my husband was just a little more patient, I think I could manage very well. I am worn out with servant-hunting."

"Servant-hunting! I should think it would be a pleasure. I can't imagine anything so dreadful about it."

"Suppose you try it. I really do not feel well enough to make the effort; I had rather do my own work for a month."

My wife did not usually speak with so much earnestness, and it surprised me. Besides, she looked pale, and, as I said before, I am a model of husbands.

It was a pleasant morning. I had enough to do, but, then, I might as well be hindered half an hour to oblige my wife, as to waste so much time smoking after lunch.

"I will, darling. Lie down and rest yourself, or read the papers. Take no more thought about the matter; and now, good-morning."

I kissed her, and went on my way. I bought a daily paper at a stand on the corner. Glancing at the list of "Situations Wanted," I smiled at the absurd idea of putting up with incompetent servants when such an army was in the field. I selected two numbers which I thought would suit. They each contained three figures, and, of course, were some distance away across the avenues. It was not an inviting looking neighborhood, and the

building into which I entered was far from prepossessing. I knocked at the first door on the first floor. A fat, red-faced woman left the wash-tub and opened it.

"Did a girl advertise from here for a place this morning?"

"Not as I knows on. May-be it is in the back room."

I knocked at the next door. It was opened by a little girl of nine or ten, barefooted and ragged, and her mouth full of baked potato. Four other children of various sizes came running to look at me.

"Is your mother in?" I inquired.

"No."

"Is there a girl here who wants a place?"

"No."

"Do you know whether there is one in the building?"

"No."

"May-be it is up stairs!" screamed an old crone from a bed in the corner of the room, as I took out the paper to see if I had not mistaken the number.

I ascended a narrow staircase, and passed along a dark, gloomy corridor. I knocked at a door, and repeated my inquiries to a yellow, sickly-looking woman with a babe in her arms. She knew nothing of any such advertisement, but it might be in the next room. At the next room they thought that perhaps it was up stairs. So I was handed along from one to another until I reached the fifth floor. There I gained the extraordinary information that it was probably in the back yard. Reaching the ground floor in safety, I proceeded to the rear, where there was a three-story house on the same lot, with a space of only about ten feet between. An old man sat on the pavement smoking.

"How many families are there in the building?" I asked.

He cogitated a moment before he replied:

"Twelve, sir."

It was true! The hall ran through the center of the building, making four rooms on each floor, and each room contained a family. One man, a shoemaker, had a wife and seven children. I visited every room before I found the one the girl had advertised from. It was the most respectable-looking one of the lot, and the occupant was a young, tidy, well-dressed woman. My spirits rose like foam, and

went down as quickly. The girl herself had not come yet. I wheeled very abruptly and hurried to the sidewalk. Ugly words rose to my lips, but I did not speak them. I wondered if Effie had ever visited such an abode. Taking out the paper again I read:

"No. 138 West — Street—a young girl who understands her business, and is neat and obliging."

It was only two blocks off. This time I was fortunate enough to hit the right room at the first knock. The girl herself opened the door. Her manner was a little forbidding. I fancy she belonged to the snapping-turtle order. Nothing daunted, however, I explained my business.

"How many be's there in your family, sir?" she asked, as she surveyed me from head to foot. I dressed well, as a general rule; but it was a windy day, and I was in the part of the city where the streets were not watered, consequently the damsel before me could not make up her mind on the instant whether I would answer for a master or not. I gave her the number she would be expected to serve. "Do there be a carpet on the girl's room?"

"Yes. Now please inform me if you know how to take care of the whole upper part of the house and dining-room, and will do it well?"

"Do there be any fires to make?"

"One or two, I think."

"I guess the place wouldn't suit me. I never makes fires. Boys always does them where I lives."

I was again afloat. I didn't fold and put my newspaper in my pocket any more. I read as I walked. According to my printed information, the most desirable person for me to visit was a "smart, capable, willing girl," in the neighborhood of Myrtle Avenue. Quite a stretch from the west part of the city, but I went. It was a five-story tenement house again. I gave a dirty boy a quarter to run up stairs and make inquiries for me, and he never came back to report. Near the third landing I found the maiden. She was staying with a "friend," in a little room twelve by fourteen. The "friend" was a dealer in old clothes, and was just sorting over a cargo. The smart, capable, willing girl had seen sixty-five summers, and her hair was as white as snow. She was sitting with her feet in a

pail of water, trying to cure corns, so she said. I left.

I was getting slightly out of temper when I reached the sidewalk. A dog harnessed into a small cart obstructed the way. I raised my foot and removed the whole establishment into the street. After that I felt better. Turning again for comfort to the paper, I found "situation wanted" by several in the immediate vicinity, and I rendered unto all the light of my countenance. One girl had just "engaged." Another did not like to go where they did not keep a "full set of help." A third seemed qualified for our purpose, but her cousin was dead, and she could not come for a week. The fourth didn't like our location. The fifth made very pointed inquiries about the number of girls we had during the last year, and then declined engaging where they changed help so often. The sixth didn't ever "negoshumate" with a gentleman; "the madame must come herself." The seventh wanted too many priv'leges, and had lost her front teeth.

The eighth asked my name and place of business, but never having heard of me before, very drily remarked that "she only lived with the first families." The ninth was a fair-haired, blue-eyed German, who was not only willing, but exceedingly anxious to undertake anything. She promised to go to my wife in the course of an hour, and I, thoroughly disgusted with this world, and particularly the portion of it which I had just explored, looked at my watch and found it was two o'clock P.M.

When I reached home, at the usual dinner hour, Effie met me, smiling.

"Did the new girl come?" I inquired.

"No, I haven't seen any."

I did not give vent to my pent-up emotions; I only played the sympathizing husband, and, somewhat crestfallen, started on another tour of the same nature the next morning.

Without confessing it to Effie, I determined to save time and try the intelligence office. A polite clerk at the entrance stopped me and registered my name, then I passed into the main room. A clerk sitting by a table numbered me and gave me a card. I was to take a seat correspondingly numbered. The room was filled with ladies talking to servants, and

all sorts of persons hurrying hither and thither. A clerk spoke through a tube and called for chambermaid and waitress for number twelve.

In the course of ten minutes a tall, greasy-looking Irish girl came toward me.

"If you are sent to speak to me," I said, "go back and tell them you won't suit. Let another come as quickly as possible."

Instead of obeying, she dropped into the chair near by.

"Won't suit, eh? What ails me?"

"You are not neatly clad."

"Oh, that stuff on my dress is nothing, it will come out with a little sponging."

I stalked across the room, and advised the young man in attendance to send a decent girl to me in short order. I conferred with six before I gave my address, and sent one to my wife. This little performance occupied an hour and a half, and my office work crowded me the rest of the day. I dined down town. Having lost my key, I rung the bell of my own door about half-past nine. The discarded Jane admitted me.

"Effie, how is this?" I asked, before taking a chair.

"Oh, nothing extraordinary. The girl you sent came. She seemed perfectly satisfied

with the place, but in the course of an hour we heard the lower door slam, and saw her running down the street. Toward evening Jane came for her money, and not having enough by me, I detained her until you should come in. She went to work of her own accord, has put the house in order, and assisted me in every way possible."

"Keep her, if she will stay. I will promise never to complain of anything hereafter short of hair-pins in the gravy. A dish-cloth or two in the soup will be a trifling grievance compared with what I have been through in the last thirty-eight hours. And, Effie, say to your lady friends, that if their husbands are too exacting in little things, and meddle in domestic matters where it would be more sensible for them to mind their own business, you know of a remedy."

I have always been a model; I am now the most docile of husbands. And it pays. Effie looks five years younger, and the servants no longer creep around the house in constant fear of my making discoveries to their disadvantage. A few words of well-timed commendation have cured Jane of her chief fault, and since I have seriously thought about it, I believe her to be a most excellent servant.

LOVE'S VICTORY.

WHAT saw the Lady Adélé that made her so suddenly start,

That caused her eyelids to tremble, and drew her white hand to her heart?

She saw in her elegant mirror a beautiful form, and a face

The truest, most lovely expression of womanly beauty and grace;

The brown hair so daintily braided, just shading the forehead so fair,

And features that never an artist had language to tell one how rare.

But this? She had seen it so often, she knew all her beauty by heart,—

'Twas not just the lovely reflection that caused the fair lady to start.

Not this,—it was something far deeper: the brown eyes that looked in her own

Were filled with a pitiful yearning that fell on her heart like a moan.

'Twas a cry from the wronged love within her, the pure love her lips had denied,

That she with her own hands all trembling had laid on the altar of pride.

A moment before, just a moment, her white lips had spoken the lie,—

"Go, now! for I never can love you, not more than a friend loves. Good-bye."

And then with a firm step and stately the lady passed in at her door,

And there in her elegant mirror confronted the look that she wore.

A sharp blow at first benumbs one when quickly and skillfully dealt;

Till the wound is examined a little, the danger and pain are unfelt;

The Lady Adélé was skillful, had gracefully wielded the knife;

Her own words, which she found (it was cruel) had struck to the roots of her life.

"Come back!" ah, the tone of beseeching! Forgot were her wealth and her pride,—

Forgot all the train of rich suitors that often had been at her side.

All things were forgot, save the yearning, the hunger, the thirst, and the pain,

For the true love her lips had rejected, her heart must now call for in vain,

"Come back!" like a brooklet's sad murmur, or leaves by the moaning wind stirred,

Like the low, restless chirp of the cricket, or flutter of some wounded bird;

Still fainter the words were repeated, still fainter again they were said,

Till the face of the beautiful lady had grown like the face of the dead.

The Lady Adélé had fainted, was ill, but the cause no one knew.

Was she hurt?—had she fallen?—how ill? and so the conjecturing grew.

No word from the still form gave answer as slowly the long hours passed by,

Till the thought in the sad watchers' faces was spoken at last, "Will she die?"

Will *she* die? Adélé, the lovely, the gifted, the beautiful one?

Whose will was a law to the many, whose wish, only uttered, was done?

The bell tolled the hour of the daybreak, the dreary night-watch was near spent,

When across the pale cheeks of the sleeper a crimson flush came and then went;

And the lips with no scorn now were parted, pronouncing no cheerless good-bye,

But breathing the tender petition, "Oh, Roland, come back, or I die!"

And who was this Roland? a noble, who dared thus so proudly to stand

In the presence of Lady Adélé, and claim as his due her fair hand?

A noble, most truly, if manhood made nobles, not title and dower;

A prince, the most royal of princes, if worth were a crown and not power,

But only a poor unknown artist when measured by name and by gold,

Yet conscious of being possessor of riches too great to be told;

Of wealth not unworthy *her* notice, he honored all women above,

He brought to the Lady Adélé the gift of a true man's best love.

And she?—ah! a woman's perverseness, she answered him calmly the while;

In her soul raged a tumult of passion, and death even lurked in her smile.

And Roland?—had he lingered near her to see if perchance in her pride

She had only been cold, had relented, would summon him back to her side;

Not so; with her last word he left her, rode straight from the city away,

And many a league lay between them, Adélé and him, the next day.

"Ah, fool!" in his anguish he murmured, "ah, fool! to believe the wild dream

That truth can be found in a woman, though noble and pure she may seem.

Farewell to the beautiful vision! farewell to the lovely disguise!

Farewell to the sweet, sweet enchantment that wakens so brightly, then dies!

To *work now*. I'll paint me a goddess, an image of love's fair ideal,

To worship,—but on her pure beauty shall linger no breath of the real.

And not like Pygmalion's statue, the vision to life would I wake,

For then 'twould be cold, hard, and heartless,—a woman; 'twere sinful to make."

In his mad zeal he toiled on untiring; a lovelier form never grew

'Neath the hand of an artist than this one that Roland had brought into view;

But feature and form were unnoticed; a spirit within had wrought;

Inspired was the power of each hand-stroke, nor controlled by his will nor his thoughts,

Till the vision of beauty was finished, the goddess he worshiped was there,

With the gold in her hair like the sunlight, a look in her eyes like a prayer.

One glance at the wondrous creation, one look at the eyes' mute appeal,

And Roland was kneeling before them, and sobbing the one word "Adélé!"

The last light of day was descending in silence on turret and roof,

When there came from the street to the castle the sound of a horse's sharp hoof;

And later, a moment, the rider descended with haste to the ground,

Then paused at the broad, open doorway, looked quickly and eagerly 'round;

Till led by a mastering impulse, crossed swiftly the rich covered floor,

And lingered in reverent silence at Lady Adélé's own door.

His name? was he dreaming? the accents, sweet, tender, and clear.

Like manna from heaven descending, now greeted his listening ear,—

"Oh, Roland! if you were a beggar, the poorest of all in the street,

And I wore the crown of a kingdom, I still would kneel down at your feet!"

Crowns of gold and of power may vanish, the proudest of kingdoms may fall,

But Love will be monarch forever, forever the strongest of all.

HOPE ARLINGTON.

THE TRUE COMPANIONSHIP OF MARRIAGE.

BY REV. GEORGE S. WEAVER.

WHEN man came up from the solitudes of matter, and was animated with a spiritual existence, his Maker saw and declared it was "not good for him to be *alone*." In his bosom's depths were crystal fides of great affections, which were the fountains of a vast race of immortal beings and powers, and the opening sources of innumerable joys and virtues. Upon these reposing affections a quickening influence was breathed by the Maker divine; but breathed through the medium or instrumentality of woman, a being kindred with man in every spiritual power and grace; a being diviner than he in tenderness, but needing the shelter of his guardian arm; holier than he in worship, but delighted with his power over surrounding existences to make them subservient to their mutual good; intenser than he in love and in every refined sentiment, but comparatively powerless without the stimulus of

his strong confidence and the light of his commanding brow. With her to quicken him he is reverent and tender, strong in virtue, and sublime in sentiment. With him to inspire her, she is mighty in reserved power and all-unconquerable in the majesty and might of her affections. Regarded separately, they are but unfinished halves of the sentient creation; viewed together, they are the completed glory of moral intelligence. Moving separately, they are weak, fearful, uninspired, fickle, and unreliable. Acting together, they are strong, brave, inspired with a reliability, readiness, and force of activity, apparently superhuman in their results. Separate, they waste their powers in the cheerless solitudes of retired thought. Together, they animate the earth with their stirring presence, and people it with the human world of glad life and glorious power. No, it was not good for man to be alone, and so his Maker gave him a companion. A companion is a kindred being, a congenial spirit, who can respond to every spiritual call, and supply every inherent need. Man's companion is a being who inwardly knows his wants before they are expressed, anticipates his joys and sorrows, and with reciprocal sympathy goes to dwell in and satisfy his interior being, as sunshine flows into the opening flower to gild it with beauty and enrich it with fragrance. There is something divinely beautiful in true companionship. To see two beings of kindred mold walking hand in hand and heart in heart; kindling in each other's bosoms the glowing fires of affection, sentiments, worship, and thought; studying together the beautiful earth and glowing heavens, and rising and rejoicing in mutual admiration at what they see and learn; experiencing together the joys and sorrows, trials and discipline, of life, with a mutual trust and gladdening and sustaining confidence; reposing together in the Eden of reciprocal love, with hearts melted in one, and feelings quick answering to feelings in holy and joyous response, and kneeling together in confiding and childlike devotion in worship of the Father Almighty, swelling with warm and mutual love and adoration of the Great Spirit-Fountain of all they see, feel, and enjoy, is indeed a sight to behold with eyes tearful in joy and gratitude. Such is true companionship. It is a blending of two kindred souls, like the mingling of two mountain streams, to part no more forever, but to flow on through all scene and seasons with one movement, one purpose, and one experience. What before was *two*, now becomes *one*. What before was *divided*, is now *united*. What

before were hemispheres circling in separate and jarring scenes, now are a golden globe with a new and congenial circuit around the sun of mutual love. The grand idea of companionship is *unity*. And companionship is perfect just in the degree that unity is secured. This unity may extend to every faculty of the soul, to every sentiment of the mind, every desire of the heart, and every experience of life. When it does, it is a full and complete unity, and constitutes a perfect companionship. A companionship wisely entered into, and appreciatingly lived, is productive of a profound and peaceful joy, sweeter, holier, and more blessed than words can tell. It charms the whole soul with the meed of full satisfaction, and pours through all the interior avenues the aroma of refreshing sweetness. And while it charms and satisfies, it inspires to action, and awakens a chaste and pure ambition for every good. Such a companionship is not a fiction of heated fancy, or an unreal vision existing only in the Elysian chambers of the imagination. It is a solid and beautiful reality which accords with the best experience of nearly all companions. Who has not enjoyed seasons of an all-pervading congeniality, of a fullness of union, supremely elevating and blessed, which gave a realization of more than fancy had ever pictured or hope had ever dared to crave? These occasional sunny-leaves of full unity are but real and joyful pictures of what every-day companionship should be, and would be were the era of Christian love established in all, or in companions' hearts. Such is the natural adaptedness of men and women to each other, that, with ordinary attention to the congeniality and fitness in the choice of companions, their lives must furnish many pictures of deep conjugal felicity and blessedness, pictures which are radiant of virtue and joy, and which are the copies in conjugal life to be every day imitated. Marriage is a divine institution. God presided at the first marriage altar, and performed the solemn rite of indissoluble union. He more than gave it his sanction. He ordained it. He instituted its relations. He opened the silver fountain of affection, and wove from its spray the mysterious but tenacious cord of love that binds two willing hearts in one. Marriage, then, is a religious institution, has its origin and sanction in the source of religion, and should be so regarded. God, we are told, is love; and it is but reasonable to suppose that he would establish between his children a relation designed to inspire universal and eternal love.



NEW YORK,
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SOCIAL REFORM.
WHERE IT SHOULD BEGIN.

THE composition of American society is such that it is essential there should be a method vigorously applied by the constituted authorities for the assimilation and harmonizing of its multifarious elements. This country has not been "the haven for the oppressed of all nations" in words merely, but it has been and is practically so. Hither for many years the lower strata of European peoples have flocked and found a warm welcome, and opportunities for usefulness have been afforded those who were willing to work. Our nation has profited greatly from the steady tide of immigration that has poured into her ports, for a large proportion of the immigrants who have made the United States their home is made up of the industrious and frugal, and they with their strong arms and willing hearts have contributed to our substantial growth.

But a large proportion also of those who have left the Old World for the New is made up of the ignorant, improvident, shiftless, idle, and dishonest, who seek in America a wider sphere for airing their worthless characteristics, and if possible make capital of them. Very many of this class are expatriated villains who had become too well known to the police authorities in their own country to pursue their criminal avoca-

tions longer with any desirable success. Such as these are foremost in organized schemes of robbery and plunder. That the influence of these degraded foreigners is baneful to our unsettled society, especially in the larger cities where they chiefly find an abode, does not admit of question, and moves all those who have the welfare of their fellow-countrymen at heart to seek some method for counteracting it.

In this case, that system which shall neutralize the infectious influences of criminal or corrupt associations will tend to improve the moral tone of society in general, and therefore will operate as a department of education. In men who live vicious and degraded lives we discern a loss of cerebral balance, the animal organs—the propensities—having obtained the ascendancy over the moral and intellectual nature. The question of their redemption then resolves itself into some method of training and discipline which shall restore the cerebral balance.

A writer has said, "Education which prevents crime is vastly cheaper than penal law which meets and punishes it; and even when that education has been in the first instance neglected, its beneficial effects may be realized by elevating the debased and restoring the harmony of a distorted character." The diffusion of the means of mental instruction through our common schools is one grand instrumentality for redeeming society, and coercive measures should be prudently applied so that all youth shall receive their meed of benefit.

The nature of American institutions demands that all American citizens shall be intelligent, otherwise the great principles crystallized in these institutions can not find a true fruition. We all should understand the spirit, constitution, and object of our government to give that government its fullest exercise.

Only education in full sympathy with the principles of our government can impart the requisite intelligence; and in educating the youth we strike at the root of social and political corruption. Intelligence naturally tends to an improved moral condition, for in accordance with the development of the faculties of the intellect and of the higher sentiments, the mind becomes more able to discern what is wisest and best in life; it can thus the more clearly appreciate the unhappy results of vice, and so shape its course as to secure the aim which men have in common, happiness. Education, therefore, furnishes the best preventive of crime, and its thorough application in the management of prisons, houses of correction, penitentiaries, etc., can not be too much urged. Wherever the experiment has been tried, of developing and training the faculties of the intellect and furnishing food for the higher sentiments, as, for instance, in the Indiana House of Refuge, the results have been most encouraging.

In the education of criminals a systematic cultivation of the moral organs is, in fact, the primary requisite; because when they have attained a vigorous activity, their influence upon the propensities is a controlling one, and a true reform has been brought about, which acquires more and more a permanent mental state with the improvement of the intellectual faculties.

We believe that there is something in the very atmosphere of America which promotes a higher mental tone in her citizens, but this atmosphere, as in the case of the naturalization of foreigners, is not sufficient to modify the moral and intellectual condition of the ignorant and debased; we must give them the means for educating themselves. Nay, if we would have all who partake with us of the privileges of our great and glorious nationality worthy of them, and if we would give to our free institutions the highest character and a positive perpetuity, we must *compel* the ignorant and vile to be educated.

GIVE US GOOD GOVERNMENT.

IN the August number of the *PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL* allusion was made to the necessity of securing competent men for offices of public trust, if we would maintain an honorable position among the nations of the world, and especially if we would have our laws administered with discretion and fidelity. We alluded to the corruption which was creeping in upon matters political, and the inevitable and deplorable consequences which must ensue if the civil administration became perverted from its original and normal aim.

On the 12th of July a riot occurred in New York, of a very serious nature, the details of which have furnished material for the use and comment of

daily and weekly newspapers for more than a month. It is a fact, that notwithstanding the avowed purpose of the municipal authorities to suppress any unseemly or riotous act by the employment of armed soldiers in conjunction with the usual guardians of the city, the police, and notwithstanding that soldiers in considerable force were drawn up in the open streets in accordance with official instructions, yet riotous acts, deeds of sanguinary violence, were committed by the mob in the very face of these precautionary measures. The terrible punishment which followed those acts, and the speedy dispersion of the mob, leaving the guardians of law and order masters of the situation, are matters of record. In

this sanguinary affair we discern one of the outgrowths of political demoralization. It was not so much an exhibition of ignorance, bigotry, class or racial antipathy in themselves, as it was a bold manifestation of partisanship and municipal degradation. That mob represented the sort of human material which have obtained in a great measure the control of the government of our metropolitan city; and the outbreak was a powerful admonition of what worse things might be expected should the intelligent and better class of its citizens suffer such a state of things to continue.

Under proper direction, with men of energy, honest purposes, and kind hearts in office, the men who showed so much malevolence and brutality on the 12th of July would be found working in harmony with the better interests of the community; but under the influence of base, selfish, whisky-drinking politicians and officials, who through a pretense of law appropriate for their own use the possessions and rights of the public, they become the dread of the peaceful citizen. So long as the city is controlled by such incompetent and dishonest men, explosions like that which has just occurred will now and then arouse the attention of good citizens, and unless some effort is made to stem the current of corruption, matters will have proceeded so far that the community will be entirely at the mercy of the ignorant, bigoted, and brutal.

It seems clear enough that after so emphatic a warning, those who have any claim to the honorable title of *good citizens*, not only the residents of New York, but of the country at large, should bestir themselves, and seriously set about the performance of their political duties. If every man of intelligence and conscientious regard for the right should put his shoulder to the wheel, there would be a change soon apparent in the adminis-

tration of public affairs. "Rings" and cliques would cease to pervert the ends of law and justice; and if they continued to exist at all, it would be in the dark alleys, and among the men whose stained characters render them objects of reproach and contempt to the honest.

If parties are necessary to our nation's political life, why can not a party be formed whose leaders as well as the rank and file shall be men of stanch integrity, who shall aim to make this country what its founders intended it should be, the land of freedom, truth, and justice.

It is certain that if earnest and powerful endeavors are not made to put the right men in the right places, and a higher and purer tone given to our political affairs, a sad condition will ere long overtake American society, a condition ripe for violent faction, revolution, anarchy. From which kind Heaven defend!

SLIPSHOD, OR RUNNING DOWN AT THE HEEL.

SHOES without counters or stiffening, when carelessly worn, are apt to jut over and soon run down, and thus present a most untidy and unsightly appearance. Did it ever occur to the reader that there is a striking resemblance between old slipshod shoes and certain characters? Such likeness may be seen in many careless persons we meet. They are no less slipshod and careless in morals and in their habits than in the way they wear their shoes. Easily tempted to go astray, they can not—or do not—say No when they ought. They yield first to one little temptation, telling a wrong story, then to another to cover that up, and so go on from bad to worse till their moral sensibilities are blunted, and like a poor old shoe, are run down at the heel. There is no stiffening in them. They do not stand up to right and duty, but go shuffling along, going lower and lower, and at length fetching up in a poor-house, asylum, or prison.

Young men begin or take their first steps in a slipshod life by neglecting daily devotions; by disobedience; by violating parental authority; by selfishly appropriating to themselves that which belongs equally to others. Greediness,

gluttony, dishonesty, eye-service, deception, smoking, chewing, or drinking "on the sly,"—all these things lead directly to "running down at the heel."

How to KEEP UP.—Dress the feet, body, and mind with proper care; keep the shoes properly tied; step squarely; have a plan for every day, and work, study, or play according to it. Be prompt in rising, washing, and in dressing; it is much easier than to *drag* along; be on hand at breakfast; if not first, do not be always last at the table or at prayers. Then, being ready for the duties or pleasures of the day, go about the same with alacrity, and be sure to "finish what you begin." Application is an indispensable element of success. Guard against ill temper, impatience, and cultivate self-control. Be not diverted by others. Ask

God's blessing on your work or your play, and you will not "run down at the heel." Being on the right track in the line of duty and usefulness, you will "rise and shine," and become what your Maker intended you to be, a godly, manly man. Oh, the human wrecks we meet on every hand! How sad! how pitiful! yet nine in ten, if not *all*, could have done better; could have escaped the rocks by resisting temptations, self-indulgence, indolence, and dissipation. Our faculties grow by use. They degenerate or remain latent by disuse, and they permit us to fall and "run down at the heel" by wrong use or perversion. Oh, that each could see and realize the certain doom that awaits transgressors! May God put it into the hearts of us all to so live that we may in all respects be useful to our fellows and acceptable to Him.

DARWIN'S DEVELOPMENT THEORY.

IT is interesting to follow a writer who is an honest inquirer after truth, and especially is this so when he is pursuing an untrodden way. We have been accustomed to think of man as the crowning work of an intelligent Creator, and that all the lower forms of animated life constituted strata of being without links connecting each other, as birds with quadrupeds, as fish with warm-blooded land animals; and that man was superimposed upon all below him, as much as the marble or bronze statue is quite a different thing from the granite base and shaft on which it is placed. The statue does not grow out of the pedestal—it is no part of it. Each is complete without the other; there is no connecting link. The animal creation are perfect without man, and man is quite independent of animals, and in the natural state both seek to be separated.

Mr. Darwin in the very opening of his work manfully launches into the subject of the resemblance of the monkey to man. He gives an instance of some baboons becoming drunk by the use of strong beer. This seems to be a good point made in the resemblance between the monkey and man; but he goes on to say that "on the following morning they were cross and dismal [just like man again], they held their aching heads with both hands and wore a pitiable expression [like man again]. When beer or wine was offered them, they turned away with disgust." Here is a sudden break in the chain. Man is fool enough to drink again, but the baboon, obeying his

God-given instincts, "turns away in disgust." Mr. Darwin goes on to trace resemblance between monkey and man in their equal liability to suffer from parasites, the process of gestation, birth, and infantile support. "Man," he says, "is developed from an ovule," or egg, "which differs in no respect from the ovulus of other animals." The egg of a snake and of a turtle could not be distinguished; the egg of a shad and of a "bull-head" are alike in *appearance*, but are they alike in fact? By no means—the farthest from it possible. It has been said that if the vital organs of a man and those of a swine were laid on a table together, a skillful anatomist could not tell which belonged to the man and which to the pig. Why not? They both subserved a similar end; they digested food for the nourishment of an animal economy; air was breathed by both to oxygenate the blood. Are we to infer similarity in man and animals because both or all eat, digest, breathe, circulate blood, grow, procreate, and die? This is all done by oxen and horses, by deer and swine, by eagles, ducks, and doves, and are they therefore alike? There is analogy between all dogs, and also between all the cat tribes from the lion downward, but though all live on flesh, dogs and cats have no relationship. The elephant and rabbit eat similar food, the bull and the goat thrive on the same food, both chew the cud, divide the hoof, and have horns, but who sees in them a brotherhood?

The brain and nervous system, not the stom-

ach, or heart, lungs, kidneys, and intestines, constitute likeness and difference. That part of the brain of the dog and monkey which relates solely to physical existence and instinct, is in most respects common to man, and in these respects they bear a strong similarity in development and character; but when we rise into the second story of man's brain, and take hold of the faculties of reason, invention, and sentiment; or into the third story, and come to the moral and spiritual part of man's nature, we leave behind the highest members or families of the brute creation. Here appears to be the impassable gulf which forever divides them.

In the order of creation, one species of animals after another seems to have been produced. At first, when the earth was unfit for the existence of animals of a high order, there existed animals scarcely lifted above the vegetable. After the earth became more perfected, other animals were added to its inhabitants, like layers or strata. In the erection of a brick wall, course after course is laid, but each is separate from and laid upon the other, but does not spring from or grow out of it. Connecting links in creation there are none—linking means interlocking or interblending. The term connecting link and the idea from which the term springs should be at once and forever discarded.

Some people seem to think the Creator must have organized a law which produced the mineral, that out of this came the vegetable, out of this the lowest animal being, and from this the next grade, and so on up to man. Is it not as easy for Omniscience and Omnipotence to create a man as a musquito? nay, hundreds, myriads of beings as to create one with a law in its nature to develop millions of varieties? Is it not as easy for Him to create insect, animal, man in every variety as to create any one thing?

In Mr. Darwin's article on the "Moral Sense" we recognize a marked difference between the confused and illogical statements of eminent writers on the mental faculties as held by the old school, and the clearness of statement and sound philosophy of Phrenology. He states his full belief that "of all the differences between man and the lower animals, the moral sense or conscience is by far the most important." In this we quite agree with him. But let us see how he illogically fritters away the force of a correct conclusion by the statement that the moral sense proceeds from the intellectual development and social instincts. He

says, "Any animal whatever, endowed with well-marked social instincts, would inevitably acquire a moral sense or conscience as soon as its intellectual powers had become as well developed, or nearly as well developed as in man."

In support of this slipshod theory of one faculty creating another, he says: "Sir B. Brodie, after observing that man is a social animal, asks the pregnant question, 'Ought not this to settle the question of a moral sense?'"

We regard this as a very loose way of reasoning on mind. What would be thought of the ear producing the eye, or being the procuring cause of it. It would be just as reasonable as to say that by reason of having "social instincts one would acquire a moral sense."

Phrenology solves the question by regarding all the faculties belonging to man as innate. Having animal propensities, he has animal or bodily desires and instincts; having an original endowment of social power, he is social and domestic; having a moral and religious constitution as a part of his original manhood, he has a moral sense; the same is true of the intellectual nature and its functions. We can improve every organ and faculty, but one set of faculties does not create another. One man can have, and frequently does have, a strong moral sense and very little of social instinct. One has a splendid intellect, but a weak moral sense. It were as wise to say that three of the five senses are instinctive or innate, and the other two are developed or created by them, as to say that social instinct creates the moral sense. If Mr. Darwin were only some obscure penny a liner, and made such a statement, we would call it fog and trash. The human mind verily is God-made and immortal, or it would not survive such barbarous treatment.

In Mr. Darwin's efforts to show the relation of animals to man, he cites the possession of various instincts and emotions, such as maternal affection, terror, jealousy, suspicion, sense of praise, and pride. Phrenologists recognize propensities which are common to man and the lower animals. In bodily wants and conditions man is an animal, even as a piano is a box, a platform, or bench with legs, but with these alone it is not a piano; it must have the addition of nicely adjusted strings. The animal propensities minister to the bodily frame and bodily wants; superadded to these are the reason and moral nature. As the animal nature is necessary in the complete man, these qualities do not constitute man, any more than the frame constitutes an engine or than a clock-

case constitutes the clock. The animal stops before he reaches manhood, lacking the higher faculties which distinguish the human being. To make the relation complete between man and the animal kingdom, Mr. Darwin must find in the lower animals at least the rudiments of all the higher powers, especially reason, conscience, and spirituality. And here is the great chasm of separation across which no faculty of any animal ever passes.

The fact that the exercise of the moral sense is chiefly employed to regulate the relations of man with his fellow-man, does not by any means make the "moral sense" an *outgrowth* of the "social instinct." If this were so, why do we not find in the gregarious animals a moral sense? They have as strong social instincts as man, yet they have no moral sense. The hen loves and protects her chicks in May; provides them food and calls them to it while she refrains from partaking. In October she robs her full-grown, weaned chicks of the choice morsels which they have hunted for and found, with an injustice indicating the utter absence of a moral sense. The social instinct of parental love provided for their wants while they were little (though she would have unjustly robbed the needy chicks of another hen), but as soon as that helplessness was past, she would rob them without shame or remorse.

No, Mr. Darwin; social instincts exist without a moral sense; and in man the strength of the moral sense bears no uniform relation to the strength of the social instinct. The lower octaves of a piano may exist without the upper, as the animal faculties exist in the lower orders of creation without the higher, and in man, who possesses all the faculties and propensities which any or all the animal kingdom have, together with the higher "octaves" not found in the animal. There is no necessary family relationship between the snake and the canary bird or eagle, though living on the earth they must needs have something in common. Each needs air, warmth, and food. Light exists, and they all have eyes. We look in vain for wings in the serpent, as we look in vain for reason and moral sense among animals. If the snake and eagle are not related, if the life of each is quite independent of the other, where is the logical necessity of a relationship between the brute creation and man?

The doctrine of the Development Theory appears to be this, that the human race has been developed from lower orders of beings by

the operation of natural laws preordained to that end. The theory is, that organic life began in the simplest forms, and contains in itself inherent powers of continued improvement. We are told that independently of all creative interference the sponge and the polyp have expanded to the shrimp, crab, and lobster, these crustacea into the fish, the fish into the reptile, the reptile into bird, the bird into the mammalia (or warm-blooded animals that suckle their young), the mammalia, through the monkey, into man. The question seems to be whether the Almighty by such an adjustment of progressive development or a continued exercise of creative power has brought forth man through the lower animals, or has created him at once a moral and intelligent image of God.

In the ultimatum it can make little difference whether man, like the planet he inhabits, has been developed by established laws of the Creator, or brought forth with all his powers at once; the same divine creative wisdom and power presided over his beginning and progress, whether it required six days or six millions of years.

OUR HOPE ARLINGTON.

"WHERE is she?" "Why does she write no more for the JOURNAL?" "It is a long time since we have had anything from her graceful pen." These, and similar expressions have been heard of late in this office, but no satisfactory answer could be given. She slipped away in a quiet, noiseless manner, without even saying good-bye. Imagine our surprise when informed of her marriage in Wisconsin, and her departure for a new home away down South, in the beautiful State of Georgia. Here is a letter from her:

"MARIETTA, GA.

"DEAR JOURNAL: My pen, so little used save in occasional friendly correspondence, seems almost instinctively to write these words. Returning, like a wanderer to the home circle, what wonder that its golden surface should fairly glow with delight and tenderness at the prospect of greeting the old friends once more! We *have* been wanderers, my pen and I, but at last are cosily 'settled' in a dear little home, in the sunniest of lands.

"On a certain wedding-day not many

months ago, we said 'good-bye to Northern cold and snows, and far more reluctantly to Northern warmth and friendship, then started hopefully for the new home that was waiting for us. And have we been sick for the old one? Not a bit. This country, although still bearing traces of the war, is exceedingly beautiful. No work of art can equal the landscape pictures which are ours just for the looking. The small streams of water called 'branches,' the great variety and luxuriance of the foliage, the many choice wild flowers, help to make a delicious feast for the lover of nature. During a ramble through an old field a few days since, great were our surprise and delight at seeing a perfect garden of blossoms, known as the 'passion-flower.' It had once been our privilege to look upon one of these flowers, carefully nurtured in a greenhouse, the only place where we had expected to meet one. We are given to moralizing, and our thought was something like this: The divine passion is not so solitary after all; it is lovely and beautiful; it may be common.

"The sensitive plant, too, shrinks at our feet in almost every walk. Old Kennesaw Mountain adds beauty to our southern view, and looks down almost scornfully upon our little cottage. (The plural pronoun does

not mean 'my pen and I,' in every instance.) Here, Girard's cavalry were camped for some time during the war, and many are the stories of danger and suffering related to us by our neighbors. This part of the South is justly popular for its abundance of fruit. Strawberries, dewberries, and mulberries have had their season, and blackberries are now ripe—June 24th—in astonishing quantities. Peaches promise to ripen ere long; then grapes, muscadines, late apples, etc., follow. It is a pleasant land, and may it be a peaceful one for long time to come! As an easy way of making our letter longer, we will add a few thoughts that come in rhyme; and if agreeable to the readers of the JOURNAL, we will write more particularly next time of the sunny South.

"I never knew so sad a day
But through my heart's gloom came some ray
Of silent, tender sympathy
From Nature's heart of harmony,
Some voiceless nearness that can reach
Oft deeper than our human speech,—
More subtly than the word of friend
Cau with our inmost yearnings blend.
Dear mother earth! when feet are pressed
With careless tread upon thy breast,
How must thy warm heart fondly turn,
And o'er thy thoughtless children yearn!

"HOPE ARLINGTON."

[In another place she tells us all about it, under the caption of LOVE'S VICTORY.]

REV. SAMUEL J. MAY, D.D.

THE death of Rev. Dr. Samuel J. May, on the 8th of July last, has been announced by the newspapers. A New York cotemporary well says: "There are probably thousands of persons in this country who, when they heard that Samuel J. May was dead, felt that the best man they knew was gone." He was a gentleman of superior mental capacity and high culture, while a delicate sense of the good and true rounded out and made his character harmonious and beautiful. It is not many years since a lengthy sketch of him was published in the JOURNAL, but we feel it due to his numerous friends, many of whom are among our readers, to reproduce in great part that sketch.

He was born in Boston, Mass., September 12th, 1797, of well-known New England stock, and educated at private schools in Boston

until the age of sixteen, when he was admitted into Harvard College, where he graduated in August, 1817. On the 18th day of December, 1820, he was examined by the Boston Association of Ministers, and received their approbation as a candidate for the Christian ministry. And the next Sunday, December 24th, he preached for the Rev. W. B. O. Peabody in Springfield, and prompted by an impressive speech of Daniel Webster on slavery, delivered a few days before at Plymouth, he read in the morning service the fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah, an incident which gave a coloring to his whole subsequent ministry.

In 1820 the controversy between the supporters and opposers of the Calvinistic theology was at its height. Most of the churches in Boston and its vicinity renounced the doctrines of the Genevan reformer and adopted

Unitarianism. The parents of Dr. May were members of the first avowed Unitarian Church in America, which had been the first Episcopal Church in New England.

In 1821 he declined an invitation to settle in Brooklyn, Conn., and influenced by conscientious scruples he the same year discouraged an invitation to settle in New York, as minister of the first Unitarian Church there.

and on the following Sunday commenced his ministry in Brooklyn, Conn., the position he had previously declined, but then accepted only on the earnest appeal of those of Unitarian belief who were striving to maintain their theological opinions.

In May, 1826, he attended in Boston the meeting of the "Massachusetts Society for the Suppression of Intemperance," and from that



During the summer of that year he visited Baltimore, Washington, Alexandria, and Richmond, and for the first time saw some of the dark features of slavery, and at once determined to do all in his power to bring about a change in the condition of the negro in America. His education, associations, and natural leanings made him sympathize with the oppressed everywhere.

On the 13th of March, 1822, he was ordained,

time embraced the cause of total abstinence. The next year he became deeply interested in free education, and his efforts had much to do with the reformation in school matters which was brought about in New England. In October, 1830, he heard William Lloyd Garrison's first lectures on American slavery, and carried home and advocated his doctrines in his pulpit. The result was that Garrison's views were embraced by all the members of

his church. Extremely liberal in his views, and regardful of the rights of others in religious as well as ordinary matters, Dr. May allowed his members to choose their mode of baptism, and also invited the communicants of other churches to partake of the Lord's Supper at his table.

In 1834 he left his church at Brooklyn for several weeks to lecture on the subject of American slavery; and in the spring of 1835 he withdrew again for a year or more to act as the general agent and corresponding secretary of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.

In October, 1836, Dr. May became pastor of the church of South Scituate, Mass., where, although it was well known that he was an abolitionist in sentiment and purpose, but two persons voted against his settlement over them. During his stay at this latter place he co-operated with Horace Mann in devising plans for the improvement of the system of public instruction. After passing acceptably six years in South Scituate, he was appointed principal of the State Normal School at Lexington, and while occupying that position became fully assured of the efficiency of female instructors. When he resigned the school he preached by invitation for a short time in the church of Old Lexington, where he became acquainted with Theodore Parker, whom Dr. May greatly admired for his fearless frankness, evident piety, and extensive information, although he could not believe in or accept his doctrines.

During a summer vacation, while on his way to and from a visit at Niagara Falls, he stopped at Syracuse and preached. The result was his settlement in Syracuse as minister, in April, 1845. Here, again, a field for his never-tiring philanthropy offered itself. He interested himself in behalf of the Indians in that neighborhood, and through his efforts their social and moral condition was much improved. For nearly twenty years he maintained a good instructor for their children. The canal boys of the Erie Canal next excited his sympathy, and he determined to ameliorate their condition and improve their morals. The main result of his efforts was the institution of the Reform School at Rochester.

In 1847 Dr. May, together with the Rev. R. R. Raymond and Geo. J. Gardner, Esq.,

instituted a course of popular lectures, which revived the Franklin Institute.

Before the close of 1845 the annexation of Texas was confirmed, and the next year war was waged with Mexico. Dr. May sometimes preached on subjects connected with the war, and on that account was accused of introducing politics into the pulpit. In defense he said: "If inculcating the two great commandments and the golden rule be preaching politics; if reiterating the glorious declaration of our national fathers, that 'all men are created equal,' and denouncing every violation of the inalienable rights of 'the least of our brethren,' be preaching politics, then woe is me, and woe to every other man who stands before the people as a minister of the Gospel and does not preach politics; and woe to the church, the statesman, and the nation that will not give good heed to such preaching." In the business of the so-called "underground railroad" Dr. May had been concerned since 1830, and his name was mentioned with detestation by many Southern slaveholders; for it was well known that he acted as an adviser, and often conductor, of those who escaped from bondage, and spared neither time nor money to insure their safety. It may be mentioned, as an illustration of his persistent zeal in this work, that when, in 1850, Congress enacted the "Fugitive Slave Law," Dr. May summoned all within hearing of his voice "to withstand that law at any cost, at every hazard, if need be, to the death."

Soon after the commencement of the Anti-Slavery Reform, Dr. May espoused the cause of "Woman's Rights," and has since that time been one of her most influential advocates and protectors. In the fall of 1846 he preached and published a sermon devoted wholly to this subject, in which he states: "I am fully persuaded that never will our governments be well and truly, wisely and happily administered, until we have *mothers* as well as *fathers* of the State."

He was untiring in his efforts for the promotion of the welfare of the human race. Slightly above the medium height, with a full form, he at seventy was to all appearance not more than sixty years of age. His eye was bright and full of kindness and charity, and his brown hair but slightly silvered by the hand of time.

He was eloquent and impressive as an exhorter. As a husband, father, pastor, and friend he was always greatly respected and beloved.

On his seventieth birthday he tendered to

the trustees and members of his church at Syracuse, a resignation, which was not accepted, those in his charge insisting on the continuance of his faithful and conscientious ministry even at his advanced age.

Department of Literature, Science, Education.

THE POWDER AND THE BULLET.

BY REV. A. McELROY WYLIE.

THE discussion is an old one, and perpetually renewed, as to the relative importance of matter and manner; some maintaining with earnestness, that the subject-matter—the thought—the logic is of first and foremost consequence; while others, with equal decision, urge that the manner does more to render an impression abiding than the thought.

Each of these opposing advocates seeks to fortify his position by the citation of noted speakers and writers who afford eminent illustrations of his own assertion. "Here is Talkout," says one, "who is a man of the people, has made his impressions; in fact, he is a national man. And yet he is a Niagara of words. He is a sort of a world in a state of incandescent, gaseous matter. It is all bright, and very warming, but it might all be compressed into a space no larger than your hand. His whole style is a well-dilated soap-bubble floating in a perfumed atmosphere and shined upon by the mid-day sun; but when, by after-reflection, you come to grasp it and make it your own, it explodes into thin air, and scarcely leaves a trace behind." Still, it is confessed that the impressions made by Mr. Talkout are manifold, and, as far as can be seen, are abiding as well.

On the other hand, it is maintained that the example of Simon Pure is the only one worthy of imitation. Simon is a dealer in clean truth and weighty logic. If he starts out with the proposition that the sun rises in the east, he will notice all the exceptions; all the variations; all the modifications; and fortify his seemingly commonplace position by such variety and beauty of reason as to challenge the admiration of all the rational faculties, and compel the hearer to regard that as new which he was accustomed to look upon as old and settled.

You will see, therefore, that Simon is a man of power. He makes his impressions. People,

months after hearing his speech or discourse, can recall its points and analyze his arguments, so clear was his plan and so cogent his logic. But they all agree that he commands no graces of oratory and possesses no melody of elocution. In fact, his manner is defective, or even very bad.

Now, we claim that the admirers of one style have no right to underrate or depreciate the style which is admired and defended by the other party.

Both Talkout and Simon Pure are men of power, but not in the same direction. A heavy stroke can be given by a light hammer, provided a giant's arm is behind it; and a telling blow can come of a feeble muscle, provided it can raise a weighty sledge.

It is said of Whitfield that he could carry an audience beyond self-control by his pronunciation of "Mesopotamia;" and we know of a gentleman who can affect a class to tears by the repetition of the word "Constantinople" by a gradual increase of the emotional utterance and expression as he proceeds.

The tendency in thoughtful and logical minds—minds that live much away from the senses and emotions—is to weigh and test all composition and utterance solely by the amount of solid truth and closely woven logic it contains; and to hold in contempt and intolerance the style which tends to make impressions by the manner and emotions to the comparative neglect of abstract truths, philosophical principles, and every-day facts.

There may be, for aught we know, mental constitutions of such exact and complete powers of assimilation that they can enjoy and keep well on the pure cream, cheese, and blanc-mange of potted truth, and need no diet which carries with it a great proportion of waste material. These may constitute a high and privileged class; but certain it is that they are not

the majority of those who are seekers after instruction, and long to be recipients of new emotions and sentiments.

As related to the great mass of men, we can not afford, when we labor toward the highest development, namely, the development of the soul by revealed Truth, to act upon the *attractive principle*. The lower nature, the agents of the world and the devil, can do this. They can open their halls, their saloons, their Black-Crook performances, and need no agents to go forth and compel them to come in. Men who are launched upon the inclined plane which leads downward, are all too readily responsive to the attractive principle upon which the flesh and sin can afford to act.

But if the servants of God and our higher nature were to act only upon this principle, the kingdom of light and holiness would soon come to grief. The "all things to all men" means great variety in expedient, and means, especially, a most determined and well-sustained system of *aggressive effort*—it is the powder and the bullet, and not the magnet. The magnet is not a magnet to brass. Before there can be any drawing, the nature of the substance to be drawn must be settled. The kingdom of holiness may be a magnet to angels, but it is not so to men.

Wherever, therefore, the element of aggressiveness resides, there power resides. If aggressiveness is in the manner, power is there; if in the matter, power is there. But it is far better that it reside in both.

The true relation is that illustrated by the powder and the projectile. The powder alone may make a Fourth-of-July day, but not a battle-day; and the projectiles, alone, may stand up a symbolic pyramid in a navy yard, but are useless there so far as relates to the real purposes of war. Absurd enough is it to ram in twenty pounds of powder, and put a buck-shot over such a charge, and it is no less absurd to put a half dozen ounces of powder behind a six-hundred-pound Whitworth projectile. In the one case there is great noise and no effect, and in the other case little noise and no effect.

Mere rhetoric is but a painted fire, and mere logic a cold oven.

Undoubtedly we seldom find these two extremes purely developed. The rhetorical is seldom without some trace of true logic; and logic is seldom found apart from some traces of rhetorical power. And yet it is equally indisputable that the present hour inclines mainly to the consideration of the matter rather than the manner. Naturally the national habit

of reading would tend in this direction, and it would not be corrected by the universal use of the press in the processes of education.

Text-books and journals are taking the place of teachers, and we feel less inclined to forego the comforts of a glowing fireside, and go out to hear a lecture or discourse, when we know that all the speaker said can be taken in through the eye from the next morning's admirable report in our daily paper.

This growing habit of *reading* rather than hearing, creates a public sentiment which has its bearing upon the profession of the speaker; and as men preparing for the platform and the pulpit instinctively see and feel this drift of public sentiment, they relax the attention and the steady endeavor, without which excellence in delivery can not be attained.

Go into our average seminary—no, we will not except the best, and you will smile at the pulpit-performances of the "professor of pulpit oratory." In one institution, the professor of oratory never varies his tones throughout his entire discourse. In another, he indulges in the nasal quality to such a degree as would have challenged the enthusiastic approval of the straightest Puritan of the Protector's time. In another, he shoots out his words like wads from a pop-gun, and his gesticulation is as angular as the motion of the old-fashioned, upright gang-saw. In another, he is in the habit of reading his manuscript as if it were tied to the end of his nose, and he begins every paragraph by letting down his body toward his heels, and marks the end of the same by a sudden upward jerk, which brings his person again into the line of the true perpendicular.

Now, we can not help respecting and loving these men, for they are so redolent of piety, learning, and intellect; but it is all the worse for the students in consequence of this admiration, for those whom we admire we are very much inclined, consciously or otherwise, to imitate. And then the drill in modern seminaries, which contemplates the "action" on which Demosthenes repeatedly insists, is a mere burlesque upon the whole field of oratory.

In one institution, certainly above par in its claims for thoroughness, the sum total under the head of oratory required by the faculty is the composition of six sermons during the senior year, and the delivery, in the chapel, of one discourse or two at the utmost.

"Indeed," said one of the brilliant young men of that institution, "they teach us everything here which is not essential to our influence as public speakers, and give that the go-by

which is the real *sine quâ non* of our power. We study Hebrew, Greek, Evidences, History, Logic, Metaphysics,—all well enough if our entire time were not absorbed by these and kindred studies, and we were not compelled to omit the weightier matters of the law to us."

He accordingly made up his mind at the beginning of his course, that, come what might, he should subject himself to a daily, determined drill in oratory. Logic, rhetoric, and elocution were his first and foremost studies. The consequence was that he, upon leaving the institution, leaped to the front rank of the foremost speakers of our day, and no house in which he preached was large enough to hold the auditors who pressed to give him a hearing; and had he been spared to fulfill a lengthened ministry, he would doubtless have proved a power in the nation.

Probably the tendency to-day is toward a contemptuous slighting of a bold, independent, natural manner in the pulpit or on the platform. It is branded as "sensational"—as if all true oratory were not necessarily more or less *sensational*.

Our taste here is becoming vitiated, as it is in respect to the human form. The compressed, the restricted, the panting affectations of fashionable propriety are preferred to the full, free, vigorous, deep-breathing naturalness whose flooding power overflows the artificial fencing of the schools. We fancy, sometimes, that if we had a few superfluous millions or hundreds of thousands, we would endow every seminary in the land with a chair, to be occupied by the most competent and thorough master of the rhetorical art whose services could be commanded by money.

CAUSES OF GRECIAN GREATNESS.

BY F. LAWRENCE MILES.

THERE is everywhere present in nature an eternal principle of progress, which by inconceivable gradations, and operating through countless ages, has developed from nebulous elements a world, a universe, with all its incomprehensible beauties and mysteries—a principle which controls the affairs of men as well as the order of creation. Unlike co-existent Time, however, it does not move onward, ever steadily, "with slow and measured tread," but as the ocean waves, alternately advancing and receding, yet with each succeeding alternation advancing still farther than before.

It is a common supposition that the modern European not only surpasses, by his vast accumulations of knowledge, inherited from former generations, but also in intellectual powers and physical beauty, every other variety of human family at present existing, or even any to whom history alludes. This impression, in part at least, is false. More than 2,000 years ago the human race attained its nearest approach to physical and mental perfection that man has ever known, while the present race is but recovering from the succeeding retrocession, though rapidly, and with great promise of excelling, in these respects, all its predecessors.

At no period in the world's history have

we an account of the existence of a people possessing such a high order of genius, combined with so perfect a configuration of body, as that which characterized the Athenians, that most favored portion of the Greeks, in the acme of their glory, when Athens was recognized as the "eye of Greece" and mistress of the scholastic world.

Through the instrumentality of what means, it is inquired, were such grand results accomplished? What unusual causes were brought to bear upon this particular tribe as to effect its elevation to such an intellectual height, and merit the rank assigned them by Galton and others? *i. e.*, a superiority to modern Europeans equal to that possessed by them over the African.

Though ancient Greece was beautiful in the extreme, fertile and temperate, nevertheless such an anomaly as its inhabitants presented is not alone attributable to superior geographical and climatic influences. Cicero informs us that the primitive inhabitants "wandered everywhere through the fields, after the manner of beasts, and supported life by eating the food of beasts," and yet the descendants of such savages became the noblest specimens of the human race; "on whom," says Dr. Prichard, "nature bestowed the most perfect organization of body, with the

fullest development of all the mental powers, enabling them in a few centuries not only to outstrip all former acquirements of the human mind, but to display in every effort of the imagination and of the intellect an admirable and unrivaled perfection."

Let us attempt a solution of this problem. Modern research has demonstrated the existence of two universal and all-potent laws, partially recognized by the ancients, which pervade the organic world and exercise a remarkable influence in the generation of offspring, man forming no exception. The first, and perhaps the most important, is the Law of Inheritance, through the instrumentality of which parents bestow on progeny their various qualities, good or ill. The second is denominated that of Temperamental Adaptation or Physical Affinity, which in the propagation of superior offspring commands the union, within certain limits, of dissimilar blood.

In the scientific improvement of domesticated animals and plants, the former law, it would seem, has been fully recognized and applied; but the latter only partially, *i. e.*, so far as it relates to the crossing of different breeds or varieties. The peculiar virtue of crossing is well known. Mr. Darwin has collected a large body of facts showing it to be "in accordance with the almost universal belief of breeders, that with animals and plants a cross between varieties or between individuals of the same variety, but of another strain, gives vigor and fertility to offspring." The applicability of these laws or principles to the natural or *scientific* propagation of man, as well as to plants and animals, has of late been fully established. And it is not improbable that they might be applied to the human race with a still greater degree of efficacy. Bearing that important fact in mind, let us take a retrospective glance, though brief and consequently imperfect, at Grecian history.

The Pelasgi were the aborigines of Greece, or at least the remotest inhabitants whose name has been handed down to us by tradition and history. They are presumed to have excelled in no particular respect the surrounding tribes of Europe or Asia. Such the substratum upon which was based the Grecians as we know them. Fable informs us that Uranus, an Egyptian or Asiatic, mi-

grated at a very remote day and erected the first Grecian kingdom; the mythological Titans were his reputed descendants. But the first influx of foreigners of whom we have perhaps authentic record, was that of the Hellenes, who at an early period quitted Asia and located in this country, expelling in part but principally commingling with the Pelasgi. And thus began a most remarkable intermixture of races, giving the primordial inhabitants their first upward impetus, and which eventually culminated in their elevation from that intellectual gloom which enveloped neighboring nations to the loftiest intellectual height attained by human races. From the north, according to Strabo, many Thracians, Carians, and Illyrians descended at different times into Greece. Then came Inachus, at the head of a band of adventurous Phœnicians, and laid the foundation of Argos; succeeding him came people under Cecrops from Lower Egypt, and settled in Attica, erecting many towns, one of which was Athens. Under Cadmus came yet other Phœnicians, and located at Thebes; from Upper Egypt migrated Danaus, accompanied by a colony of Egyptians, and settled at Argos. Phrygia, Asia Minor, was represented by a colony under a royal son, Pelops, and settled in the peninsula which bears his name. Many additional colonists from these and other countries settled from time to time in various portions of Greece and built cities and founded states; and, remarkable as it may appear, but two of the numerous states into which Greece became finally subdivided seem to have been established by native Grecians. War with its numerous enslaved prisoners, and slavery itself, aided in producing a still greater conglomeration of heterogeneous races.

In estimating the inherited qualities of the later Grecians, it should be remembered that most of the early colonists not only came from countries then comparatively advanced in the arts of early civilization, but as a natural consequence they must have been among the most hardy and enterprising of the people. The Phœnicians are said to have originated the arts of navigation and writing; Cecrops introduced marriage and architecture; Cadmus, letters; while numerous priests imported the mysteries and religions of other countries, which, when finally systematized,

formed one of the most beautiful and elevating of ancient religions—a worship of the personifications of the exalted principles of beauty, wisdom, valor, etc.

Thus there occurred within the space of a few hundred years, in one of the smallest of European states, an unparalleled intermingling of nations, Pelasgi, Hellenes, Thracians, Carians, Illyrians, Phœnicians, Egyptians, Phrygians, etc., representing Europe, Asia, and Africa. Surely if there is any virtue in “crossing,” the Grecians must have experienced it!

Again, at a somewhat later period, in consequence of allurements held out by the Athenians in literary and artistic advantages, philosophers, scholars, and masters of art from every nation congregated at Athens during the space of many years; and thus was created, by a continued process of “crossing” and “breeding from the fittest,” pre-eminently the finest race which figures in the annals of the world;—a race which, in a comparatively few generations, presents from the limited number of inhabitants of a single city, Athens, an array of master-minds un-

equaled by any similar body of people in ancient or modern times, such as Solon, Aristides, Pericles, Socrates, Alcibiades, Phidias, Plato, Thucydides, Xenophon, Demosthenes, etc. The intellectual recreations of this people were of such an elevated nature as to be far above the appreciation, perhaps even the comprehension, of the majority of inhabitants of any modern city. By what other hypothesis can we explain the existence of such a people than upon the preceding one. And, if true, can not similar results be accomplished to-day as well as two thousand years ago? In truth, do not the nations of modern Europe and America owe to these principles their superiority to the old established nations of Asia and Africa?

Although the life of that ancient and honored race has long since become extinct, its glory and spirit will never pass away; nor will its wondrous works of art, its unsurpassed poetical and oratorical productions, its philosophy and exalted patriotism be forgotten until the final day, when oblivion shall cast its somber mantle of forgetfulness over the tide of human thought and action.

THE GEOLOGICAL HISTORY OF MAN.

BY U. L. HUYETTE, M.D.

CHAPTER II.

THE tidings brought by geology from distant ages are quite as corroborative of the theory of man's antiquity as are the evidences presented in our former article. Sir Charles Lyell long resisted the attempts of other geologists to establish this doctrine, but as a result of extensive research he has become one of its strongest champions, a fact which renders him more than common authority, aside from his great learning and philosophic mind. From him we learn of a race of cave-dwellers whose remains are found associated with those of the reindeer, the elephant, and other animals, which must have existed long anterior to the earliest historic times. At this period man used tools and weapons, and exhibited a good degree of proficiency in drawing and the art of construction. Among the relics of this age are found poinards made of bone, with the handles handsomely engraved with various devices, as with a pointed instrument. Among the engravings are representations of

animals, whose remains are associated with these relics of art; as, for example, one particularly good specimen was the likeness of the hairy elephant.

These denizens of caves were ignorant of the art of polishing stone and pottery; nor have we any evidence of their having had a language. No doubt they existed at a time when the temperature of the earth was much lower than the present, for we find the hairy covering to be a characteristic. Here we behold looming up out of the darkness of past ages a beacon light which leads us far off in the distance, over paths never trodden by historian however ancient, to the home of a race just budding into civilization, living in a period which chronology fails to establish, back in geologic time beyond the computation of man. Had the proud science of geology but recently made this declaration, she would have been laughed to scorn; but now, in these times of intelligent research and scientific inquiry, improbabilities

have ceased to be the subject of unbelief and division, and a science once synonymous with infidelity boldly and defiantly makes known her deductions, and despite the fancy of a romancing bishop, she establishes the origin of our race at a period far beyond the calculation of the most liberal. The cause of our long misconception of man's age has been the blind reliance we have placed in our recognized chronology, and this reliance has been strengthened by the garb of Biblical authority which has been thrown about it. But at last the veil is removed and the light has been allowed to enter, and reveals to us that what we deemed to be God-given, to be Biblical, is a mere human invention—not less so than the steam engine. To prove the fallacy, and show how uncertain are the chronological data afforded by the Bible, we need but note the discrepancies existing among the statements of the various chronologists. According to the Jewish Rabbins, man was created B.C. 3761. The Greek and Armenian churches hold that it was B.C. 5500; Eusebius, B.C. 5200; Pandoras, an Egyptian monk, B.C. 5493; and we, together with all Western Europe, have been the followers of Usher, Bishop of Armagh, who establishes it at 4004 B.C.

Upon a critical examination of these theories, they all are found to lack scientific method, and are but groundless assertions, dependent alone upon credulity for their acceptance; for in none of them can we find a continuous chain,—throughout them all are gaps, and links are wanting which render them worthless. As we intimated before, they make use of the Bible for a purpose for which it was never intended. As well may we hope to gain specific knowledge in astronomy, chemistry, or any natural science in the Bible, as to find data for chronological inquiry. The Bible is not a work on science, but strictly a code of religion and morals.

From what we learn from every source, we are led to believe there existed a race of men who were deemed ancient even by the most ancient. To this pre-ancient race we must look for the civilizations which emblazoned the dawn of the historic age—to this we must attribute the wisdom of Egypt, the learning of Chaldea, the knowledge of the Phœnicians and Arabians. To the wanderings and strugglings of this race is due that grand culmination of progression which is seen in Homeric poetry and the Vedic literature. When the Himyaric writings in Arabia are more fully understood, we hope to gain light which will dispel much

of the darkness and obscurity which yet surrounds this subject. The language of these writings is supposed to have been that spoken at the court of the Queen of Sheba.

We next are led to study man's primitive state. If we reasoned from analogy alone we should conclude that the first condition of man was low, for throughout all nature, in every department, we behold the tendency to progression, a gradual ascent, a continual rising from lower to higher conditions—we can not conceive of retrogression in nature; she is continually improving and perfecting her works. Hence, when all else has its small beginnings, when all nature is acting in obedience to the law of ascent, why exclude man? We often behold what may be termed temporary departures from this law, but, in the aggregate, nature, both animal and vegetable, is moving upward. From the most modest beginning, from an estate of the lowest barbarism, man has, under the various influences of natural causes, risen to the condition in which we find him at the close of the pre-historic age. At first, a family roaming about singly and alone, leading an almost aimless existence, with scarcely a law or religion, with the weakest of family ties, and a language well-nigh inarticulate, living in a constant struggle with the forces around—an animal in every sense save that he was endowed with a principle which made him progressive, an element of his nature which gave him a pre-eminence, and made him God-like. He was not long destined to exist in this condition, for with increase the wants of the race multiplied, and man became more and more dependent upon his fellows; hence the foundation of society was laid. That he might hold communication with others, he was compelled to improve and enlarge his language; and that association might be safe and profitable, a primitive government was formed by grouping. The first grouping can only be compared with a mere herd, the lowest conceivable group; from this condition an advance was made and kinship through the mother was recognized. Then, too, the father's claims were established; and so from a state of promiscuity man advanced by degrees until families were formed in which the marriage vow was observed. We might state here that the origin of religion and language should systematically be discussed upon entering this part of our subject, as we doubt not that man's earliest thoughts were led up to an unknown Supreme, and that he early began to invent language; but as it is a comprehensive subject,

we have decided to study these together, with the natural causes operating in favor of and against the progress of man, in separate articles.

Early in the age of society, brothers were co-husbands, a relation similar to the Thibetan polyandry, which was an advance on that of Nair, in which strangers were co-husbands; and so by gradual steps we arrive at a state approximating that of our own day, in which woman assumes her true position.

With grouping, man became co-operative, and the weak and decrepit were no longer the victims of superior forces, but became the charge and received the protection of the stronger. Means of subsistence were improved and a commissariat was established; and so man began to grow provident, not, as before, roaming about without motive in life, with no concern save present need, but with an eye to future wants; he began to lay up provisions and build store houses, from which he could draw in times of failure of the ordinary sources of supply.

As we might suppose, wealth became an object of interest, this being the natural result of the interchanges which must follow grouping. The wealth of early times consisted principally of cattle. With grouping and the establishment of trade it was important to strengthen the bonds of society, that property and life might be safe, which led to the formation of governments, which were very simple at first, consisting of a petty tribe or family. The patriarchal form existed for a long time before any change took place. It was not unusual for a patriarch to rule over a large number of persons, including children, grandchildren, and slaves. We know little of the origin of the first government, for the glimpses we receive through the uncertain lights of those times afford meager information, and are quite unsatisfactory; but at the dawn of the historic day, we find many powerful and well-organized monarchies.

As man rose from his low estate, and as his wants grew more varied, he improved the appliances of art, his weapons of offense and defense, and his tools and implements of agriculture which he early devised. Among geologists the ages of man are determined by the material from which these were made; as, first, the stone; second, the bronze; and third, the iron age.

We can form a very good idea of the progress of civilization by observing the changes taking place among the various cotemporary races. We find man existing in every stage of progress, from the lowest barbarian to the

highest summit of refinement; and, as in early times, some have not attained the art of building habitations, but are content to live in caves and under rocks and boughs. Some are too low to make any effort to obtain food by hunting, but take that which requires the least exertion, living on roots and herbs. Then a step further on we find them living in rudely erected huts, and using the simplest of weapons, the bone. Next, they begin to fell trees, and erect cabins on the stumps, which serve as a foundation, and may be considered the birth of architecture. So, ages by ages, man rises higher and higher, improving old methods and devising new ones for meeting the necessities of life, and protecting himself against the natural causes in operation around him. Thus, with a never-ending progression, he, living in nature, rose upward until we find him in possession of architecture, which in its splendor and magnificence can only be associated with a high degree of culture. He also is improved in every form of art. From the plainest and simplest apparel he advanced until at the dawn of history we find him in possession of the art of weaving, which he carried to a perfection not excelled in our own day. A step further led him into the art of dyeing, and picture-writing, which we doubt not was the foundation of painting. Metallurgy must have been early understood, for we can not conceive of man's emerging from the stone to the bronze age without it, for to make this metal they must have been familiar with the art of combining tin with copper. The use of bronze in Western Europe must have been learned in the East, for had it originated there, we should look for an age of copper and tin before it. From the high order of art displayed by the inhabitants of this region in working bronze, we are directed to an older civilization for its origin, which may have been that of the maritime and enterprising Phœnicians. The discovery of this metal is probably due to the ancient Arabians, in whose country extensive tin mines were found.

The style of ornamentation upon the utensils and weapons of bronze consists almost entirely of geometrical figures. The bronze age must have been long prior to the Homeric, for in those writings we find frequent notices of the use of iron for making weapons used by the warriors. Another proof in favor of the assertion that Western Europe owes her civilization to an Oriental people is, that upon the obelisks found there are to be seen symbols of the religion of Baal, and it is but comparatively re-

cent that the feast of Baal was celebrated in the British isles, and from this source is due the word Baltic.

Thus we have imperfectly shown the workings of a law which pervades all nature, from the fungus to the elephant, from the lichen to the oak, a continual rising to a more perfect state, and why should we deprive man of this law? Does he, too, not rise from a low estate higher and higher until he passes into the dark future—there to obey the same law, to take still loftier flights, fairly approximating the Divine image, and throughout endless time to soar aloft, ever reaching after, ever nearing the God-like perfection?

How pleasant the reflection to an intelligent mind that we are the subjects of a law like this, not created to remain in *statu quo*, but by an edict of God immutable as Himself. Man is destined to follow a never-ending progression; from a state low indeed, he is capable of flights to which the angels can not attain; and the same law which develops his faculties and raises him to the highest summit of earthly perfection will in the future take him into the presence of Deity, and give him glimpses of now hidden mysteries, place him on a pinnacle from which he can have bold views of God's economy, and take draughts of intellectual enjoyment heretofore untasted.

THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESS.

BY SAMUEL M. PORTER.

THE spirit of the age is progressive. In every age of historical record we find the condition of human affairs to be either one of progression or retrogression. In Italy there was fabled to be a beautiful river which submerged itself in the earth and was thought to be forever lost; but pouring down under the ocean's waves, away in Sicily it rose again and flowed on with even more than Italian beauty. It has been ever thus with human progress. In former times it existed in the Eastern world with all its loveliness. During the dark ages its course seemed to be lost in a wilderness of human degradation; but moving on with a power no less potent than that which moves the world itself, it has since risen in other lands, and visited more genial, perhaps worthier inhabitants.

Go out under a clear evening sky and in the light of astronomy look away through the immense fields of space, to the region of the stars. We see systems moving around clusters, clusters around groups, and worlds, suns, systems, clusters, and groups all moving around one common center—the throne of God. These planets still move on in the courses which Kepler pointed out, as they ever have done since creation's morn. One revolution finished, another begins, which is to be no shorter than those that have preceded it; and thus, moving on, they ever keep the even, unchanging tenor of their ways. This is speed without progress—motion without advancement.

Unlike the steady movements of the spheres is that of the progressive element which so beneficently affects the condition of human society. Human progress possesses a moving

spirit—a life-giving principle, which is ever prompting it to stretch up its arms to grasp higher, more exalted destinies. The historians tell us that it was the boast of Augustus Cæsar that he found the city of Rome composed of brick and left it marble. This was advancement only in the outward structures, while no special attempts were made to humanize and enlighten the people who owned and occupied them. No asylums were opened for the blind or the insane; no hospitals were built, no homes for the friendless, no charitable institutions of any kind, and the whole temple of Cæsar's progress was one which the flames might easily devour, the winds overturn, or the waves undermine.

To the credit of successful, well-earned progress Phrenology may justly lay great claims. Although in its course there are many huge mountains of superstition to be removed, and many Dead Seas of unbelief to be filled up, yet the work is fast being performed. Prejudice has long been weaving objections with which to divest Phrenology of its claims to intelligent consideration, but time and experience have worn these objections threadbare. All objections, prejudices, and superstitions are fast being shrouded and confined for the sepulcher of forgetfulness, while there are few mourners to sing a requiem over their graves. Facts and evidence have crowded out doubts and fears, and the golden crown which science has been preparing has been awarded to Phrenology for struggling long and ardently in the strife against heresy and selfish clamor. No more merited crown was ever worn. If to overcome

vast obstacles, to climb hills of difficulty, to continually gain ground and finally come off victorious be considered as meritorious achievements, then Phrenology may rightfully demand a large share of public favor. Its progressive course from a small beginning to its present powerful and flourishing condition shows how correctly it is keeping time to the sublime music of human advancement. The work which it has performed, the vast obstacles which it has leveled, give evidence to the truth of that universal, time-honored maxim, "There is no excellence without great labor."

In one of the islands of the Southern seas is said to have been a beautiful cavern, whose light was all reflected from pearls which lay at the bottom. From its covering hung shining stalactites; its floors were beset with beautiful stalagmites, and on its walls and overhead were always to be seen the images of guardian spirits and angelic forms. It was fancied to be the most enchanting and heavenlike spot in all the earth; but its entrance was only from the bottom of the ocean, and he who would enjoy its transporting pleasures must first encounter the perils and uncertainties of diving deep into the sea. The moral of the tale is obvious. In it we perceive the embodiment of a great truth; some reflection of a universal fact,—that no position of superiority can be attained save at the expense of ardent toil and persevering effort. The ancient myth says that Hercules first fought with superhuman desperation to slay the dragon that guarded the entrance to the garden before he could gather the golden apples of the Hesperides.

The great satisfaction derived from all measures of progress consists in the success which finally crowns the efforts put forth. In Louis Kossuth's oration on the Bunker Hill monument, when alluding to the American Revolution, he says, "It was success and its unparalleled results that cast such a luster of glory around it." So it is with all progressive elements which have for their object the amelioration of mankind,—success and its unparalleled results cast an everlasting halo of glory around them. The world unconsciously looking at their steady movements at last wakes up, only to be astonished by the magnitude of the benefits which they have administered. Society has been advanced to a high and commanding eminence of social as well as moral responsibility. And here comes in the great work and object of human life,—to discharge this responsibility in a way that shall reflect credit on the present age and leave an untarnished record

for the perusal of posterity. No arbitrary rules can be laid down for the accomplishment of such objects. That sense of duty which all intelligent persons possess is the only safe criterion.

It needs no argument to prove that in the administration of personal as well as public affairs success depends as largely on healthy and well-trained mental capacities as on physical powers in the same condition. Indeed, if either of these two parts of our being is to suffer, it had far better be the physical than the intellectual. A vessel may go to sea strongly rigged and well manned, with the best of engines and with every necessary auxiliary to propel it from port to port, but if there be no pilot to stand at the wheel to properly husband the powers that are being used, those powers had much better be lying dormant. So the man that goes out into the world with muscles and sinews well trained and capable of performing a great amount of labor is altogether likely to utterly waste his energies if he does not possess a mental organization that shall serve as a pilot to guide his efforts to some distinct purpose. It is like the talent that was buried in the earth, bringing no gain to the owner and being of no use to the one unto whom it was committed.

To institute measures for a thorough cultivation of the intellectual faculties, which in reality are of much greater importance than the physical, is one of the great progressive schemes of the present age. This volume which the reader now holds in his hands has no other object in view than to raise and strengthen the temple of human mind, and to fortify it against the invasions of ignorance and superstition. A knowledge of Phrenology enables men to read what seems invisible, and understand what seems unknown. Those who possess such knowledge are enabled to judge from features and other external characteristics the character of powers pent up within. Mind studies mind, and mind has become the great moving element of God's earthly kingdom, as it will be the eternal worshiper around His heavenly throne. The old Latin maxim, *mens omnia regit* (the mind rules everything), still stands, as it ever has stood, an everlasting monument of truth in the great desert of common sayings,—a monument whose base is no less broad than civilization itself, and no less enduring than eternity.

HAIR SNAKES.—A correspondent, who comes rather late to discuss this subject, writes to

us as follows: "I read in the January number the origin of hair snakes, written by a contributor, I presume, and beg to inform him that if he wishes to find the origin of hair snakes, he will do it by putting a cricket into water. And to substantiate my theory, did he ever see a hair snake before the 1st of June, or before crickets were fully developed? I have tried the experiment many times, and always with the same result: he will find a snake for every cricket drowned. Should a cricket accidentally jump into water and drown, he will perhaps float down stream until he is stopped by a twig or a spear of grass, and in ten or twelve hours there will be twined around the twig a hair snake, perfectly formed. If the writer of 'Facts in Natural History' wishes to know further with regard to this matter, I subscribe myself

WM. S. ISBELL, Hotchkissville, Ct."

WISDOM.

Do but the half of what you can, and you will be surprised at the result of your diligence.

THE minds of some people are like the pupil of the human eye, and contract themselves the more the stronger light there is shed upon them.—*Thomas Moore.*

Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits;
Love is the sweet sunshine
That warms into life,
For only in darkness
Grow hatred and strife.

HE will find himself in a great mistake, that either seeks for a friend in a palace, or tries him at a feast.—*Seneca.*

SOME one, feeling that actions are better than words, has said: "We read of the acts of the Apostles, but never of their resolutions."

THE circumstances of the world are so variable, that an irrevocable resolution is almost a synonymous term for a foolish one.—*Seward.*

WHEN God would show himself
In largest measure unto human sight
He makes a man, of mind
Capacious, judgment comprehensive,
Courage never failing, faith sublime,
The warp and woof that make
His texture are of threads
Finer than ever followed shuttle
In a Tyrian loom.

WE have but one life to live, and we should be careful to make the very best possible use of it, seizing hold of every opportunity to find out the true objects and ends of our earthly existence, that we may secure those objects and ends, and so secure to ourselves the supreme good.

MIRTH.

INSCRIPTION on the wall of a London "workus" (*anglice* workhouse):

Dokter of Diwinity I am not
A.M. I never opes to be
But hokum pickin is my lot
I signs my name H. P.

SEVERAL solutions, most of them approximately correct, of the English livery-stable keeper's bill have been sent to us; the following is the most intelligible rendering, however:

Mr. 'Enery 'icks	To Bill Viggins, hostler.
	s. d.
To a horse (an 'os) - - - -	7 0
" a taking on him home - - -	6
Total of all - - - -	7 6

SIGNS AND TOKENS.

The Gridiron: To take down the gridiron from the wall where it is hanging, with the left hand, is a sign that there will be a broil in the kitchen.

The Mirror: If a mirror is broken it is a sign that a good-looking-lass will be missed in that house.

A Funeral: To meet a funeral procession is a sign of a death.

Pocket-Book: To lose a pocket-book containing greenbacks is unlucky.

Nails: If a woman cuts her nails every Monday it is lucky—for her husband.

Roosters: If you hear a rooster crow when you are in bed, and the clock strikes a few times at the same instant, it is a sign of mo(u)ning.

An Itching Ear: If you have an itching ear, tickle your nose and you will have an itching there, and ill luck will be averted.

A WOMAN who never owned a Bible supposed she was quoting it when she greeted her son, who came home to spend Thanksgiving, in the following words: "Here comes the fatted calf!"

THE last rat story is from Chicago. In a house where the rats had been very troublesome, traps had long been set, but to no purpose. Finally some of the family determined to watch the trap. It was cunningly set. Soon a young rat appeared and was about stepping on the fatal spring, when an old rat rushed to the rescue, seized the indiscreet juvenile by the tail and dragged him off to the hole.

A LADY sends the following metrical solution of the word-puzzle published in July MIRTH:

'Tis true that as our *cares* increase,
They will disturb our inward peace,
And drive sweet slumber from our eyes,
And cause all anxious fears to rise.

But when to *cares* we add an *s*,
We change the meaning to *caress*;
"Plural is plural then no more,
And sweet what bitter was before."

Our Mentorial Bureau.

[In this Department will be noticed such matters as are of interest to correspondents and to the general reader. Contributions for "What They Say" should be brief, pointed, and creamy, to secure publication.]

To Our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" ONLY will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify idle curiosity. One question only at a time, and that clearly stated, must be propounded, if a correspondent shall expect us to give him the benefit of its early consideration. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter, if a stamp be inclosed for the return postage.

ETIQUETTE.—A young lady to whom I am engaged is seriously sick. Does etiquette or propriety require that I should call on her? or should I remain away, as some insist that I should?

Ans. If your engagement is understood by the parents of the lady, or by those in whose house she is living, you should call, if near by, every day at least, to learn her condition; and if she desires it, and it is thought by physician and friends that you should see her and converse with her, there is no etiquette worthy the name that would deny you the privilege. "How to Behave, a Manual of Republican Etiquette," will tell you how to carry yourself in nearly every position in life. Price by mail, 75 cents.

WILL thunder or cannon produce sound where there is no animal ear?

Ans. Sound is analogous to light, existing independently of human perceptions; as, there is light without the eye. The production of sound is altogether dependent on atmospheric vibrations or disturbances.

For instance, a bell is struck by its clapper; the body of the bell consequently vibrates, as we may sensibly assure ourselves by applying our nail lightly to the edge; in its agitation it beats or makes impulses on the air, which, yielding under the impact or pressure, is compressed or condensed to a certain distance around.

The compressed air instantly expands, and in doing so repeats the pressure on the air next in contact with it; and thus each one of the original strokes of the vibrating metal sends out a series of shells of compressed air, somewhat like the waves dispersed over a lake from the dropping of a stone into its placid bosom, and, like them, always lessening in bulk and force.

The air, thus agitated, finally reaches the ear, where it gives a similar impulse to a very fine nervous membrane; and the mind then receives the idea or impression which we call a sound. In other words, the successive strokes of the bell produce

concussions; which concussions, through the delicate apparatus which we term the ear, are made sensible to the mind; analogously, waves of light, striking the eye, or through that organ, are rendered appreciable to the mind.

MOTHS.—Will you please give information as to the best means of guarding against moths, and at the same time avoiding unpleasant odors? I have heard camphor and tobacco recommended, but the remedy is almost as objectionable as the moths themselves.

Ans. Cleanliness is probably the best remedy for vermin of any kind, but when from any cause they are troublesome, we can confidently recommend insect powder as efficacious in exterminating moths as well as bugs, fleas, cockroaches, etc.

CATARRH.—I have the catarrh in the head; it impairs the strength of my brain, and I think it is beginning to affect my lungs; how is it prevented and cured? By nearly every newspaper which I read I see quack advertisements promising certain cures, but the difficulty is, I can not believe them.

Ans. You should obtain the advice of the best physician you know, who can learn from you your history and study your constitution. He may advise a change of climate, of diet, dress, occupation. We can not wisely give you advice, not knowing all the facts of the case. This we may safely advise—avoid the quacks. In a single advertisement of theirs every disease known to suffering humanity has promise of a cure, by using their nostrums. If they could do a tenth of what they profess they would not need to advertise. It is not the wise, but the otherwise, who patronize them.

COMPRESSING ORGANS OF THE BRAIN.—If a child with the back-head developed like that of Aaron Burr were to be subjected to pressure upon that part of the head in infancy, while the skull is soft and yielding, would the organs in the occiput suffer from the depression, and others develop themselves more fully?

Ans. External pressure is not applied to heads in the way proposed, except in the case of Flathead Indians. The effect of this treatment is considered detrimental to intellect, but the effect in part, doubtless, is to distort the form of the brain rather than to cause certain organs to cease growing; to throw organs into abnormal positions rather than to fully suspend their functions. Pressure could not be applied to particular organs and thus prevent their growing—they would widen out and have development some way if possible. If the whole head were put into a box and no disease

were to follow, the development of all the organs would be suspended and the character would be that of a child.

MILK, ITS COMPOSITION.—In the composition of milk we have water, sugar of milk, butter, casein, and a small amount of phosphate of lime. Now, when the milk is heated until the curd is separated from the whey, which of the above constituents is found in the curd, and which in the whey? and in what quantities?

Ans. Cow's milk contains $87\frac{4}{10}$ per cent. of water, $12\frac{6}{10}$ per cent. of organic matter, such as butter, sugar, casein, albumen, etc., and 1 per cent. of inorganic matter, or phosphate of lime, common salt, etc. About 4 per cent. is oil and butter, 5 per cent. sugar of milk, and $4\frac{6}{10}$ per cent. casein, albumen, and inorganic salts.

When curdled by rennet, most of the casein is removed with much of the butter and some of the inorganic salts.

Whey contains $94\frac{4}{10}$ per cent. of water. Thus we see that one hundred pounds of milk contain $13\frac{6}{10}$ per cent. solid matter, one hundred pounds of whey contain $5\frac{6}{10}$ per cent. solid nutriment, and $94\frac{4}{10}$ per cent. water. The nutriment in whey is made up mostly of sugar and butter, but it contains a little casein, some albumen, and considerable common salt, some phosphate of lime, a little phosphate of magnesia, and a little phosphorus.

Whey is quite nutritious, and makes good food for pigs, and with the addition of meal, calves would thrive on it. To make it as nutritious as milk, 8 lbs. of nutriment must be added to every 100 lbs. of whey.

In Germany there are several whey-cures, to which invalids resort, and live on whey for the cure of their ailments. This is equivalent to water-cure with a spare diet. If men would eat less, and take more fluid as mild and innocent as whey, they would rarely become sick.

Do you think Cal.—is it Col. or Cal.?—superior to all other climates for invalids affected with pulmonary disease? Please answer through your JOURNAL.

E. R.

Ans. We think the whole range of the Rocky Mountains—including the Sierra Nevadas—among the most healthful portions of this country.

OFF-HAND.—What am I to understand by the off-hand faculties?

Ans. Those faculties which enable one to perceive quickly, and to decide and act at once; or to judge and act in an off-hand way, viz., Large perceptive organs, to appreciate quickly; Self-Esteem, to give respect to one's judgment; and Combative-ness, to act promptly, without enough of Cautious-ness and Secretiveness to make one afraid to act.

INCLINED TO AUTHORSHIP.—When a young man aims to become a writer, either of books or for the press, he should have a clear understanding of the requisites for excellence. Not only is natural talent indispensable, but that natural tal-

ent should be carefully trained and developed, all the advantages of education which can be brought to bear upon it being made use of. No learning is useless. The more information he has acquired, the better command the writer will have of his subject, whatever it may be. In connection with close study and extensive reading there should be practice, slow, and even laborious practice. The best models in literature should be taken and carefully examined for the improvement and refinement of style. When we are asked to state the books necessary to one who would attain proficiency in this line of life, we answer that it is exceedingly difficult to prescribe a few works, but in general one should read the best authors on English syntax and the art of composition as a commencement. An excellent work which you might take up at once is "Quackenbos's Course of Composition and Rhetoric," which can be supplied from this office, at \$1 75.

RELIGION.—What is Religion, and in what does it consist?

Ans. Love of God, belief in and obedience to his commands; and love of man, with the accordance of all offices of justice and kindness to him.

BUCK HORNS.—Why does the buck reindeer shed his horns every year?

Ans. We have no explanation to give, except that it is the order of their constitution. Some sheep shed their coat every year, and some do not oftener than once in four or five years, if at all. Will any naturalist reader give a physiological answer to these questions?

HOW TO MAKE THE HAIR GRAY.—A lady sends us this singular question. What can be her object?

"Is there any composition which if applied to the scalp will turn the hair prematurely gray? If so, what is it, and what will be the effect to hair and scalp, and how long will it require to take effect?"

Ans. Trouble will sometimes do it, but we can not specify the kind that each person would require, nor the length of time it would take to effect it.

We knew a man who was wrecked at sea and spent a day and a night hanging on to an upset boat, whose hair turned gray over the organs of Caution-ness on each side of the head, and remained so; while the other portions of the head were of the normal color. He was twenty-three years of age when it occurred.

We knew another who was for years placed in a condition to sympathize with a suffering patient, and the hair over the organ of Benevolence, just above the forehead, became almost white, and remained so.

Mental excitement, hard study, care, and anxiety are supposed to turn the hair gray, and that excitement produces heat in the head which causes the hair to fall off. We know of no nostrum which

will turn the hair a respectable-looking gray—the color may be extracted, but gray would not be the result. We know of no certain and efficacious method of procuring gray hair but by age, and sooner or later that will effect it. We recommend people generally to wear their hair with its natural color.

HOW TO GROW TALL.—How can I increase my height from five feet six inches to five feet nine inches? Also, can phosphorus be eaten without injury to the system? What I mean, can I eat the raw material?

Ans. Some people are constituted to grow tall. If you are twenty-five years old you will not be likely to grow tall, eat what you may. In a limestone country, where every plant has opportunity to incorporate phosphate of lime in its structure to the greatest possible extent, the animals and men who subsist on such food, attain a better bony structure and greater height than do those who live in regions where the land has little of that element, and where to raise a crop of wheat lime must be applied to the soil.

It is a disputed point whether mineral phosphorus can be taken into the system and incorporated by it. The greater number maintain that all minerals must be digested by plants before men and animals can appropriate them.

What They Say.

MORE OF THE MARVELOUS.—An old subscriber writes: "My reading of the article on 'How my Future was Revealed,' in the June number, brings vividly to mind some unaccountable experiences of my own. Though not as important, perhaps, they, I think, are quite as mysterious. In several instances they occurred in full daylight, while the mind and hands were engaged in accustomed duties. Spiritualism had scarcely been heard of in our section when I was a child. My parents were farmers in easy circumstances, but very practical, industrious people, rigidly skeptical as to forewarnings, signs, etc. I inherited the same disposition, always being desirous of knowing the why and wherefore of everything. Being the youngest of a thrifty family, I was very fond of pets, and generally had one or more unfortunates intrusted to my care. When about twelve years of age, one cold spring morning father gave me the delightful intelligence that a pair of twin lambs needed my succor at the barn, which was situated some distance from the house. For several days with a basin of warm milk I nourished these charges, and rejoiced to see them hearty and playful. One morning I wended my way as usual toward the barn, was ascending a hill which hid it from view, when I seemed already within the building, and was appalled at seeing one innocent lying lifeless at the entrance in a wing of the barn. This appearance gave me a shock, but still I pur-

sued my way, alas! to verify the truth of the—what? vision? I think no person had been in the building since I had, and I left the lambs the evening previous in perfect health. The mother and one lamb had succeeded in climbing over a sill into the wing, and the other had died in the attempt. Some may feel disposed to ridicule this because it is a childish experience, but is it any the less mysterious? At a later period I was sent by an unseen power or voice to an old well. For a time I at first distrusted the message, and attempted to reason about it, but could find no peace until I repared to the spot, and when I reached it a voice seemed to say, "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without the Father's notice." I found that one of my pets had fallen in, but aided by the projecting stones I saved its life. When I was sixteen years old my father bought a farm in a neighboring State, and on nearing the depot to take the train which would convey us thither, my heart was burdened with thoughts of leaving my childhood's home and early and cherished friends. As I stepped upon the platform a sudden change, a feeling of ecstasy, a full tide of glory swept over my soul. I can only liken it to the sun when it breaks out between showers. Again the mysterious voice whispered, "All is well." That moment's experience I ever shall consider a taste of heaven. At other times I have been informed of what would occur the following day. I have failed to discover any good resulting from these, save to establish my faith in a Power above us, and in which I can put my trust. I have related this only to a few who know me well, who can rely on my veracity, and I have been enabled to strengthen the faith of young friends who once looked out on the wickedness of the world and almost doubted the existence of a just and loving God." SUBSCRIBER.

WHAT WE WANT AS A NATION.—EDITOR PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL—*Dear Sir:* In one of the late numbers of the JOURNAL you have some remarks on "What We Want;" will you permit me to make a few additions to the list? First, we want a less number of those men, in New York city and elsewhere, who monopolize all the coal, flour, sugar, and dry-goods, as through their selfishness and inordinate love of the "almighty dollar" thousands of their fellow-beings are rendered miserable. Second, we want laws passed by an honest Legislature (if one can be found), preventing rich men from becoming richer off of the unrequited labor of the poor. Third, we want a political party that will give impartial justice to all, irrespective of nationality, age, sex, color, and condition. Fourth, we want the President and Vice-President not eligible to a second term of office. Then the best interest of the people will not be sacrificed for a renomination, and the President can, throughout his administration, pursue a just and manly course toward all. Then there would be no necessity of levying a tax of five per

cent. on the \$40,000,000 which the President yearly gives to his numerous officials. Poor fellows! they earn their money hard enough; let them have the whole of it. Fifth, we want all of the U. S. Senators elected by the people; the President and Vice-President, and all of the U. S. revenue officers. Then dishonest political tricksters will not sell for money the votes of the people. For the same reason we want the removal of the Electoral College. Sixth, we want no more public land given away to hundreds of rich rascals to build railways and make themselves richer. The people must build and own all the railroads, canals, and telegraph lines in the United States. Seventh, we want a higher duty on all articles of useless luxury. If a merchant prince's or stock-and-gold gambler's daughter wants a Turkish satin dress and jewelry, or a Parisian shell for her little brain, let her father pay the United States 50 per cent. for the privilege of setting a bad example for other foolish maids to follow. Eighth, we want less rye corn and barley distilled into whisky; more grapes, apples, peaches, plums, pears, and cherries planted and cultivated so that every poor family in our land can make a meal of fruit every day in the year; thereby banishing tobacco and the "four-footed plow" (the swine) from the human stomach forever. Knowing, Mr. Editor, the kindness of your nature, will not you, and your numerous readers, help me in giving these wants a tangible form and existence in our land?

HORACE LINWOOD.

[Some of the above remarks show much thought, and deserve consideration.]

RED HANDS AND RED FACES.—MT. HEALTHY, OHIO. In a recent number of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL I notice a query (and your reply to it) concerning red hands and feet, and I wondered at your saying (the question being one of importance to young ladies) that it "was a poser." While I agree with you that rosy hands are pretty, yet I have seen those that were almost purple, and from what? Tight dresses, and more especially tight arm-holes. Tight shoes and garters cause the feet to be in the same condition. I knew a young lady, whose face would swell and get very red whenever she went from home. She consulted an M.D., and was treated for erysipelas. But when in her wrapper, her face would become fair, and rather pale. She laced, and wore her dresses so tight about the throat, that it was impossible to insert a very small article beneath her throat-band. Can anything be done to bring people to their senses? It seems to me where one girl is raised sensibly, fifty are brought up fools.

Your JOURNAL is the best one I have taken, and I think I shall never be without it again. Please state in its next issue how you would treat a young child having an usually large brain—or rather head; she is nine months old, and has a full forehead, and rather dreamy eye; the back of the head quite large. There seems to be a tendency to conges-

tion. Would like to know, also, how to cultivate Cautiousness. What are thick lips indicative of?

Yours truly, AMELIA.

[Amelia has our thanks for her suggestions. We reply to her inquiries as follows: Dress the child loosely about the waist and ankles so that the circulation shall not be impeded. She should eat Graham breadstuff, cracked wheat, oatmeal mush, lean beef, and fruit as a part of each meal, and never retire at night on a full stomach. Her room should be well ventilated at night, with blankets enough to keep her warm, and the extremities should be warmly dressed. Coffee, tea, spices, candies, cake, and pie should be utterly repudiated. Her brain should not be kept hot by study or by conversation. Keep her head cool, and her feet warm; let her live in the open air and sunshine six hours a day, and study three hours a day, and if she has any constitution, she will be healthy and happy.]

PRAISE AND BLAME.—We have no hope of pleasing everybody. Was there ever the man who pleased everybody? No, not one. We shall try to please God; to do right; to do good; and be thankful if we add even a trifle to the healthful entertainment, instruction, and HAPPINESS of our readers. Here is what some of our exchanges say of us.

The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, of which the fifty-second volume, neatly bound, is before us, is a publication with the leading specialty of which we have no sympathy. Phrenology, in our belief, is a pseudo-science. But the JOURNAL contains a great deal of information and amusement, which makes it an entertaining work independent of its pet philosophy.—*Examiner and Chronicle*, New York.

Are not other "*Examiners*," equally capable of judging, to be credited? PHRENOLOGY is a new discovery; not yet *perfected*, but enough is *known* to warrant the claim, that the brain is the organ of the mind; that different portions of the brain perform different functions. The back part of the brain is allotted to the affections; the sides, to the propelling powers; the front, to the intellectual or knowing faculties; and the top, to the religious or spiritual sentiments. There is no more doubt of this than there is of the fact that we see through the eye, or hear through the ear. Furthermore, it is in evidence that all natural-born idiots have small or imperfectly formed brains; that a low, brutal bully does not closely resemble a saintly minister of the Gospel, or the accomplished editor of the *Examiner and Chronicle*.

Finally, Phrenology is a part of Physiology, and, like Physiology, so far as understood, is reduced to method; method is system, and system is science. If the editor of the *Examiner* will visit the Phrenological Cabinet at 389 Broadway, we will show him evidences which will, we think, convince him that PHRENOLOGY has some claims to being ranked among the REAL SCIENCES. We solicit his attention; and if he be not willfully prejudiced, may venture to promise him proofs of

our claims, both convincing and conclusive. For the compliment he pays this JOURNAL he has our thanks. We may honestly reciprocate by repeating what we have said before, that the *Examiner and Chronicle* is one of our very best religious newspapers of the Close Communion Baptist denomination. We wish its editors understood the principles of Phrenology.

Here is what the Hudson *Post* says.

This popular and ever-welcome journal, devoted to the science of man, is upon our table. The superiority of this publication over all other magazines consists in its practical teachings of man as a whole. The medical and health journals are almost invaluable, yet they only treat of the physical body, while the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL not only teaches bodily health, but it teaches soul growth, and the Scriptural idea of how to "improve the talents given." The literary and scientific magazines teach outward nature, entertaining the reader, and improving the literary tastes. The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL takes a superior position, vastly more important, because it advises in its columns every individual, however humble, that all of this vast expanse—that worlds and systems of worlds were first created by the Divine Father for man and his uses; that it requires all of this to perfect man, that he might exist here and bear the impress of all this grandeur upon and within his own being. It has taught that no human being should think meanly of himself, but should put forth a steady and intelligent effort in this life to know and improve himself, and thus he will come to know others, and go forward with a heart full of thankfulness—that they were deemed thus worthy to exist. Let every family that can afford it procure the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

The Belvidere *Apollo* remarks:

Though this journal has always been conducted with much ability, we think it has greatly improved within the period of our recollection, and especially within a short time. On the list of its contents are many subjects of decided interest to the general reader. The first article in the July number, entitled "Auduboniana," begins with an excellent portrait of the old naturalist, and enters into an interesting discussion pertaining to him. The second is "Man's Place in Nature." The next is a "A Rule for Editors—What They Should Be." The portrait of J. J. Audubon is good. There are also ten portraits of the leaders in the Mormon reform movement, and of Ward Hunt, with interesting sketches of their lives and characters. The two or three subjects mentioned are not more interesting than the twenty from which they are selected.

The Binghamton *Republican* says that—

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED is not all, nor mainly, nor even in any very large part, devoted to Phrenology; but it has the wide field of human progress for its special working. Because it is a magazine appealing to men as men, and to women as women; because it relates to the physical and intellectual needs of the race, and insists continually that humanity shall occupy the highest place which God designed, and our nature admits of it, and is about the only serial devoted to this general object, it ought to have, and we presume does have, a liberal support. Certainly it occupies a conspicuous place among American monthlies of the first class.

The *Mirror* of Kilborn City takes note as follows:

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL comes to us filled with the very best of reading matter. This is the

only journal of the kind now published, and is devoted to a large variety of subjects, such as Ethnology, Physiology, Phrenology, Sociology, Psychology, Education, Mechanism, Agriculture, Natural History, Biography, and all that tends to reform, elevate, and improve mankind spiritually, intellectually, and socially. It is well illustrated, giving portraits and sketches of prominent and leading men in all classes of society. It does not confine itself to Phrenology, and even skeptics on that science are highly pleased with its general tone.

The Lynn *Transcript*—a new exchange—speaks more guardedly. The editor may be young,—a recent graduate, and had not read this magazine. He says:

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNALS for May and June have been some time on our table, and yet we are not quite ready to give an unqualified opinion on their merits. We know that the publication has often been severely criticised [so has the Bible], but whether justly or not would be premature in us to say with the present reading. We like a bold writer, if he is sincere, even if he differ a trifle from us; and yet there is a daring of skepticism which is worse than weakness, though it may be well refined. The JOURNAL is unquestionably able, and we trust we shall like it much upon acquaintance.

The Amherst *Gazette* says:

"THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL has greatly increased in value as in size.

We could fill the JOURNAL with similar "notices." All concur in the fact, that it is "ably edited." We look hopefully for the time when all shall acknowledge not only the excellence of the JOURNAL, but also the truth and utility of Phrenology, and we will ever work and pray for that consummation.

Literary Notices.

There is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books no less than in the faces of men, by which a skillful observer will know as well what to expect from the one as the other.—BUTLER.

MAIDEE THE ALCHEMIST; or, Turning All to Gold. By Susan Cannon. 12mo; fancy cloth. Price, \$1 50. New York: M. Doolady.

This is the first literary venture made by Mrs. Cannon, a young writer of Mississippi. The design of the work is to show how the vexatious disappointments, trials, and afflictions which fall to the lot of the most of us, may be used for our good, if we make a right use of them. Maldee, (Mrs. Lee), who is the central figure of the *dramatis personæ*, yet not the heroine, since around the heroine in fiction must center the gist of the romance, is a noble woman who, at an age which is called *passée*, marries a widower. Mr. Lee had long loved her. It is even probable she was the first and dearest love of his life, but by the Providence which frequently warps our intentions, they were not married in early youth; he married another, and when his hand was offered to

her, he was the father of an only child, a grown daughter, who naturally resented the thought of seeing another fill her own mother's place in her father's heart, and determining to make the household miserable, was as miserable herself as a willful, petted, and rebellious girl usually gets to be when her wishes are thwarted. Mrs. Lee having had a step-mother, and fully conscious of the antipathy in which such a relation is often held by a daughter who has arrived at the age of womanhood, is deeply sympathetic; offers tenderness and love to the young, heart-broken girl, and is made happy in finding that what she offers is not rejected. Marion Lee develops into the affectionate, obedient, and respectful daughter; strives to cultivate all the graces of womanhood, and becomes a useful and intelligent woman.

In the book, quite a large number of characters are introduced, which are, in the main, only accessory to the development of the story. Upon all, more or less, either directly or reflectively, the influence of Muldee is felt. She chides when it is necessary; when it is needful, drops the healing balm of kindly acts and tender words, and has no fear of the over-use of either body or mind or heart when they may be brought into use for the good of others. The story is simple, and simply told, if we except a disposition in the author to the use of long words, and now and then classic allusions, which seem a little far-fetched. But the work is eminently healthy, and as a first effort deserves the warmest commendation.

THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. Compiled from Family Letters and Reminiscences, by his great-granddaughter, Sarah N. Randolph. 12mo; cloth; pp. 432. Price, \$2 50. New York: Harper & Bros., Publishers.

The man who "wrote the Declaration of Independence" will be cherished in the memory of all patriot hearts while the fabric of government stands which he was so conspicuous an instrument in uprearing. And everything which comes to us from an authentic source, and bears the impress of his noble individuality, will awaken a warm interest. In this new volume a sketch of the great statesman's private life is given, and many letters bearing upon it which were never before published. The character of Jefferson has suffered much from the assaults of slander, or foul allegations which, originating perhaps from political animosity, have had so free and protracted a circulation that they have grown to enormous size and cast a dark shade in the estimation of the credulous and superficial upon the name of this noble man. Doubtless as a man Jefferson had his faults; but no one can read the simple heart-breathings of his soul in these letters to his nearest and dearest friends without feeling that the gifted forerunner of the American Constitution was a good man.

A portrait of Jefferson, from a painting by Gilbert Stuart, and a portrait of his daughter, Martha Jefferson Randolph, from a painting by Sully,

and also a view of Monticello, his favorite home, are published with the work.

DISEASES OF WOMEN; their Causes, Prevention, and Radical Cure. By Geo. H. Taylor, M.D. 12mo; pp. 318; cloth. Price, \$1 50. Philadelphia: Geo. Maclean, Publisher, 719 Sansom Street.

The small proportion of American women who enjoy really good health is a subject for common remark. A majority, probably, of these invalids are afflicted with symptoms referable to the pelvis. In evidence of the importance of this particular class of diseases, reference need only to be made to the fact that many eminent physicians devote themselves specially to its treatment.

It is claimed in this work that nearly all so-called female diseases are in their last analysis referable to muscular inaction and consequent laxity; that this prevents due sustentation of the suffering parts; and is the direct cause of the deficient circulation or congestion from which the most formidable forms of alteration in structure proceed.

The remedy pointed out is of the most radical nature. The book places the case in the invalid's own hand, and indicates the line of treatment adapted to strengthen the weak parts. It is, therefore, eminently practical and useful, both to those who desire to avoid the distressing maladies of which it treats, and to those who have long suffered them.

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT; Its Officers and Their Duties. By Ransom H. Gillet, formerly a Member of Congress from St. Lawrence County, N. Y.; more recently Register and Solicitor of the United States Treasury Department, Solicitor for the United States in the Court of Claims, Counselor-at-Law, etc. 12mo; pp. 444; cloth. Price, \$2. New York and Chicago: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co., Publishers.

Several volumes have recently been issued relating to public affairs, so that all citizens of the United States are themselves to blame if they do not make themselves more or less familiar with the genius and practical operations of American institutions.

The present work exhibits the result of extended investigation and careful analysis, and furnishes, in a brief and perspicuous style, the nature of the different departments of our general government and their respective duties. The early history of the formation of an independent nationality which developed the present powerful confederation, is a most valuable part of the book, and takes its proper place at the opening.

The knowledge furnished by this volume "will be highly useful to all, and especially to the American citizen when giving direction to our public affairs. Without knowing what the constitution and laws authorize and require, he can not give instructions to those intrusted with power, or determine whether they have been faithful to the trusts committed to them or worthy of future confidence."

MANUAL OF READING. In Four Parts: Orthophony, Class Methods, Gestures, and Elocution. Designed for Teachers and Students. By H. L. D. Potter. 12mo; cloth; pp. 418. Price, \$1 50. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This new work on the very important subject of reading contains many features in the way of illustrating inflection, cadence, etc., which certainly have the merit of newness, besides being well adapted to the wants of the ordinary school teacher who would teach reading as well as arithmetic, geography, and history. The author has aimed to include those gymnastic accessories which serve to develop and strengthen the vocal apparatus, so he furnishes in the early part of the book a well-illustrated and clearly detailed chapter on calisthenics. A brief synopsis of the "Manual" will include, Part First—Orthophony or Voice-training; Part Second—Class Methods, both primary and advanced; Part Third—Gestures; Part Fourth—Elocution, including a chapter on Rhetoric; a copious selection of pieces in prose and poetry for reading and recitation. In this last department, as in the textual or didactic departments, the author has shown a laudable discretion in that he has appreciated the capacity and needs of the young people in elocution.

CINCINNATI INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION, 1870. Report of the General Committee. One vol., octavo; pp. 400. With Plans of Buildings, etc. Published by the General Committee.

Perhaps this was one of the most worthy and successful expositions ever held in America, especially when we consider the number of inhabitants, wealth of the people, etc. On this occasion Cincinnati surpassed herself. We thought New York did well; but, all things considered, Cincinnati did better. The Report, now published in full, tells the whole story of the exhibition, receipts and expenses, speeches, etc., in one handsome volume. Here are the evidences of America's real greatness—her productions, agricultural, mechanical, mineral, etc.; and it is indeed most encouraging to note the vast strides making from year to year in the development of these foundation interests. We congratulate Cincinnati and these reunited States.

THE ISLAND NEIGHBORS. A Novel of American Life. By Antoinette Brown Blackwell. Octavo; pp. 140. Illustrated. Price, 75 cents. Harper & Brothers.

While unmarried, the author studied theology, and graduated from Oberlin. She was regularly ordained, entered the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, and preached for a time in South Butler, Wayne County, N. Y. Acquitting herself most satisfactorily, she was then called to New York, where she continued for some time in the ministry; married, and removed to New Jersey, where she now resides, devoting herself to domestic concerns—she has a family of several children—and to literature. If we mistake not, this is her second novel. She writes as she speaks, with fluency

and force. Thoroughly educated; a mind clear and comprehensive, she describes life as it is, and holds the attention of the hearer or the reader to the end. "Island Neighbors" will prove a success. It is handsomely illustrated and nicely published.

REINDEER, DOGS, AND SNOW-SHOES. A Journal of Siberian Travel and Explorations. By Richard J. Bush, late of the Russo-American Telegraph Expedition. With Illustrations. 12mo; pp. 530. Price, \$3. Harper & Brothers.

A singular title for a very interesting book. Besides a map showing the route surveyed, there are upward of forty illustrations, representing the most striking objects met with in Siberia, including animals, men, mountains, etc., all described in vivid language, calculated to instruct and entertain all readers. Our growing interests in the great Northwest renders such information most valuable. We are reaching the arctic seas through Russian territory, and must some time become neighbors of the Czar. Read what Mr. Bush says of his travels by land, ice, and sea, and learn something new.

LITTLE SUNSHINE'S HOLIDAY: A Picture from Life. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." 18mo; pp. 210. Price, 90 cents. Harper & Brothers.

We welcome the joyous "Little Sunshine," and look upon it as the promise of much good which must result from its extensive circulation. There are *causes* for happy children as well as for unhappy children. Let us learn the why and wherefore, and secure only happiness. If parents will but learn this one little lesson, they will take the first step toward a higher civilization.

THE YOUNG MECHANIC. Containing Directions for the Use of all Kinds of Tools, and for the Construction of Steam-engines and Mechanical Models, including the Art of Turning in Wood and Metal. By the Author of "The Lathe and its Uses," "Mechanics' Workshop," etc. From the English Edition, with Corrections, etc. Large 12mo; pp. 340. Price, \$1 75. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

One of the handsomest and most valuable of books for boys. It is illustrated with many engravings, showing how to build and work steam-engines and other machinery, described in such simple language that all "may see into it." If the book were placed within reach of *all* boys, it would increase vastly our powers of invention, and set the world ahead, through improvements in mechanism. The book is one of the most worthy and useful of its kind issued in years. Let it take the place of more costly gift books, and the boys will thank the givers.

TWELFTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art, with the Address of the Graduates and Pupils to Peter Cooper, Esq., and his Reply at the Annual Commencement. New York: G. A. Whitehorn, 43 Ann Street.

An interesting "annual" of a noble institution.

THERIAKI AND THEIR LAST DOSE. Dr. Samuel B. Collins. Chicago: *Evening Journal* Print.

A little pamphlet containing letters of Fitz-Hugh Ludlow and others, to Dr. Collins, relating to what is claimed to be the "most wonderful medical discovery of the age," viz., a remedy for the use of opium-eaters. If such poor slaves can find relief from the dominion of their tyrant in an antidote which shall not prove a mere substitute for the opium, they should know it. What the wonderful antidote is we do not find in the pamphlet. Why did not the Doctor give us an idea so that we can speak of it understandingly?

THE CHRISTIAN QUARTERLY, No. XI. July. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co., Publishers, Nos. 115 and 117 West Fourth Street.

This creditable publication contains the cream of the current literature relating to the Christian Church, besides much interesting matter of a general religious nature. The articles on "The Genuineness and Authenticity of the Gospels" and "Classic Baptism" are worth a careful reading by Christians universally. The *Quarterly* is published at \$3 a year. Address the above publishers.

A LATIN GRAMMAR FOR BEGINNERS.

By William Henry Waddell, Professor of Ancient Languages in the University of Georgia, author of "A Greek Grammar for Beginners." Price, \$1. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Within the compass of eighty-six pages the author has condensed the elementary principles of the Latin language, and at the same time presented them in such a form as serves to attract rather than to repel the young student.

THE IRON MASK. Being the Fourth Series of "The Three Guardsmen." By Alexander Dumas, author of "The Count of Monte-Cristo," "The Three Guardsmen," etc. One vol., octavo. Price, \$1. Philadelphia, Pa.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

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Those whose affections are weak or undeveloped may have them waked up by reading this story. But those whose affections are morbid or inordinate should not read this, nor any other exciting love story.

WON—NOT WOODED. A Novel. By the Author of "Bred in the Bone," "A Beggar on Horseback," etc. Price, 50 cents. No. 363 of Harper's Library of Select Novels.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION. A Novel. By Charles Reade. Part I. Price, 25 cents. With many original illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.

We can scarcely understand how respectable weeklies which find their way into homes of refinement and culture can publish such stories as this. For our part, we can not commend them; yet people will read.

FOR LACK OF GOLD. A Novel. By Charles Gibbon, author of "Robin Gray," etc. Paper, 50 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers. This is No. 364 of the "Library of Select Novels," arranged and published by these enterprising and veteran publishers of Franklin Square.

DODD AND MEAD'S SUNDAY-SCHOOL ANNUAL for 1871, containing much valuable information for Superintendents, Library Committees, Teachers, and Sunday-School workers generally. New York: Dodd & Mead, Publishers, No. 762 Broadway.

THE METHODIST, newspaper, has recently entered upon its twelfth volume under the most favorable auspices. It has an able corps of editors, including some of the most learned divines and professors in our educational institutions, and is conducted on business principles. While its name implies interest in a particular denomination, its general aim and character are broad enough to include Christians of all creeds. Those of our readers who have not yet seen this paper, should inclose a stamp to its publisher, Mr. George C. Halsted, and ask for a specimen number. A two-cent stamp will bring you a copy.

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE began a new volume—VIII.—with the July number. It is published monthly by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge in London; and Messrs. Pott & Amery, 13 Cooper Union, New York, are the American agents. Price, \$3 a year. This is without doubt one of the best of all our English religious monthlies. Send 25 cents for a specimen number, and judge its quality.

THE COACHMAKER'S INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL. Vol. VI. Terms, \$3 a year. J. D. Ware, Editor, 411 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Whatever is new or novel in carriage-making may be found in this excellent publication. It is a handsome quarto of some forty pages, with fine engraved illustrations, representing all interests connected with carriage manufacturing. Twenty-five cents to the publisher will secure a sample copy.

FOUR YEARS AT YALE.—This is the title of a new book now in the hands of Messrs. Chatfield & Co., New Haven, soon to be issued. It will doubtless prove of interest to college students, as well as furnish much desired information to those who have not had the advantages of collegiate training. Printed on fine paper; 728 pp. Price, \$2 50.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. LIII.—No. 4.]

October, 1877.

[WHOLE No. 393.]



WILLIAM CLAFLIN, GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THE organization of this gentleman indicates a few prominent characteristics which have enabled him to take an influential place in whatever direction his life has led him. He has a combination of organs which leads him to

form very specific individual opinions, and he early in life learned to decide questions from his own point of view. He does not look through other people's spectacles. Facts which he acquires himself are to him more positive and decided than a thousand metaphysical opinions, and his mind is centered, focalized, pointed, and positive, rather than broad, comprehensive, and philosophical.

People who have to do with him in business and otherwise will sometimes think him narrow and illiberal because he is so self-controlled, and because he must judge of affairs from his own knowledge and modes of thinking.

As a business man, his judgment would be very practical and very independent. He is capable of looking after details sharply, and if he were a scholar in science he would be likely to take hold of some specific line of investigation and become master of it. He would have made an excellent physician, would have read disease like a book, and seen, as it were, through and through a patient.

As a business man, he looks after practical affairs, and though he may have book-keepers, he wants to see the books; though he may have salesmen, he would like to be in the midst of his business.

As a manufacturer, he would be very discriminating, would learn how to make an article with less expense than most men. He has what may be called common sense—a mind that acts directly, not with wide philosophic sweeps, but with microscopic analysis and discrimination. Then he has an excellent memory. Every fact which he acquires himself becomes a part of himself. He talks to the point; tells a story as he understands it, and always succeeds in making himself understood. He is a real critic, especially of character, and he moves among men as if he understood them. He has a great deal of self-reliance which does not come from a spirit of bombast and

haughtiness, but from that self-centered individualism of which we have spoken.

He is firm, some think unreasonably so. He is dignified and has self-respect. He has a fair degree of prudence, but is not very much governed by policy. He has reverence for things sacred, is polite and respectful to persons of eminence; is sympathetic and kind-hearted; would be an enterprising business man and a generous neighbor. Poor people would be likely to think highly of him, not because of his lavish gifts to them, so much as because of his practical common sense.

His Conscientiousness, Hope, Spirituality, and Imitation do not seem to be so strong as the middle line of organs, Benevolence, Veneration, Firmness, and Self-Esteem. His head seems to slope rather rapidly from the center, hence he is not very conformatory in the way of imitating public customs. He is more practical than speculative in his religious feelings and belief. He trusts to energy and practical skill rather than to luck and fortune. He aims to do that which is right between man and man without being a slave to morbid Conscientiousness, and exercises considerable liberality toward people who think differently from him. He does not set up his conscience as a rule for all, therefore does not make his conscience a tyrant. The indications of social affection are strongly marked in the face; he is a good friend, a great worker, prompt, practical, energetic, clear-headed, able to adapt himself to daily duties and practical affairs of life. He has dignity, self-reliance, determination, ready intelligence, clearness of perception, and decided practical business talent, with enough Acquisitiveness to give him a desire for wealth, and enough Benevolence and Friendship to make him use it liberally.

In the political world of New England we find that manufacturing and commercial interests take a leading place through representatives who are to be found occupying the

highest offices in the gift of the people. Rhode Island rejoices in a Governor whose integrity and energy in discharging the duties of his important office were only equalled by his well-known adherence to principle and his unwearied enterprise in the conduct of an extensive manufacturing business. So, too, Massachusetts boasts a Governor drawn from the absorbing cares of a manufacturing pursuit to take the helm of state. These men, and many others who grace positions in the halls of legislation, have completely exploded an old impression, that only men educated in statesmanship through the easy avenue of the legal profession were fit for eminent office. Business men are practical men, they have everything at stake in the prosperity and tranquillity of the country; and while they may not have a higher perception of statesmanship than lawyers, may not be none the less fitted to deal with the ordinary affairs of states and municipalities. Intelligent and enterprising men among our commercial and industrial classes generally take some interest in the political affairs of their community, State, or nation; the stronger their patriotism the deeper their sense of obligation in this respect; and men of this stamp often prove the wisest and safest guardians of the public weal. We do not hear complaints or criticisms from any source that the Governor of Rhode Island or the Governor of Massachusetts is not capable and efficient as a public officer, but, on the contrary, a wise and progressive administration of the affairs of their respective States is generally conceded to them by political opponents and friends alike. Men who have been in political life from youth, who have been more or less intimately connected with office, are liable to lose sight of matters which are of importance in the ordinary enterprises of trade and industry. Men who have been closely connected with business enterprises for years, when called to assume the functions of office, carry with them their experience, which experience is most important in shaping the details of public measures. In the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in the different legislative bodies, and in fact in all public bodies of men, are to be found those who have made fortunes in commerce and manufactures, and whose intel-

lectual capacity and sound judgment make them most valuable counselors.

But to our subject: Governor Claflin was born at Milford, Mass., March 6th, 1818. His father was a tanner, and he has drily remarked of himself that he "was born in a tannery and baptized in a lime-vat." At an early period in life he exhibited an unusual aptitude for business; and in keeping with the majority of the young men of New England, when they have attained their majority, he announced his determination to go West to seek his fortune. It was in 1839 that he traveled to what was then very far west, the city of St. Louis. There he commenced operations for himself in the boot, shoe, and leather trade. From a small beginning his tact and enterprise soon built up a respectable business. In 1845 he returned to Boston, with the purpose of establishing himself in the manufacture of boots and shoes. His venture proved highly successful, and a series of expansions took place in his business to keep pace with the increasing demands of trade until he has become the proprietor of a number of boot and shoe factories and tanneries in different parts of Massachusetts, employing upward of five hundred hands.

Mr. Claflin has also been active in the politics of his State for more than twenty years. From 1849 to 1852 he was a member of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, being elected from Hopkinton. He served in the State Senate in 1860 and 1861, presiding over the proceedings of that body in the latter year. The chairmanship of the State Central Committee was long intrusted to him as one of the most far-seeing and efficient members of his party—the Republican.

In 1868 he was elected Chairman of the National Committee, of which he had been a member for many years. At the State election in November, 1865, he was elected Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, and in the fall of 1868 he was elevated from that honorable position, which he had filled with becoming dignity and efficiency, to the governorship. In the elections for State officers in the falls of 1869 and 1870, the confidence of the people of Massachusetts was evinced in their repeated confirmation of Mr. Claflin in the gubernatorial office.

Notwithstanding his political associations,

Governor Claflin is above partisanship; his views are among the most advanced, believing in his heart the doctrine of true democracy—the equality and fraternity of all men. His social and domestic habits are worthy of praise; he is strictly temperate, never touching or offering alcoholic beverages; at the same time he believes in the right and duty of prohibition, although he does not affiliate with extremists upon this much vexed ques-

tion. He is liberal in charity, but unostentatious, dispensing his wealth with a free hand wherever his discreet judgment determines it will prove an agent of good. Inflexible in his principle, soaring in his patriotism, devoted to the welfare of the people, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the public career of Governor Claflin, already brilliant, will prove an exceptionally happy one for his State, and perhaps for the country at large.

PHILOSOPHY—ITS NATURE AND OFFICE.

BY HENRY C. PEDDER.

THAT the term Philosophy derives its origin from two Greek words signifying love and wisdom, is a fact with which we are all more or less familiar, but that in its widest sense it possesses a deeper significance, it is the purpose of this essay to convey. The world moves, and we move with it; but in our course there are many landmarks which to an observant mind afford the most valuable assistance in contemplating that most complex of subjects, human nature. Foremost among these is philosophy;—philosophy not as it is commonly understood in the spirit of a recluse shutting out the world and ending in asceticism, but philosophy emanating from the human mind as the expression of an inborn sentiment whose function is the discovery of truth, and its application to the laws of life.

In our imagination, if we carry ourselves back to primitive and pre-historic times, it is true that we realize great difficulty in thinking of the earliest man as a philosopher; but even in this instance there is not an entire absence of that feeling or tendency which at a later period developed into the Ionic and Eleatic schools, the Pythagoreans and Sophists, and in more modern times into the Cartesian philosophy, the theodicy of Spinoza, and the skepticism of Hume. As a supposition, we will grant that primitive man possessed no consciousness save of his own existence; in fact, that at first he was an Autotheist—his own God. But soon there comes a change. Gradually he awakens into a more perfect consciousness, and becomes impressed with the idea of a force superior to his own. The heavens above impress him with a feeling of awe. The thunder startles, the lightning frightens him; and everywhere he is surrounded by effects which suggest a power superior to, and acting independently of, his own being. At one moment nature appears to him tender, affectionate, beautiful; and as such he worships her. At another, she is angry, violent,

cruel; and as such he cowers before her in fear. In short, he lived, he felt, he dreamed; and from this point philosophy began. True, there is (as I have already said) a wonderful difference between philosophy as it appears in its first effort toward articulation, and philosophy as it existed at a maturer age of the world, but still there is a resemblance which no thoughtful mind will think of ignoring. Between the first man gazing in bewilderment on the virgin earth and Bacon elaborating and expounding his inductive philosophy, there certainly are many degrees of difference; but in this, the fact is to be accounted for rather in the process of development than in any *natural* difference between the men. In a general sense, human nature is the same all over the world; and in this respect the tendency to philosophize, though amounting in one age to nothing more than a vulgar superstition, and in another to a comprehensive range of inductive reasoning, still evinces a certain general resemblance which we are warranted in attributing to some inherent characteristic of the human race. Indeed, it is well to observe that notwithstanding the rapid advance which the world has made, the superstitious and philosophical elements, although in many respects antithetical, have never been wholly separable from each other. From the beginning of time men have opened their eyes upon a world which is full of echoes of a mysterious character; and in this connection the philosophic and religious tendencies have always acted and reacted on each other. In the impulse of their affections our ancestors worshiped the sun, because it cheered them by day, and the moon, because it cheered them by night; and thus the gradual outgrowth of the religious sentiment. In the impulse of their reason they speculated on the influences which they so visibly felt but which they could not account for; and thus philosophy originated.

As ages roll on, and the world grows wiser

in experience, it matters not that we find such men as Zoroaster, Confucius, and Kapila outgrowing the impressions of their cotemporaries and launching out into deeper water. In the progress of the world, ages change, minds oscillate, the past is looked on as a dream; but in the midst of all this there are certain elements of our nature which remain the same, and which, whatever their peculiarities of outward manifestation, can only be regarded as indestructible bases upon which the fabric of society must always rest. With this class or species I class philosophy, or, more properly, the philosophical tendency. The uncultivated man looks out upon the world; he feels his dependence; he peoples the universe with strange, fantastic shapes; he realizes his own consciousness, and he asks himself the reason why. The semi-civilized man looks out upon the world; he marks the revolutions of the day and night, the changing of the seasons, the fluctuation of the tides, the productive capacity of the earth, the supremacy of man over the lower animals, and he asks himself the reason why. Again, the cultivated man looks out upon the world; he marks the revolution of the planets; he traces through the telescope that there are systems upon systems of worlds far greater than our own; he sees that there are certain laws implanted for the government of the universe which no mortal can suspend; he reads everywhere the evidences of adaptation and design; he touches accidentally some secret spring in nature's machinery, and he is amazed at the boundless wisdom which his discovery unfolds; he stretches out his hand, and in the act he recognizes the presence of a mysterious will; he looks upon society, and he sees that vice and unhappiness, virtue and happiness, are inseparable; all this he sees, and he likewise asks himself the reason why.

From these considerations, therefore, what is the inference? Is it that philosophy had no existence until we arrive at that phase of the world's history when it becomes most prominent under Grecian civilization? and is it, again (as is too commonly supposed), that its function has ceased because the teachings of Christianity have superseded philosophy as it then existed? Clearly not. Respecting the first question, it can safely be asserted that there never has been a time in the history of the human race when philosophy, or at least *the tendency to philosophize*, did not exist. With regard to the second, it can also be as surely accepted that there never will be a time when its existence and importance will be dispensa-

ble. Measuring it from our present standpoint, it may appear during its earliest stages as a very insignificant factor in the problem of progress; but really it has always been a very important constituent in man's progressive nature. Simple as it was, imperfect as it has been, its value has not consisted so much in any truth which it inculcated, but in the impetus which it has given, and will always give, to the man's whole nature. As human beings, its functions become coexistent with that of our life, and as such can not be thought of otherwise than as inseparable from our development in the past, and indispensable to our progress in the future. With the advent of Christianity the world made a tremendous stride in advance of the polytheism of the Greeks and the harsh monotheism of the Jews; but in this act of transition the function of philosophy did not cease.

As it then existed, it could not of course be resuscitated; but the germ did not die. It underwent a new series of climatic influences, and reappeared more beautiful because more true. After having traversed the different phases of naturalism, idealism, sensualism, dualism, and pantheism; and after having wearied itself with alternately discussing the universe as the object, and man as the subject of all knowledge, philosophy fell as it were into a sleep beneath the soothing influences of Christianity, but destined to awake invigorated, refreshed, enlightened, and with a more glorious future before it. In the fullness of time a new era had arrived,—an advent which although it annihilated paganism did not exterminate philosophy. The Olympian dynasty was ended; but the spirit which actuated Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus, and Zeno, and which enabled them to wield such a marvelous influence over their countrymen, was not dead. In the spiritual world, or realm of man's real life, a glorious transformation was taking place. The bonds of sympathy between the heavens and the earth were strengthened; but philosophy was not neutralized.

As the wheels of time roll on, and we accumulate the experiences of the past, enlarging our minds and rising to a higher appreciation of our destiny, there can be no doubt that Religion will always claim a very large share of our attention; but even this does not invalidate the claims of Philosophy. As man is constituted, he is essentially a dual character. He has faculties which relate to the reason, and faculties which relate to the affections. With the former of these it is the province of

Philosophy to dwell. With the latter it is the province of Religion. Religion comes to man in all the affection of motherhood, binds up his wounds, caresses him, consoles him in his sorrows, and tells him of a world beyond the grave; and in this its constant purpose is to draw man to heaven through his affections. Philosophy, on the other hand (though by no means necessarily stoical), seeks always for the realization of abstract truths, the discovery of laws and their relationship to life; and thus it seeks to elevate man through his reason. In Philosophy it is not that there is no affection; nor is it that in Religion there is no reason. The true difference is, that in the one the intellectual predominates; and in the other, the sentimental—a circumstance which I wish especially to emphasize, as it relates very intimately to the position which I would assign to Philosophy in the future; while it also enables us to realize the very important fact, that there is nothing in Philosophy antagonistic to Religion, except in those respects wherein the teachings of the latter are so far at variance with reason as to render it unsuited to the enlarging views of an advancing age. As an example of this, let us look for a moment at the contest which geology has so successfully waged against the long-established belief that the world was made in six days.

Instead of being the flash of an instant, or the hurried production of a week, this science has asked for, and at length obtained, millions of ages for a process which is to this day as active as it ever has been. At first theology opposed this inroad vehemently; but at length it has been obliged to give way, and man is a gainer instead of a loser by the change. Geology has carried its point, but the religious sentiment still exists. We worship the same God, but we worship him under a wider and more enlarged view of his characteristics.

Similar also will be the process and the result with respect to Philosophy. In obedience to the same principle and desire after truth which induced the explorations of geology, there has been for some time a growing dissatisfaction among thoughtful men, which has found its expression in Philosophy. Following out the course which the natural sciences suggest, reflective minds have been gradually emerging into a more comprehensive range of thought. Larger space, longer time, slower movements, more subtle and finer gradations than our ancestors dreamed of have everywhere to be admitted. On the whole, we are passing over to the idea of evolution rather

than of creation, of a gradual creeping upward rather than a sudden and instantaneous lead out of darkness into light, of the lower types preceding the higher, and the better coming out of the worse.

Now, the question is, what is the meaning of this change?

For my own part (and I think most thoughtful minds will indorse my theory), it is an enlargement of our consciousness, and a corresponding desire for a wider range of truth. And as the basis of this sentiment we find Philosophy. In the language of an eminent writer, "Other pursuits may do more to increase our stock of positive and definite knowledge, but without this to furnish impulse and interpretation, their zeal is unspeakably lowered, and their results are but a barren sand-heap of particulars."

Indeed, it is the natural language of the human soul, seeking everywhere and in everything to discover the manifestations of truth. In its methods of expression and the inferences which it draws, it naturally varies with the general culture; but in all instances its purpose is the same. The physical sciences, the *littera humaniores*, and theology severally occupy themselves with their respective provinces; but Philosophy embraces them all, and by its deductions, comparisons, and groupings seeks perpetually to elevate man into a nobler and more perfect appreciation of his destiny. Without Religion, man would certainly be a very disconsolate animal; but without Philosophy to invigorate and sublimize his reason, he would fall miserably short in some of the grandest conceptions that come within the range of human existence. Religion is not Philosophy, nor is Philosophy Religion; but in anything approaching to a proper adjustment of their functions, their orbits would be like two brilliant stars revolving round the central sun of truth. Religion (as I have before said) is that which takes the world up in its arms, alleviates its sorrows, consoles it in affliction, vindicates virtue, denounces vice; and by the cultivation of our spiritual faculties intensifies and purifies the sentiment of reciprocity between the creature and the Creator. Philosophy, on the other hand, emanating as it does from the relationship between man and the world, impels the mind forward in an endless exploration of the great Unknown. Without the religious element operating in the manner I have described and acting as a static force on society, it must be admitted that Philosophy would never regenerate the world; but

with Religion operating on the hearts of men, and Philosophy beautifying the intellectual firmament with its scintillations of thought, there is no reason why the world's motto should not be "Excelsior," and its future an endless growth and perpetual development in the mysteries of wisdom. That "we can know nothing but phenomena," may, to a great extent, be true; but so long as there is a soul in man, a God in nature, and beauty in the universe, the voice of Philosophy will always be heard. It is the outgrowth of that *oûsia* which constitutes our *real* selves.

"Serene Philosophy,
Effusive source of evidence and truth!
Without thee what were unenlightened man?
A savage roaring through the woods and wilds,
Rough clad, devoid of every finer art
And elegance of life."

EYE-OPENERS.

BY THE REV. A. M'ELROY WYLIE.

A YOUNG pup starts with its eyes shut, and a baby with its eyes open. This is Nature saying to us in the one case, "I have given the pup instinct, which can not err so far as it goes; therefore there is no need of its having its eyes open at the outset; but to the babe I have given not only instinct, but reason, which begins very small, and yet is capable of indefinite development; therefore undeveloped manhood is launched upon life with its eyes open."

There is another great difference between the man and the animal. The brute looks with but one pair of eyes, while man sees, or ought to see, with two pairs. The instant an animal's perceptive powers act through the eyes, that instant the infallible instinct telegraphs its conclusions, and action is correspondent and instantaneous. At best, however, this affords the brute but a very limited range. The lot, as it were, upon which it exists is very short and very narrow, and it is filled from end to end with its little habitation; while, on the other hand, the lot on which a man lives is both wide and long, and the tenement in which he starts is very limited; but he commands unbounded room on which he can push out and add and build just according to his enterprise and growth; and it is for him to say whether his house shall be a dog-kennel, a hovel, a cottage, a mansion, or a palace.

A man looks, or is supposed to look, with two pairs of eyes; and those visual organs which we see in the head are of small account compared with the other pair which, we pre-

sume, hold their place in the invisible sanctuary, just behind the bodily organs of sight. A man never gets his eyes open until he brings these two pairs of organs into the same line, and of the two, as we have said, the inner and invisible are immeasurably of the most consequence.

A Prescott, a Milburn, or a Parvin (of Philadelphia) can see more, although utterly blind as to their bodily sight, than the millions around them who by nature enjoy the clearest possible vision. We think that this point will be conceded without gainsaying or dispute. When we speak, therefore, of men having or not having their eyes opened, we must mean that they either have or have not the inner vision in a state of correspondence with the bodily organs of sight.

Some men never seem to cut their mental eye-teeth. They go blundering along through the world as if they had no memory and no observation. If they had memory, they would learn from their own experience of the past; if they had observation, they would discern and distinguish advantages and disadvantages in the present; and if they had humility, they would allow themselves to be at least suggestively guided by the larger and fuller life and the experience of older friends.

All along our journey we meet with stations where the process of couching and adjusting these eyes is carried on.

Success in life is not by any means a question of putting a man in the midst of abundance of material and countless advantages. Thousands of persons trod over the hills and valleys of California before the time of Sutter, but none of them saw a particle of the gold which was left for his eyes to discover. And so life is full of golden advantages all around us, had we only the eyes to see them. The trouble is, the eyes of most of us are not open. We do not speak at all of those great intuitions, those flashing hints of genius, which seem like inspirations from Heaven, but we speak of this utter want of adjustment between the inner and the outward eyes.

Men are filling avocations all about us who are blocks in the road, instead of moving and carrying vehicles. They are a misery to themselves, a hindrance to others, and are waved aside with the exclamation, "Oh, he hasn't got his eyes opened yet!"

We can have a great deal of patience with an adult or a boy who is *beginning* to see, though he may behold men only as "trees walking," if he will only show us that he is not putting the specters of his prejudices and

impressions,—his “seems-to-me,”—in the front of plain facts and principles, and swear that his wretched hobgoblins *are* the real sensible verities themselves. Anything but that!

And yet one meets every day with men who never seem to see out of their eyes; they are forever discoursing upon some ideals of their own. In this case the bodily organs do not correct the sights of the mental eyes, and so the man's vision is useless; and one does not know but it would be a gain for him to lose his organs of vision altogether.

There are two principal classes of men that never seem to get their eyes open. There is one class that never seem to see what has been going on or is transpiring during the present generation. The great men all lived thirty, forty, a hundred years ago. There is nothing of consequence happening to-day.

The battle fought fifty years since between twenty regiments of men was far greater than the battle of to-day between six hundred thousand men armed with the best weapons produced by modern art. And so on all the way through! He sees nothing closer than five decades of years. To such an observer a half-decayed finger-bone of a remote era is of more importance than a whole thoroughfare thronged with the living dramas of to-day. In this class the memory is more powerful than the perceptive powers; and when this organization is combined with great reverence and ideality, the present world is next to a non-existence, and the man may be literally said to see nothing, though he may appear to walk with his eyes wide open.

Another class, as before intimated, haven't their eyes open because their mental images are more powerful than those images which are formed upon the retina by the material and solid objects standing around them. These are eminently the visionary; not because they do not see with the eye, but because visions of the mind set aside or supplant the impressions made by the sense.

This article, however, has reference more especially to the “eye-openers;” but we could not speak of these without first dwelling somewhat upon the patients who need to have this malady of a false or distorted vision corrected.

We observe a great difference in children, and the first “eye-openers” ought to be the parents themselves. Some children have strange, unreasonable, or even monstrous conceits. We knew well just such a case. But too often these conceits are indulged and even encouraged by the parents. In the case referred to,

the boy was allowed to revel in fiction until he lost the power to discern the difference between the impressions conveyed by the real and the ideal. He became a consummate liar, and utterly unreliable. The whole basis of a true manhood seemed to have dropped out, and he developed into nothing either useful or honorable. Now, had the parents pursued a different course; had they forbidden, absolutely, the inordinate use of fiction; had they compelled him to submit to a drill in mathematics; had they sent him to a large college where he would have experienced a little more of the rough of life, and where he would have learned how to *place* himself among men in the actual world around him, he might have had his eyes opened. As it was, they pursued the opposite course, and the man is likely to go out of the world an enigma to himself, an enigma to others, and generally a useless and cumbersome thing in his generation.

This and similar instances point the moral to *education* as the counteractive. Children should be watched, and should be so trained that their mental eyes will be adjusted *in a line* with their bodily eyes. Precisely here comes in the importance of morality and true mental science. Check every disposition and every attempt to draw inferences which are not warranted by the *facts* of the case. Direct the mental eye in the course of the actual eyesight.

It is perhaps just here that Americans are peculiarly liable to go astray, all the popular impressions to the contrary notwithstanding. This running after visions makes us a speculative people, and therefore often a sadly-smitten people. We take it that a speculative character is one who never has his eyes opened.

The combined sciences of Physiology and Phrenology, or Mental Science, constitute a mighty eye-opener. We have known it to operate thus in many an instance. To-day our pulpits, our professions, our business walks are marred by the most terrible failures, all in consequence of ignorance respecting these sciences which are among the best friends to the human race. A man would consider himself a fool to undertake to drive the mighty enginery of an ocean steamer having never studied the nature and uses of applied steam-power; and yet the same man will undertake to run in himself a duplex piece of machinery so complicated and delicate that in comparison the most ponderous mechanism is simplicity itself.

Now we hold it as well-nigh self-evident, that these two parts of our being—the physical and the spiritual—must be adjusted, or we shall

never walk in the way of a clear and perfected vision. We must adjust the soul-lenses and the body-lenses, or we shall see double or distorted in some dangerous and miserable fashion. This result is inevitable. Now we know of no greater eye-opener for this world than the study of these sciences as applied to life.

And if we go a *little* (or, as to that, a little *more*) into Phrenology, distinctively so called, it will be all the better. We shall thus begin to understand ourselves more accurately and know more truly how to use ourselves to the greatest possible advantage. A man may even have his eyes opened to the interests of the next world, and yet, if he fail here, he may never have his eyes opened to his true interest and comfort in this. On what other supposition can we account for the numerous facts we see around us? If godliness carries a promise

of both worlds (in the high and truer sense) in each hand, how is it that multitudes *do not* find it profitable for the present world even in the very teeth of the declaration of inspiration? Is it not all simply solved here? that whereas their eyes have been opened to discern the spiritual, they have *not* opened their eyes to discern aright the present and material?

In short, while seeking to observe the laws of revealed religion, they violate the laws of *natural* religion. Hence the misery, the failures; hence the need of a few common-sense *eye-openers*; and hence the beneficent errand of a true science and a true training.

We need not shrink from the deductions of true science, for science which is *not* falsely so-called is a twin teacher to true religion, and is not to be despised among the mighty agencies which develop a man toward the highest good.

THE YOUTHFULNESS OF THE WORLD; OR, PROGRESSIVE DEVELOPMENT.

WHEN WILL THE END BE?

BY REV. WILLIAM PITTENGER.

WE find ourselves, with all our interests, placed on this big, round globe called the Earth, which turns on its axis and flies around the sun. To a casual observer it presents an appearance of durability and permanence. Many of its features seem absolutely fixed, and others exhibit a regularity and recurrence in their changes not less impressive. Tennyson gives beautiful and forcible expression to the feelings aroused by the durable character of natural scenery. In his poem entitled "The Brook," a man loiters beside a little streamlet, amid scenes hallowed by youthful memories. Some of his early friends are in the grave; others wander in distant lands, under foreign stars. Everything is changed except the little brook, which soon begins to talk:

"I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever."

"I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers,—
I move the sweet forget-me-nots,
That grow for happy lovers."

"I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars,
I loiter round my cresses."

"And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever."

If the tiny rivulet speaks such a language, how much more impressive is the calm, majestic flow of a mighty river as it sparkles on unchanged from month to month and from age to age! The mountains that lift their giant forms far above the lowly valleys, rooted deep in the earth and built of living rock, seem to have eternity written upon them in no equivocal characters. But ocean, old ocean, the mightiest of earthly objects, and best image of its Maker, shows no sign of decay. Changing perpetually, it is never changed. Its surf-beat, by which the rocks are pulverized, rolls out the same "low thunder" as when the first mortal stood on the beach trembling before the image of infinity. Even the winds and clouds, the most inconstant seemingly of nature's phenomena, return in new, unceasing combinations. The seasons run their round, but ever come back to the same initial point, the circle of their revolutions always retaining the one position and circumference. It requires an effort, when we look upon the solid reality of the earth, and the system of which it is the physical

basis, to believe that it will ever pass away or be essentially modified. Our feelings do not readily respond to the solemn and poetic prophecy of the great bard :

"Like the baseless fabric of a vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And like an insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wrack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

Such a prospect, so far as it relates to the world, is instinctively rejected. We are transitory enough, but the great permanent outlines of natural scenery appear in sharp contrast with our own fleeting existence. The generations of men are like the waves that roll one after another to the shore and perish, but others constantly arise, and the ocean out of whose depths they are called is not diminished one drop !

Of the earth, we now make the direct demand, "How old art thou?" Such a question addressed to an individual would be invidious, for, unlike the world, he knows that his life is confined within certain narrow limits that can not be overpassed, and the acquainting of others with his nearness to these might possibly be of disadvantage to him. But for the globe, no such bounds have been discovered. We have not witnessed the birth and death of worlds, or we might form an opinion from analogy as to the duration of our own. But the inquiry remains of deep interest, "Is our earth in the early morning, the hot noon, or the cold and gray evening of her age?" To know how many years it has stood will not avail, unless we can learn what proportion these bear to the whole amount. This is the question now before us, and we will gladly welcome information from any source.

The ancients thought the world was eternal. Some believed it to be in the process of limitless development—a process that could no more be traced to its origin than to its close; but the majority held to the really more rational view of the eternity of matter in its present form. When the authority of the Bible was accepted, a great change in such speculations followed. The first sentence announced the wonderful fact of creation. Prophecies appeared on its pages, at first

obscure, but farther on becoming more explicit, of an approaching end. The whole world-system, it was stated, would be wound up with the imposing solemnity of a final judgment. A complete revolution was thus wrought in the mind of Christendom, and every deduction from nature's stability overthrown.

We do not propose to question the truth of revelation, but only to ask what it requires us to believe. If its testimony in regard not merely to a future termination of terrestrial existence, but also to the exact time of that termination, is positive and definite, we will look no farther. But if not, we will appeal without hesitation to whatever light is given by science or history.

In maintaining the youthfulness of the world, we wish to do more than controvert the views of that small class known as Adventists or Millerites. Poor fellows! They deserve only pity. Hard would that heart be which could take advantage of their misfortunes. Disappointment after disappointment has fallen upon them, and there is something sublime in the faith with which they go to work to calculate a new day for our Lord's advent, each time he fails to fall in with their previous arrangements !

But there is a very different class, embracing probably a majority of Christians, having either a vague impression or a decided conviction that we now live in the last period of history, and that very soon all things will be changed. We look upon this belief as not simply mistaken, but harmful. By it, the sinews of all far-reaching enterprises are relaxed, for who will begin a work if he really thinks the crack of doom will come before he can reap the fruit of it? Especially does the great work of missions suffer. The conversion of heathen nations is a slow process, and if Christ is soon to come with clouds and trumpets to do by wholesale what we can only do by dribblets, the temptation is almost irresistible to wait for him.

At the outset of this discussion we desire to caution you against letting imagination have too much weight. The prospect of the speedy ending of the world presents a dazzling and glorious image which in its very terror has a strong charm for many minds. The folding away of the clouds, the appearance of the

Judge robed in intolerable splendor, the blaze of conflagrated seas and mountains, the terrible voice of the trumpet rending the graves and reaching the ear of death, our own ascension into the air to mingle with the fast gathering armies of the blessed,—these wonders would transcend anything of earthly experience. "Shall they not," imagination asks, "be witnessed in this age, which already is so much grander than all that have preceded it?"

We now turn to the Scriptural declarations concerning the world's future duration. They are supposed to be of two kinds: first, prophecies of the date of the consummation of all things; second, prophetic descriptions of the state of the world at that period, which descriptions may or may not agree with events now occurring.

As we have little taste for text twisting we will quote one passage only, not in support of our position, but against that of our opponents. Near the close of Christ's ministry his disciples put to him, in the most direct form, the very question we have in hand:

"Tell us, when shall these things be, and what shall be the sign of thy coming, and of the end of the world?"

Listen now to the response of Jesus. After speaking in vivid language of the destruction of Jerusalem, with many references to the end of the world typified by that event, he concludes: "But of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, neither the Son, but the Father."

Is it likely that we can so interpret the Bible as to get from it knowledge that none of the angels, nor Christ himself, possessed? We may safely take it for granted that the field is open for our investigations.

But respect for those who hold opposite opinions demands that we look at the Scripture proofs they adduce. Not having time to take them up one by one, we throw them into classes, and present a specimen or two of the most plausible from each.

The first class is that of warnings. Of this, the parable of the ten virgins, and the admonitions to watch based upon it, is a fair example. Paul says (Romans xiii. 12), "The day is at hand." John says (Revelation i. 3), "The time is at hand." Perhaps the most

explicit of all is 1 Peter iv. 7: "But the end of all things is at hand. Be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer."

What is the literal meaning of such declarations and cautions? That the close of the present dispensation was imminent in the times of the Apostles? Scarcely; for all the men of that generation have been in their graves for eighteen hundred years! Any mode of interpretation which can carry these predictions forward to our day over such an enormous interval of time, can just as easily provide for an interval a hundred times greater. The true explanation, we think, must show such warnings to be appropriate to any day, even the earliest. Death is at hand for every man; and unless the Roman Catholic doctrine of purgatory be true, it will fix our account unalterably for the judgment. If a million years intervened between the day of our death and the last great day, it will be practically the same to each one as if the world terminated just when he left it. The judgment is moving steadily toward our world, though probably yet at a great distance; but we are liable to be snatched up at any moment, and instantly brought face to face with it. On this interpretation all the Biblical warnings become perfectly intelligible.

Our second class of millenarian proofs is made up of texts that associate or group the end of the world with other events. Some of these predicted events are accomplished; others in the natural course of things are likely to be. It is then assumed that the whole of these prophecies contained in one passage or paragraph must be fulfilled about the same time. But this does not necessarily follow. Future events may be spoken of in the same breath because of some resemblance or relation between them, without regard to the time of their occurrence. Physical analogies make this clear. Two mountains miles apart may seem very close together if one is in a line beyond the other. Two stars may appear one when actually farther apart than the earth is from the nearest. A good Scripture example of such collocation is found in the predictions of the first Advent. The coming of the Messiah and the universal diffusion of his kingdom are usually spoken of without any separation in time of the two events.

The one resulted from the other, and they are therefore properly joined together; yet eighteen hundred and seventy years already lie between them. The destruction of Jerusalem, already referred to as a type of the end of the world, was so closely joined to that event by the Saviour in his predictions, that it requires a very acute commentator to separate them. Of the same character, in this respect, is the much-quoted prophecy of the man of sin, whom the Lord is to destroy with the brightness of his coming. How far before him that brightness is to be cast we are not informed. It may be ten thousand years. In Daniel's vision of the four beasts, the placing of the thrones and the sitting of the Ancient of Days follows the rise of the ten-horned beast. But this proves no closer connection in time than in the case of the prophecies already fulfilled.

The last class of supposed millenarian prophecies is still more interesting. It embraces mysterious numbers believed to tell—if we could only find the proper key—the exact duration of the world and some of the principal events of its history. Keys enough have been manufactured; but the difficulty consists in getting them to fit. The manner in which the expression “a time, times, and half a time” has been treated will serve to exhibit the zeal of interpreters. “A time” was a year. Certainly! How plain! Then “times” was two years. Why not five hundred? But grant that it was no more than two. “Half a time” of course was half a year. Then each day of the three and a half years thus found stands for a year. Why not for a century? But waving that objection, we have 1,277½ years, or, as these calculators say that prophecy deals only in round numbers, we will count 360 days to the year, making the famous period of 1,200 years. Next, some point has to be found for starting on a new calculation. We will still be liberal, and allow the calculator to begin just where he pleases.

What now is the result finally attained? Precisely what a sane man would expect. Every prediction made on such premises—and they have not been few—has been proved false. Small encouragement for commentators to pry farther into the mysteries of God! The number 666 has been treated, or rather

maltreated, in the same way. No wonder that poor Daniel, less gifted than some of modern times, is driven to confess, “And I heard, but I understood not.”

The greater part of these blunders arises from a total misconception of the purposes of prophecy. It was not intended as an almanac for the world. Still less was it to be a fortune-teller's manual, in which adepts could read coming destiny. We think it had two great purposes, both nobler than the satisfying of mere curiosity—to reveal in dim but grand outlines the coming conflict throughout the ages between good and evil, with the certain triumph of the former, so that men's hearts should not fail them in the struggle; and to furnish evidence for the divinity of the Scriptures, made fresh for every age, as the prophecies on their pages were gradually explained by the only true interpreter—time. These purposes require the veil of mystic symbols in which prophecy has been draped—a veil that can not be lifted by human hand until the future has glided into the past through the gateway of the present.

As a striking, and indeed pivotal, instance of this obscurity of prophecy while unfulfilled, glance at the Old Testament predictions of Christ. How plain they now seem since the life of the divine Galilean stands as a commentary on them! Yet the Jews, who studied them with passionate devotion, did not comprehend them. Even his disciples were equally ignorant until their sorrow at the cross, and joy beside that empty grave, taught them, as even the words of him who spoke with more than earthly wisdom could not do.

We have thus reviewed all the direct arguments adduced from the Bible in favor of the speedy ending of the world. They do not seem very positive. But the inferences based upon the supposed state of the world in the last day have probably more force in the public mind. Do not all events show that the world is now drawing near its close, and preparing to wind up its accounts? It is declared that Catholicism and Mohammedanism are evidently about to fall, and that Christ is to come as soon as this happens. Both branches of the assumption need proof. The political power of Catholicism has greatly

declined, but its spiritual vigor is still unimpaired. The Pope has ceased to be a political monarch; but what of that? His real power is greater in Ireland, where the secular arm has been wielded against him for centuries, than in any other country. Only by internal enlightenment and reform, or the vast but not hopeless process of individual conversion, can the present spiritual system of papacy be destroyed. The position of Mohammedanism is similar. Turkey may be dismembered, and Persia stricken from the map, without diminishing the power of the false prophet in the smallest degree. It is more aggressive in Africa, where unsheltered by any government, than in any other part of the world. Very many years will doubtless be required before civilization, the spirit of the age, and missionary labor will undermine it. But who has informed us that if both these perversions of Christianity were banished, God would at once destroy the world, rather than allow time for religion to display the full energy of its benign influences unobstructed?

Before going farther, let us throw into compact form the result of our examination of Bible teachings on this subject. It declares most explicitly that the time of the end is unknown. Then it warns men to prepare, because, to him, the end is at hand; speaks of a number of other events in connection with the close of the world's history; and gives some mysterious numbers that will probably be plain when they are fulfilled, but are certainly dark enough now.

So far as we know, this covers all the evidence underlying the widely diffused belief of impending doom. It may be some consolation to those who share such belief, to learn that all preceding generations have agreed with them—each believing its own age to be the last. Perhaps it is natural for men to magnify the events of their own times, and give them more significance as portents than they deserve. An object only an inch square held close to the eye will conceal a city a mile distant, and a trivial occurrence in our own neighborhood may seem more important than one of the revolutions of history. Something involving ourselves, with all our interests and plans in life, and all the world directly known to us, may well

seem the prelude to a cosmical convulsion. When the thunder mutters in the horizon, and a cloud arises, and darkens on until not one rift of blue remains in the sky, it is natural for the observer to think the whole world is wrapped in clouds and gloom, while as a matter of fact, not twenty miles away the sun is shining, and the birds singing on every tree. As we read the coteremporaneous writing of former centuries we are often amused, and ought to be instructed, by the unanimity with which they represent their own times as unparalleled. "Surely, surely," is the cry, "the last day must be approaching when such astounding events are taking place every day!"

It may be worth while to notice with more closeness a few instances of former delusion.

In the first century, it was the general and not unnatural belief that Christ would come back soon. After his disciples saw him go up into the sky, they found themselves face to face with a heathen world, and the work of conversion was very slow and toilsome. They thought, as many a weary man since, that their Master was sorely needed. The latest inspired utterance contained his promise, "Surely, I come quickly," and the church echoed the devout aspiration of the beloved disciple, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." But he came not, and they wrought on, little thinking that without his presence in the flesh they could overthrow the mighty power of Rome. But in three centuries *that* was done; the cross was woven on Roman banners, and triumphantly planted in the Eternal City. Now, he would certainly appear to sit on the throne of the world, and bring in the reign of endless peace. Alas! the world's way was yet dark for many weary centuries. The golden fruit of universal dominion presented by Constantine to the church turned to ashes on her lips. Not Roman persecution, but Romish corruption caused her saddest hours. This time of expectation passed. In the sixth and seventh centuries came the breaking up of the Roman empire amid such convulsions as the world has seldom witnessed. The fabric of ancient civilization was ground to atoms by foes who knew no mercy. Towns blazed in every land, and blood ran in rivers. So irretrievably bad seemed all things, that the persecuted Christians hoped for

nothing but the appearance of the avenging Judge, and consequently a wild millenarian excitement overspread the whole country. This folly died out, only to be succeeded by another and still another. But the tenth century crowned all the rest. The term of a thousand years is spoken of in the Bible—no matter in what connection, the mention was enough for superstition. How harmonious, too, it would be if the Saviour returned to the world just a thousand years after leaving it! The effect was great and most disastrous. The plow stood still in the furrow, for why should men sow who expected to eat manna in the courts of the Lord? Work of every kind stopped, and wolves ran wild over the plains of Italy. Men betook themselves to convents, and waited for the end in fasting and penance. Many gave their property to religious purposes; indeed, some of which still survive, and are curious reading after eight hundred years, usually beginning, "The end of all things approaching, therefore I do give, bequeath," etc. This delusion contributed not a little to the fast-increasing darkness of the middle ages.

The best of men have not been entirely free from these wild errors. Even Luther partly fell into them. In his youth, while dealing terrible blows at popery, he was too busy to think about the end; but when he grew old, and saw the superficiality of his work, he lost heart, and often talked of the close of the world as now not far distant. The whole glorious era of Protestantism was hidden from him.

When Bonaparte arose in the plenitude of his apparently irresistible power, a swarm of books, in number like the locusts of Egypt, issued from the press, proving from Scripture that he was Anti-Christ, one of Daniel's beasts, the great dragon, or anything else that suited the fancy of the writer, but at any rate the immediate herald of the world's death. A later work in the same vein demonstrated that Napoleon III. was a dragon, would attain universal empire, and sit on his throne until Christ came! It is needless to say that book was written before Sedan!

When the Southern rebellion cast its pall over our corner of the world, there were not wanting shrewd expositors to prove that the battle of Armageddon was now to be fought

in the Mississippi valley, and from its fields of gore would arise the flashing glories of the millennial morning. But lo! our war is ended, and instead of the archangel's trumpet succeeding the crash of cannon, we have had only reconstruction and Andrew Johnson's administration.

One more instance of this kind of sign-reading which tends to discredit all prophecy. During the Crimean war a newspaper paragraph floated around, stating that the Sultan of Turkey was about to borrow five hundred millions of dollars from the Rothschilds, and give as security a mortgage on Palestine. This was enough! The story had an excellent foundation, for the Sultan needed money, and the Rothschilds had it. They were Jews, and as the Sultan was known to be bad pay, there was no doubt that the mortgage would be foreclosed, and the Holy Land be once more in the possession of the Israelites. Then they would flock back to their ancient homes; and every person understands that if the Jews were only *there*, the millennium could not help coming! Already the rising light of that happy era began to glow upon the Eastern hills and our nerves to fill with expectancy, when, *unfortunately*, the Sultan failed to borrow the money, and the whole fabric tumbled to pieces.

But it is high time we should cease from pulling down other people's positions, and begin to build our own. We maintain that the earth is young, and

"Hath earnest in it of far springs to be."

This opinion is held, not on the strength of some equivocal text of Scripture, but because all things seem only in their beginning, requiring for the harmony of their proportions a long period of continuance. There appears to be a law of development in everything that lives and grows. In the humblest forms of life by which we are surrounded, as well as the highest, there is a regular progression from great imperfection to comparative or typic perfection. The different stages of this progression are reached in regular order, and are nicely proportioned to each other in point of duration. When the highest stage is attained, decay does not at once begin, but that stage continues for a period of time commensurate with growth. Such maturity is the end toward which all the processes of imma-

turity tend. It gathers up their valuable results, and gives a meaning and purpose to them. In life which is active rather than passive, this rule of proportion is so decided that the whole duration may be closely calculated from that of one part.

One exception only can be taken to this law of development. It may be summed up in the baleful words "blight," "failure," "destruction." These are awful realities, and have a large place in God's world. But the normal course of every living being is as we have stated, and these apparent exceptions are an intrusion. They will not affect our intended application of the law of development to the world, unless the objector is prepared to maintain that our whole world-system, including the agencies of redemption, is a double failure—blighted in creation and foiled in the attempt to save! God may have some purpose for which he would wither this world like an untimely flower, but we have no right to assume that he has until he reveals it. Taking it, then, for granted that the world will not fail to run its due course, in harmony with His usual modes of working, we now proceed to inquire what probable stage of world-progress has been reached. It is also taken for granted that the purposes of the world cluster around man and his destiny. We will endeavor to trace four great lines of development, all centering in one point. These are: the Earth; man's mastery of material things; governments, religion.

The vast globe itself, the foundation of every physical work, the platform of human life—whence is it? From the hand of God! Most true, but through what stages and intermediate processes? He only tells us that he made it, and until recently we knew no more. It was assumed as so many unproved things are assumed, that it started up from nothing in a moment, completely furnished with its present royal provision for man. But now we know better, for in the earth itself is written much of its marvelous history. From those buried records we learn that by fire and water, earthquake and sunshine, convulsion and calm, frost and torrid heat, death and life, continued through millions of years, the mass, without form and void, was wrought into a beautiful home for man, stored with all things necessary for his physical well-being.

Then, at the last moment, when all was prepared, man was brought into existence, and has lived only an hour in the day compared with the geologic ages! Is it likely that he will now be snatched away? No one of earth's most foolish kings ever built a stately palace for a night's lodging but reserved the resources of art and skill for the dwelling-place of months and years. Would God erect this grandest of all palaces for such a transitory occupancy?

But there are persons indisposed to admit this immense antiquity of the globe. Let these skeptics consider that all who study the evidences are convinced in spite of previous prejudices, and also that however much geologists quarrel among themselves,—and they do quarrel like dogs and cats,—they are all agreed on this point. We will give a specimen of the kind of evidence which has wrought such unanimity, not so much to convince the incredulous, as to make the thought of the world's protracted growth familiar.

River currents are often muddy with the soil gathered from surrounding hills. This forms deposits at their mouths called deltas, and the time required for these to attain their present size can be measured on the assumption that the water always worked at the same rate as now. The result is startling: twenty-five, fifty, one hundred thousand years! This is merely the beginning. Under the deltas, as well as elsewhere, are stratas of rock, evidently sifted down from the water and mixed with the remains of marine animals. Other rock are still below, mixed with the remains of other animals and plants, some of them belonging to species different from any now living on the earth. Thus we may continue downward until the azoic or lifeless rock is reached. The stratas when added together are miles in thickness and cover the whole surface of the earth. Their material has once been suspended in water. The immense chalk and marl formations are largely composed of shells of animals that have lived their life, and died in untold millions. The coal is formed in like manner of plants that have passed through all the processes of growth. What a length of time all these changes must have consumed! No bones or works of man are found until we arrive almost at the surface,

He did not exist, and indeed could not have existed, during those earlier ages.

Do you ask from whence is derived the material for these strata that underlie sea as well as land? The mystery is easily solved. It is generally believed that the globe is a molten mass, covered with a solid crust, thinner compared with its diameter than the rind of the most delicate peach. In cooling it contracts, but the rigid crust can not follow it smoothly; it therefore rises in mountain wrinkles, and sinks in vast ocean bed depressions. The rains and rivers go to work and carry much of the elevated portions down to the sea. In time another wrinkle arises, perhaps in the middle of the ocean, throwing the waters with violence to each side, and the old process of washing down goes on. The stratas are all the while growing thicker. When a mountain is upheaved, it breaks them off on each side and throws the solid primitive rock up for a peak. Thus it comes that the rock which lies lowest of all is also the highest, jutting through all the rest and tipping out every mountain spur. By these and a hundred other wonderful agencies God slowly built the world. Is it not likely that after so many ages of preparation for man he will be allowed to occupy his home for a proportionate time?

The present stage of man's material progress is a striking confirmation of our train of thought. It is well understood that while destruction may be sudden, all gain is gradual. This is illustrated by the whole course of history. We know little of man's condition in paradise, but secular history first shows him as an ignorant savage, almost helpless amid nature's forces. He gradually learned to master one after another of these; and since the Christian element of stability was added, his advancing steps have been sure. But he has gone only a little way. He is just beginning to possess what was obviously stored up for his use. Small indeed is the proportion of time during which he has enjoyed some of the most necessary things. Less than four hundred years have elapsed since Columbus discovered America, and one half the world learned that there was another half! The work of discovery is not yet finished, but the poor child, man, is groping slowly and surely along to find out

all the apartments of his planetary house! Printing, steam power, telegraphs, are only of yesterday! What is civilization without these things? Even gunpowder—which although so much maligned has rendered inestimable service to humanity in making desolating irruptions of barbarous tribes like those which overthrow Rome, impossible—is a very modern invention, and may be considered the guardian of all the others. Science, with its almost heavenly beneficence, is still an infant, having every one of its departments filled with unsolved problems. And even what inventive genius and science have accomplished for mankind is far from being fully applied. Their triumphs are confined to a small part of the world, but are being steadily diffused, and bid fair, in time, to become universal. Some persons pretend to see, in the advance of material civilization and knowledge, a token of the speedy termination of the world. A strange token! As if a man's becoming strong and healthful were a sign of approaching death!

Another form of civilization of more subtle character, and tending toward a definite though distant goal, lies in the realm of social organization and government. The present is an age of association. In every field of action men are learning the power of combination. Church societies, financial companies, railroad corporations, are a few specimens only of the manner in which united strength is brought to bear on all enterprises, from preaching the Gospel to planting a cranberry bed. These societies, which never could have prevailed extensively but for the moral influence of Christianity, are the beams that underprop civilization. Even yet they are comparatively in an embryotic state, but supported by them, government is advancing rapidly toward its true end.

This end we believe to be harmonious and completed democracy. Man's free-will, sense of personal responsibility, and absence of natural rulers show that self-government is an inherent right. A government in which the governed shall be the governors is the highest ideal; and although it requires rare self-control and respect for the rights of others on the part of the majority, it is the goal toward which the world, through blood and agony and revolution, is struggling. Since

the age of Christ its advance has been in that direction, and it now moves onward with accelerated pace. But different nations have made unequal progress toward true freedom. Our national position is probably the loftiest of all, but we are yet far below the serene height of equal liberty. England ranks next to us; then Prussia; then France, Austria, Italy, Spain, Russia. These, with a number of smaller states in their midst, are the lands of civilization; and the other parts of the earth, although containing many populous nations, are so far in the rear that they can scarcely be counted at all. How long will it be until liberty, far serener and purer than ours, is breathed as native air by all the families of mankind? And when that happy era is reached, will not the long-suffering nations who have toiled so long on the weary ascent, often beaten back, but never relinquishing their hopes, be allowed a period of matured enjoyment in proportion to the length of the way they have traversed?

We will refer to only a single department more of the world's life, but that immeasurably the most important of all. God's purposes regarding mankind find a center in Christianity. If there are any elements in it which require long periods of time still future for development, we may rest assured that they will not be withheld.

Why did God, through such wonderful agencies, plant the Christian religion? Because of its need, not by part, but by all of mankind. His promises of its future triumph correspond with the purpose of bringing it to the hearts and consciences of all men. Mention is made of a thousand happy years of reigning with Christ—concerning which, if we were disposed to emulate our friends the Millenarians, we might enter into a minute calculation, taking a day for a year, and making out three hundred and sixty-five thousand years. But we prefer to consider this as a veiled but dazzling glory somewhere amid the coming years!

But suppose the world ended to-day, what would be the summing up of Christian achievements? God gave his Son to save all who believe on him, and not one person in ten—counting from the beginning—has yet heard of him! If this is to be the record—let us ask reverently—will it not read like a failure?

Mighty agencies at work—the Son of God, the Spirit, the ministry of angels, the inspiration of prophets, providential control, the organization of the church—all for the professed purpose of the world's salvation, and not a tithe of mankind ever to hear a rumor of the matter! It would be an awful mystery! But reverse the picture. Suppose the earth only in the twilight dawn of a long and glorious day. What then do we see in the leisurely preparation made for Christ, and the steady, slow diffusion of his kingdom, but a counterpart to the passage of the geologic ages—a fresh illustration of the sublime patience with which all the works of God are wrought! Twenty-one hundred years elapsed before any organized system of revelation began. The world needed Christ, but was not ready for him. Then the work of gathering his audience began. A single family was chosen from which to raise a nation. Oh, how slow! Two generations pass away, and still there is but a single family. Next come four hundred years of dreary captivity. All this while the world was lying in sin and helplessness. Then follow nine hundred years of bloodshed and misrule, alternating with triumph and repose, after which the whole population is either destroyed or carried away into captivity. It is like the convulsions of the earth before Adam. Even yet there is no circle ready to listen to Jesus. Five hundred years more, and he comes. Now surely the long toil and waiting is over, and the glad news will be graven on the clouds, whispered by the winds, chanted by the ocean, until all men unite in bringing "forth the royal diadem," and crowning their King! No doubt it would have been so if devised by human brains and executed by Divine power. But Christ did not work in that way, and if our survey of his operations in physical and secular affairs has not deceived us, we ought to expect a long and gradual progress with many vicissitudes as the mark of the Divine hand. Look at the perfect parallel between religious and geological development. He taught a little circle and left them. Their number increased gradually through the agencies of persuasion and conviction. In three centuries, one nation—the Roman—with a population less than that of the Brit-

ish Empire, was nominally converted—that is, the cities and ruling classes were convinced of Christ's divine power. It became simply the ascendant religion in that country, but with a strong and most influential leaven of heathenism remaining. The work of expansion went on with steadiness for another three centuries, when it was rudely interrupted by a violent convulsion in the East. The truth mixed with superstition in Arabia, and produced a terrible ferment, which overspread half the Christian world. A little later, a still more formidable, because more insidious, perversion arose in the West, overshadowing nearly the whole of Europe. Not until the fifteenth century was the work of self-purification partially accomplished, and since that time progress has been more pronounced and rapid. The *application* of Christianity, however, to governments, social order, and the reform of abuses is still more modern. In fact, the whole system seems to have only just taken firm hold of its weapons in preparation for future conquests.

The prospect now appears bright. The whole heathen world is dotted with missions, each reproducing in miniature the same processes that have marked the general church. First comes a period of slow but accelerating growth; then usually follows another period of declension and struggle; and lastly, one of application and moral power. In all quarters of the compass advancement is more rapid and constant than at any time during the past eighteen and a half centuries. Three-fourths of the earth's surface is under Christian government and influence, including the probable great future centers of the world's population. Toward these Christian lands—America and Australia—unexampled tides of immigration are flowing. The world's physical force has passed entirely into the hands of Christian nations. The outlines of the whole moral landscape, from any point of view, are radiant. Yet we are gravely asked to believe that at last God has grown weary of his long-tried gradual modes of procedure, and that abandoning them, he will now proceed to convert the world in something like the way man would have devised at the first—by the sudden appearing of Christ with appalling splendors in the midst of the firmament.

The concurrence of so many favoring causes renders it not improbable that inside of another thousand years all nations will bow before the Cross, and the most degraded attain a greater height of civilization than the most enlightened now enjoy. But will the end then come? Why need we think so? If God has borne with the earth through the long and weary night, only now beginning to be stricken through with the rising beams of morning—a night of wickedness, during which the few who practiced virtue shone as widely separated stars—is it likely that, when it begins to answer in some degree to his ideal, he will smite it with sudden destruction? It seems contrary to every conception we can form of him.

We have not argued that the world is eternal. When God created it he doubtless determined its duration, and marked on the dial-plate of heaven the hour of its ending. To this we think he proportioned all parts of its history, making a harmony, not a monstrosity; proportioned the time of geologic building to the period of man's occupancy; made the enjoyment of the crowns of civilization and liberty in proportion to the length of progress toward them; nicely adjusted the ages during which the amaranthine flowers of religion should bloom, to the years spent in planting and nurturing them.

But are there no indications in the earth itself of an approaching pause in the machinery of nature? None whatever! Land and water, air and cloud may change, but science has failed to point out anything in them which bears the brand of death. As long as the mysterious waves of light and heat continue to roll from the sun, all terrestrial nature may move its wonted round unchecked. But how about the heavens above? Science propounds daring problems, and does not confine her weighing and measuring and analyzing to the globe pressed by her feet. Half a century ago this question was proposed, and in answer La Place demonstrated the stability of the solar system. But since his day new elements have been discovered, and not a few philosophers think that these write the death-sentence of the universe. Light and heat have been ascertained to be simply vibrations or forms of

motion running from world to world. They must be conveyed through some kind of substance, for motion can not exist in a vacuum. Encke's comet confirms the belief in the diffusion of matter through space, by delaying its periodic returns as if it had met with resistance on the way. If any such thin, attenuated substance exists, all the planets will have the velocity of their revolution around the sun slowly retarded, and when it becomes exhausted, will fall into the central mass.

But the great subject of interest in this connection is the sun itself. By it all things on earth—wind, rain, vegetation, animal life—are kept in activity, but how is its own life maintained? No fire or candle we have ever seen is exempt from burning out when fresh supplies of fuel are withheld. The sun, which produces the effects of a vast fire, can not be an exception. If not replenished in some manner, it, too, will die out, and leave the planets to the chill and death of an eternal winter. Some agent of great energy is required to furnish the floods of light and heat that are continually pouring forth and never returning. Two prominent theories have been put forth to account for this wonderful phenomenon, and perhaps both may be true. The first considers the sun as slowly diminishing in size, and thus, according to a well-known law, evolving heat through condensation. This might last for ages, but when once a point was reached beyond which no further condensation could take place, the earth, as we now know it, could exist no longer. The other theory supposes a perpetual fall of meteorites and other bodies into the sun brought about by the action of the resisting medium. These would not only be available for fuel, but by striking with almost inconceivable force, would develop not less than four thousand times the heat produced by the burning of their own weight of coal. But the establishment of this hypothesis, not less than the establishment of the former, rings the death-knell of the world, for if there be any resisting medium in the planetary spaces, it will cause the earth to drop into the sun as surely as the nearest meteorite. Should such a catastrophe ever occur, how perfectly it will realize St. Peter's prediction:

"The heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth, also, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up."

The temperature of the earth's surface may not be greatly modified until it is far on its way toward this consummation, because of atmospheric changes, and the gradual reduction of its own central heat. There is no reason to fear the occurrence of the grand crash in our own day, as it can be demonstrated that destruction *from this cause* must be many millions of years distant.

Whatever degree of probability belongs to these theories,—and they are by no means destitute of it,—they certainly call up grand thoughts, and are in harmony with many familiar facts. It has been long known that, in animal life, destruction is the price of continued existence. Science bids fair to transfer this idea to the heavens, by proving that stars and universes run their rounds, grow, decline, and die. Think of the sun taking his meal of meteorites, washed down with a few comets, and on extra occasions having his fare diversified by a planet or two; and at last, in his old age, perishing with starvation! But we can do no more than glance at such speculations and show that whatever weight they possess, lies altogether in the general line of our argument. We regard it as at least exceedingly probable that the end of the present form and relations of our earth approaches, but with step so slow, that numbers fail when we attempt to calculate the hour of its arrival. There is room for a happy future *on this side* of that event, and we now endeavor to sketch a few of its outlines—a picture less striking indeed than that of world-flames, trumpet-tones, destruction, and judgment, but crowned with more of familiar, home-like beauty—a picture fully warranted, we think, by Scripture, and by all the knowledge man has yet attained of his surroundings.

The earth is to stand for thousands of years. Every noble action and high achievement not only affect the present, but go down in streams of widening influence to the future. Charities, even now springing up so thickly, abound yet more, until all the poor and unfortunate are relieved. Education, in no limited sense, is the birthright of every

child. Science reveals secrets in nature the world has not yet dreamed of. Literature becomes more pure, healthful, and inspiring. The earth is one vast garden. Manufactories fashion their most luxuriant fabrics for every class. Commerce is multiplied a hundred-fold and brings every part of the globe in close communication with every other part. Co-operation gives capital and comfort to the working-man. Church bells ring out across every valley. The family of nations, vastly increased in numbers, and all free, having common interests and sympathies, bow to in-

ternational law, arbitrate their disputes, and learn war no more. The ages roll by filled with stirring enterprises and accumulated improvements. The principles Christ taught are instilled into the minds of children at their mothers' knee, and being wrought out in their lives, make each generation better than the preceding. All things brighten perpetually, until at last the angelic song, changed in but a single word, rolls up from island and continent :

" Glory to God in the highest ;
On earth peace, good-will from men."

FOSTER BLODGETT,

UNITED STATES SENATOR-ELECT FROM GEORGIA.

THE gentleman whose portrait is now before us is of medium height, slenderly yet compactly built, with a temperament in which the mental element is most marked, while the vital and motive are sufficient to contribute physical energy and vigor to his mental life. He is hopeful, sanguine, and ardent, qualities which minister in no small degree to physical and mental endurance. The head is above average in size, with a large development upward; those organs which give individuality, emphasis, decision, ambition, and dominance to human character are well marked. At the same time he can scarcely be otherwise than prudent and appreciative of the claims of duty and moral obligation. His head is not broad enough for cunning or duplicity. The strong perceptive development shows the man of practical acumen, the man of analytical research and systematic action. Responsibility does not sit lightly on his shoulders; *i. e.*, he accepts positions of trust with a due regard to their importance, and seeks much more than the average public officer to do his work well.

He is not noisy or impetuous; his energetic nature works through his intellectual processes rather than through his

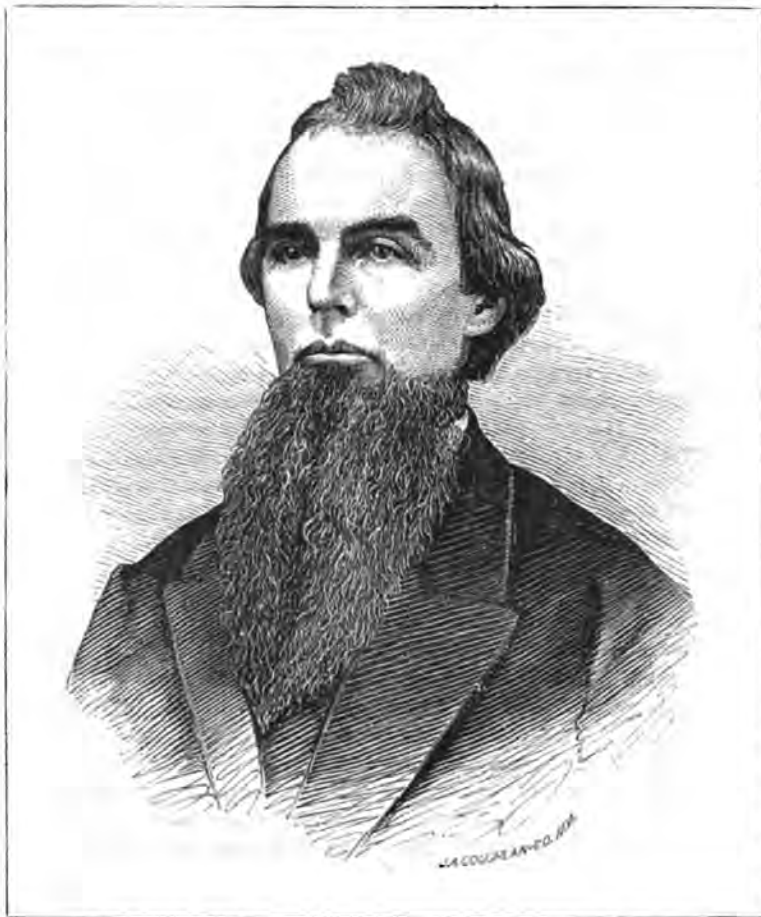
physical organs. Language does not appear in the likeness to be large, and we would infer that, as a speaker, he is known more for substance than for sound, using words of apt meaning to convey his ideas and speaking to the point. Whatever he does or says should be characterized by a marked regard for order and method; he is a natural organizer, and has a peculiar "faculty" for regulating matters which have become confused or "mixed up." In this connection his large Human Nature plays a most prominent part, in that it gives him unusual ability in selecting and managing men.

Few read character as well as he, and at the same time few make so much allowance for the errors and shortcomings of others. He is more severe in self-judgment than in judging or censuring others, so that while he would hold himself to a strict accountability for the performance of duties which he had assumed, he would be found extenuating the conduct of others who had been derelict in duty. His strong Benevolence warms and inspires his whole moral life, and perhaps contributes most toward what there is of weakness in his character. In fine, with what of ardent feeling, sensitive-

ness, devotion to principle, and tenderness of sympathy he possesses, it should seem strange to those even who know him, that he has gained so eminent a position in the world of politics.

MR. BLODGETT was born in Augusta,

common schools of his State, however, gave him that substantial basis of education which subsequent years of varied experience developed into a comprehensive fund of information. He very early became interested in political matters, and had scarcely attained his majority when he was elected a member of the Com-



PORTRAIT OF FOSTER BLODGETT.

Georgia, on the 15th of January, 1826, and is now in the full maturity of manhood. His education, though good, has been obtained more outside of the walls of the school-house than inside—has depended upon his own earnest aims and purposes, and upon that individuality of thought which wins its own way without the promptings of the tutor. The

mon Council of Augusta, and served in that capacity for several years.

At the age of thirty he was elected Judge of the Probate Court and School Commissioner for Richmond County, and discharged the duties of his two-fold office with such satisfactory efficiency, that in 1860 he was re-elected. In the summer of 1859 the citizens of his native

place added to his public trusts also the mayorship, and in 1860 declared their approval of his administration by a re election. The construction of the Augusta Water Works, while he was at the head of the municipality, was in a great measure due to his enterprise.

In May, 1860, Mr. Blodgett attended, as a delegate for the State at large, the National Convention which met in Baltimore, and which nominated John Bell of Tennessee and Edward Everett of Massachusetts as candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, respectively, of the United States. It was during this year, so memorable in the record of American political agitation, that he presided over the last Union mass meeting held in Georgia previous to the opening of the conflict between North and South. His course during that terrible conflict is well known; and it is altogether probable that few men of prominence have at any time been the object of more unmerited abuse from political opponents for persisting in a line of conduct consistent with their moral and intellectual convictions than he. His independent character and uncompromising devotion to principle shone out brightly amid the storm of persecution. At one time he was forced into the Confederate army, but succeeded soon afterward in extricating himself from military control, and returned to his family with an honorable discharge, and that, too, before he had participated in an engagement.

After the surrender of General Lee he was, in 1865, appointed Postmaster at Augusta, and held that position until January, 1867, when he was suspended from its functions on account of refusing to become a party to President Johnson's defection. Two years subsequently the Postmaster-General restored him to the postmastership, but in the meanwhile he was appointed Mayor of Augusta by General Pope, then commandant of the Third Military District, and held the position from May 1st to December, 1868.

After the war Mr. Blodgett became more or less closely related in his political life to the Republican party, and has contributed a large part of his time and energy, to say nothing of many personal sacrifices, toward the promotion of its interests in his State. The first Republican Convention ever held in Georgia occurred on the 4th July, 1867, and over its deliberations Mr. Blodgett presided. This Convention, a writer says, "will be long remembered as the opening of that memorable political campaign which for bitterness of invective and malignity of personal hatreds stands almost unparalleled

in the annals of partisan warfare. It was, in very truth, 'a time to try men's souls.' * * * It was under such circumstances as these that Foster Blodgett—a Southern man—took a bold and determined stand for the right, as against the clamor of a turbulent mob, and thereby became the central figure of this momentous drama."

Such was his prominence, that his election to the Chairmanship of the State Central Executive Committee seemed less a matter of form than necessity; and under his able administration confidence was restored in the Republican ranks, and the Convention was called by a respectable majority of the registered voters. As a member of the State Constitutional Convention he was active and vigilant, originating many of the most important resolutions and ordinances that were adopted by that body. At the close of the campaign, and after the new State government had been inaugurated, Mr. Blodgett received the nomination of his party for the position of United States Senator, but lost the election through the manifest trickery of "carpet-bagger" Republicans, or of scheming politicians as selfish and unscrupulous. As a delegate to, and one of the vice-presidents of, the National Republican Convention at Chicago that nominated Grant and Colfax to the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, he was active and conspicuous.

In January, 1870, Mr. Blodgett was appointed Superintendent of the Western and Atlantic (State) Railroad—the great railroad thoroughfare of Georgia—of which he had been previously the Treasurer; and in the same month was elected United States Senator for the term which began March 1st last.

He enters the halls of our National Legislature as a conspicuous representative of American "self-made" men, and perhaps no public man of the day has a brighter prospect; certainly few of anything like his political experience can point to more encouraging antecedents.

MAN is designed for an active being, and his spirit, ever restless, if not employed upon worthy and dignified objects, will, in response to the promptings of his lower nature, which springs into activity when the higher slumbers, engage in mean and low pursuits rather than suffer the tedious and listless feelings connected with indolence; and knowledge is no less necessary in strengthening the judgment than in preserving the purity of the affections

Department of Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall !
Thou art the nurse of virtue.

MEN AS HUSBANDS—A GLIMPSE OF OUR DOMESTIC LIFE.

WITHOUT reference to St. Paul, who commanded wives to obey their husbands, or to the ancient marriage ceremony of the Egyptians which demanded a promise of obedience from the husband to the wife, instead of the reverse, the present every-day relations of men to women in the marital state are of so great importance that nothing can be greater, and yet do not receive from men a title of the thought and honest attention the subject demands.

There is a common-sense justice that ought to govern the relations of human beings, that has both substance and essence in the "Golden Rule," and is as high above all civil and legal enactments as heaven is above earth. That this beautiful and perfect law of relation as clothed in words by Confucius, and afterward revised and incorporated into the Christian religion by Christ, does not rule in the marriage state, is without doubt due to the unequal estimation held by the parties in regard to each other.

That husbands, as a rule, do their wives *intentional* injustice, I do not for a moment believe, but that wives suffer immeasurably from injustice born of heedlessness, of thoughtlessness, and a lack of heartfulness, I know to be only too true, if the knowledge that comes from unprejudiced observation and the unsought and voluntary confidences of many a wife are to be relied upon. One is not to infer from this that married women are given to turning their hearts out like a pocket and unfolding their wedded relations—the most sacred of all—to the gaze and criticism of even very dear friends. The reverse of this is the rule. But there are scores of confidences which are "escapes" rather than positive confessions, that are forever revealing to us a great deal more of dissatisfaction than we want to know about. It is a wifely "weakness" to endeavor to conceal the husband's faults; to manufacture excuses for his shortcomings; and try and cheat herself into believing she is all in all to him, when every indication points to the reverse; in short, she fancies, somehow, that she was born to be his moral and spiritual waterproof. The rec-

ords are full of women clinging to husbands who are worse than beasts, while many a widow wears the mournfullest of black, and observes with dreadful solemnity the anniversary day of the death of a husband who was a brute, and whose life seemed specially devoted to making her miserable. These things simply illustrate the fool a woman will make of herself when governed by idiotic but customary notions of duty.

That women are not alone in seeing and feeling the "fatal lack" of husbands, I bring in proof this extract from a gentleman's letter to me, hoping the violation of the confidence may find pardon in the end to be subserved: "I find it hard to believe that intelligent, honorable men do so invariably look down upon their wives and hold them in 'subjection.' Yet I can not be in a family circle half an hour without, in most cases, seeing evidence of it in *snubs*, or worse yet, in that kind of *complaisance* which is a fiction of the first water. It seems to me that a man of decent pride and self-respect would loathe the idea of marrying an 'inferior.' Even the human fondness for using or abusing power would be no temptation to give oneself utterly to a person whom it was possible to look down upon. I suppose that men do look up, or think they do, in courtship, but have so little knowledge either of their sweethearts or themselves, that after marriage they make disappointment an excuse for selfishness."

In that final word "selfishness" he struck a key-note. That women were born entirely for the use of men; that the success or value of their existence is proportioned entirely to their help and value to men, seems to be an ineradicable idea among husbands. But that men owe just as much to women; that the husband's relation to the wife is a compensatory and mutual one, and in *no* respect a one-sided affair, is a truth that seems to be ever falling by the wayside, as it so seldom if ever finds lodgment in the hearts of men.

Not long since a prominent New York journal made record of a wife's servitude in a foreign land; enlarged upon her care for her hus-

band; doted upon her attention to him when he would come home drunk; commended her infinite care in screening him from well-merited justice by suffering in his stead; detailed at length incidents illustrating her self-denying qualities, her meekness under insult, her sweetness under brutal treatment, and above all her modesty—her “true, noble, womanly modesty” which would never admit of her being the recipient of anything pleasant, when it was possible for her husband to receive it in her stead. This sanctimonious journal published the account with the added regrets that these faithful, unselfish wives were now only a memory of the past, and that the women of the present day no longer practiced those self-denying virtues that *so* adorned the sex, but were constantly striving to augment their *own* happiness and importance! How strange and awful!

We all know how sweet and good it is to deny ourselves for the sake of those we love; to suffer in their stead; to minister to their happiness; to shield their faults. Then we also know how bitter, how hard, how cruel it is, to do all this and receive for compensation neither smile of appreciation, nor a word of approval; only a cold, careless exterior, and a manner demanding and expecting all these things from the right of *superiority*!

Many husbands seem to think—if they once stop to think at all—that what to them would undoubtedly be distasteful and unjust will not be regarded by their wives as such, *because they are women*. This is a fatal mistake. What hurts a man hurts a woman all the same, only more. The deprivation of enjoyments, no matter of what kind or degree, is as keenly felt by women as by men. A wife needs loving demonstration, honest regard, and thorough respect from her husband just as much as he needs the same from her; and more even, for her range of employment is more limited. What is more, no wife can thrive in heart, in mind, and in body without it. If a man wants the best wife in the world, he must be to her the *best* husband. And in order to be to her the best husband, he must place himself in her place—imagine the exchange of personality a dozen times a day if need be—so he may know how to act.

How few husbands can look back over this single, solitary day perhaps, and after diligent introspection truthfully say, “I have been to my wife this day just what I would have her be to me, if I were she instead!” You may try to soothe your conscience and justify matters

by saying, “Oh, well! women haven’t been used to these things, and they don’t expect them.” Oh, but, sir, they *do* expect them. They have a born right to, and need of, them equal with yourself. Every girl born into this world comes into it with a soul and heart as full of fresh need and love and right as did Eve. She does not *inherit* a preparation for injustice because her foremothers may happen to have had it for six or sixty thousand years. If girls didn’t have men for their fathers, it is possible they might be born with natural propensities for “subjection.” But now a man in expecting submission and obedience from his wife is oftentimes made aware of the fact that he is simply walking rough-shod over the natural-born rights of his high-bred old father-in-law, manifested in a temple more refined and delicate and sensitive. What then?

But aside from the “odious” help of sharing toll, the cares of the household and children, there is the help of development. Many women have less education from books and the world than have their husbands; and is it not the duty of the latter to aid their wives in making up the deficiency? As a mere matter of selfishness, men should do it. The compensation would more than cancel the task, if it could be classed among tasks.

Some one has said that a “family man” has no right to be off evenings; neither has he a right to demand a style of housekeeping which will make it necessary for the wife to do nothing but attend to purely domestic affairs, which would be a great “affliction” to men who regard the gratification of their especial stomachs of more moment than the thriving graces of a wife’s mind and heart. As domestic partnership is now mostly conducted, the man starts ahead of the woman, or if even with her he soon gets ahead and keeps ahead. Burdens come upon her which he can not or will not share, often upon the “I-am-holler-than-thou” principle. Business swallows him up, or keeps him socially so far removed from his wife that she almost forgets she has a husband. She is either thrown back upon herself for companionship, or accepts it from outside sources, which are not always safe or best.

A great deal of nonsense has been talked and written about the happiness of the home depending upon the wife. Just as much depends upon the man, and indeed more, when he assumes or demands the super balance of power. Home is where women thrive or perish; and that it be a garden of love and sunshine, or a desert of ill winds, and barren of love and

sympathy, depends upon the husband more than he may at first imagine. He stamps domestic life with its vital, characteristic principle. To suppose that the reflection or utilization of this principle will be more beautiful and worthy than the prototype is to expect figs to grow on thistles.

If all marriage bonds were inscribed with the "Golden Rule" for an inflexible law, would there not be harmony where now is discord? Would not at least civil courtesy abound among married people as well as among mere friends?

Do husbands ever consider how supremely, disgustingly hateful it is to a wife to be treated, held, and considered like a child; to be entrusted with no dignified trust; to have money doled out in certain amounts; to be held accountable for every expenditure made; to be always obliged to defer to the husband's sense of propriety and of expediency; to regard her just rights as a "husband's kind and loving *indulgence*;" to be consulted simply for the sake of appearance; to be the recipient of smiles and courtesies before strangers, and just the reverse when alone; to feel that she is *supported* by her husband, like a fine carriage horse; to carry the baby while he trots on ahead; to mend his stockings while he smokes

in her face and reads to himself; to stay at home while he goes abroad; to be "my dearest" and "my loved" only when he wants something he never deserves; to never know the state of their mutual finances; if a working woman, to carry wood and water, while he leans by the hour over a gate post talking politics; to be up night after night with sick children, while he sleeps as sound as a brick; to be ignored when the homestead is sold; to be hungry for sympathetic companionship; for tender, loving caresses as of the courtship days; for hearty expressed appreciation, but never getting these; to hear a hundred times a year, "My wife, my darling, God bless you!" and never hearing it? Ah, well! the catalogue is too long. The remainder stands in long columns in your own soul, if you will only open it and look in. Think what life would be to you without the woman you love best—without her who gave you a foretaste of heaven—without her whose all-sacrificing love is the highest exponent of Divine Love—without your wife—the mother of your children, whose precious life has been once and again and again placed in the very jaws of death all for love of you, and then ask yourself if you love this loving, self-sacrificing soul even as you love yourself.

MARY A. E. WAGER.

AH! MUST I FORGET THEE?

BY LOUISE MALLOM STENTON.

Ah! must I forget thee?
And from my heart tear
Thy dearly loved image,
So deeply shrined there?

Ah! must I forget thee?
And those happy hours,
When the light of thy eyes
Made Time tread on flowers?

Ah! must I forget thee?
Twin half of my soul!
And nevermore see thee,
As years onward roll?

Ah! must I forget thee?
And bury my love
'Neath cold Winter's deep snow,
While my tears freeze above?

WITCH HAZEL.

BY PERIWINKLE.

FARMER ASHLEY lives among the hills of New Hampshire in a large, old-fashioned country house; none of your neat, rural residences with so many rooms, and an L, painted and blinded, etc., as advertisements set forth. I take no pleasure in finical country houses, where everything is newly painted and freshly graveled and recently sodded. Besides, I have noticed that many of these snug places are on a diminutive scale for

country houses, a cabinet size, if I may use the expression, like the five caps which the tailor in Don Quixote made, and held up in court on the ends of his fingers and thumb; very neat, no doubt, but a trifle too small for comfort. Sometimes city-bred men are seized with a sort of madness which impels them to rush wildly into the country, and inhabit some little box of a place, and transform themselves into beasts of burden for the daily

transportation of provisions for a large family.

There's Pindle, a friend of mine; he bought a little place a few miles out, and comes to his business in the city every day, but I never see him now without a large basket; and if I ask him about living in the country, he looks as grim as if he had been eating spiders' eggs. But a place like Farmer Ashley's is a spot where country life is enjoyable, and occasionally a brief vacation finds me a visitor there.

On this winter night I am sitting by a roaring fire of maple in the farmer's kitchen. The room is large, and the walls are dusky with smoke; great beams run across the ceiling, from which are suspended yellow clusters of corn and scarlet bunches of seed-peppers, bundles of herbs, and strings of dried fruit. The fireplace is ample, and contains two mighty andirons; and the brick hearth is broad, smooth, and carefully kept, and bears in the middle a rug of gay pattern, the handiwork of the farmer's good dame. A quaint old chest of drawers, ornamented with brass, stands in one corner; high-backed, rush-seated chairs and a huge round table of wood, grown dark with age, with folding leaves, and legs terminating in brazen claws, make up the furniture of the apartment. And here I sit on this winter night listening to the storm lashing the window-panes. The blaze from the maple logs shines out, now ruddy, now silvery, and mingles its light and warmth with the odor of sweet herbs, and my senses are lapped in that placid, sweet security which we can only experience by a winter fireside on a stormy night.

Truly, I wonder not that the ancients considered fire a sacred symbol, that benignant element which dispels two of our mortal foes—cold, which benumbs the body, and darkness, which benumbs the mind; and small marvel it is that the worshipers of the sun failed to distinguish between the being of the Creator and the glory of His creation.

As I muse on the legends I have of beings that inhabit fire, of spirits and salamanders, I am reminded of a curious passage in the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, which I remember for its quaintness. He says, "When I was about five years of age, my father happened to be in a little room in which they

had been washing, and where there was a good oak fire burning; with a fiddle in his hand he sang and played near the fire, the weather being exceedingly cold. He looked at this time into the flames, and saw a little animal resembling a lizard, which could live in the hottest part of that element; instantly perceiving what it was, he called for my sister, and after he had shown us the creature, he gave me a box on the ear. I fell a-crying, while he, soothing me with his caresses, spoke these words, 'My dear child, I don't give you that box for any fault you have committed, but that you may recollect that the little creature which you see in the fire is a salamander; such a one as never was beheld before to my knowledge.' So saying he embraced me and gave me some money."

I suppose the evidence just cited would hardly be sufficient in itself to establish the existence of the salamander, particularly when we reflect that our author is in the habit of relating marvelous circumstances concerning himself, somewhat to the detriment of his credibility.

Farmer Ashley, a man of fifty, but ruddy and robust, and his tidy dame are sitting by the fire; the lady is knitting, and the farmer, after knocking the ashes out of the clay-pipe he has been smoking, stands it up carefully in the chimney corner, and rises to put more wood on the fire.

"What kind of wood is that?" I ask, as he takes up some rough, gnarled sticks.

"Witch hazel," says the farmer.

"Witch hazel—the magician's tree—the parent of the divining rod! Put on the witch hazel, farmer!"

Some half a mile or so from here the road which passes this house runs through a thick wood, and to-night a solitary traveler is making his way along the road at this point. He stops a moment and looks around, evidently in bewilderment, and he murmurs to himself, "Would that some friendly dryad might take pity on a benighted traveler!"

Out from behind a witch hazel was whirled a little cloud of snow, which went eddying along the road, assuming various fantastic shapes, and then becoming a shadowy tree, and at last a female figure pointing along the road.

"Imagination plays strange freaks some-

times," said the traveler, "but I will follow this road; for aught I know it will lead me to a place of shelter as soon as any other."

Again a gust of wind lifted the snow into the air; and this time the same figure appeared, beckoning to him; and the traveler, drawing his cloak around him and grasping his staff firmly, prepared to follow. From time to time, as he walked on, the snow-figure would appear a short distance in advance; but when he approached, it would settle down upon the ground, and then reappear as before, in advance; and thus following his strange guide he came at last to Farmer Ashley's door.

The witch hazel burned with a dull red flame, and threw out clouds of thick white smoke. As I sat watching it, there came a louder blast of the storm, hurling the snow against the door, as if to force an entrance; and through it there came the sound of some one knocking. The farmer went to the door, and as he opened it a cloud of light snow was borne into the room, filling it with a glinting shower that whirled over the smoke-stained rafters, and then was drawn into the wide chimney. Soon he returned, conducting the traveler who had followed the snow-guide, and placing a chair, seated him near me at the fire.

The stranger was a man of about forty-five, a little above the medium height, but wasted and gaunt, and his hair, which was streaked with gray, fell in long tangled locks on his shoulders. His attire had something of a foreign air.

As he took off his slouched hat and laid his stick on the hearth, I noticed that his countenance, though it bore many lines of grief and care, showed evidence of refinement; but his eyes had an indescribable look of weariness, not that which proceeds from bodily fatigue, but an appearance as if they had looked through long years for some object which had ever eluded them.

The farmer threw on more sticks of witch hazel, and the fire crackled and roared, and the white smoke went winding up the chimney. A slight movement of the traveler drew my attention. He was leaning forward looking earnestly into the fire; and following his gaze, I saw the smoke take the shape of a graceful female figure, clad in a flowing

robe, and a bright spark rested for an instant on her brow and shone like a jewel; then the graceful lines of the figure melted away into smoke-wreaths circling upward.

"It is the hazel dryad," murmured the traveler; "she will show me my life."

Again the form appeared for an instant, and as it vanished, one shadowy arm seemed to wave. The cloud of smoke parted in the middle like a curtain, and beyond lay a summer landscape. There was an old, weather-beaten farmhouse with an orchard behind it, a barn leaning with age, and a few steps from the door an old well with a long, wooden sweep. Up the road, winding through field and meadow and woodland, comes a schoolboy in a straw hat, barefooted, and without a jacket, carrying a satchel of books in his hand,—a rather slender, dreamy-eyed boy, not adapted to rough sports, and consequently derided by his more robust companions; but a boy who could distinguish every bird's note, who could tell where the rarest flowers grew, where to gather the brightest mosses, and where in the old woods clear springs lay like lost jewels. And this boy, growing apart from his fellows, in his solitary rambles communing with nature and seeking out her hidden treasures, understands not the first undefined yearnings of his soul for the beautiful. Later he will know.

Hans Andersen says, "The egg of genius needs warmth; it requires the fostering influence of good fortune, that it may not become a wind egg." And how will fortune deal with this boy as yet unconscious of his genius? Will she fondle him in caprice, or will she put a hammer in his hand and bid him go and clout the cauldron? We shall see.

He comes along the road, where the summer air is made sweet with the breath of flowers, and the sunshine kisses him on cheek and lip, and the striped squirrels look out with their bright black eyes from the old mossy stone wall by the roadside along to his father's gate. He stops a moment to pat a sleek-looking cow which is grazing leisurely, and she raises her head and looks at him with her mild eyes, and then resumes her grazing. Passing through a little space between two upright posts, he goes up the short path which leads to the house, and when he reaches the well he stops to drink. He

draws a bucketful of the sparkling water, and takes a long draught from the battered tin dipper that hangs on a nail inside the well-curb; then taking up his satchel he goes into the house.

Waving clouds of smoke arise from the hearth and shut out the scene.

Again the vapory curtain is withdrawn, and an exhibition hall in a great city appears. There is a noble work of art to be seen, and crowds come and go, speaking praises of it; artists bestow glad encomiums, and fawning critics lavish commendations. And there stands the man who wrought the work, the dreamy-eyed boy who drank from the old well in the sultry noontide. He has found his vocation; more, he has succeeded. The doting old world, so blear-eyed to merit, has deigned to recognize him;—a man with a gentle face and a look of unrest in his eyes, as one ever reaching after the ideal. By his side stands his girlish-looking wife, sharing in his triumph, radiant with happiness. Fair is she to look upon. Oh, the sweet, loving face, the wealth of golden hair, the rounded arms, the swelling bust, the lithe grace of movement!

But suddenly a dark cloud envelops her in its folds and bears her away, the white hands reaching out imploringly.

The traveler moans wearily, like a sick man in his sleep; the scene fades, and naught is visible but the dull red glow of the hazel and white smoke slowly rising.

The hazy veil trembles as if invisible hands were grasping its folds, then opens wide, and beyond is seen the blue sky and sunny land of Italy. And now many scenes appear in succession: Rome, the Mecca of artist aspirations; Florence, with her art treasures; Venice, with her light and color; then the Rhine-land, with vine-clad banks, and feudal castles, and clustering cities.

Amid these scenes the artist wandered;—a man with gray in his hair and a brooding sorrow on his countenance. He remembered, when his heart's treasure was torn from him, how wildly, madly he would have followed his darling through the gate of death; but an unseen hand held him back.

Once, on the Pincian Hill, looking at a sunset, he seemed to see through a long vista of golden clouds an open portal, and a white

hand beckoning. Then a murky vapor rolled up and blurred the sunset and tarnished its gold, and he murmured sadly, "Not yet." And once in Vienna, at the performance of the "Zauberflöte," he heard mingled with the tones of sweet instruments a loved voice calling his name.

But he would arouse and cease to brood on his great sorrow,—henceforth he would be wedded to his art; and he nerved himself for his labor and wrought with hand and brain. But ever the image of his dead love was blended with his ideal in art; and often, when the last touches were laid upon the canvas, and he stood before his finished work, a shadow of disappointment would settle on his brow, and he would say to himself, "Beyond the gate." Fame he won, and gold waited for him, but he cared for neither. Commissions came to him, but were neglected, for the spirit of unrest drove him from place to place. People called him the mad artist. At last there came a wasting sickness in a strange land, and yearnings for the home of his boyhood. Then the weary voyage across the sea, the night of storm, the lonely road through the woods, and the snow-figure guiding him to Farmer Ashley's dwelling.

And now, where varying scenes had been depicted, appeared a wondrous arched portal that seemed formed of gorgeous sunset clouds. A cloud of intense blackness filled the portal, and appeared to hang in folds like a sable curtain, and ever and anon it would sway heavily, and beams of light would shoot forth as from some inner glory.

Unshrinkingly the wanderer moved up to the sable cloud; a white hand reached forth and grasped him; there was the gleam of an angel-face, and he disappeared: he had passed the gate.

The fire in the chimney fell down in a heap of glowing embers, and right in the middle was a print of a human footstep.

"John," said Mrs. Ashley, addressing her husband, "I wish you wouldn't bring any more of that witch hazel in to burn; it fills the room with smoke, and there is something about it that makes my head ache."

I was looking around me, conscious of appearing a little bewildered.

"Mr. Ashley," I inquired, "didn't you admit a stranger here half an hour ago?"

"No, indeed," said the farmer.

"Truly?" said I, looking at the farmer's wife.

"Truly," said the good dame.

And they persist in saying so to this day.

—♦♦♦—
A LITTLE JUDICIOUS PRAISE.—No heart is insensible to words of praise, or the kindly smile of approbation; and none are utterly above being affected by censure or blame. Children are particularly sensitive in this respect. Nothing can discourage a child more than a spirit of fault-finding; and perhaps nothing can exert a more baneful influence upon both parent and child. If your little one, throughout the day, has been pleasant and obedient, and you say to him, "My son, you have been good to-day, and

it makes me very happy;" and if, with more than a usually affectionate embrace, you say, "Good-night, my dear child," a throb of suppressed feeling fills his breast, and he resolves on always earning this approval. If your son or daughter have accomplished some difficult piece of work, rendering you essential assistance; or have climbed some step in the daily drill of study; or have acquired some new accomplishment, or added grace, or better than all, have gained the victory over some bad habit or besetting sin, acknowledge it, see it, praise them for it. Let them see, by your added tenderness, the deep joy and comfort it gives you. Thus you will create a great incentive to right conduct, and lay a broad foundation for a character which shall be redolent with succulent fruit and fragrant blossoms.

GRUMBLERS.

BY MRS. H. V. REED.

WE are a nation of grumblers. That is just as true as preaching. But our foreign cousins need not look complacently across the water to indorse the proposition, for we don't intend to admit for a moment that we are any worse than the rest of mankind; so we will make the statement a little broader and say we are a *world* of grumblers. That sentence is just as true as the other, and it looks a great deal better to American eyes. Things don't suit us at all; something is always going wrong; the machinery, both civil and political, is either running the wrong way, or else indulging in a general collision.

In the first place, the earth itself is under a curse, and that isn't very agreeable; but it is a consolation to know that somebody else did the first sinning, even if we get our share of the penalty.

We all think that Eve was a little fast about eating that apple, and Adam, poor soul! was not a bit behind when he saw a chance to eat the fruit and lay the blame to Eve. Awful sinners, both of them! and what a scrape they got us all into by that operation!

Sin and death took up their abode with us, and thorns came up instead of fir-trees, and thistles were found in the place of figs,—not very pleasant, certainly; and mankind have been groaning over the situation ever since, instead of trying to improve on the morals of their ancestors. But the weeds are still growing rapidly, especially where the soil is

not well cultivated, and the necessity for labor still looks us in the face, with reward on the one hand and penalty on the other.

Well, it's no use to grieve about it now, for poor Eve has done about all the mischief she ever will do; and besides, if she hadn't eaten that apple Adam surely would have done so before night. I wonder what the result would have been if Adam had taken it first!

Ah, these grumblers! they fill the land like the frogs of Egypt, and the very air is tainted with the mildew of their breath. They complain among the fairest flowers of spring, and grumble amid the blushing fruits and golden sheaves of autumn. If blight or mildew has partially robbed the harvest, they almost reproach the Great Giver, and fancy that the shadow of famine is already over the land. If the fields are burdened with waving grain, and the ripened sheaves cluster thickly on the sunlit plain, while the store houses are laden with plenty, they will complain of the labor that abundance brings.

Of all the sources of discomfort we fret over, perhaps the weather is the most prolific. Yes, the weather, that never-failing theme of comment and reproach. It is always either wet or dry, or cold or warm, and somebody is sure to be displeased. But if you want to understand all the variations of a growl, you must manage to witness an interview between some rich old customer and the assessor. The "victim's" digestion will be stayed for an hour, and all

his "hile" made available for the subject under discussion. You will be horrified with the account of his losses during the year, and learn with astonishment that his property is worth scarcely anything. Conscience is a modest youth, and steps out of the room when the tax-gatherer comes in.

A gentlemanly assessor once said to a man of this stamp, "I need a good buggy. How much will you take for yours?" "Mine is of the best make," replied the victim, "and would be very cheap at two hundred dollars." "Happy to hear it," responded the other, "for I am making out my tax list on carriages and didn't know how much to put you down for." One face in that group presented a study worthy of the author of "New Physiognomy," and the bystanders did not fail to appreciate it. These gentlemen don't consider that *poor* men are not troubled with such callers, or that Uncle Sam will cheerfully take charge of what little property they have, and excuse them from farther trouble in that direction.

Our chronic grumblers are tired of life; they don't want to live another minute; they are just *aching* to die. If they ever sing at all, you will hear,

"I long to leave this house of clay," etc. ;

but if they are taken sick in the course of an hour, they will send for the best doctor in town, to see if pills and blisters, and other agreeable concomitants, can't keep them in their house of clay a while longer. If they go to church on Sunday, and the sermon happens to exceed thirty minutes, they will fret over it all the rest of the day. They are very patient at the theater if the play continues till after midnight, and they can spend three hours on the ball-ground, or all day at a horse-race—but then, "that's different."

Many an ill-fated monarch has lost his crown by virtue of his own discontent, and some of them have lost their heads as well; but these were generally of little use, and not worth half as much as the jeweled crowns they bore. Alexander was rather a brilliant youth, and decidedly a choice bit for historians and third-rate orators; but he probably didn't look a bit dignified when he sat down like a spoiled coquette to have a good cry because there were no more conquests to be made. Just fancy the world's monarch relieving his feelings in that style—he not only cried for the moon, but wanted the stars as well.

A large proportion of mankind spend their time in whining over their bodies. They en-

joy poor health, yes, they do, but their friends don't always enjoy it so well. It isn't altogether pleasant when you step in to see an acquaintance to be obliged to listen to a catalogue of ailments as long as the moral law. Their nerves are terribly shattered, their lungs very much affected, their spines entirely useless, or their hearts completely broken by somebody's tantrums. It isn't anything they have done themselves, you may rest assured of that; you never hear one of them confess they have the gout, or even liver complaint. They haven't got dyspepsia, not a bit of it; they never overloaded their stomachs in their lives. We never see a chronic case of "nervous irritability" without feeling a strong desire to shake the subject up, and infuse fresh air into his lungs and energy into his spiritless life, without being tempted to tell him that he is a trial to his best friends and a nuisance to the rest of mankind.

What right has any man to allow his stomach to weigh down his brains and stir up his nerves until he becomes as vicious as a catamount? Don't roll up your straw-colored eyes and tell us that you are broken down because you have "overworked your brain." You never knew anything else to ail a professional man, did you? They keep as still as death about their brandy and cigars, their midnight suppers and noonday naps; and when apoplexy walks up and taps one of them on the head, the newspapers set up a general cry of "paralysis" and "overworked brains." Perhaps the editors have a lurking consciousness that it will be necessary for somebody to make the same plea for them when they step off the stage of existence.

The world has had overworked brains, that is, a few of them, but we are not troubled much that way now; where work kills one, idleness kills ten, and riotous living twenty.

If the physical frame is well developed and reasonably taken care of, the brain will be strong as steel, and will bear an immense amount of hammering without breaking.

Cheerfulness is a panacea for one-half the ills of humanity. It keeps digestion perfect, while it saves the brain from softening and the heart from hardening. To be sure, there are some brains that can't be made much softer; but, after all, Pindar was not far from right when he said,

"Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And every grin so merry draws one out."

How much like a flash of sunshine and a breath of fresh air is the presence of that friend

who comes toward us with a firm, quick tread and smiling face! The cordial grasp of his hand sends a thrill of joy through the surrounding gloom, and his glad, hopeful words strengthen a weary heart. But do not fancy because he comes thus he has no heartaches of his own. Oh, no! but he has learned in many a sad trial that light is beyond the clouds and the roses beyond the thorns; he has learned that truth is strong and right will yet prevail; that though the storm may be cold and dark, the glad earth will soon be flooded with sunshine.

This world is not so bad a place after all. If her oceans are angry and tempest-tossed, they are purified by the billows of the storm; if her mountains are rugged and steep, they are crowned with foliage and carpeted with green; if the New Year is snow-clad and rough, spring-time will bring the zephyrs and flowers; if her nights are cold with winter rain, the trees will stand with burnished coats of mail before the rising sun and cast their crowns at his feet. 'Tis after the fury of the storm that the peace angel flashes her wing across the cloud. After the moon has gone to her rest, the stars still hold their nightly festival around the midnight throne. After the heat and dust of summer, the beautiful days of autumn are placed like rubies and garnets in the golden setting of the year, and the bright earth gathers her glories in to offer up the tribute of praise.

EXTRAORDINARY LONGEVITY.

THERE has lately died at Kansas City a man whose age, as nearly as could be ascertained, was *one hundred and thirty-four years*. His name was Fournais, a Canadian-Frenchman by birth. For more than a half century he was a hunter and trapper in the employment of the fur company. From the *New York Ecologist* we take the following items in regard to him:

"He was never sick, and only a few minutes before he died was walking about the room. He said to the family in the morning that he would 'never see the sun go down again,' and just before sunset the machine stopped and the old man was dead.

"His age was entered on the census-roll last year as 134 years, which is as near as from the best evidence it could be fixed.

"His recollection of important events was very good, and as he was an illiterate man, his

memory held to isolated occurrences, not of history, as obtained from reading books. This, while it made his information fragmentary and unsatisfactory as to the history of that early period of his life, yet afforded the best evidence as to his great age.

"He said he was working in the woods on a piece of land he had bought for himself, near Quebec, when Wolfe was killed on the Heights of Abraham. This was September 14th, 1759, and from what he told of his life previous to that, he must have been over twenty-one years of age then. Thinking he might have confounded Wolfe with Montgomery—1775—he was questioned fully, but his recollection of names and incidents was too distinct to leave any doubt, and the same account had been given to others long before.

"Another event which he remembered well, and which he seemed always to look upon as a good joke, was that during the occupation of New Orleans by Gen. Jackson—1814-'15—he had been refused enlistment 'because he was too old.' The old man often told this with great glee. He must then have been about eighty years of age.

"He accompanied the expedition of Lewis and Clark in their explorations of the Missouri, and the discovery of the Columbia River in 1803-'7. His experience during the trip making him a valuable man to the fur company, he was afterward employed, as we stated, until thirty years ago.

"The last years of his life were passed in quiet and comfort. He preferred living by himself, and always had his own house, where he kept such things as were of comfort to him, mostly such as he had from his residence with the Indians, not forgetting his rosary and a few religious pictures which hung above his bed. He was very neat in his person, clothes, and housekeeping, and up to the day of his death attended in summer to his tobacco plants and cabbages.

"One of his great desires was to see a railroad, and when the first locomotive came screaming into the bottom near Kansas City, which was in full view of his house, he was nervous as a child until he visited it. He then expressed himself satisfied, saying he 'could tell God he had seen a railroad,' and never after expressed any curiosity on the subject."

"PA, dear pa, what can I do up here in the country, unless you get me a riding habit?"
"Get into the habit of walking, my dear."

Physiognomy, or Signs of Character

Of the soul, the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.—Spenser.

NEW STUDIES IN PHYSIOGNOMY.

THE MODEL OF RESPECTABILITY.

HERE is a man made up to order. Every article of his dress, every attitude and every motion are studied with care and adapted with punctilious scrupulosity. He would spend the day in selecting the cloth for trowsers for a special occasion. To him the color, or, we might say, the complexion, of an article of clothing is a matter of prime importance. He will stand at a distance, and imagine his precious self robed in the cloth in question. He will take a perspective view of it, and calculate all its effects in light and shade. Then the fitting of his garments must be according to nicely chosen rules. His boot-maker is an artist, not a tradesman. He talks of him with as much criticism as an invalid duke would address his physician. Whoever has the honor of being his boot-maker has in that single fact an indorsement for the use of all respectable men; it must be borne in mind, however, that he, the patron of the pedal artist, stands first in consideration, and must have his orders executed without regard to appointments with or the wants of others.

Though rich viands and costly wines have given him a little too much *embonpoint* for a graceful form, yet in that very heartiness of digestion and constitutional vigor derived therefrom he has a certain robust earnestness which can almost defy delicacy of outline, since more is gained in "deportment" than is lost in exquisiteness of the lines which embrace and define his manly figure. In short, he is a little too fat; but the strength and

massiveness which attend his rotund form serve to make up for any lack of grace. Besides, he does not take into view his form in profile; he sees it mainly in front, and his



rotundity is so foreshortened that he hardly appreciates his magnitude and the real build of the lower half of the body.

The cut of the coat, and the way it hangs,

reminds one of the gallant fighting-cock which has just given a finishing touch to a rival. We can hardly rid ourselves of the thought that the very respectable man has many of the characteristics of his feathered counterpart. There is the same strut, the same regard to appearance, the same exquisite gallantry, the same dignity and grace of motion, and the same assurance.

Observe that crest of hair which crowns the top of his head! How much like the comb of the cock! In that face behold complacent egotism joined to condescension, self-possession, self-confidence, and a kind of majestic good-heartedness for self.

His large perceptive organs render him quick to gather knowledge of details and common occurrences. Nothing occurs in society which he does not hear of and talk about. But for the hard studies and earnest labors of life he has neither taste nor talent. See how his retreating forehead shows shallowness of judgment and lack of comprehensiveness! His large perceptive and large Approbativeness give him a desire to dress, to make a display, to attract attention, and enable him to attend to all the minor particulars which go to make up the *tout ensemble* of a well-dressed dandy and a courtly man of fashion. His ample necktie and his shirt-frill correspond to the gills of the cock, and it is not difficult to perceive in his prominent nose and upper lip the beak of his feathered friend.

His large back-head indicates very strong social dispositions; he is one who lives for society, for contact with his fellow-men; one who regards woman and is so much an admirer of all, and has such an exalted sense of his own value and grandeur that he never consents to devote himself to one. Hence he is considered an available bachelor. He has words of praise for every mamma's ears relative to her elegant daughters.

He is a great talker; is very select in his style; talks about everybody, but is careful to say nothing against anybody; speaks of his elegant acquaintances with familiarity. Yet with all his pride and vanity he carries a certain air of humility and respectfulness, which is manifested chiefly to conciliate the great and to astonish the weak.

He holds in his hand an address which he

is reading on behalf of his borough to some great personage. Behold his fingers, how daintily they are adjusted! His shiny hat he carries under his left arm. He poises his majestic body upon his dexter foot, and holds the other in reserve to aid in modifying his deportment at will.

His brain is chiefly developed in the base, which makes him "of the earth, earthy." His Approbativeness and hope are the chief developments in the upper part of the head. His reason is weak. His moral sentiments rise just to the level of respectability, and



his large perceptive organs, joined with his Approbativeness and his strong social nature, make him the devotee of exquisite respectability, as Mr. Turveydrop was the devotee of "deportment."

We have said that the model of respectability bears a striking resemblance, in outline and in many of his characteristics, to his feathered friend the rooster. The reader will not be at a loss to discover the resemblance in form and expression of countenance. We do not wish to slander the bird or man; we suppose both act according to their natures and inclinations. We hold that man possesses in his nature and mental constitution all the qualities which belong to the entire realm of animate nature below him; that he has something of the fierceness of the tiger, the cunning of the fox, the vanity of the cock, the constructiveness of the beaver, the acquisitiveness of the squirrel; but above and beyond all these, he has

the intellectual and moral qualities which constitute him man. These last are given to guide and regulate the lower faculties; while animals acting in harmony with their instincts, without responsibility, always act

rightly when acting in harmony with their own natures. Man may act the part of an animal, or he may sustain his normal elevation, and act like a moral and responsible human being.

THE FACES WE MEET.

BY DORA DARMOORE.

Oh, the faces we meet
In the crowded street,
With their smiling lips, or their weary eye;
And the clouds of care,
Which they often wear,
As they hurry swiftly by.

There are faces as gay
As the waves that play
On the sunny sands of an islet green;
There are eyes as bright
As the jewels' light
That falls on the brow of a queen.

There are tresses of hair
Like a golden snare,
And they catch many hearts in their meshes strong;
There are locks like the night
On a mountain height,
Ere the day-star heralds the dawn.

There are brows as free
As a land-locked sea
No storms have driven, no tempests tossed;
And brows as black
As the desolate track,
Which the fire-fiend has crossed.

There are lips whose smile,
Without malice or guile,
Lights the face as the sun lights the sea;
And lips where a sneer
Chills the blood as with fear,
At its dark malignity.

Oh, the faces we meet
In the crowded street,
With careworn brows or with gladsome eye,
Are pictures of life, made
Of light and shade,
As they pass us swiftly by.

HANDWRITING.

MANY people laugh at what is called "graptomancy," or the art of judging characters by handwriting; and yet all acknowledge that handwriting *does* indicate something. Every one allows a difference between a man's and a woman's hand; we hear people speak of a vulgar hand, a gentlemanly hand, a clerkly hand, etc. "I had once," said Archbishop Whately, "a remarkable proof that handwriting is sometimes, at least, an index to character. I had a pupil at Oxford whom I liked in most respects greatly; there was but one thing about him which seriously dissatisfied me, and that, as I often told him, was his handwriting; it was not bad as *writing*, but it had a mean, shuffling character in it, which always inspired me with a feeling of suspicion. While he remained at Oxford I saw nothing to justify this suspicion; but a transaction in which he was afterward engaged, and in which I saw more of his character than I had done before, convinced me that the writing had spoken truly.

But I knew of a much more curious case, in which a celebrated 'graptomancer' was able to judge of character more correctly by handwriting than he had been able to do by personal ob-

servation. He was on a visit at a friend's house, where, among other guests, he met a lady whose conversation and manners greatly struck him, and for whom he conceived a strong friendship, based on the esteem he felt for her as a singularly truthful, pure-minded, and single-hearted woman. The lady of the house, who knew her real character to be the very reverse of what she seemed, was curious to know whether Mr. — would be able to discover this by her handwriting. Accordingly, she procured a slip of this lady's writing (having ascertained he had never seen it) and gave it him one evening as the handwriting of a friend of hers whose character she wished him to decipher. His usual habit, when he undertook to exercise this power, was to take a slip of a letter, cut down lengthwise so as not to show any sentences, to his room at night, and to bring it down with his judgment in writing the next morning. On this occasion, when the party were seated at the breakfast-table, the lady whose writing he had unconsciously been examining, made some observation which particularly struck Mr. — as seeming to betoken a very noble and truthful character. He expressed his admiration of her sentiments very

warmly, adding at the same time to the lady of the house, 'Not so, by-the-way, your friend;' and he put into her hand the slip of writing of her guest which she had given him the evening before, over which he had written the

words 'Fascinating, false, and hollow-hearted.' The lady of the house kept the secret, and Mr. — never knew that the writing on which he had pronounced so severe a judgment was that of the friend he so greatly admired."

Department of Physiology—Our Sanitarium.

The truths of Physiology should be inculcated and enforced early and earnestly, and with the emphasis of high religious duty.—*YOUNG MEN.*

EFFECTS OF THE MIND ON THE BODY.

[Under the title of "Diseases Cured by Psychological Causes," J. B. Hunt, M.D., of Columbus, Ohio, communicates to the *Medical and Surgical Reporter* the following. We interpolate some remarks in brackets.—ED.]

I PROPOSE to show by parity of reasoning that all diseases are cured by the same agent, viz., the vital force. But, you say, do you intend to discard all medicine? By no means. We have seen that diseases are produced by impressions from physical agents, and I intend to prove that they will act the same part in curing, and the same only. That is, as there is no disease-producing power of medicine in itself, so neither is there any curative principle in it. That as in the illustration already given, the drug did not possess in itself the power to vomit the subject, but simply called into action some power already there, so it acts in a curative sense, simply impressing and calling into action the vital force, which is always the curative agent. We are now brought to this statement, which is the converse of one already made in regard to the cause of disease, viz., "That these impressions in a curative way may be made through the mind in some of its departments, or by external matter in the form of medicinal agents; and that a cure is the same, and brought about by the same philosophical process, whether the impression is made through the mind or by some physical agent." This opens to us a vast and inviting field for thought and research.

I shall be obliged, however, at this time, to content myself by merely bringing to your minds some of the most familiar examples and illustrations of the truthfulness of this theory, with only a suggestion or two in regard to its philosophy.

We have just as much evidence that diseases are cured by mental impressions as we have that they are cured by medicine.

Our brethren of the old school of physic exercise wonderful credulity on this point. When forced to admit that our patients [homeopathic] get well, they invariably say, "Well, it's only their *imagination* that did it; the medicine amounts to nothing."

But however good and reliable the testimony of these in matters of this kind, I do not propose to rest the case entirely upon their authority. Why is it that physicians always try to encourage their patients, to inspire confidence, hope, and a cheerful heart? Because, they tell us, it *assists* in the case. Well, if this state of mind is so powerful to assist in the larger number of cases, is it unreasonable to suppose that in the smaller number it may perform the work alone?

The following example of "cure by imagination" was published a few years since in one of the medical journals in Europe: "An old woman of the work-house of Yeovil, who had long been a cripple and made use of crutches, was strongly inclined to drink of the waters of Badea, which she was assured would cure her lameness. The master of the work-house procured her several bottles of water, which had such an effect that she soon laid aside one crutch, and not long after, the other. This was extolled as a most miraculous cure, but the man protested to his friends that he had imposed upon her, and that he had got the water from an ordinary spring." Of course, the old lady was very angry when she found it out, but, nevertheless, her cure was permanent. I mention this case, not as anything rare or wonderful, but simply as

one among thousands of this class which might be mentioned. Every physician who has had a few years' practice is familiar with such *cures*. Numerous cases might be related also, from that troublesome class known as hysterical, which would be both amusing and instructive, where, by arousing the mind to action in some way, the disease (for it is a disease) has been arrested, and the poor sufferer relieved. A case of this kind occurred in my own practice quite recently.

A married lady, in consequence of some uterine irritation, was taken with convulsions, and in spite of the best medication I was able to administer, they continued at longer or shorter intervals for more than a week, when I decided to try the *mind cure*, and to my great delight it proved a success. As soon as the patient was thoroughly excited, that is, thoroughly angry, she was well; had not another spasm, and went about her work the next day.

There is still another class of cases to which I will refer, from which we might draw innumerable examples illustrative of this doctrine. I mean the removal of tumors, warts, etc., by mental impressions.

A little girl came to me the other day, and holding up her hand, said, "See there, doctor, my warts are all gone! I sold 'em." "Sold them!" said I; "how did you sell them?" "Why, I sold 'em. Ma said if I would sell them to somebody, they would go away; and I sold them to cousin George for three pins, and see, they are nearly gone!"

I have had a similar story told me many times before, and I presume you have all seen the same or some other equally foolish way of curing warts. And what physician has not been mortified after having tried in vain for weeks to remove a goiter, for instance, by medication, by being told by his patient that "Mrs. So-and-so had the big neck a great deal worse than mine, and she went to an old Dutch woman, who just said over some words," or "took a lock of her hair and hid it, and hers all went away." Or that Mr. Seventh Son cured my mother's, just by holding his hand on it a moment." We laugh at these things, call them absurd, etc., and so they appear to us; but such cases, such *cures* I will say, are not at all uncommon; they are occurring every day all around us, especially

among the ignorant and those inclined to superstitious notions. Absurd and ridiculous as such cases seem to us, there is connected with them all an underlying principle of truth which we would do well to investigate. I know it is easy and quite natural to cry "humbug," "old woman's whims," etc., when the attention is called to these mysterious cures; but the honest inquirer after truth will not reject or turn away from any phenomenon simply because the apparent means which produced it seem absurd.

In accordance with the philosophy of disease as already briefly presented, it may readily be understood perhaps, how, by a powerful impression of the mind, a cure may be effected when from some disturbing cause the vital force is concentrated upon a single organ, or withdrawn from it, as the case may be, causing disease. But a cure by the same means in the case of tumors, warts, etc., may not be so easily understood; as these are not diseases in the sense in which we have been considering it. In our ignorance with regard to the *modus operandi* of these strange cures, the science of Psychology comes to us, and aided by the light which it brings, we are enabled to look into and comprehend more fully than ever before the mysterious workings of the *vis medicatrix nature*. Looking more closely into this subject, I think you will perceive that all these cures are brought about in accordance with natural law, the same as any other cause. There is no *hocus-pocus* about them, nor any *miraculous* power brought to bear. It is simply by an impression upon the vital force through the mind, or imagination, that the cure is wrought. For example: A lady with a goiter [big neck] is told by some one that to rub it with the hand of a dead person will drive it away. She may not really believe it; that is, her enlightened judgment may not readily assent to the absurd notion, but the conviction fastens upon the mind, an opportunity offers, and she tries it. The tumor dwindles, and finally disappears. She thinks [most erroneously], as do all the subjects of such notions, that the dead hand was the potent agency in the cure. But science can not so regard it. Science sees no connection between the simple means used and the removal of the goiter, only so far as it was the occa-

sion of an impression from the mind upon the vital force originating the tumor. If you will consider for a moment the intricate arrangement of nature, by which the system is constantly being built up, and every part supplied with new material, you will at once see how it is possible for the mind, in the exercise of its power, to effect the removal of a tumor, as in the case supposed.

These cures, it will be remembered, are always *slow*. That is, the removal of a tumor, wart, or whatever it may be, takes time, because this is under the control of physiological law. But the impression from the mind *which changed the molecular action, and deprived it of its means of growth*, may have been instantaneous. * * * There is in the living organism a constant waste of its material; every movement, whether voluntary or involuntary, involves the destruction or using up of some portion of the substance of which the body is composed. That this waste is so great as to consume the entire fleshy portion of the body in about twelve months and, also, that corresponding to this waste, or consuming process, and in exact proportion to it, in a healthy body, there is a system of supply. That the food we eat, after being dissolved into its elementary principles, is taken up, carried, and deposited in its appropriate place in every part of the system [becomes blood, tissue, muscle, bone, nerve, etc.].

Now, it is plain that if the channel through which this supply is carried to any given point should become impaired or obstructed in any way, the part thus deprived must suffer. If, for example, the channel supplying any particular muscle becomes obstructed, we would have atrophy, or wasting away of its substance, as a consequence. If it should be a set of muscles, an arm, for instance, the result would be the same, and would be called wasting palsy.

If the source of supply for the hair becomes impaired, the coloring matter, perhaps, would not be furnished, and the hair would turn white; or if the obstruction be complete, the hair thus deprived of its material for growth would die, and baldness result. So, also, of the nails, teeth, and bony structure.

That I may be fully understood, I will remark further upon this point, that in order

to the perfect working of this physiological law there must be not only a perfect channel through which the material for building up the system is carried (the blood-vessels), but, also, a corresponding medium of circulation (the nerves), through which the vital force acts in supplying every part with the necessary stimula, or power, to appropriate and use the material brought to it. So, you will observe, a part may be deprived of its supply, either from want of material or the power to use it.

The philosophy of cure, then, in the case of tumors, etc., will now be apparent. By a strong impression of the mind in its physical relation to the body, a tumor or wart is deprived at once, if not of the material, at least of the power to use it for its own growth, and being governed by the same law which controls other parts of the system, it continues to throw off its substance, and, being destitute of the power of supply, it dwindles, and gradually disappears. It would give me pleasure to pursue this interesting subject still further, and notice not only the influence of mind in its physical relations to its own organized body, but, also, the psychological power of one mind over another, as seen in its ability to control even the movements and organs of a body not its own.

[In the Library of Mesmerism and Psychology, published at this office, this whole subject is fully discussed and illustrated.—ED. A. P. J.]

CURIOUS STATISTICS OF SUICIDE.

SOME of the details in the cases of the one hundred-and-one suicides for the year 1870 (nearly two per week), recorded in the Bureau of Vital Statistics, and hitherto unpublished, are interesting; seventy-nine of these were males and twenty-two females, and of that number twenty-seven chose death by hanging, twenty-one by shooting, and eleven by drowning; nine cut or stabbed themselves, seven jumped from dizzy heights, twenty-five took poison, and one placed himself before a locomotive.

It appears that the Germans during the year have been the most prone to take their own lives, having furnished forty-six, or nearly one-half of the number. Hanging seems to have been the favorite form of suicide, there being eighteen, a plurality over all other methods

adopted by them to "shuffle off this mortal coil." Of the forty-six Germans who chose other methods than hanging, eleven put an end to existence by shooting, seven used violent and active drugs to poison themselves, three leaped from windows, three cut their throats, one stabbed and one killed himself with a hatchet, and three by drowning.

Native Americans and the Irish are the next upon the roll of those "rashly importunate, weary of breath." There are sixteen cases of each nationality. Six of the Americans slumbered into death by swallowing poison, five shot themselves, two took Paris green, two cut their throats, and one hanged himself. Of the Irish, six took poison, four hanged and two shot themselves, two leaped from win-

dows, one drowned himself, and one cut his throat.

Of seven English suicides, four took poison, one hanged himself, one leaped from a roof, and one drowned himself. There were three French suicides, of which number one hanged himself, one cut his throat, and one leaped from the roof.

The remaining thirteen of the total number, scattered through various nationalities, ended their lives by all the different plans above specified, except one, who threw himself before a locomotive. It is interesting to note that the Germans preferred the most violent deaths, even in the choice of poisons, such as Paris green, strychnine, etc., the most active and deadly.

FOOD—ITS PREPARATION.

IN the city of New York, for some years past, there has been a man who is called Professor Blot, who has been giving instruction in cookery. But so far as we can judge from the advertisements and other announcements relative to him, he caters to the public taste in this respect according to the most fashionable and unphysiological modes of preparing food. His style is adapted to the mansions of the wealthy and to first-class hotels, where dyspepsia and gout are dispensed *secundam artem*. We have heard it rumored that the Professor himself has become a victim of dyspepsia. We can readily believe this to be true, provided he eats food cooked according to his own rules. If there is any one subject of great importance in regard to which very little is known, and chief part of that little knowledge is based on wrong principles, cooking is that subject.

As a favorable indication that something is beginning to dawn upon the community, indicating a better state of things, we notice with pleasure an advertisement in a leading morning paper as follows:

"I give instruction in cooking in general. For a whole course, including desserts and diets for the sick, \$20; the prices varying for partial instruction. For servants, half-price in all branches. No time limited; this is governed by the aptness of the pupil. Satisfactory references given on every point.

"——."

This looks well. We like the straightforward plainness of the statement. We wish the woman who advertises abundant success. There ought to be fifty persons of this sort, well qualified to instruct in this trade—or perhaps we ought to say science of cooking—in every large city. One may purchase the best of food material, and spoil it in the preparation. In one family we know, the bread, meat, and vegetables all seem to be of the best, and though simple, they are inviting to the taste; and what is more, the eater has no subsequent trouble or disturbance from the food. In fact, a man who has a good organization, which has not been abused by dissipation, should never know that he has a stomach or digestive apparatus, except when hunger demands its proper satisfaction. Men should use their intellect to judge what to eat, when, and how much, and then should rejoice in the food without any special thought of anything but the pleasure of partaking and the social surroundings with which it ought always to be accompanied. We dislike that grim intensity with which people sometimes discuss their food, as to what is best and not best, at the table, and eat with long teeth and with a chemical and physiological and hygienic mania for criticism. The criticism should be employed in the selection and preparation of the food, so that a man of ordinary health can eat the food set before him to his full satisfaction without fear of damage.

If a man eat mince-pie or lobster-salad made strong enough with condiments to draw a blister on the outside, he may well consider as to the amount which should be taken. The world of condiments used in food is the great curse of the *cuisine*. When men learn to eat beef as beef, and enjoy its taste in its simplicity; when they eat fruit without having two sugars to one fruit, and thus learn how fruit tastes, they will soon forget they have a stomach after their appetite is satisfied.

Nearly all the cook-books we have seen, excepting those issued by hygienic reformers, are, in the first place, filled with recipes too expensive for people of middling means to follow. But the chief defect in the recipes is, that no man can be healthy and eat the food prepared according to their rules. There is too much of the "one cup of butter, two of sugar, three of flour, and four eggs," seasoned with cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg, etc. Moreover, cook-book makers seem to think they must minister to the production of the material for grand banquets, and cater to the rich, and to fashionable life. A poor man can better afford to buy the right kind of cook-book than anybody else. Information which will tell him how his dollar can be made to minister to the comfort of the family in the largest degree should find the widest sale and the most implicit confidence. We have often wondered why the millionaire, who has everything that is best, should be so unwise as to eat and drink that which is so detrimental to health and happiness, simply because it is costly and considered stylish. Besides, these seasonings and artificial preparations create a morbid appetite, producing craving habits, which yearn for gratification in the taking of morphine or the drinking of alcoholic liquors. We know some wealthy families who have clear heads, and are well-informed in reference to diet and regimen. They eat the food which is best for them. They live simply, but deliciously; they have health and longevity, and if life is worth anything, they get its benefits.

It may not be improper to refer to the people called Quakers. Their habits are plain, but they live well. As a people, they are rich; there are no paupers among them. If one will look into an assembly of these peo-

ple, he will be delighted to see how clean and wholesome the old men and women look, and how clear are the complexions of the young. We never saw a Quaker who looked gross and coarse and greasy in the face; and if we might with propriety speak of it, we have never been in near proximity to one who smelled of rancid lard and antiquated linen. They live temperately, and their very persons are clean internally and externally. They are serene and long-lived, owing, we judge, quite as much to their correct dietary habits as to their *other* moral virtues.

Let there be a common-sense school of cookery. Let every woman who expects to be a wife and mistress of a household take lessons. Music-lessons confer an excellent accomplishment, but lessons on the saucepan and gridiron make more pleasant faces in the family where these qualifications exist than all the music would do without these homely accomplishments. She should learn to make her table attractive and a real blessing, and her husband will eat fewer suppers at club-rooms and fashionable restaurants. Let her leave her cooking to ignorant servants, not knowing herself how to correct their errors and miserable cookery, and domestic unhappiness and the tendency to outside dissipation will continue to flourish rankly and ruinously.

We do not mean to say that the lady of the house should prepare the turkey, the joint of meat, or the steak; but she should know how to do it thoroughly well; then she can instruct her assistants greatly to their permanent benefit and to the comfort of the family. We pity the lady who is ashamed of knowing how to make her home comfortable by directing properly the preparation of the family's food.

WILLOW-LEAF TEA.—More than half a million pounds of willow-leaf were made up at Shanghai last season, and palmed off as green tea. The willow-leaf as prepared can not be distinguished from green tea by the eye; but to cover the difference in taste, it has to be mixed with tea before being sold. It can be produced at a cost of about four cents a pound, and can be used in the proportion of twenty to forty per cent. of the whole mix-

ture. The young leaves are collected in April and May, very much in the manner that the tea-leaf is gathered. The leaves are then distributed in heaps on hard thrashing-floors, and allowed to ferment slightly in the sun.

Afterward the leaves are treated exactly like those of the ordinary tea-plant; that is to say, they are arranged in classes according to size, and then roasted in common tea-ovens.

Department of Ethnology.

True Christianity will gain by every step which is made in the knowledge of man.—Spurzheim.

STREET SIGHTS IN CHINA—No. 2.

AMONG the common features of Chinese out-of-door life is the traveling peddler. Americans are accustomed sufficiently to this characteristic of civilization to appreciate its counterpart in pagandom. The Chinese peddler is found in all parts of the country, and frequently is seen in large towns and cities. He is supplied with a small rattle which telegraphs his approach. He often wears sandals, made of straw or strings woven or worked together, they being easier to walk with than the ordinary native shoes. In the transportation of his wares he uses a pole. On one end of this he carries a covered basket with several trays placed one upon another in it, and on the other end will sometimes be seen a basket of different shape, which is used for the purpose of stowing away old shoes and other second-hand materials which he can make profitable use of, and which he takes in exchange for his wares. In this respect, some comparison may be drawn between the Chinese peddler and the

American one, who takes the opportunity to exchange his wares for cast-off clothing, old hats, boots, etc. In the covered basket is to be found a large variety of small articles, which are interesting chiefly to women and girls—thread, combs, false hair, tape, etc. The Chinese peddler does not differ much from the itinerant vender of our home acquaintance in the matter of keeping his eyes open to a bargain.

Many boys or young men make a living by

selling artificial or fresh flowers. There are many shops where artificial flowers are made, and these are very numerous in kind, skillfully fabricated, and very cheap. Girls and women of all ages and conditions are exceedingly fond of wearing flowers in their hair. A Chinese woman does not consider herself dressed unless she has one or more flowers, of some kind or other, inserted in her neat braids. It is no un-



common sight to see old and decrepit women as pleased with a gaudy flower as many young ladies in the rural districts of our own country are with elegant wristlets or earrings. A seller of fresh flowers usually traverses the streets with his flowers exposed in a bamboo tray or platter, which he carries on his head (see illustration). The seller of artificial flowers almost always carries a large number which are placed in sets of six or eight trays, each fitted one upon

the other, one set being suspended from one end of his carrying pole, and the other from the other end. Like the peddler, he carries a rattle which he dextrously manages to sound by turning the wrist of the hand in which he holds



it from one side to the other rapidly. Those who wish to buy his flowers hail him as he passes.

One occasionally sees a person in the streets who acts the part of a crier or advertiser, by going back and forth, and making known who is lost or what is stolen, and what reward will be given to the finder. He is easily recognized by his holding with one hand a small gong which he now and then beats; he also displays a reed, at one end of which is pasted a piece of paper on which a description is written of the lost or stolen individual or property, and the amount of reward to be given in case of recovery. It is the duty of this bell-man not only to parade the streets, and call attention to the loss and the reward as made known on the paper, but he should now and then stop, and, having attracted a crowd about him, proceed to describe at considerable length the nature of the loss, so that his audience shall have all the particulars necessary to its discovery. It is not an uncommon circumstance for slaves and other girls as well as boys to be kidnapped and taken to other places, and there sold. Our Chinese correspondent, Rev. Justus Doolittle, who has taught in the missionary schools for many years, had among his pupils two brothers who lived not far from his residence. One of

them suddenly disappeared about ten years ago, and has never been heard from. His parents believe him to have been kidnapped. Mr. Doolittle, in the course of his remarks on Chinese affairs, says: "At the present time there is a man in Foochow visiting his parents who was kidnapped when fourteen years old, and taken nearly to Amoy, 150 miles south, where he was sold. Several years ago he heard the Gospel preached by some of the missionaries who lived at Amoy, received it, and afterward became a preacher. He is now visiting his parents for the first time since he was stolen, some thirteen or fourteen years ago.

Itinerant artisans are very common. Every article in use among the Chinese when broken, readily finds a traveling tinker who will repair it. A mender of broken china is often called upon for his services. Doubtless if he were introduced into our Western country where crockery is dear, he would be highly esteemed for his work's sake. The skill and dexterity of this class of mechanics are curious and remarkable. Glass ware of all kinds and descriptions, as tumblers, lamp-chimneys, bottles, and delicate china, if cracked, or even if badly broken, can be mended and made nearly as strong as new. Indeed, many foreigners prize



a broken piece of glass or china ware, which has been dextrously repaired by rivets after the Chinese fashion, more highly than before it was broken or cracked, simply on account of the skill displayed by the artisan. With the Chi-

nese drill, the tinker makes a small hole on each side of the crack or break, and then drives with a small hammer a diminutive staple-like piece of iron or brass into the holes, and fastens it securely. He repeats the process every quarter or half an inch, or at greater intervals, according to the agreement and the circumstances of the case. The final result is that the article is rendered serviceable again, at an expense varying from two or three cents to a larger sum, according to the size of the article and the kind of material used in the repair. Iron rivets or staples are put in at the rate of about five for a cent, if quite a number are needed, including the labor of putting them in. Brass or other metal increases the price.

PHYSICAL STRUCTURE OF THE ITALIANS.—

An essay on this subject, by Professor Limbroso, was some time ago read before the International Medical Congress in Florence. He states that the Italian at twenty-one years of age weighs upon an average 157 pounds, which exceeds by at least 25 pounds the average weight of the French and Belgians, and is the same as that of the Russians of Kasan. People of low stature weigh proportionally more than those of high stature. Generally, the inhabitants of large cities are taller than those in small cities, is an assertion made by Dr. Limbroso, which is at variance with the observations made, that with the increase of population of a city, there is degeneration of the physical structure and muscular strength. Blonde hair, he tells us, is found more commonly among the Venetians and Lombards, black hair among the Romans, Neapolitans, and Calabrians. Climate exercises a great influence in this respect. The northern climate produces blonde hair, the southern black; yet race very often predominates over climate, and a few drops of Greek or Norman blood frequently suffice to give blonde hair to a Sicilian. In respect to length of limbs, the Calabrian is marked by the extraordinary length of his arm; the Venetian by that of his leg; the former, therefore, is supposed to approach more nearly to the type of the ape. More than two thousand skulls from the twenty-first year and upward have been measured by the Professor, and he finds that the cranial capacity, or hollow bounded by the skull, is greatest in Tuscany, next in Venetia and Liguria, and least in Sicily or Sardinia.

[The *size* of brain *alone* is not the measure of capacity or power, nor is there any justification in comparing a people with the ape because of long arms or long legs. Such measurements are interesting, and may furnish data on which to base certain inferences. What more? It is *quality*, as well as quantity, that governs, and in order to arrive at exactness, one must compare textures,—blood tissue, nerve, muscle, bone, hair, skin, etc., as well as size of brain, to classify individuals and races.

Certain prejudiced ethnologists have tried to make out a case against the negro by asserting that his anatomical structure—the number of cranial bones, etc.—was different from that of the Caucasian. Whereas the fact is, God made man in his own image, and of one blood; and all of the variations may be reasonably accounted for without supposing there were separate origins for the different tribes and nations. One is a lower type than the other, as one is savage, and another is civilized. One is undeveloped, the other is cultured, disciplined, developed. One inhabits tropical countries, another temperate, and another an arctic climate. These conditions, with the food, modes of life, etc., of each, may have brought about all the difference which we see among the races of man.]

THE JUDGMENT OF KOON-FU-TSZE.

BY CHUM-CHUM-CRO.

I sing of law that's rational, the bulwark of the right,—
Our great palladium national, to us a shining light
Of balanced scale and verdict meet as nation ever saw—
Where Wisdom on the judgment-seat propounds the
ends of law.

In Nankin's proud imperial walls (extol them, hosts
above,

Spread through those blest Celestial halls the breath of
truth and love),

A general postman, sure and brief, after a well-spent life
Died, leaving drowned in pious grief two children and a
wife.

The final mournful ritual o'er, they counted the estate,
And humbly pray'd the good Che-hsien he would ad-
ministrate.

The good Che-hsien * had pondered much, the lawyers
had been heard;

The widow should receive the half,—the elder son a
third;

* Magistrate. "Che" is a very common prefix to names in China, as common, for example, as "John." "Hsien," however, is not a suffix like "son," but titular.
c. c. c.

A ninth, the younger's portion was; and then, should
anight remain,
That, for his trouble, as a fee, should take the good Che-
hsien.

All the effects were Tartar steeds, in number seventeen,
And these how to divide aright puzzled the good Che-
hsien.

The interested parties, too, grumbled and made a row,—
No steed, they swore, should be sold off,—but, to divide
them, *how!*

That way came the Philosopher, the glorious Koon-fu-
tsze;

The Che-hsien said, "I drop the case,—Master! do thou
decree!"

The Sage spread out his learned robe, and shook his
reverend wig,—

Paused,—shifted the judicial chair, with looks of wis-
dom big,

And said, "Soh, I administrate; but tell me not of fees;
I have my ministerial pay, and nought will take from
these;

Moreover,"—here the litigants raised an applause
shout;

The loon-choon * bellowed, "Silence, there!" and kick-
ed a sailor out;—

"Moreover, to facilitate of legal claims the course,—
To aid decision just and prompt, *I give* another horse,
And thus,"—but here the lawyers raised an astonished
shout!

(The constable, indignant, kicked another sailor out.)

"Behold, now, *eighteen* steeds there be. Widow, thy
share is nine.

Elder, thy third—take six for thee. Youngster, two
steeds are thine."

All, going from the court, extolled the great and virtuous
man

Who had prevented further strife by such a generous
plan.

Koon-fu-tze cocks his learned wig, winking with sol-
emn fun,

And quietly mounts the "generous" gift he has confer-
red on none.

Oh, peoples all, who read this tale, how happy ye would
be,

Were but the judges over you as wise as Koon-fu-tze.†

MODERN GIANTS.

NOW and then we meet with mammoth
men and women who illustrate the
affirmation that giants are not quite a mat-
ter of ancient history. The *Scientific Ameri-
can* not long since published the following
interesting interview:

"On Friday, January 27, the floor of our
office trembled under the tread of the largest
client that ever pressed its boards. Seating
himself at our desk, on a chair (as much out
of proportion to his bulk as an ordinary baby's
chair would be to a common-sized man), this

huge individual explained to us the nature
of an invention for which he was desirous to
secure a patent. Having transacted his busi-
ness, and created a very unusual sensation
among the numerous attachés of the office,
he rose to depart. On his way out, our asso-
ciate editor adroitly approached him, and
succeeded in gaining from him the following
statement, the publication of which, in our
sober columns, will, we are sure, minister to
that love of the marvelous, a trace of which
always remains, even in the most philosophic
bosom.

"The name of the individual referred to is
Colonel Ruth Goshen, and he resides at pres-
ent in Algonquin, Ill. He is a native of Tur-
key in Asia, and was born among the hills of
Palestine. He is the fifteenth, and last child
(the baby) of a family of fifteen—ten sons
and five daughters—sired by a patriarch now
ninety years old, living in the valley of Da-
mascus, and by occupation a coffee planter.
This venerable sire weighs, at the present
time, 520 pounds avoirdupois, and his wife,
aged sixty-seven, weighs 560 pounds.

"The entire family are living, and not one
of them weighs less than 500 pounds. The
oldest son weighs 630 pounds, and the young-
est, our huge client, outstripping them all,
weighs 650 pounds. Not one of the family
is less than 7 feet in height, and the Colonel
is a stripling of only 7 feet 8 inches in his
stockings. He is not an unduly fat man, is
merely what would be called moderately
portly, and is thirty-three years old.

"He was a colonel in the Austrian army in
1859, and a colonel commanding in the Mex-
ican army at the battle of Puebla, May 5th,
1862, in which the Mexicans were victorious.
His father at one time resided in Leeds, Eng.,
but returned to Turkey in 1845.

"The Colonel states that there has never
been any sickness in the family to speak of,
and that all are—so far as he knows—well
and hearty. It was at Leipsic, Germany, that
the Colonel met his fate in the person of a
fair *mädchen*, weighing 190 pounds, and 5 feet
9 inches in height; the union has been bless-
ed with two sons, who give promise of rival-
ing their father in stature. The Colonel is a
finely-proportioned man; walks with a firm
and elastic step; is as straight as an arrow,
and has coal-black eyes, hair, and mustache.

* Constable.

† Confucius.



NEW YORK,
OCTOBER, 1871.

AGRICULTURE AND AMERICAN INDIFFERENCE.

“A POPULATION accustomed to labor is the important necessity for the substantial development of our great country,” said a leading Southern statesman not long since in the course of an address on the subject of immigration. There has been an unhealthy growth of late years among the people of our Atlantic States—at least, it is more marked here than elsewhere in the Union—a growth of sentiment adverse to physical labor, particularly that labor which renders the earth tributary to man’s nourishment. Agriculture appears to have fallen into disrepute among educated Americans, and preference is shown for the varied enterprises of commerce, or for the quieter walks of professional life. There is an undue aggregation of Young America in the larger cities. Trivial and subordinate clerkships or “places” in stores and counting-rooms being eagerly seized by young men whose education and physical vigor, if applied to agriculture, horticulture, or some industrial occupation adapted to their capacity, would, in a few years, place them in comparative independence.

A New York merchant advertises for a clerk for some inferior department in his warehouse, and at once an eager throng of bearded men and beardless youth invade its precincts, each prepared

to urge his suitability for the position. This, exemplified almost daily, exhibits the great excess of the clerical supply over the needs of metropolitan trade, and the resultant effect, a low rate of wages to the average clerk, is reasonably accounted for. Young men by the hundred lounge listlessly about the streets month after month, and perhaps year after year, a burden upon industrious and frugal yet foolishly fond parents, waiting for some “opening.” Time and talents are thus wasted, which in some trade or honest manual vocation would yield them a comfortable support besides relieving those at home.

On the other hand, the intelligent foreigner, who comes to our shores with a proper sense of the uses of labor, scruples not to take up those laborious vocations which the American, in his foolish disdain, rejects. A few square rods of land in the suburbs of the city becomes his working capital, and soon his wagon, loaded with tempting vegetables or luscious fruits, is seen slowly rolling toward the market-place. A beginning once made, he is quite sure to advance toward fortune. Who are the gardeners and horticulturists on whose industry and skill our markets chiefly depend for their steady supplies? Are they not foreigners?

Now the indifference shown toward agricultural pursuits by the modern American is due to a false opinion. He thinks that in becoming a farmer he loses valuable intellectual, social, and esthetic privileges, and so is sure to retrograde in culture and refinement. He practically forgets the important place which agriculture holds and must ever maintain in the economy of the nation, and he fails to realize that among the public men of the past and of the present there have been and are farmers of robust ability and brilliant talent. Besides, he does not appreciate the fact that the sphere of

letters owes much to authors and poets who have found the transition from the plow to the study easy and productive of a healthy mentality, not only for themselves, but for a world that eagerly feeds upon the creations of their pen.

The steady pursuit of agriculture at a distance from a large city, we grant, will prevent that intimate and close personal association with the better types of intelligence and culture which is only to be found in old centers of commerce and general enterprise, but the press prevents anything approaching isolation, for it teems with all that is witty, sprightly, wise, instructive, and refining in the best classes of American society, and brings to one's door, wherever he may be in all the broad sweep of his glorious land, those elevating influences which, under the most favorable circumstances, were he dependent upon his own efforts, he would fail to secure. There is so much that is vain and superficial in city life, that it may be doubted by the earnest and serious student of letters and science whether its experience may profit him. Indeed, such a one pursues his studies apart from the multitude in retirement, where the current of his reflections may not be embarrassed or interrupted.

The judicious pursuit of husbandry is to-day ripe with advantages, and the eyes of our youth should be opened to them. Science and art have been tributary to the farmer, and provided for his use wonderful instruments which at once ease his labor and hasten its performance. He finds in his diversified vocation opportunities for the application of the highest intellectual attainments, and he can point to rich results which were the fruit only of the most extended scientific research. To him no learning will come amiss. His employments in the field, in the mill, in the granary may be made conservators of mental vigor,

may freshen and stimulate a healthy appetite for intellectual food, and impart that steady reflective condition so essential to the thorough assimilation of the ideas and perceptions drawn in from the world without.

Our notion of agricultural pursuits is scarcely that of the poet :

"Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labor, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven,"

for it savors more of the nervous energy of our American atmosphere; but there is in that brief picture of Thomson the spirit which is essential to their proper understanding. Sentimentally and esthetically, what more can the human heart desire?

Politically considered, if our national prosperity continues to be so much dependent upon agricultural and industrial interests, the men who drive the plow and wield the sledge must exert a most powerful influence upon American civil affairs; in fact, if the past serve as a guide by which we may affirm anything of the future, these men of the plow and anvil will control the balance of power and sway our destinies. There is that in the pursuit of agriculture which imparts an element of manliness. The free, open country contributes to freedom and independence of thought, and this quality of mind, strengthened and developed by education, is peculiar to the true American farmer. A thousand, and this is a moderate estimate, of such men in each State of the Union would inspire it with an irresistible energy for progress and prosperity.

Let our young men be admonished not to crowd and strain for places in the close and hungry city, and not to accept niggardly wages for hard and protracted toil, but let them go into the meadows and hillsides of the East or on the rich prairies of the West, and there aspire to success through the intelligent

cultivation of the soil. Let them not abandon altogether this generous gift of Providence to the frugal son of toil who comes from a foreign clime.

BAD AIR.

AIR, the breath of life, is the first want of the human being, and it is also the last. At every pulsation during life we need this life-sustaining element. Yet one would suppose by the bad ventilation of houses, street cars, churches, and lecture-rooms that man was made to live without air,—at least that it was a matter of indifference whether he had much or little, or whether it was good or bad. We read often in the papers of the death of persons from suffocation in wells, mines, or in rooms warmed by charcoal burned in an open vessel, or of suffocation by escaping gas, and we are startled, wondering why people will be so careless; yet thousands of people die by inches, or only half live, in consequence of the impurity of the air which they breathe. If one is shut up in a small room without any admission of fresh air, the air contained within the room soon becomes impure by having been breathed over and over, and very great lassitude or depression of life and spirits is the consequence. People live in tenement-houses in New York, six or seven stories high, one room above another, some having seventy-five families in a house, and each family containing from five to eight persons, with no appliance for ventilating the whole building; the inhabitants being ignorant of the necessity for ventilating their own rooms respectively, is it a wonder that such places show heavy bills of mortality? One looks pityingly at the poor, pale, languid little slips of girls and boys, and watches the weary, half-dead infants who are balancing between life and death,—more

frequently stopping on the death side, because more than half of the time during the day and night they are thus pent up and half stifled for the want of pure air.

The blood requires to be revitalized constantly within the lungs by coming in contact with atmospheric air. Indeed, that is the whole office of the lungs, to aerate or revitalize the blood (which is there met by the atmospheric air), and change it from dark venous blood to bright scarlet arterial blood, thus preparing it to carry life to every part and tissue of the system. In the lungs the blood loses many of its impurities and takes on the life-giving oxygen from the air; and in proportion as the air is abundant and pure which we breathe, in that proportion we have the glow of health and the enthusiasm of living which comes from well-vitalized blood. People who live in the cities, especially those of intelligence and culture, study the subject of ventilation and do more to promote it than people in the country. Houses that are built with low ceilings, and are sometimes located near to miasmatic swamps, are not as healthful residences, though located in the country, as most of the better kind of residences in the city where the ceilings are high and the windows permitted to come down from the top. In nine-tenths of the farm-houses, and probably in more than half the houses in villages, the windows are not arranged so as to be pulled down from the top; and millions of people in this country sleep in small rooms without any effort at ventilation. During the day, their houses, in warm weather, are more or less open, and the people circulate freely in the open air; but their sleeping apartments are execrable, on account of having no ventilation. People bury themselves in feather beds, and shut their bedroom doors, and sometimes they will raise the bottom of the window an inch, but not

much more, lest a cat should get in. They are afraid of the draft, and keep it out, and they look and feel depressed and unrefreshed in the morning.

We have had some unpleasant personal experiences in this matter of ventilation, or the want of it, and it may be of service to some to refer to them. We frequently deliver lectures on temperance before associations devoted to the promotion of that excellent subject. Their meetings are steadily held during the summer and winter. We have seen fifteen hundred people packed into a hall with a ceiling not more than ten feet high, a place not originally constructed for a public lecture-room, some second or third story fitted up for the use of a temperance society, the partitions being taken out so as to make it roomy, and no original effort having been made for its ventilation. To make their room pleasant in the evening they must needs have an abundant light, and we have counted thirty or forty gas-burners, each of which would boil a teakettle in fifteen minutes, all being lower than the eyes of the speaker when he stood on the platform, and on that platform we could almost touch the ceiling; and in such a room not a window was open, not a gimlet hole for ventilation. Imagine the amount of heat given out in such a low room filled with people breathing the air over and over again; then put a speaker on the platform, his head surrounded by an atmosphere of impurity directly from the lungs of a thousand people and the heated, burned air from the gas-lights, and you have the surroundings of a temperance lecturer trying to instruct and entertain men and women who are seeking freedom from rum, and are not wise enough to know that there are other forms of intemperance as well as drinking poisonous liquor. Poisonous air, though it may not make a man whip his wife or squander his property, robs him

of his life by inches and destroys his mental vigor. Under such circumstances we are never at a loss for something to talk about at the start, and never proceed until we have given a dissertation on air, and the windows are pulled down or raised. We remember one room of this sort which had been fitted up, and for three months the society had occupied it, and the windows could neither be raised nor lowered because they were set fast with the paint which had been put on at the beginning, showing that the society had been living there two hours of an evening every week without any ventilation except that which might come in through the doors or crevices. In some such lecture-rooms we have persuaded the people to make an opening from the ceiling to the roof, to let off the heat of the gas-burners and take away the foul air, while other rooms where we have lectured several times, and given similar advice, remain unventilated.

The ferry-boats plying between New York and the adjacent cities are some of them splendid in their appointments, yet have not a particle of ventilation in their cabins except that which may be obtained from the doors, and these in cool weather are kept shut with strong springs, while the cabins are kept heated at a high temperature. Some of the old ferry-boats had openings to let off the foul air from the cabins, but the new ones have no such arrangement. In the "gentlemen's cabin"—erroneously so-called—forty or fifty men out of the seventy or one hundred which it will contain, will be seen smoking bad cigars or the dirtiest of old pipes; and when it is remembered that every few minutes a trip is made with new passengers, and that in this cabin there is no ventilation except by the doors, it may be well imagined that one accustomed to pure air, and not accustomed to the fumes of the detestable pipe or cigar,

must hold his breath in passing through such a place, or be nearly suffocated. But this is the "gentlemen's cabin," arranged and provided by the wealthy company to be occupied by human beings. It may readily be believed, also, that we always take a stand on the front end of the boat, rather than in either cabin, preferring the frosts of winter, or even the rain, to an atmosphere which such a place would afford.

The street cars of our cities are very little better, in respect to proper means of ventilation, than the ferry-boats. They have swinging, ventilating windows obviously intended to admit pure air and permit the foul air to escape, but they are so constructed that they can not be kept open. They are hung nearly on the center, and there is no friction arranged to keep them in place, so that as soon as they are opened they swing back again.

We are amazed and indignant that in great commercial cities, with all their collected wisdom, their medical colleges, and ten thousand doctors, the people are permitted thus to sweat and swelter in such an atmosphere in public boats and cars and assembly rooms. It is but a few years since any church within our knowledge had any preparation whatever for ventilation. No wonder the people went to sleep in sermon time. We venture the opinion that not one-half of the churches, in the large cities even, and not one in fifty in the country, have any special means adapted to ventilate them, to let off the foul air, and permit the fresh air to take its place. Most of them can have a window pulled down or up, but when the audience begins to come in, the room is cool enough and the air is fresh; and when the house becomes crowded, it is not convenient to open the windows, and people do not wish to make a disturbance to do it. If we could build a church, or have one constructed in har-

mony with physiological laws, we would have it arranged so that the windows and ventilators could be adjusted by the sexton without disturbing the congregation, so that air enough might be let in to keep women from fainting, and strong men from going to sleep. Ventilators might be worked with wires through the ceiling, just as bell wires are worked, so that openings could be made without any noise, or could be closed without trouble, and it would save the sexton a great deal of work, and the audience a great deal of ill-health.

Air is abundant and cheap. It does not need to be invited in; if we make a place for it, it will rush in of itself; and when the air is made foul by being breathed over and over again, it will hurry out, because lighter, and the outward air will rush in and take its place, because heavier. Air is the most needful, it is the most abundant, and it is the cheapest of all good things. Let us have air!

A CURE FOR INEBRIETY.

A READER of the JOURNAL appeals, doubtless in all sincerity, to us in this manner:

"Will you have the kindness to recommend a good and safe remedy for curing drunkenness?"

A simple, categorical answer will not apply in this case. Here and there is a professed reformer who recommends medical specifics; another, that some kind of alcoholic liquor be put into every kind of food and eaten by the victim until he becomes so disgusted and sick of it that he will crave no more; still another, who advises that the patient be sent to an asylum for inebriates and confined therein, and treated until all hankering for "fire-water" shall have ceased; and another would have the victim "taper off" by taking a small horn, and after each dram cutting away with a knife a portion of the horn, so that it will hold less and less, until the entire horn shall be finally cut away, and with it the determination to drink.

These methods are compromises. They may suit some natures that may not be reached or affected in a more direct and manly way. But, seriously, does one *realize* that *he is a drunkard*? Has he not enough manliness to see the difference between a manly man and a poor weak slave? Is he willing to be classed with the latter? Can he trust himself no more? What! a human wreck! and all through one small leak? and that leak the appetite? Sound and strong in every other part, but weak—almost to rottenness—here? A plank damaged by the ship's striking on a rock, or from defects which existed undiscovered in the start, must be taken out, and a new one fitted in. It can safely be done by a good workman. We must lighten—enlighten—the ship; heave her on her sides, or put her into a dry dock for repairs. It will be found that the most satisfactory course in such cases, after repairing damages the best we can, is to keep clear of the rocks and quicksands in future. Yield to no temptations. "Taste not, touch not, handle not" that which is an enemy to your peace and "biteth like an adder." **STOP!**

No tampering; no dropping one stimulant to take up another. We now and then find one who stops smoking or snuffing to take up chewing. Is not this "out of the frying-pan into the fire?" No "substitute" is to be sought, but the patient is to take into his mouth or stomach *only* that which is natural food or natural drink; that which may be converted into healthful blood, tissue, nerve, muscle, bone, etc. In short, *the* way to overcome drunkenness is, not to drink stimulants. The drinker must drink no more. He must stop, and in an earnest, prayerful spirit ask God for strength and grace to resist the temptation and overcome the desire. Appetite must be subordinated to the intellect and the moral sense. Can you do it? Are you a man? or are you a slave? God pity the poor weak imbeciles who can not help it!

RUNNING IN A RUT.

SMALL and narrow minds always run in ruts. Large and comprehensive minds originate ideas and strike out original courses. A monkey can imitate, but it requires a man

of mind—something more than instinct—to originate. A small-minded man may be sharp and shrewd enough to follow and pick up the mental crumbs of a larger mind, and turn the same to profitable account. Our long-headed John Calvin, our broad-headed Martin Luther, and our high-headed John Wesley, lead their millions of followers to-day. Newton, Harvey, Fulton, Gall were large-minded men, and made original discoveries. We, lesser lights, profit by their teachings, and follow in their wake. The only objection to this "rut fraternity" is, that they oppose measures which, if carried out, would result in their good. The world changes. One season succeeds another. Daylight succeeds darkness. One generation—yes, *generation*—succeeds another. And the world moves. Let us move with it. Those who oppose will be run over, crushed, and left behind the ever *forward* movement. Instead of following blind and fallible guides, let us look to the great Teacher, and follow Him. Is our course through dark and dismal ways? Light from heaven, through faith, will shine on our path and make the way "all serene." Let us get out of the ruts of ignorance, skepticism, superstition, fear, despondency, and spiritual death, and come up into the open way whose roads are straight and free from impediments, and which are illuminated by the brightness of truth.

MEMORANDA.—In this number we publish the first installment of Goldsmith's most celebrated poem, "The Deserted Village," with notes and new illustrations. The encouragement accorded by readers in publishing "The Traveller" has induced us to make another venture in what is beyond all question standard English poetry. It was our intention to present a portrait of Miss Phœbe Cary with the brief sketch of the sisters, which appears on page 266, but we were unable to procure a suitable likeness in time.

GO TO THE FAIR.—In the United States and the neighboring provinces there will be held more than *six hundred* State and county fairs this year! The great utility of these exhibitions is beyond question. The best specimens of the best productions of fruits, flowers, veg-

etables, grains, grasses, poultry, cattle, domestic implements, etc., are brought to public view. Valuable experiences and observations are exchanged, and the sum of real knowledge greatly increased. Look into those stalls and note the beautiful forms of high-bred cattle, sheep, and poultry. *That* is what judicious breeding, feeding, and care will do. "Will it pay?" It *will* pay; and when it is known to farmers that a Shorthorn, a Southdown, Shropshire, or Merino will bring twice or thrice more than common stock, they will avail them-

selves of the improvements. Self-interest, to say nothing of patriotism, will impel them to this. Hence we commend these fairs, and would have one held each year, first in every town or county, then in every State. It would bring about many other desirable results which we have not time or space now to mention. There are *abuses*. Granted,—and we will add, there will be losses and disappointments; but these will be trifling compared with the great good which will come of all such exhibitions. Go to the fair, and see the sights.

Department of Literature, Science, Education.

WRITING BY DASHES.

BY FRANCIS GERRY FAIRFIELD.

A COUPLE of patient Germans—Professor Krieg and Dr. Zeibig, of Dresden—have recently commenced the collection of material for a history of shorthand, to be printed in monthly numbers, under the terrible title of the "Panstenographicon." The plan of the work includes synopses of all systems of stenography, ancient and modern, from the abbreviations of the Roman notaries and the old Greek writers to the complicated systems of modern phonography, as now practiced by New York Court reporters, and the new systems of stenography, lately developed by European inquiry in the same direction. The projectors of the work solicit contributions, discussing the various methods of shorthand now prevalent, and propose, if possible, to solve the question of the relative utility of the different systems discussed, and intelligently to recommend the universal adoption of some one of them.

The subject is one of more than passing importance, not only to professional reporters, but to commercial correspondents; and the Dresden publication has already elicited a vast deal of historical information. The individuality gradually engrafted by every writer of phonography upon the general system as taught in the text-books—an individuality that renders it difficult for one expert to translate the notes of another—has thus far prevented the adoption of the system as the vehicle of written communication, and limited it rigidly to the business of reporting. In a word, phonographic writers fall by practice into the habit of using log-

ograms of their own invention, to the detriment of the intelligibility of their notes; and the general prevalence of this habit, united to the difficulty of avoiding it, appears to preclude the adoption of the phonographic method for purposes of written intercommunication. In this respect, stenography as practiced by London reporters, substantially according to the system of Thomas Gurney, seems to have the advantage of phonography as practiced here.

The two Dresden professors have, in the three or four numbers of their pamphlet printed thus far, disseminated considerable curious information, which it is the purpose of the writer to condense. Dr. Timothy Bright, in 1588, originated a method of writing that justly entitles him to the appellation of the "father of modern shorthand." In the preface of his book dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, the Doctor traces shorthand to Cicero, but with little foundation in fact. The shorthand practiced by the ancient Romans was really nothing more than a system of abbreviation—B. F. standing for *bonum fatum*, R. P. for *res publica*, P. R. for *Romanus populus*, and so on—and was, therefore, a shortened and unintelligible longhand rather than a system of shorthand as the latter is now understood. The ancient Greeks, also, practiced a method of abbreviation that reduced the labor of writing about one-half; and this is as far back as the two German professors have been able to get. They have, not, therefore, yet elicited the genesis of ancient shorthand, which lies farther back in the now

misty ages of Egyptian civilization. The hieroglyphics of Egypt constitute, in fact, the first elaborate method of which history has preserved any record. It was, in some respects, peculiar, and consisted of six hundred and thirty-six signs, the reading of which was based upon a very simple principle, which is thus formulated by that patient Egyptologist, Dr. Gustav Seyffarth: "Every hieroglyphic picture represents primarily the several consonants in the name of the picture contained." Thus, the picture of the firmament, in old Egyptian *Phtha*, stands for the two consonants *p* and *t*; and throughout the whole six hundred and thirty-six, as the learned Doctor has proved, not a single exception to the principle is presented. In fact, the hieroglyphic system, instead of being symbolical or ideographic, is merely a shorthand alphabet of considerable complication.

The next shorthand, far from being that of the ancient Greeks, is preserved in that cumbersome system of ligatures which renders it so difficult to master the Sanscrit alphabet, resulting in four or five hundred primary alphabetic signs, many of them so near alike as to be wholly undecipherable, except by the most microscopic nicety of eye on the part of the student. The ampersand of the current English alphabet may be quoted as illustrative of this system, which, with considerable simplification, was transmitted to the Greeks. The parent of modern shorthand is not, therefore, the method of abbreviation mentioned by Dr. Bright as having engaged the attention of Cicero, but the ancient habit of writing by ligatures expressing two or three letters in one.

After the decay of Greek and Roman civilization, the subject slumbers until the latter part of the sixteenth century, when Dr. Bright, taking a hint from Mr. Ratcliff, of Plymouth, resuscitates it in his treatise dedicated to the Queen. This was in 1588, two years before Peter Bales printed his work on "Swift Writing, True Writing, and Fair Writing," a quaint title covering a world of curious speculation.

Granger, in his "Biographical History of England," mentions Bales as having been an adept in the method of writing by dashes. Bales appears to have conceived the idea of heading his words with Roman letters, and indicating the rest by disposing commas, periods, dashes, and other marks about the initial letter. This was an advance upon the system of Dr. Bright, which depended upon the retention of the consonants and the omission of the vowels, and constituted nothing more than a return to the

ancient Semitic. It is likely that Bales took the hint of his invention from the old Rabbinical system of indicating vowels by points in Hebrew as then written; but, be this as it may, his departure from Bright is in the direction of modern shorthand, and enfolds its primitive germ.

John Willis, a clergyman, next attempted to solve the problem, but, in his writing by dashes, fell into the error of using a couple of strokes to the letter, thus vitiating his invention. Moreover, the angularity of his letters, and the consequent difficulty of conjoining them, rendered his art impracticable. Edmund Willis, Henry Dix, Mr. Maud, and William Folkingham, in 1613, 1630, 1633, and 1635, made attempts to improve upon the invention of John Willis, but were unsuccessful in all-important particulars. The right angle appears to have constituted their principal vehicle, and, placed in different positions, represented half a dozen different letters of the alphabet. Thus stood English shorthand at the advent of Thomas Gurney in London, in 1731, whence dates modern stenography.

In 1738, having reduced Mason's word-signs from several thousands to one hundred, Gurney printed his system, which was soon introduced into court reporting. Verbatim notes of the trials of Warren Hastings, Lord George Gordon, and of other *causes célèbres* were thus preserved; and, in 1860, the great efforts of Burke, Sheridan, and Fox were, by the British Government, pointed from the original notes taken by Thomas Gurney in 1738 and 1739.

Meanwhile, Germany and Holland had not been idle. Daniel Schwenter, of Altdorff, Missemberg, had, early in the seventeenth century, arranged an art of shorthand adapted to the German language; but neither he nor his successor, George Philip Harldorffer, had been very successful. Johan Reyner, of Rotterdam, Holland, in 1673, was, however, the first to elaborate a complete shorthand alphabet, whence dates the system of modern phonography as distinct from the stenography of English invention—the former depending primarily upon letter-signs, the latter upon word-signs. Reyner adhered, however, to the angular shapes of the letters, appearing in the art as interpreted by Bales, and hence his method, though clear and ingenious, was next to unmasterable.

Coming down to 1837, the system of Isaac Pitman appears, so far, to be the most manageable. Pitman was the first to discard the right angle, but he bases his art, nevertheless, upon

geometry. A circle intersected by two diameters, one perpendicular, the other horizontal, and again intersected diagonally by two diameters, gives eight segments and four straight lines, which may be made to represent twelve letters by a mere difference of disposition. Draw these same signs with a heavy stroke instead of a light one, and an alphabet of twenty-four letters is provided for. This is simple—simplicity itself,—and hence the Pitman system has, even in London, gradually superseded the long prevalent system of Gurney.

Thus far the Saxon has led the German; but here, again, the plodding Teuton claims to take the lead, in the invention of Francis Xavier Gabelsberger, of Bavaria, who began his study of the problem in 1817, and cogitated seventeen years before submitting anything for publication. Gabelsberger was born in 1789, and was, consequently, forty-five years old when he perfected his invention, which represents a new point of departure. Disliking, probably, the angular and uncouth shapes in vogue, he begins with an analysis of the ordinary current writing, selecting the strokes most frequently occurring, from which he forms his alphabet and his double consonants. Submitted to the Bavarian Academy of Sciences, his

system was approved in 1834, and printed. A second edition appeared in 1839; in 1843 his second work was completed; and, in 1850, a year after his death, his last and elaborated grammar of the new system was made public. The method at this point was taken up and practically perfected by the Royal Stenographic Institute of Dresden, Saxony, and is now almost exclusively employed by Continental reporters. In 1860 it was, by Alfred Geiger, of Dresden, adapted to the English language. Its method is simple; its vocalization quite perfect, with an average of one stroke to the syllable. But its chief advantage seems to be that, while one is learning to write longhand, he is at the same time practicing the primary strokes of shorthand. It may be written six times as fast in the style of correspondence as ordinary longhand, while, in the style of reporting, it is much more rapid. This method is now the only one taught in Germany, Russia, Sweden, Norway, Italy, and Greece—in all of which it forms a part of the academic curriculum. May we not entertain the hope that after three centuries of struggle, the world in this new system has been provided with a shorthand which may ultimately supersede the current absurd and tedious longhand?

ALICE AND PHÆBE CARY.

IT is not many months since the death of Alice Cary was recorded, and a few weeks ago tidings came from Newport that on the morning of the 31st of July, Phæbe, the younger, and scarcely less gifted, sister breathed her last. The two, united so entirely in life, have not in death been long divided. Their story should be written and read together, for its tender harmony teaches a lesson of love and womanly virtue which it would be well for many who are left to learn.

Alice was five years her sister's senior, but their literary labors began, as almost they ended, together. In 1850 appeared their first volume, a collection of poems, by both sisters, and which just opened the path for them, and but little more. As Phæbe herself expressed it, these poems were but "feeble echoes" of the well-known poets of the day.

Very soon after the appearance of this volume they came to New York. Their career in this city was a remarkable one. With comparatively few friends at the outset, they rapidly gained a social and literary popularity which was destined to make them known and beloved

over the whole Union. At the time of Alice Cary's death, an editor of one of our leading illustrated weeklies said to the writer, that the universal love, and more than this, warm friendship felt for both sisters was evinced by the obituary notices of Alice in every paper all over the land. "We have an opportunity," said he, "of knowing this, because on looking through our exchanges we found the most obscure papers contained a notice of her death, and all spoke of her not alone as a poetess, but a friend."

It was their warm sympathy with all humanity which made them famous, more than any wonderful genius. In the poems of the elder sister especially, the heart is appealed to, a chord touched, to which the most impassive must respond; and often the simple sweetness of their religious faith was evinced in that unconscious manner which teaches the best lesson to the world.

Their home in Twentieth Street became some time since one of the few centers of social and literary gathering which New York possessed. The Sunday-evening reunions be-

gan in a most informal manner. Mr. Greeley was in the habit of going there to tea, and from this arose a fashion of inviting one or two others; and over all, even in her later days of suffering and decline, Alice was recognized as the presiding spirit, while the brightness of the younger sister's presence shed a radiance that will linger long in the recollection of the home that has passed away.

Opposite as both sisters were in talent, yet a perfect congeniality existed between them. Where the nature of Alice was serious and calm, though full of earnest energy, Phoebe was bright and sparkling. Her conversation was full of brilliant repartee and flashes of humor, and has been likened to Sidney Smith's, and this strain showed itself frequently in her writings. Yet when the subject was one to call out expressions of her faith and religion, she did best. Nature in its spring and summer loveliness appealed quickest to Alice's heart, and some snatches of her songs seem fraught with the very delicacy and perfume of flowers.

During the last months of Alice's life, Phoebe nursed her with untiring devotion. On the 12th of February the end came. We can well imagine how as the last thread of the elder life was severed, the heart of the younger sister broke with grief; not that grief which finds vent in passionate demonstration, but which endures on in fatal silence to the end.

Through a dreary round of days and weeks the younger sister lived on, looking always, we doubt not, to the release and reunion which were so near at hand. For awhile she remained in the home they had so long shared together. We have heard that each morning she knelt at her sister's vacant bedside and prayed. Who knows what pent-up sorrow was poured forth there?—what supplication not to be kept long from one another?

At last weariness of heart and body, which was never actual illness, overcame her. The last chord of the tired heart broke, and the story of both lives, so simple yet so effective, ended. In the belief which her Swedenborgian faith teaches, that in a preparatory world she would meet and know and love her sister with a perfected love and recognition, her spirit passed away.

The sunny home in Twentieth Street; its brilliant circle and kindly influence; the presence of Alice and Phoebe Cary,—all are gone!—all but the memory, and I think both sisters would be better pleased with a fame that lives in the hearts rather than on the lips of men.

L. C. WHITE.

[A few additional particulars with reference to Phoebe will not be wanting in interest to the reader. She was born on her father's farm, eight miles from Cincinnati, in 1825. Some contributions published in the *National Era* of Washington first called attention to her literary ability. Her well-known volume, "Poems of Faith, Hope, and Love," contains the ripest fruits of her poetic thought.

One of the most touching and beautiful of Phoebe Cary's poems is the one known as "The Christian's Evening Tide," which was composed one Sunday morning in 1852, shortly after the author had returned from church. It is by no means out of place here.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before;
Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne;
Nearer the crystal sea;
Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross;
Nearer gaining the crown.
But the waves of that silent sea
Roll dark before my sight,
That brightly the other side
Break on a shore of light.
Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink—
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think,
Fa'her, perfect my trust,
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith.

In person she was short and plump, apparently in the possession of even exuberant health, and scarcely knew what pain and indisposition meant until her last illness. The death of Alice proved too heavy a stroke. She grew old in a few weeks, and resigned all claim upon life when, worn by grief and weariness, she betook herself to the sick bed.]

WHAT BECOMES OF THE COIN.

IN the reign of Darius, gold was thirteen times more valuable, weight for weight, than silver. In the time of Plato, it was twelve times more valuable. In that of Julius Cæsar, gold was only nine times more valuable, owing, perhaps, to the enormous quantities of gold seized by him in his wars. It is a natural question to ask what became of the gold and silver? A paper read before the Polytechnic

Association, by Dr. Stephens, recently, is calculated to meet this inquiry. He says of our annual gold product, fully fifteen per cent. is melted down for manufacture; thirty-five per cent. goes to Europe; twenty-five per cent. to Cuba; fifteen per cent. to Brazil; five per cent. direct to Japan, China, and the Indies; leaving but five per cent. for circulation in this country. Of that which goes to Cuba, the West Indies, Brazil, fully fifty per cent. finds its way to Europe, where, after deducting a large percentage used in manufacturing, four-fifths of the remainder is exported to India. Here the transit of the precious metal is at an end. Here the supply, however vast, is absorbed, and never returns to the civilized world.

The Orientals consume but little, while their productions have ever been in demand among the Western nations. As mere recipients, therefore, these nations have acquired the desire of accumulation and hoarding, a fashion common alike to all classes among the Egyptians, Indians, Chinese, and Persians. A French economist states that in his opinion the former nation

alone hide away \$20,000,000 of gold and silver annually, and the present Emperor of Morocco is reported as so addicted to this avaricious mania, that he has filled seventeen large chambers with the precious metals. The passion of princes, it is not surprising that the same spirit is shared by their subjects, and it is in this predilection that we discover the solution of the problem as to the ultimate disposition of the precious metals. This absorption by the Eastern nations has been uninterruptedly going on since the most remote historical period. According to Pliny, as much \$100,000,000 in gold was, in his day, annually exported to the East. The balance of trade in favor of those nations is now given as \$80,000,000.

[Would it not be as well for wasteful and spendthrift Americans to learn to save as well as to earn? Should we not produce more and import less? Why give ninety-five per cent. of all our precious metals to the heathen and to foreigners? Can we not be as wise, as ingenious, and as economical as Europeans and Asiatics? Suppose we try.]

SOME WEATHER SIGNS.

THE Signal Service Bureau, not long since established, has rendered valuable service to the country at large, and demonstrated by the wonderful accuracy of its prognostications with regard to the weather the utility of meteorological observation when conducted under the direction of men of scientific culture and experience. The following general weather signs, taken from the columns of a cotemporary, will not be ungratefully received by the JOURNAL reader:

"Animated bodies receive peculiar impressions that precede and announce change of weather. Thus we hear distant sounds better when there is going to be rain; we also then see remote objects more distinctly, and bad odors are more offensive than usual.

Swallows skim the ground in their flight; is it that they may feed on the worms that then come out to the surface? Lizards hide, cats make their toilet, birds oil their feathers, flies bite more sharply, chickens scratch themselves and roll in the dust, fish leap out of the water, and aquatic birds flap their wings and dabble in the ponds and brooks.

Nearly all the signs indicated announce dampness in the air, rather than the approach of rain, for they are not seen when a storm occurs in dry weather. Thus the swelling of

wood-work, which renders it difficult to close doors made of soft timber, and the contraction and tension of cordage made of vegetable fibers, are counted among the signs of atmospheric humidity. Rude hygrometers have even been constructed of these fibers.

Certain flowers do not open at all in rainy weather; others, the Siberian thistle particularly, remain open or shut according as the weather is going to be rainy or dry.

Pallor of the sun announces rain; it is seen, at such times only, through an atmosphere laden with vapors. If the heat be stifling, that, too, is a sign of rain; for one is then surrounded by an atmosphere saturated with vapor, and more readily heated, owing to its lack of transparency. If the vapors be collected in clouds, the sun's rays that pass through the latter heighten the temperature more than they would have done in perfectly clear weather. If the sun be clear and brilliant, it foretells a fine day; but when the sun is at its rising preceded by redness, and this redness passes off the moment it does appear, the sign is of rain.

Two winds of opposite qualities succeeding each other often bring rain. Thus a cold wind entering an atmosphere impregnated with moisture by the warm wind that preceded it will bring about a precipitation of water; and the

same will be the case where a damp, warm wind enters air that had been chilled by the wind that had preceded it.

Generally, an approaching rain can be better foreseen when the sky presents several banks or layers of clouds resting one above the other. The winds that carry with them detached masses of clouds yield but light rains.

Motionless clouds, lying in the quarter whence the wind blows, bring only a continuance of that wind; but if they appear in the opposite quarter, they announce its termination.

Clouds coming up simultaneously, yet impelled by different winds, announce an early storm.

Clouds accumulating on the sides of mountains foretell rain.

The following are the signs most familiar to navigators and farmers:

A rosy sky at sunset, fine weather. A red sky in the morning, bad weather, or a great deal of wind.

A gray sky in the morning, fine weather. If the first light of dawn appears over a bed of clouds, wind may be looked for. If on the horizon, fine weather.

Light clouds with imperfectly defined edges announce fine weather and moderate breezes. Thick clouds with well-marked edges, wind. A deep, dark blue sky of somber tinge indicates wind. A clear and brilliant blue sky indicates fine weather. The lighter the clouds look, the less reason is there to anticipate wind. The more dense, the more rolled together, twisted, and tattered they are, the stronger the wind will be. A brilliant yellow sky at sunset announces wind; a pale yellow one, rain. According to the predominance of red, yellow, or grayish tints we can foretell the condition of the weather with a very close approximation to accuracy.

Small clouds of an inky color portend rain.

Light clouds moving rapidly in the direction opposite to dense masses, announce wind and rain.

High clouds passing before the sun, the moon, or the stars, in a direction opposite to that pursued by the lower beds of clouds, or of the wind felt at the surface of the soil, indicate a change of wind.

After fine weather, the first signs of a change are ordinarily high white clouds in belts, or in light dappled tufts or locks, which grow larger and soon form dense and somber masses. Generally, the more remote and higher up these clouds appear, the less abrupt the change of weather will be, but it will be considerable.

Soft, light, delicate tints, with clouds of decided shade, indicate or accompany fine weather. Extraordinary tints and dense clouds, with hard outlines, indicate rain, and probably a gale of wind.

Remark the clouds that form on hills and other elevated places, and cling there. If they continue there, augment, or descend, they indicate rain. If they, however, ascend and disperse, they portend good weather. When seabirds fly out away from land in the morning, there will be fine weather and moderate winds. If they remain near the shore, or fly inland, gales and storms may be expected. Many other animals are susceptible to atmospheric changes, and these indications should not be neglected.

Thus, when birds that usually fly in flocks—swallows, for instance—keep near to their nests, flying from one side to the other, and skimming the ground, the sign is of rain or wind. When domestic animals seek sheltered places, when chimneys smoke, or when in calm weather the smoke does not ascend overhead, bad weather may be expected.

When the sky is remarkably clear at the horizon, and objects usually invisible are distinguishable from each other, or appear higher up by refraction, there will be rain, and perhaps wind.

Extraordinary brilliancy of the stars, lack of distinctness, and apparent multiplication of the horns of the moon, halos and fragments of rainbows upon detached clouds, indicate that the wind will increase, and that there will be rain."

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

ALPH A BET.

IN your August issue B. P. F. has a card on the creation of the world and its illumination, in which he assumes that Geology—science—and the Bible are at variance.

Now, with all deference for the astuteness, research, and opinions of B. P. F., we must yet beg to believe that science and revelation *never* come "in direct contact"—nor, indeed, in contact—antagonistically—at all, when both are understood.

Geology tells us that thousands of years were consumed in the creation of the earth. Nor does revelation dispute this, though it *does* teach that creation was perfected in *six days*. Harmony or dissonance is produced as we interpret correctly or incorrectly the word "day." If it is contended that "day," as there used, means,

literally, either twelve or twenty-four hours, we must then interpret the whole account as there given, literally, which would involve us in some difficulties.

The first chapter of Genesis states that the consecutive order of creation was: The formation of the heavens and the earth "in the beginning;" then, day and night; the division of the waters; production of vegetation; ordination of lights to rule the day and the night; creation of animals; creation of man.

In the second chapter it reverses, in part, this order, and has man created prior to animals, declaring that God saw that it was not good for man to be alone, created beasts, etc., and then formed woman. It is also stated that "God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there he put *the man whom he had formed.*" Then follows an account of the *subsequent production of trees.*

That "day" means period is evident from verses 4, 5 of chapter 2. "In **THE DAY** that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens, and every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew." Here we have the explicit statement that the earth, the heavens, and vegetation were produced in *one* "day," while the same work is said, in chapter 1, to have occupied a number of "days."

The declaration, too, that there had been no rain, and that the earth was watered by a mist, is conclusive of a lapse of time greater than twenty-four hours, else there would have been no necessity for rain, nor time for a mist to benefit vegetation. There *could not* have existed any necessity for rain, since the land was under the waters until the morning of *the very same day* that vegetation appeared, and certainly the land could not have become too dry to produce vegetation within a few hours—and that without the evaporating powers of the sun which had not yet been created.

B. P. F. can not tell *precisely*, even from his standpoint, what a "day" is, so far as its duration is concerned. We presume that he will be willing to allow that from sunset until sunset is the sense of "day" in Genesis, as he contends for it.

Very good! On the average, here, from sunset until sunset, is twenty-four (24) hours. At the poles from sunset until sunset is eight thousand seven hundred and sixty-six (8,766+) hours. Now, which of these was the "day" of creation? One is 365 times as great as the other.

If B. P. F. will "search the Scriptures," he will find that they use "day" elsewhere as a designation for a time more protracted than twenty-four hours.

PHRENOLOGY AS A PROFESSION.

IN this age of telegraphs, palace cars, and perfected machinery for nearly every kind of work, the public taste is becoming instructed in respect to the gratification of its various wants. Ministers have to be educated, talented, and decorous. The grade of instruction in medical colleges is being raised, and on the whole the public seems determined to have the best of everything. When civilization takes one step upward it tends to lift everything in the same direction, except that which is too weak or wicked to be improved, and then, by contrast, at least, it seems more odious. The public requirement relative to phrenologists is every year being elevated. Formerly, if a man advertised a course of lectures on Phrenology, and knew a little more than the public did on the subject, he was listened to with comparatively little criticism. Now, it is demanded of him that he know something of the subject considerably above the common level of the public information. Consequently, every

year increases the necessity for the better culture of those who propose to enter the phrenological field.

To meet this public requirement we offer to students a course of instruction every year, and open to them our large collection of busts, skulls, and portraits, which for nearly forty years has been accumulating, together with such explanations of Phrenology, theoretical and practical, in detail, as more than a third of a century of daily practical experience may have qualified us to give.

In these instructions we begin at the basis, the physiology—the temperament, health, balance of organization, brain, and nervous system. We show the relation of brain to body, and body to brain, in their inter-action and reaction. We show how to locate the organs, and to estimate their real and relative size. We take into account their combinations and the modifications which temperament produces in the shading and molding of character.

These instructions will impart to the student, during the course of lessons, minute and needed information which he might be fifteen years in acquiring, groping his way, meditating, and dreaming and studying by himself. Some of our students in a single course of lectures have cleared the entire expense of their tuition and other expenses incident to their course of instruction, carrying with them, thenceforth, without tax or abatement, the power to conduct business successfully the remainder of their lives. Every year is broadening the public need for phrenological lectures and examinations. We are written to every month, from different parts of the country, asking for courses of lectures, and begging that we will send a competent phrenologist to meet the wants of the public.

Many persons affect unbelief in the truth of Phrenology, as they say, in detail, though they accept what they are pleased to call the general principles, viz., that the whole brain is the seat of mind, that the forehead has to do with intellect, the base of brain with propensity, and the back-head with the social feelings. Their intuitive sense shows them that a contracted forehead accompanies weakness of the mind, that a broad head belongs to force and passion, and that a full back-head goes with sociality. If they were possessed of knowledge relative to the details, they would recognize as much truth in regard to the location and function of organs in the particular parts of the forehead as they now do in reference to the whole forehead as being the seat of intellect. In other pages of this work the topics embodied in our Annual Class for instruction in Practical Phrenology are explained in detail, to which the reader is referred.

If there were to-day two thousand clear-headed, well-instructed phrenologists in this country, they would find the practice of the science a pleasant and profitable occupation; each aiding to create a public sentiment in its favor and making a demand for its practical application. Our daily experience shows us that Phrenology is taking a deep root in the minds of the people. They bring their sons and daughters to us, anxiously inquiring what pursuit or course of education is best adapted to them. One mother said to us, "I have placed my three older sons in business according to your suggestions, and they are all prospering; now I bring the fourth son for advice as to what he shall do for a livelihood; and when the youngest is old enough, he shall come also."

The phrenologist, therefore, should be truthful, just, manly, intelligent, sincere, highly moral, and possess as much knowledge of practical life as may be. The field is broad, the harvest is ripe, and the laborers few; while other professions are more or less crowded, and the more desirable occupations have a jostling throng seeking for the prosperity and honor belonging to their successful prosecution, Phrenology, as a profession, is relatively unoccupied. There should be twenty in it where there is now one. "Come over and help us."—*Annual of Phrenology and Physiognomy, 1872.*

SOME HINTS ON PRUNING TREES.

A GREAT deal has been said in the papers about the best time for pruning trees, and we are prepared to concede that the summer months are the best, that the wounds will then heal over the quickest, and that the least injury is then done to the tree. If the tree-raiser will make experiments, as all ought to do, he will find in which months wounds are healed over quickest.

There is a great deal of truth in the rule, however—to prune in winter for wood growth, and in summer for fruit—but the wounds in winter do not heal over so quickly, and water shoots are very apt to be thrown out when amputation has taken place.

The true theory of all pruning, however, is to so guide the growth of limbs as to have no severe pruning at any time.

Start the head of the tree right, in its infancy, and if any branches are going astray cut them off with your pocket-knife at any time. No larger pruning instrument should go in to an orchard at any time than a pruning-knife; and no larger one is needed, if used at the proper time.

The effect of pruning is to regulate the growth of the tree, and throw the sap into the proper channels, to form a well-balanced head with all parts open to the sun, so that the fruit may have size and color.

Many go into their orchards sawing off large limbs, cutting off more brush than they leave on the tree, mangling and butchering it horribly.

There are laws for preventing cruelty to animals, and there should be for preventing cruelty to trees. The laws of vegetable physiology should be as well understood by him who endeavors to regulate and promote the growth and fruitfulness of trees as the laws of animal physiology should be understood by him whose profession it is to regulate and bring to a normal condition the animal system when out of order.

Orchards should be visited often at this sea-

son of the year with pruning-knife in hand, and kind attention given to every tree.

Trees should be considered adopted children and their every want attended to. They should have a good, rich soil, which should be well worked, that a thrifty growth may be made.

THE SCOTT CENTENARY.—The fifteenth of August, being the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the "Wizard of the North," Sir Walter Scott, was celebrated with ceremonies more or less grand and imposing in Great

Britain and America. Known and loved wherever the English language is spoken, the writer, whose lofty genius never stooped to an ignoble act, and whose works wrought a pure, refining influence on the language and literature of England, Scotland, and America, and command the admiration of the civilized world, might well be remembered with so much dignity and splendor. The author of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" and of the Waverley novels will perish in human memory only with the decadence of the English tongue.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE—ILLUSTRATED.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS Poem, which is universally acknowledged to be one of the sweetest in the English language, was produced in 1770, although written for the most part in the intervals of leisure from the monotonous drudgery of engagements to furnish certain volumes of history, polite literature, etc., to publishers, engagements, however, upon which the poet was dependent for personal support. Its reception by the public was most cordial. Between the months of May and August five editions were published, and it was "spoken on all sides as being one of the most beautiful poems ever written." Goethe, the eminent German poet, hailed it with delight, and at once set to work to translate it into German.

With the passage of time, its hold upon the literary world has increased instead of diminishing. No critic has disallowed the high merits of "The Deserted Village" as a poetical composition, and all who have feeling hearts and emotional natures own its power. As one says, "It teems with tender and pathetic sentiment and touches of the finest humor; with high moral feeling; with noble and effective imagery; with portraiture of character that exhibit the conception of a genius and the hand of a master.

Goldsmith dedicated this Poem to one of his associates in the celebrated "Literary Club," Sir Joshua Reynolds, who proved himself a friend to the poet in more than one of the latter's embarrassments. This dedication discloses so much of the author's purpose in writing the Poem, and that, too, with so much elegance, that it would be a mistake on our part not to make it what it properly is, the introduction to the Poem.

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR—I can have no expectations in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this Poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to inquire; but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplures is nowhere to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarcely make any other answer than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I allege, and that all my views and inquiries have led me to believe those miseries real which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an inquiry, whether the country be depopulating or not; the

discussion would take up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages; and all the wisdom of antiquity in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed, so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right.

I am, dear sir, your sincere friend and ardent admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



SWEET Auburn! loveliest village
of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd
the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest
visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring
blooms delay'd.
Dear lovely bowers of innocence
and ease,

Seats of my youth,* when every sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topp'd the neighb'ring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made!
How often have I bless'd the coming day,†
When toil remitting lent its turn to play
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out, to tire each other down;

* "Seats of my youth."—This epithet seems most likely to point at Lissoy or Ballyoughter as the region of country designated as Auburn. The general characteristics of the scenery in the place first mentioned are very similar to those portrayed so vividly in the poem, while some contend that the description is as appropriate to the other.

† There is no good reason for the inference some have drawn here, that Goldsmith alluded to saints' days. At the date of this poem, and later, recreations of the kind alluded to were customary in Ireland on Sunday.

The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.



These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms,—but all these charms are fled!

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,*
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, chok'd with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall,
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

* This keen reproach seems to refer to General Robert Napier, who purchased a large Irish estate, including Lissoy, in 1730. Desiring to inclose a considerable park, he ejected all the tenants (the Goldsmiths excepted), numbering upward of a hundred persons, many of whom emigrated to America.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;



But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,*
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more;
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

* From this assertion, and what follows, it is apparent that the principle intended to be illustrated in the poem by a particular place, wherever it may be, is applied to England as well as to Ireland.

MIRTH.

A WESTERN gentleman advertises for a "self-supporting wife." The rascal doubtless is himself a charge upon the community. Girls, beware of him.

So necessary is fun to the mind, that a late philosopher says if you should build schools without playgrounds, nobody would get beyond short division in a lifetime.

"Is molasses good for cough?" inquired Jones, who had taken a slight cold and was barking with considerable energy. "It ought to be," said Brown, "it is sold for consumption."

NOWADAYS kitchen girls are termed "young ladies of the lower parlor." People who go about grinding knives, scissors, and razors are termed "gentlemen of the revolution." Folks who dig clams are termed "profound investigators."

A POOR emaciated Irishman having called in a physician in a forlorn hope, the latter spread a large mustard plaster, and put it on the poor fellow's lean chest. Pat, when he with tearful eyes looked down on it, said, "Doother, it strikes me it's a dale of mustard for so little mate."

MR. BUSTER is an opponent to free schools from "principle." He goes "agin education," not because of its unconstitutionality, but because it's unnatural. Ignorance is "natur," he says. "We are born ignorant, and ought to be kept so."

WHEN the steamboat R. E. Lee exploded her boiler, a small boy was blown high in the air, but fortunately was "caught on the fly" by the engineer, and escaped unhurt. Query—Is that engineer a "base" ballist?

A LAWYER was once pleading a case that brought tears into the jurors' eyes, and every one gave up the case as gone for the plaintiff. But the opposing counsel rose and said, "May it please the court, I do not propose, in this case, to bore for water, but—" Here the tears were suddenly dried, laughter ensued, and the defendants got clear.

THIS is to make known that I have invented a certain perpetual-motion machine; it is perpetual as long as I run it. I advertise this because there is a chance for improvement which, however, is very slight. Any one imagining out the same will be my partner in the whole business. The improvement needed consists simply in this: a constant movable persevering wheel of indomitable courage and never-tiring energy. To young aspirants this is a great chance. You can find me at my office. WARN FISHER, Dealer in Strange Inventions.

AN Irishman one morning went out very early in search of some game on an estate where the game laws were strictly enforced. Turning a sharp corner, whom did he meet but the gentle-

man who owned the estate. Paddy, seeing the game was up, coolly advanced toward the gentleman and said, "The top of the morning to your honor! and what brought your honor out so early this morning?" The gentleman replied by saying, "Indeed, Paddy, I just strolled out to see if I could find an appetite for my breakfast;" and then cying Paddy rather suspiciously, said, "and now, Paddy, what brought you out so early this morning?" Paddy replied, "Indade, your honor, I just strolled out to see if I could find a breakfast for my appetite."

WISDOM.

NOTHING is more contrary to the spirit of charity than rash and hasty censures.

WHATELY alludes to the folly of men who unmask their battery hastily, and then think of loading their guns.

EXALTED imagination may work miracles; but it is only when we immolate self to principle that we are truly virtuous.—*De Stael*.

BETTER it is to be careful to live well than desirous to live long.

THE present, the present is all thou hast
For thy sure possessing;
Like the patriarch's angel, hold it fast
Till it gives its blessing.

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his Friendship in constant repair.

YOUTHFUL minds, like the pliant wax, are susceptible of the most lasting impressions; and the good or evil bias they then receive is seldom if ever eradicated.

HE that speaks, sows; he that hears, reaps; hence we should be guarded as to how we speak, as to what we hear. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear;" but take heed how ye hear!

"For so much gold we license thee,
So say our laws, a draught to sell
Which bows the strong, enslaves the free,
And opens wide the gates of hell.
For public good requires that some,
Since many die, should live by rum."

"THE horse that frets, is the horse that sweats," is an old saying of horsemen, and it is just as true of men as of horses. The man that allows himself to get irritated at every little thing that goes amiss in his business, or in the ordinary affairs of life, is a man that, as a rule, will accomplish little and wear out early. He is a man for whom bile and dyspepsia have a particular fondness, and for whom children have a particular aversion. He is a man with a perpetual thorn in his flesh, which pricks and wounds at the slightest movement; a man for whom life has little pleasure, and the future small hope.

Our Mentorial Bureau.

[In this Department will be noticed such matters as are of interest to correspondents and to the general reader. Contributions for "What They Say" should be brief, pointed, and creamy, to secure publication.]

To Our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" ONLY will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify idle curiosity. One question only at a time, and that clearly stated, must be propounded, if a correspondent shall expect us to give him the benefit of its early consideration. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter, if a stamp be inclosed for the return postage.

BILIOUSNESS.—What causes biliousness? and what will cure it?

Ans. There is constitutional biliousness, so-called, and there is induced biliousness, from habits of eating climate, etc. A person who has a strong Motive temperament, with dark complexion, inclining to be sallow, and also inclining to torpidness of the liver, needs to be careful of his diet, and of the situation of his residence, in order to obviate these tendencies. Such persons should live far from swamps and low grounds, on a high, dry hill, in a healthy, dry climate, which is not very hot. He should eat lean beef, avoiding greasy food; should eat an abundance of tart fruit and coarse bread. This kind of residence and diet will prevent people from becoming bilious. Many people live in low grounds; the cellar is damp; they sleep on the ground floor; they live in the shadow, not in the sunshine; they eat pork, and sugar, and superfine bread; they take in their food three times as much carbonaceous matter as they require, and so they become bilious; or, perhaps, they live in a malarious district, which engenders intermittent fever and other forms of bilious difficulty. In some of the most malarious districts of the United States the people live on pork as their meat, and make free use of sugar and molasses, and it is not surprising that they should look sallow, and "shake their buttons off" with ague.

INSANITY.—What becomes of the mind of an insane person?

Ans. The mind itself is not diseased. It is simply the brain and nervous system, through which the mind acts, that is diseased. A piece of music as written is not discordant because the instrument which evolves it is out of tune. When that instrument is carefully tuned and properly played upon, the harmony is shown with all its original sweetness and power. We might ask, what becomes of the mind when the brain is asleep?

SOUL, IS IT MATERIAL? Does Phrenology teach that the soul of man is material? or is there any evidence in nature or science to prove that the soul of man is material?

Ans. Phrenology does not undertake to solve this question. We are conscious only of feelings and emotions, friendships and attachments, high conceptions and glorious thoughts, but we can not tell from our own knowledge—we mean, the human being can not tell—what is the ethereal essence. We can not tell whether the Creator invested material organs with the property of thought, or infused into man a portion of immaterial fire. On all these points consciousness gives us no information. Of this, however, we are certain, that the brain and nervous system are the best possible material adapted to serve as the agent of mental manifestation, just as the eye is the best possible medium through which the mind can obtain knowledge of external things. Everybody supposes the human being to be possessed of mentality,—of thinking power. Those who quarrel with Phrenology on the subject of materialism, will quote to us the text of Scripture which says, "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness." They seem to have no objection to the muscular organ in the breast exercising belief; but if we were to say "With the brain man thinks and believes," they would call us materialists. It is not necessary to believe that either the brain or the heart thinks, loves, and hates. It is sufficient to say that the brain is employed as the best instrument through which mind can be brought into contact with matter. Something in man says "I will do this or that," and we find him doing the thing he promised. He hammers on the anvil, but it is not the hammer in which resides the will and motive force; it is not in the hand or arm; we trace it to the brain, and can go no further. If any one can tell us how mind becomes connected with matter, by what special processes the will seizes upon brain and nerve and muscle to achieve its results, we will be glad to sit at his feet and listen to his words of wisdom. But that there is such connection and co-operation we believe. We ask, what is vital force? we ask, what is magnetism and electricity? People use these words with reference to the subjects referred to, but they are not explained because not understood, for precisely the same reason that we can not tell how mind and matter are connected, but simply know that they co-operate.

COUSINS AGAIN.—If two first cousins marry, and are blest with a child who is perfect, physically and mentally, would there be any danger of transmitting deformity to her children on account of her parents being cousins?

Ans. If she is perfect, physically and mentally, as you say, she is a shade better than most indi-

viduals that we know; consequently there might, in her case, be no danger. But such children are not apt to be perfect. Cousins who are not nearly related by blood—that is to say, the children who take on the character and constitution of the unrelated parents, would not be so likely to transmit an unhappy organization to their children as cousins generally. But cousins should not marry, for though their children may seem perfect, that is to say, may not be deformed or idiotic, the chances are that they will have some weakness which is not desirable, though it may not appear till the next generation.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS' HEAD.—Will you inform me as to the size of the head of the Hon. Alex. H. Stephens? I believe him to be intellectually an able man. I am informed that his head is even less than medium in size. If so, whence his intellectual power?

Ans. We thank our correspondent for asking this question. Some claim that Byron's head was small, or that he wore a small hat; and as there is no cast of his head, only models which are either larger or smaller than life, according to the taste or caprice of the artist, there is no positive means of verifying the actual size of his head. His Cautiousness and Conscientiousness were small, giving an upward tapering of the head, and requiring a small hat when compared with the great base of brain and the strong passions which accompanied that development. We do not believe the brain mass of Byron to have been small. His brain, with his temperament, was very dense, compact, and vigorous. We suppose antiphrenologists with small heads, and anti because of that smallness, will continue to harp on the size of Byron's head. We have no doubt that the same claim of smallness would have been made respecting the head of Mr. Stephens, and we can not too strongly thank our friend for prompting us to learn the facts that we may forever spike the guns of those who oppose Phrenology because they are smart, with heads of moderate size and fine-grained temperament.

On receiving this question we wrote to Mr. Stephens, and received a prompt and courteous reply containing the following facts (and we have filed his letter as a voucher):

Height, 5 feet 10 inches; circumference of head, 22½ inches; waist, 24½ inches; usual weight previous to recent illness, 89 pounds; present weight, 75 pounds.

Of course a man so thin and light must have light bones, a thin skull, and a very thin scalp; hence the size of the brain in his case is really larger than the 22½-inch measurement would seem to indicate. We call 22 inches a full size for a man weighing 150 pounds, and for every quarter of an inch in size of brain we add 5 or 6 pounds. Mr. Stephens, therefore, should weigh 156 pounds instead of less than half that amount. Probably in his best condition of health his head measured 22½ inches, which is from full to large size.

PERSONAL MATTERS.—Several letters have been received to which no names were attached, so that we are unable to reply by mail, the subject-matter of the letters being of a personal character chiefly. Some of the letters relate to the treatment of maladies which can best be discussed by a personal correspondence. It should be understood, however, by our correspondents in general, that we hold to the requisites stated at the head of this department. We receive a great many letters containing inquiries; in fact, we have not one-quarter the space in the JOURNAL which would be required to answer them all; and therefore if any correspondent is desirous of obtaining a prompt answer, he or she should inclose a postage stamp, so that the return letter shall not be sent entirely at our expense. It frequently happens that a good hour is expended in preparing an answer to some interrogatory propounded by a reader of the JOURNAL, the only pay for which trouble is the satisfaction which we suppose will be experienced by the inquirer on reading that answer. Of course we are desirous of making this department of the JOURNAL interesting to our readers generally, and the time expended in its preparation is by no means begrudged. Many assure us that they find more instruction and genuine entertainment in reading these few pages than in conning any other part of the JOURNAL. This being the case, the department of Answers to Correspondents becomes a most valuable medium of communication with readers, and the necessity or expediency arises on the part of correspondents to ask such questions as shall prove of general interest and not consume their own time and that of the editors with frivolous or unnecessary inquiries.

SUNKEN CHEEKS.—Is there any way to cause cheeks which have become sunken and angular to recover their natural fullness?

Ans. There are many causes which tend to produce hollow, wasted, and sunken cheeks, the chief of which is dyspepsia, or any form of disturbance of the digestive system. The use of tobacco is among the most fertile causes of dyspepsia. The use of pepper and other spices, vinegar, fine flour bread, greasy food, and sugar in excess damage digestion and make the skin dry and leathery and the face angular and sunken. "Be virtuous and you will be happy," is a no greater truism than this, "Live temperately and properly, and you will be healthy and handsome," if so, to start with.

MAGNETISM.—W. H. O.—What is personal magnetism? Is it a mental quality, or does it depend on physical health?

Ans. We have answered questions similar to this from time to time in this department, and also in the other departments of the JOURNAL. Personal magnetism is a quality of the mind rather than of the body, and dependent, in a great measure, for its exhibition on the health. Those who possess a good degree of the Mental temperament, with

some of the Motive, and also sufficient of the Vital to give force and energy to the Mental, have more of this power or influence than others differently constituted. The subject of animal magnetism is by no means simple in its nature. In fact, it is so intricate that but comparatively little progress has been made in its satisfactory elucidation. A work which treats of it at considerable length is entitled "The Library of Mesmerism and Psychology," published at this office, as you will see by reference to our catalogue. —

THE TEETH: HOW TO PRESERVE THEM.—I would wish to ask, through the columns of the JOURNAL, your opinion in regard to preparations for the teeth—"Sozodont," for instance—whether it will preserve the teeth,—or if it is likely to stop decay after once commenced?

Ans. No—it will do nothing of the sort. The best thing to preserve the teeth is a good dentist to clean out and plug up the cavities with gold; next, a tooth-brush,—not too hard nor too soft,—with fine toilet soap, used carefully night and morning, with soft water. There is no excuse, in these days, for dirty mouths full of decaying teeth and foul breath, when the means of purity and cleanliness are within reach. Some chew tobacco to preserve their teeth; but this is as foolish as it is filthy; and we know at least one toothless old codger who began tobacco-chewing more than forty years ago, to kill the toothache, who now, having worn out and lost all his teeth, "gums" the "weed" as vigorously as when he first began. He is now a "tobacco sot," without manliness, a slave to be pitied. —

BEARD.—Why do not I, now thirty years of age, have a full flowing beard? and why do the hairs split at the ends?

Ans. Some men have a light head of hair and beard, and little if any hair on other parts of the body or limbs. Others have heavy beards, a thick head of hair, and their breast and limbs are heavily covered. Some develop bone, and some fat. The fat inquire, Why am I so fat? and others, Why am I so lean? There are causes operating to produce these differences. Some sheep incline to horns, others to wool, others to flesh. Diet and regimen do much to produce these conditions, until they become fixed; then they are transmitted by inheritance, and not easily modified. Hair that splits is generally of a dry nature, and it seems to die at the end. —

DECISION.—What organs aid in giving decision?

Ans. Individuality, Comparison, Firmness, Self-Esteem, and Combativeness are the principal faculties involved, though others aid or hinder in the matter. —

FAINTING.—What causes a person to faint, from mental excitement or other cause?

Ans. The immediate cause of fainting is an intermission of the heart's action, and a consequent pressure of blood upon the brain. This may arise from various causes acting upon the nervous sys-

tem, which tend to disturb the action of the heart. Fear, disappointment, loss of money or reputation, sight of blood, or loss of blood, or from peculiar odors. —

STUDENT'S EXERCISE.—When is the best time, according to your judgment, for students to take exercise?

Ans. They generally take too little; that is to say, the real students. Persons called or classed as students sometimes do anything but study, and they take all sorts of roystering exercises. The studying man should take exercise when he can, and take three times as much as such men generally do. Study should mainly be done before two o'clock P.M., and the exercise may be taken from four to eight. Exercise just before retiring is excellent, as it equalizes the circulation and promotes sound sleep. —

NEPOTISM.—Is there any particular organ in the human brain that causes nepotism?

Ans. The organ of "Friendship" or "Adhesiveness" produces the characteristic called fraternal love, or friendship; and nepotism, or love of nephews, must grow out of that feeling. Love of family is one of its manifestations, and this may assume the form of nepotism. —

TO A CONTRIBUTOR.—A month or so ago we received, from a lady friend of the JOURNAL, a well-written article on the Woman question. In her note recommending it to our perusal, she appended no county or State, and so left us entirely in the dark as to what point of the compass we should direct our letter of acknowledgment. The initials of the writer are O. F. C. We would say to her that the article is retained for publication, and will appear at the earliest practicable moment. —

INACCURATELY PUT.—Amelia doubtless thought that some portions of our advice in the September number were ill adapted to the case. Inadvertently, a child of nine years was in mind when the suggestions were written. However, we would say that the items of dress will apply if the child be but an infant just weaned, while the diet may in large part consist of the articles mentioned, good fresh milk being the liquid used to moisten them. We would except, however, the beef and all fibrous and hard things which require teeth for their mastication. As the child grows older, such articles may be introduced into the diet. We do not think it well to send a child to school until it has become well developed physically. The first five or six years of life should be devoted to the animal growth. A great many things of an intellectual character will be picked up in the mean while, and go to form the foundation of its mental development. When at six or seven the child is put to books, it should be confined a very few hours each day to study. A young brain is easily injured by a hot-house method of training and discipline.

What They Say.

AFFAIRS IN GEORGIA. — MARIETTA, GA., July, 1871.—DEAR JOURNAL: The "South" is indeed "sunny" at this time, although the heat is less oppressive than it often is in the Northern States during a part of the summer months. The nights are more comfortable, compared with the heat of the day.

The season of blackberries is past, and with it that of the red bugs, the terror of all blackberry pickers. The early peaches are already ripe, but not so good or abundant as usual, having been injured somewhat by the long, heavy rains of the present season. The corn and cotton fields are looking nicely, and a cotton field in blossom is a beautiful sight.

Marietta, a pretty little town numbering a few thousand inhabitants, was nearly destroyed during the war, but has rallied wonderfully, and is now quite a thriving place. The Union Soldiers' Cemetery is an attraction here to strangers, being beautifully situated and kept in perfect order. The Confederate burying-ground near by is far less inviting, although on decoration day it was fairly alive with the most lovely flowers. But the boys in blue and the boys in gray, lying so near together, know and care nothing now of victory or defeat.

Atlanta, twenty-five miles away, is a miracle of growth and enterprise, and promises more astonishing things in the future. It has now a population of between twenty-five and thirty thousand. Negroes abound here; but I am sure the servant question would become a more complicated one to the sage writers upon that subject were they to deal with the colored "ladies and gentlemen" of this vicinity. The negroes are a religious people, and have their meetings regularly. The following incident is said to have occurred at one of these meetings near here. The minister admonished his people to be "good niggers," for if they were not, they would surely go to hell, and hell was an "awful cold place, with snow and ice, where they would have to shiver and shake and freeze." After the service a white person present called the attention of the minister to his mistake, telling him that hell was a very hot place. "Oh, I know that, massa, but you tell the niggers so, and they'll all want to go there!" Some quite ancient ceremonies still exist in a Baptist church (white) here, among them that of feet-washing. But more next time.

HOPE ARLINGTON.

GIRLS.—We attended the dedication of the College of Mechanic Arts, one of the new buildings of Cornell University, and listened to the eloquent and edifying remarks of several prominent men, among whom were Gov. Hoffman of N. Y., Prof. Gilman of Yale College, President

Atkinson of the Boston Technological School, etc. Education was the general theme, and all the speakers seemed to be agreed in thinking that men should be educated, no matter what part they were to act in life. They expressed thankfulness that the erroneous idea that education should be confined to so-called professional men was fast losing ground in America, and one of them remarked that the desire for practical scientific education seemed to be in the very air. We could not help wondering whether it occurred to any of those distinguished men, as they sat on that platform looking over the crowd before them, and meeting the glances of many bright, intelligent girls and women, that these were ever affected by any of the desires and aspirations which seemed to float in the air. If every man, no matter what his occupation, needs an education, and so much is being said to encourage young men in its requirements, why is not more said and done in regard to the education of women? Whatever may be said about their inferior intellects and physical inability to fill certain vocations in life, one thing all must admit, women must be the mothers, and in this enlightened age when Phrenology is fast gaining general recognition, all must soon believe that the mother's characteristics are transmitted to her children. Then is not this alone sufficient reason why girls should have equal advantages and encouragement for education with the young men? We think the same longing ambition and restlessness are planted equally in the mind of male and female, but the difference in their education causes these qualities to take different directions. If girls are taught that it is strong-minded and unwomanly to desire a thorough scientific education, is it strange their ambition takes another course? If they are taught by example and experience that to excel in a few superficial accomplishments, to dress expensively—mind, we do not say becomingly,—and pay due deference to the dictates of fashion, places them higher in society than intelligence, is it strange we have so many vain, silly dolls of fashion, and so many inefficient wives and mothers? Is it strange that women, who might have become good and noble had they received different training while girls, are held bound as strongly as with iron chains in the whirlpool of habits and customs into which they have been drawn? It is true that a girl or woman requires force of character in more than an ordinary degree, and she may even be called strong-minded, to dare to step out of the groove in which she is commonly placed, and act as her own conscience dictates.

If the time ever comes when girls are universally trained to qualify themselves for active, earnest work in life, when it is considered as honorable and necessary for every girl, rich or poor, to perfect herself in some branch of industry as it is for boys, then shall we see a revolution among women.

GREEN LEAVES.

IS THE JOURNAL AN INSTRUMENT OF GOOD?—A Grundy County, Ill., correspondent writes the following: "The JOURNAL comes regularly, and unless it did so, there would be a blank in my existence. It must afford you the sweetest pleasure and consolation to know that its teachings have a salutary influence on all who earnestly read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them. From individual experience, I can with truth aver that its influence over my mind has been reformatory. Previous to having a knowledge of Phrenology I had no fixed principles or rules of action with regard to the human mind—I oscillated between this and that man's teachings—I had no true idea of the laws which regulate human action. With such knowledge I saw that the Creator had established a record more pure and lasting than anything mundane can afford by obeying those laws, and that only "tribulation and anguish" awaited those who transgressed them. If man knew this truth, would not the low motive of even their selfishness prompt them to choose the right and avoid the wrong? Phrenology teaches us that our highest interests consist in obeying the moral laws, and with unerring precision marks and points the way. In this it is in perfect harmony with the "law of righteousness" in Scripture. How blind is man to his real interests! His life is a mere scramble after mammon and vanities with some, and the gratification of his perverted and diseased propensities by others. In order to understand a thing we must fully realize it, has the bulk of mankind realized the full meaning and moral force of the teachings of Christ? I trow not. When He enunciates the truth that a "man's life consists not in the abundance of the things he possesseth," how few comprehend this most comprehensive idea! yet it is a glorious truth which Phrenology indorses, but which the multitude scarcely thinks upon. If we ought to be grateful for anything, it should be for the advent of Phrenology and its discovery. It alone is capable of throwing a vast flood of light on Scripture teachings, and by their combined influence to banish sin and suffering. Sin is suffering—it is moral death, in Scripture language. In phrenological language, it is the perversion of our propensities, and this perversion produces all the "ills that flesh is heir to." When this is thoroughly understood by man, may we not hope that he will choose the right and avoid the wrong, and reap the rich harvest of moral excellence? Phrenology has taught me this—yes, it teaches that moral rectitude and purity are the highest interest as well as duty of man; this gives him peace of mind, and without this peace of mind, what avail riches or the world's applause. They weigh nothing, count nothing on the bed of death—they are powerless, valueless, weak, insipid,—but

"The actions of the just
Small sweet, and blossom in the dust."

P. T.

INDUSTRY AND ECONOMY EXEMPLIFIED. —[One of our correspondents, a young and ambitious man, writes us a fragment from his life's experience in the following. It may encourage others.] It is so common nowadays, Mr. Editor, to hear young men say that they have no time to devote to the improvement of their minds, etc., and knowing that you are ever willing to aid young men in every way possible, I thought I would write you a short account of what I have done during the last three years. Perhaps it will encourage some other young man to work on. I am a mechanic, drawing tolerably good wages; have worked steadily ten hours per day for three years, except holidays and a few other short vacations, and have in that time saved two hundred dollars. I have besides devoted two hours each day to music; am secretary of two societies, and have accumulated a library worth two hundred dollars, which contains "How to Talk," "The Right Word in the Right Place," and "Oratory," works published by you. I write one article a week for a journal in this State. I neither chew nor smoke tobacco, nor do I drink anything stronger than water. I am proud of what I have done because I think I have a right to be, and there are thousands of young men who can do as much, and even more.

A SCHOOL-GIRL'S POETRY—in which she informs us how teachers managed naughty little boys "long, long ago."

From six to teens, I went to school,
Where teachers taught by rod and rule;
The rules were read with looks severe,
While some would grin and others fear.
For buckskin trowsers could not feel,
And some would swiftly show the heel.
I recollect a teacher once
That made a block to seat a dunce,
And on the block coal-dust was spread.
A paper cap placed on the head.
In large, plain letters *dunce* was wrote.
"Belshazzar's knees together smote."
Like owls we all looked very wise,
With veneration and surprise;
A chap was soon found seated there.
With down-cast eyes and tangled hair.
The teacher sat with wisdom's look,
The boy found something in his book;
But A from V he did not know,
Yet tried his best to make a show.
Ape was the word; so with a peep,
He screeched aloud, "V p e vepe."
Another boy some mischief done,
The teacher thought to have some fun.
A trial soon was brought about,
A jury of three boys sent out;
The jury all for justice went,
Which caused the erring to repent.
The master's speech their judgment cooled,
So mercy mixed with justice ruled;
Our teacher then great pomp displayed,
Three stripes around the buckskin made.

THE *American Lutheran*, a weekly religious newspaper, says: "We have been a constant reader of that excellent monthly the PHRE-

NOLOGICAL JOURNAL for many years, and are free to write the older it gets the better it becomes. Every reader of our paper will be benefited by reading its rich contents." —

THE Franklin *Journal* says of the PHRENOLOGICAL:

"There is never anything dull in this monthly, but on the contrary, everything is full of interest. The noble science of Phrenology, which it elucidates each month, is fast becoming more and more popular despite the exertions of its opponents, and the able management of the PHRENOLOGICAL by Prof. Wells has had not a little to do with this."

We thank our cotemporary for the compliment, but must decline the title of "Prof." When we accept a professorship in some college or university, we may be dubbed thus. There are none, at present, in the field of Phrenology using this title who are not self-styled professors, quacks, and impostors,—none.

Literary Notices.

There is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books no less than in the faces of men, by which a skillful observer will know as well what to expect from the one as the other.—BUTLER.

SCHOOL HOUSES. By James Johonnot. Architectural Designs by S. E. Hewes. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.

In no department of the civilizing arts of life has more enterprise been exhibited by Americans than in school methods and school architecture. Improvement in design tending to provide the best facilities for the distribution of classes and thorough ventilation is especially marked during the past decade. Our author published a book upon "Country School Houses" in 1858, which received the favorable attention of educators and architects, and the present volume is an embodiment of the best features of the former, besides embracing the recent improvements in the construction of school houses and school furniture. It contains a great variety of plans with detailed descriptions, so that any carpenter or builder can erect a building which may be selected from the list. It also contains a full description of the most approved school furniture, with suggestions of great value to new and inexperienced teachers on the subject of school apparatus. The work in general is a most useful one, and can not fail to find general appreciation among those who are interested in American education.

HISTORY OF FREDERICK THE SECOND, CALLED FREDERICK THE GREAT. By John S. C. Abbott, author of "The History of Napoleon Bonaparte," etc. With Illustrations. 8vo; cloth. Price, \$5. New York: Harper & Bros.

Among popular American historians, Mr. Abbott stands conspicuously. His "History of Napoleon Bonaparte," which we read with boyish pleasure as it appeared in the monthly issues of *Harper's*

Magazine years ago, while we were at school, certainly confirmed his right to the distinction of "popular" among modern writers. In this fresh volume from Franklin Square we have an interesting and comprehensive biography of the great Prussian monarch, printed in large, clear type, on heavy paper, and illuminated with numerous well-executed and lively engravings. It is well adapted to the use of those who have not that "elegant leisure" which enables one to read volumes elaborate with detail, but only an occasional unoccupied hour; it furnishes a clear and correct idea of its hero, his public and private character, his career and its general influence upon his age.

THE STUDENT'S ELEMENTS OF GEOLOGY.

By Sir Charles Lyell, Bart., F.R.S., author of "The Principles of Geology," "The Antiquity of Man," etc. With more than 600 Illustrations on wood. 12mo; cloth; pp. 640. Price, \$2. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The subject of Geology is a large one, and requires peculiar treatment to introduce it in an attractive form to the young student. In the words of the author, "Beginners wish for a short and cheap book in which they may find a full explanation of the leading facts and principles of Geology. Their wants, I fear, somewhat resemble those of the old woman in New England, who asked a bookseller to supply her with 'the cheapest Bible in the largest possible print.'" However, the eminent scientist and author has produced in this new volume an abridgment of what is known of geology, presenting especially in a clear style and with copious illustrations those principles that are indispensable to the beginner. The work is divided into thirty-six chapters, with a copious index at the end.

LES MYSTÈRES DE LA MAIN. Révélés et expliqués. Art de connaître la vie, le caractère, les aptitudes et la destinée de chacun d'après la seule inspection des mains. Par Ad. Desbarrolles. Dixième édition. Revue, corrigée et augmentée d'explications physiologiques. Paris: Garnier Frères.

In this closely-printed volume of six hundred and twenty-four pages is contained much curious and remarkable information. M. Desbarrolles, as it is well for us to remark in passing, has for many years been closely occupied in researches relating to the human hand, and has published from time to time the conclusions which he has drawn from those researches. He claims, as is stated in the above title, that he has discovered "the art of learning the life, the character, the aptitudes, and the destiny of any one from a simple inspection of the hands."

M. Desbarrolles is an enthusiast, and owns himself one; but in his voluminous work candidly discusses the subject of chiromancy, from all points of view, theoretically as well as practically, furnishing illustrations from life and challenging criticism. In the opening of the work he claims that his discoveries are of the highest importance to medical science; that in the hand are to be detected "the traces of future maladies or of dispo-

sitions to organic disease," and that "the physician who shall first utilize these discoveries will take at once an eminent place in his science." He finds in his art an entire harmony with physical science, including Phrenology and Physiology.

This being the tenth edition of his work, it is apparent that something more than caprice, or even enthusiasm, has led him into such protracted investigations, and it is also evident that encouragement has not been wanting from the literary and scientific world.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HENRY LORD BROUGHAM. Written by Himself. In Three Volumes. Vol. II, 12mo; pp. 391. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A summary of this volume may be presented by the titles of the nine chapters it contains, viz.: The Orders in Council; Home and Foreign Politics; The Prince and Princess of Wales; The Princess of Wales and the Princess Charlotte; The Income Tax; State of France after the War; Famous Trial of Queen Caroline; Political Influence of the Proceedings against the Queen. The time embraced by the memoirs contained in this second volume extends from 1808 to 1839; thus including many, if not the most, interesting political events in English history which occurred in Lord Brougham's long career. The correspondence relating to the unhappy relations of the royal family, and the important part taken by Brougham in behalf of the Princess of Wales and of Princess Charlotte, in 1813 and 1814, occupies a large portion of the volume, and furnishes many glimpses of the interior life of those ladies and of Queen Charlotte. We have also some "confessions" of Brougham with reference to the conduct of parliamentary elections,—money being spent in England as freely for votes in 1812, as is scattered by Tammany ringleaders in these latter times in great New York.

THE TOURIST'S GUIDE THROUGH THE EMPIRE STATE. Embracing all Cities, Towns, and Watering Places, by Hudson River and New York Central Route. Describing all Routes of Travel and Places of Popular Interest and Resort along the Hudson River, Lake George, Lake Champlain, the Adirondacks, Saratoga, Niagara Falls, etc., etc. Octavo; cloth. Edited and Published by Mrs. S. S. Colt, Albany, N. Y.

The title furnishes a pretty full account of the general contents of this new guide book, and scarcely more need be said. New York contains a great variety of scenery. Mountain and plain, lake and river, rocky heights, profound forests, gloomy wildernesses, romantic glens and caverns, waterfalls great and small, combine to furnish objects of interest for the explorer and the tourist. In fact, no State in the Union can claim a greater variety of nature's grand and picturesque beauty, while the numerous facilities for travel, distributed throughout the State, render nearly all of easy approach.

The book is well illustrated, and besides the de-

tailed information with reference to the many places of interest mentioned, gives sundry useful and amusing instructions for the benefit of travelers. Price, \$2 in fine cloth.

THE DURATION AND NATURE OF FUTURE PUNISHMENT. By Henry Constable, A.M., Prebendary of Cork. Reprinted from the Second London Edition. Price, in paper, 25 cents. New Haven: Charles C. Chatfield & Co.

"A candid, not dogmatic and bitter, review of the grounds of our belief regarding future punishment is greatly needed at the present day." This is the author's apology for his pamphlet, and in it he endeavors to discuss this all-important subject in a candid, impartial spirit. The republication of the pamphlet in this country by the "University press" is in itself a testimonial with regard to its value.

EDMOND DANTES. A Sequel to Alexander Dumas' "Count of Monte-Cristo." Paper. Price, 75 cents. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

In this strong romance, it is claimed, are laid bare the concealed causes of the French Revolution of February, 1848, which began acting shortly after the Revolution of 1830. Prominent names in France at that time here find a place, and prominent men and women are actors and talkers.

We do not like romance history, although it is quite certain some people will not read history in any other form than in the highly-colored pages of the novelist.

BUGLE NOTES FOR THE TEMPERANCE ARMY. A new collection of Songs, Quartettes, and Glee, adapted to the use of all Temperance gatherings, Glee Clubs, etc., together with the Odes of the Sons of Temperance and Good Templars. Edited by W. F. Sherwin and J. N. Stearns. Price, paper covers, 30 cents; boards, 35 cents. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House.

The words and music are nearly all new, written and composed expressly for this work. It contains music for all tastes and occasions where Temperance is the theme; and these "Bugle Notes" will be made to sound the battle-cry in earnest.

IS ALCOHOL A NECESSARY OF LIFE?

By Henry Monroe, M.D., F.L.S., Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence, etc., at the Hull and East Riding School of Medicine, etc. Price, in paper, 15 cents. New York: National Temperance Society.

Dr. Monroe, in this able pamphlet, gives a synoptical expression of his views on the use of alcoholic liquors, and embodies therein the researches of many years, and the opinions of very many eminent physicians.

PLASTICS AND ORTHOPEDICS; a Report republished from the Transactions of the Illinois State Medical Society for 1871. By David Prince, M.D.

This interesting pamphlet describes with much perspicuity the principles, and many of the processes, as occurring in actual cases, of plastic surgery. This new branch of the chirurgic art has

been singularly successful thus far, and commands the gratitude of many a person who for years had suffered the shame and inconvenience of distorted features, but who now rejoices in a fairly proportioned face. The deft operators who practice this art will patch out a defective nose or chin or lip with flaps of skin borrowed from other parts of the patient's body, or reduce extraordinary growths to symmetry. The cases reported in the pamphlet are worth general attention.

DISEASES OF WOMEN; their Causes, Prevention, and Radical Cure. By Geo. H. Taylor, M.D. 12mo; pp. 318; cloth. Philadelphia: Geo. Maclean, Publisher, 719 Sansom Street.

We noticed this new work in our September issue, but designated a wrong price, it being \$2, and not \$1 50, as stated. This volume is published uniform in style with the "Physical Life of Woman" by Dr. Napheys, of which nearly 100,000 copies have been sold. —

THE COUSIN FROM INDIA. A Book for Girls. By Georgiana M. Craik, author of "Mildred," etc. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A little story written in the English style—somehow our "cousins" over the water write better juvenile books than we—and sketching the relations of a little girl whose earliest childhood had been spent in India with her little English cousins. Her pranks and incorrigible mischief-making are amusing enough, but after a while the wholesome discipline of an English home has its effect in converting her into a quiet, amiable little body.

UNDER THE SNOW. Written by H. Perry Smith. Composed by A. J. Goodrich. Opus 4. Syracuse, N. Y.: Redington & Howe.

A sweet song, hopeful in sentiment and breathing true poetry. The movement is sprightly and the harmony excellent. Perhaps the music, we allude to the accompaniment particularly, would be more acceptable to the public at large were it less complicated. Mr. Goodrich's elevation and skill as a composer should not prevent him from appreciating the wants of humble, homely musicians.

SELF-DENIAL, for the Promotion of Temperance—a Duty and a Pleasure. A Sermon by Rev. J. P. Newman, D.D., Chaplain of the U. S. Senate, and Pastor of the Metropolitan M. E. Church, Washington, D. C. Paper. Price, 15 cents. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House.

No. 5 of the "Temperance Sermons." When clergymen of the order of Dr. Newman take so strong a stand, the cause of Temperance should not languish.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION. By Charles Reade, author of "Put Yourself in His Place," etc. With many original Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.

We have already given our opinion of this novel, having received copies of it in other styles of binding. Mr. Reade seems, in his later compositions,

to be making a trial of his pen—or of his readers—to ascertain how far he can advance upon the bounds of indelicacy without offending popular sentiment. Perhaps his persistency in this line of authorship is due to popular encouragement!!

HORACE TEMPLETON. A Novel. By Charles Lever. Paper. Price, 75 cents. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

This is the eighth volume of the new, cheap, and popular edition of the works of Charles Lever, now in course of publication by T. B. Peterson & Brothers of Philadelphia.

THE ACTION OF NATURAL SELECTION ON MAN. By Alfred Russel Wallace. New Haven, Conn.: Charles C. Chatfield & Co.

This pamphlet is No. 6 of the University Series, and discusses (1) The Development of Human Races under the Law of Selection; (2) The Limits of Natural Selection as applied to Man.

THE SOWER'S REWARD. A Story of Domestic Life. By the Author of "Mary Powell." One vol., octavo; paper cover. Price, 25 cents. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF INTERESTING PUBLICATIONS. Rev. H. W. Beecher's "Life of Jesus the Christ," so long looked for by the reading public, is at last about ready to come out, and will be issued in very elaborately illustrated style during the month of September. (Messrs. J. B. Ford & Co., N. Y., Publishers.) The work has been pronounced by an eminent authority (the Rev. R. S. Storrs, D.D., of Brooklyn) to be "the book which the masses of the Christian world have been waiting for." The delay has been caused, not by dilatoriness, but by thorough work; and the book is Beecherish and fresh.

Prospectus books, containing specimen pages, plates, and bindings, are now ready for canvassing, as the book is to be sold only through Agents, by subscription; but the work itself will be published about the middle of September.

MR. WM. SMEATON, formerly an instructor of Yale College, but for many years known as one of the most successful teachers in the New York Public Schools, has prepared for the use of the scholars and classes an "*Etymological Manual*," which, being based on a principle new to American scholars, though familiar to the schools and colleges of Scotland, where Mr. Smeaton was trained, has been fortunate enough to meet the strong approbation of such men as Dr. Isaac Ferris, late Chancellor of the University of New York, and others. It will be issued some time this fall, and will introduce some fresh ideas into an important field of English education.

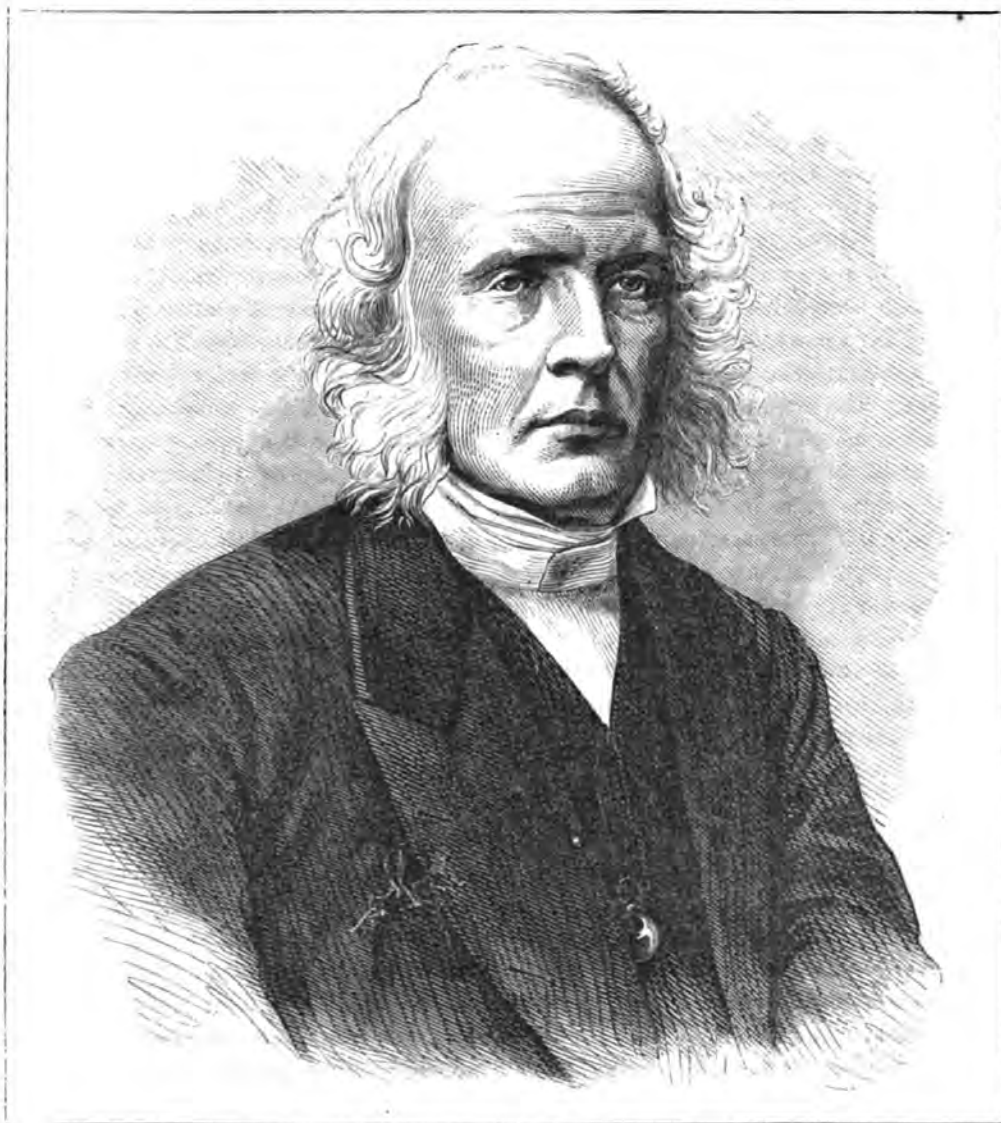
THE ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WEEKLY keeps on its useful course, furnishing healthful pictorial reading matter at a moderate price. Think of it, a beautiful pictorial weekly at \$2 a year! We wish it the best success. Address 150 Nassau Street, New York.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

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[WHOLE No. 394.]



JAMES MCCOSH, LL.D.,

PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON COLLEGE, N. J.

THIS portrait of Dr. McCosh forms a very interesting subject for study and criticism. The face indicates a predominance of the Mental temperament, which gives a tendency to mental life, thought-study, criticism, investigation. There is strength, sincerity, perseverance, patience, and dignity stamped upon

those features. He is a natural fault-finder and critic, but not particularly inclined to quarrel. He will discuss a question with his best friend, and urge his criticisms with merciless determination in the pursuit of truth, while he feels all the cordial kindness toward his opponent which is consistent with fraternal brotherhood. In following truth and carrying opinions, he feels that the truth has a right to "cut its bigness" and to follow its proper course, and that it is the duty of friends and foes to clear the track and give it free course. His friendship, therefore, does not stand in the way of his earnest pursuit of truth. His large perceptive organs make him hungry for knowledge, and he will be fresh and earnest as a student as long as he lives. The time will not arrive with him when he will narrow off the stocking, finish up the work, and feel that there is no more to be learned. Though he has many conservative qualities of character, his intellect has very little of conservatism; what he has learned of the changes and advancement of scientific truth convinces him that the pathway is still open for broader modifications and higher achievements; hence he is better calculated than most men of his age to teach the young. Intellectually, he never will be considered an old foggy, because he never will seem to himself to have learned everything.

He has a good memory, not only of tangible objects, but of historic events. He has wonderful power of classification, organization, and combination. In giving instruction he would bring forth things new and old, and illustrate dry subjects with the living light of to-day, with the current events of daily life. As a teacher of history, for instance, he would compare the usages of to-day with those of a thousand years ago; he would give an account of the progress of any study or subject, and make stu-

dents feel, as it were, coterminous with men of past ages, so lifelike can he make the history of the past.

He is a natural reader of mind, and metaphysics, theoretical and practical, would be his forte. He has great sympathy. The height of the head from the brow upward to where the hair joins the forehead shows great generosity, and the head is high backward from that point, showing large Veneration, and consequently much devoutness of spirit. His Firmness is also largely developed, indicating remarkable stability and steadfastness; but the head not being very broad, we conclude that there is not a great deal of animal obstinacy. He is not a man who reveres brute force; he generally appeals to the better feelings of those who are under his influence. He will lay down the law pretty squarely, but he is not in cases of its infraction so likely to insist upon the penalty as most men. If he had more Destructiveness and Combativeness he would be a stronger man, because he would meet the world more on its own plane than he now does. Rude, robust men are influenced through their moral and intellectual faculties more effectually if they perceive in the one who exerts an influence upon them the power to back up his theories and compel obedience. Strong men reverence strength in others; men of physical might appreciate muscular power and the force of courage in others, on the same principle that a nation strong in cannon is treated more politely in ordinary business affairs and negotiations by another strong nation than a nation is which is strong only in its arguments and the justice of its cause. So a preacher, a teacher, or a magistrate, if he have in his constitution a great deal of courage and power along with the higher qualities, is more influential, more effective in his higher teachings.

There seems to be only a medium de-

gree of Acquisitiveness in this head, hence he has not so much financial feeling as to inspire his intellect in the direction of money-making. If he were a business man he would reach results in the form of profit by a wise administration of the means, by a foreseeing sagacity, more than by following gain eagerly and selfishly. His Secretiveness appears to be moderate, hence he is frank, inclined to speak the truth and utter his thoughts, though they may be in advance of those of others. He has pride and dignity enough to sustain him in his varied duties. A little more Combativeness and Destructiveness would give more effectiveness to his whole character, and enable him to wield his higher nature with more vigor and force.

He appears to be cautious in conduct rather than prudent in speech. We judge that his powers of perception and analysis are stronger than those of mere dry logic; hence he collates facts and illustrates their meaning and teachings more than he discusses them through the formulas of hard logic.

With that large head, amply sustained; with that clear, sharp intellect, that dignity, that moral force, that power to comprehend mind and guide and mold it, he could make his mark in any intellectual pursuit, in any vocation in which talent and worth could be successfully employed. He has a scholarly intellect and a strongly religious and moral development. If he had a stronger base of brain; if his life were more nearly related to the earth and its interests, he would be even more effective in the higher pursuits, because he would have more of that momentum which propensities impart.

DR. MCCOSH was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, about the year 1810. His education embraced those studies contemplating a fitness for the Christian ministry. After obtaining his licentiate, he was settled at Brechin,

a parish in Forfarshire, where he remained until 1853, at which time he was offered the Chair of Mental and Moral Science in Queen's College, Belfast, Ireland. This position he accepted, and soon after assumed it. His talent in this department of learning early made him known; but before he had been called to Queen's College he had published an important work entitled "The Method of Divine Government, Physical and Moral," which attracted much attention in the literary world, and especially among those who give attention to metaphysics. In 1851 he published an essay, in the *North British Review*, on "Typical Forms," which he subsequently elaborated in connection with Dr. Dickie of Queen's College, and published in 1856 under the title of "Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation."

The position which Dr. McCosh early assumed in his views on mental science was sound and practical as compared with the great mass of modern thinkers. Instead of being speculative; instead of seeking to erect a fabric of philosophy upon ingenious assumption, he in the outset maintained the existence and essential importance of *a priori* conceptions and beliefs. "His philosophy," says a writer, "compared with Sir William Hamilton's, was what physiology is compared with anatomy. While he did not lack the acuteness of the dialectician, he clothed his skeletons with flesh and blood, and they readily took their places as living organisms in the world of progress." His theology was much the same as that of Dr. Chalmers. It is because of the positive and direct reasoning which characterize his writings that they have become popular. He wrote not for the profoundly versed, but he wrote for all classes, aiming to instruct all with reference to the nature of those topics which lie at the foundation of knowledge and faith. So he treats of the relations of time, space, quantity, power, identity, causation, substance, being, the infinite, personality, freedom, and moral obligation. This aim is particularly manifest in his last and most important work, "The Intuitions of the Mind Inductively Investigated." Dr. Shedd, in his introductory note to the American edition of this work, thus speaks of the mental characteristics of the author as exhibited in his

works: "The first feature that strikes the reader is the fidelity of the author to his nationality in rejecting all idealism in philosophy, realism in perception; that objects have an existence independent of the mind, that there is a substance in which properties inhere, that our perceptions of God, the soul, and even of infinity and eternity, are positive and not merely negative. These, and such like, are the positions taken by this writer with decision and maintained with power. In this particular we regard him as doing an excellent service in counteracting the influence of some recent speculations which tend to unsettle all scientific thinking and to convert the highest department of human thought into a sphere of airy and unreal fictions. Though holding a high estimate of philosophy as a branch of human inquiry, he does not fall into the error of those who suppose that it is capable of solving all problems and becoming a system of infinite knowledge. He recognizes the limits of the human mind, and refuses to push his inquiries beyond the region of clearly ascertained fact.

* * * In respect to the great themes of morals and religion, Dr. McCosh agrees with that lofty and influential class of thinkers from Pliny to Kant, who believe that genuine philosophy is in harmony with man's religious needs and instincts, and that true views of man are impossible without true views of God. He has no sympathy with those shallow methods and those slight draughts at the fountain of science which Lord Bacon assures us lead to skepticism."

In fine, it may be said that Dr. McCosh has no philosophy which conflicts with faith, and believes that no philosophy is worth any consideration or credence which can not be reduced to practice. In the north of Ireland, where he resided for sixteen years previous to the incident which called him to this country, he was held in high esteem by his co-residents and was known as a philanthropist and public-spirited citizen. His efforts for the social improvement of the working-classes and for the extension of intermediate schools endeared him to the people. He was offered the presidency of Princeton College, New Jersey, which he accepted in 1868, and crossed the ocean, and was duly inducted into its functions. He had visited this country

two years before, and then made himself acquainted with the institution of which he is now the president. In the acquisition of this gentleman and of Prof. Goldwin Smith of Cornell, the learned of America feel a profound gratification. In administering the affairs of Princeton College, Dr. McCosh has shown much energy and a liberal spirit. The College has already taken a much higher position in the educational affairs of this country than it had held for many years previously. Dr. McCosh has delivered several addresses at different points on topics relating to education, and his influence has in no small degree contributed to an improved tone in educational affairs generally.

THE TEACHER TAUGHT.—A dealer in pork had a precocious son who was expert in cards, and in playing with his young companions was seldom on the losing side. He began at first to bet on the game, and ere long would play regularly for money with any of his age disposed to accept the risk. He came home one day, bringing several dollars which he had acquired in his small way of gaming, and exhibited his gains to his father with quite an air of triumph.

The thoughtful parent shook his head and told his son that the money was not honestly acquired.

"But I did not cheat," said the boy.

"I hope not," replied the father, "but did you give the loser any equivalent at all for it?"

The boy hung his head, and the parent added:

"Money is honestly acquired where there is an exchange of products or of services, and the receiver gives an equivalent for it. To take another's money or property and give no equivalent for it is to rob or cheat him."

The writer of the above adds that a few months after, the father came home from the Produce Exchange with an elated aspect, and announced that he had settled his speculative contracts in pork by the receipt of \$50,000.

His son eyed him thoughtfully for a moment, and then asked, "What did you give the other man, father, as an equivalent for the money?"

A THOUGHT.—It is reasonable to expect that with the improvements in mechanical appliances and the proportionate reduction of manual labor, to say nothing of the superior

results secured by machinery, there would be less mental friction or excitement, and a consequent tendency to that nervous harmony which is essential to successful thought. A man being able, by the assistance of the unerring and tireless fingers of steel, to accomplish in one quarter of the time that which his unsteady hand was capable of doing before the

friendly automaton lent its help, should find that cerebral calm which is not generally incident to fatiguing toil and opportunity for prosecuting studies which give breadth to the mind and perspicuity to the judgment. Thus should those who enjoy the highest benefits of civilization enjoy the best physical health and the happiest moral condition.—*Drayton*.

Department of Religion and Psychology.

Know,
Without or star, or angel, for their guide,
Who worship God shall find him.—*Young's Night Thoughts*.
The soul, the mother of deep fears, of high hopes infinite;
Of glorious drama, mysterious tears, of ecstasies inner sight.—*Mrs. Hemans*.

A MAN AMONG MEN.

BY REV. A. McELROY WYLIE.

NATURALNESS is always attractive, and always influential; and the farther men get away from naturalness the more they lose ground for good.

Perfect naturalness is the perfect absence of all forms of self-assertion. There is an uneducated naturalness which is boorish; but the highest degree of refinement and development may be perfectly consistent with entire simplicity of character. Indeed, the best kind of education draws a man, not into affectations and assumptions, but higher and higher toward the true *ideal* of naturalness.

This ideal we may not be able to define exactly, but almost all men recognize approximations to that ideal whenever they see it. The interpretation of this ideal is a matter rather of instinct than of reason or demonstration. No matter how high a man goes into the upward grades of learning, wisdom, and spirituality, we can instinctively tell whether he carries up with him the tone of a frank and artless honesty. This alone is the true pedestal of authority, from which a true manhood speaks and acts with power, because it appeals to every man's instinctive appreciation of the ideal natural. Even the roughest, the most ignorant of men are judges in this particular, just as the common people, aye, even the beggars, in Italy are critics and judges of the highest executions of art, in music, in painting, and in statuary, though they may not be able to achieve a single work of art themselves.

Carrying this conception of the ideal natural up still higher, we ask whether there is any-

thing in the adhesion to Christianity which, in itself, would necessarily draw a man away from the natural—that is, the ideal natural, which we may call, for convenience, the spiritually natural—or render it inconsistent with his new nature that he should, any the less, be a man among men? Should he not, by espousing the cause of Him after whom the crowds flocked, become more simple, more approachable, and far less self-assuming?

We want, on this occasion, to apply these considerations in a fair and kindly way, especially to those who are looked up to as teachers and leaders in the great interests of Christianity, and ask leave to point out some particulars wherein some clergymen are quite obviously inclined to obstruct their influence by being perhaps just a little unnatural.

To move in the world as a *man among men*, and yet to live so as all men will see and confess that embodiment of the higher life, we must be free to say will be no easy task; and how can it be done upon the ground of a spiritual naturalness?

Here we frankly confess that negative criticism is easier to compass than positive; it is easier to put the finger upon the knots than to tell how they can be planed off; to drop the line and show how the work is out of the plumb than to suggest how the work can be straightened and perfected on all its sides. We would like, if we were able, to stand off outside the profession, taking the attitude of one who is anxiously desirous to see every member of the clerical calling exert the widest possible legiti-

mate influence and achieve the greatest amount of good; to point out some of the smaller things, perhaps—the unnatural things—which tend to limit their influence and obstruct their efforts at doing good.

We begin at that which is the most obvious—the matter of *dress*. The time was when all the clergy appeared more or less unnatural by their habits of dress. The days of caricature for a large part of the clergy have passed away. We see no more of the big wigs and the gowns in the street; but there is still something of the affectations of the old tailoring left. The frightfully long tails, straight, stiff collars, military cut of coat, high chokers, and cassock-vests have not altogether disappeared.

Now, what does this sort of dressing do for the profession, so far as it is adopted? Men can never get away from the instinct that the dress, in a large degree, is an expression of the man, a fruitage of the character. And is not this true? This sort of clerical costume inevitably tends to put a barrier of separation between the ministers and the people. Men see these uniformed servants of that Master who distinctly disavowed all assumption of mere official authority come among them, and they instinctively feel that that sort of thing puts clergymen unnaturally at a distance. It teaches the young and the weak to look upon them through the associations of carnal or worldly authority and power; to expect to hear the command rather than to listen to the word of persuasion; and thus they are impelled to conceal their doubts and inquiries, and take the word of mere authority, rather than seek the instruction and sympathizing counsel which, to meet the case, must be based upon a knowledge of the opened heart; and thus far religion is injured. This is the effect upon the ignorant, the weak, and the young; while the effect upon a large proportion of the mature, the strong, and the manly is to repel and perhaps disgust. Men instinctively rebel against all official assumption where power and influence are rightly based only upon the claims of pure truth.

Now, we do not hesitate to say that this principle is violated by those clergymen who, by assuming an official garb, do not move as men among men. Peculiarity of dress proclaims, whether they mean it or not, that they expect those concessions and deferences to them on the ground of official station which should be rendered only to character and to the truth. And it is not a sufficient answer to this objection to point to the divinely prescribed

order of dress for the priesthood in the Old Testament dispensation. That was a dispensation of legality, of types, symbols, and authority, while this is a dispensation of substance, of demonstration, persuasion, and grace. Nor will it do to point to the analogies of a distinctive uniform, as adopted by the military or judicial orders. These orders stand forth as representatives of authority by *force only*—of law, in its exposition and execution. It is, then, hardly necessary to remark here that the Gospel ministry is *not* an exponent of these; and just so far as it puts itself forth as exponents of law and authority, speaking oracularly, and pretending to enforce its sentences, just so far does it surrender its claims to be the Gospel ministry, which is a ministry of *persuasion, reconciliation, grace, peace*. And, agreeably to this principle, men observe that, precisely in proportion as clergymen seek to be official representatives of authority, and so far as they seek to enforce the claims of power, just so far do they gather around them the paraphernalia of office, and cover themselves with the garments of a reserved and exalted dignity.

Clergymen, likewise, too often fail from the want of naturalness of manner. With many, there is too manifest a want of simple genuineness of bearing. They lack an easy, cordial, self-forgetfulness of carriage. They seem too often to men of the world to be listless, abstract, inattentive, or even cold. There is often the deportment of the elderly school-master, whose long habits of instruction have given him a set in the direction of giving out his own thoughts with the cold air of authority, rather than recognizing his partnership in the world's current thought and conversation. Too many ministers never seem to know how to move among men upon the friendly, social, and cordial level of mutual exchange. They seem to forget that the best volumes for them to study, next to the one great Book, are the daily turning leaves in the active lives of real living men. They therefore too commonly come among men as we might fancy an old, dusty, musty volume of lore, belonging to a by-gone age, might do if it were set up upon legs and endowed with articulate speech. The didactic lines roll out in a semi-mechanical way, whether men seem to be interested or not; and the domineer proceeds, supported, no doubt, by the hope that the dry seed, sown with such a liberal hand, will some day sprout into life, and develop into fruit-bearing qualities—forgetting all the while that higher influences do not act in violation of lower law; that

that minister will be most useful who, being faithful to the truth, is best able to excite the sympathies and the interests of men, whether in the pulpit or out of it.

How much depends upon manner may be learned by ministers if they will study a leaf or two in the chapter of a successful politician's experience, or they may easily see it if they will contrast the work of two clergymen as they operate in fields lying near by. One, belonging to the angular school, moves only upon the squares and the cubes, and withal a man of power; and for years he has been wondering why, in a growing community, his congregation is still composed of the select and the painfully few; while his less experienced brother, with less learning and an inferior head-piece, who greets every one in a natural, cordial, easy way, having every man whom he meets go away with the feeling that the clergyman is his particular friend, preaches to overflowing crowds, and is perpetually enlarging his church edifice. The latter, while compromising no functions of his high office, makes friends and keeps them, because he moves as a man among men; but the former makes few and holds fewer still, because he has never learned that simple lesson how to move as a man among his fellows. It would well pay all such clergymen to suspend the functions of their calling for a season and go into business. Daily trituration with men might effect a radical cure.

Closely allied to the last is unnaturalness of voice, adopted, or unconsciously assumed, by many clergymen. How well we remember, as a small boy, the way in which we beat a retreat and sought concealment when the "awful" minister was seen making his approach. That low, hollow, sepulchral voice we can never forget. The association is instinctive and unavoidable that men, not to speak of children, should associate such tones with what is damp, dank, dark, and mildewed of spirit. It is the voice which ghosts, ghouls, specters, and all mysterious things which bode no good to man, are supposed to conjure with.

Whence comes it that so many ministers are marred by such unnatural and unfortunate vocalization? It arises partly from thoughtless ignorance, partly from association, partly from a foolish prejudice, and partly from education. Some are so thoughtlessly ignorant that they think that this deep, monotonous, minor, sepulchral growl constitutes a becoming religious tone. That the message which proclaims life, joy, liberty, love, holiness should be dressed

in the habiliments of the grave. Others, through the traditional prejudice which has been handed down by predecessors, fancy that the awful minor increases the weight and emphasis of ministerial utterance. If this were true we might expect that with the call to the ministry God would give a man the awful tones which were uttered from the summit of Sinai. Others catch these direful tones from association. They have been accustomed to speak fuller and louder within the spacious walls of the church edifice, and they forget when they return to the every-day associations of ordinary life to bring back their voice to its easy and natural cadence and utterance. In certain passages rendered from reading-desk or pulpit such tones undoubtedly are eminently appropriate and natural, but to assume them on all occasions is nothing short of a travesty upon spiritual naturalness. With others it results from wrong education, at the bottom of which lies ignorance again. Unnatural teachers have made unnatural scholars, and it is not every scholar who grows wise enough to question the methods of his instructors. Many and many a time, probably in the majority of cases, we have heard that sentence of triumph, of glory, of immortality—that overture bursting from the skies—"I am the resurrection and the life," etc., read as if it were a voice of despair spoken from the valley of the shadow of death. Who does not see at once that, under the sounds of that voice, captivity is led captive, and the victory of death is turned into defeat; and we ask, "Is it not too bad that a sepulchral and false voice should cast over those tones of triumph the shadow of despair?" Why should a man become less natural in the display of the ordinary attributes of manhood simply because he has become a leader and instructor in the eminent concerns of religion? The reasons may be given, but is there any sound reason for the reasons themselves? We wish here to subtract nothing from the force of the obvious fact that men are naturally unnatural; that they are not in the state which their Creator designed they should be in, and that he is working to bring them into. But with all this natural unnaturalness, men, as a rule, *can* know when the true type of the real spiritual naturalness is put before them—that is, when the true manly ideal moves out before men to take rank in teaching and guiding toward the ideal life.

In conclusion, let us venture the assertion that much of this unnaturalness among clergymen arises from a chronic violation on their

part of the laws and conditions of the physical basis of life. Perhaps, as a rule, the ministers with whom we meet are making war upon the very house in which they live. They live with too little exercise. Many habitually overtax their brains when their nervous energy should be employed in the processes of digestion. They permit themselves to be burdened with too many cares. In this they do not sufficiently illustrate the faith which they preach. They carry too much of the burdens and cares of their people, adding these to their own family and personal cares. How, then, can a man be a healthful, hearty, natural counselor, teacher, companion, and sympathizer whose spirit is haunted by the devils of indigestion, whose life-currents run slowly and sluggishly, or even stagnate in their channels for want of healthful excitements in the open light and clear oxygen? How can a man be the exponent of the happiness and the joys of religion who can not, after a conscientious discharge of his duties

within the ranges of his own strength, cast off his burdens and rise into the exhilarating atmosphere of true spiritual liberty? Why should they, who have it as a business to teach the observance of the higher law, why, we ask, should they habitually violate the primal laws of their own nature? Why should they, while living in defiance of God-ordained law as respects that constitution fearfully and wonderfully made, expect to escape those penalties which are meted out in strict measure, on the lower level, as punishment for violation of law on the lower level?

In all this we plead as a clergyman for clergymen, that they should aim to become more truly and thoroughly *men*, according to the ideals of this lower and basilar life, and then they will have a better foundation and a better possibility upon which to build for the higher life.

In all this, putting it in a word, we plead for a higher type of spiritual naturalness.

THE REV. WILLIAM ARTHUR, M.A.

THE Rev. William Arthur, whose name is honorably known far beyond the limits of his own country and home, was born in 1819, in Lattarkenny, in the county of Londonderry. He was fairly educated, although not kept long at school, being forward in his learning even to the appearance of precocity. When about twelve years of age he removed with the family to Westport, a town in the county of Galway, on the Atlantic shore, and being designed for business, was placed in a trading firm connected with that town. Although of Presbyterian parentage, he was there brought in connection with the Wesleyan Methodists; and before he had completed his sixteenth year he had not only joined himself in membership with that body, but had made his first attempt to preach.

It was predicted at the time that he would attain to eminence; and his destiny being clearly the Christian ministry, he was accepted by the Irish Conference, and sent by that body, in 1837, to Hoxton College, London, when he was not more than eighteen. Here he rapidly distinguished himself by an extraordinary aptitude for learning; and after a two years' course of study, having offered

himself for foreign service, he was sent to the Mysore territory in the Madras presidency.

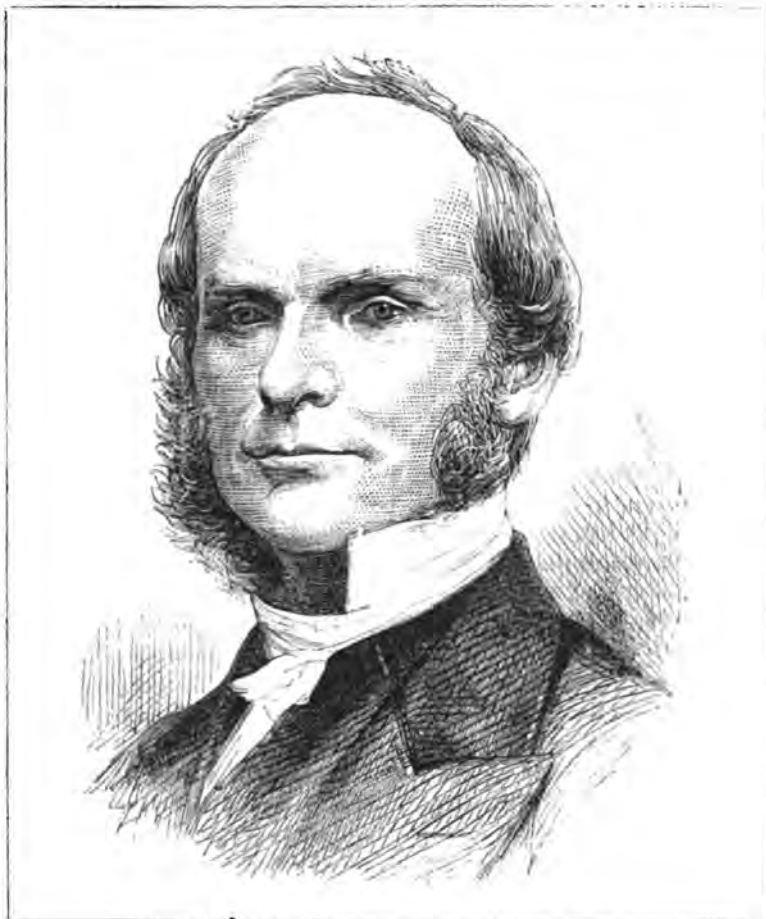
He embarked for India, with two young companions, in April, 1839. A first-class East-Indiaman, well officered and manned, with a large company of passengers, civilian, naval, and military, affords a fine field for self-discipline and observation; and certainly Mr. Arthur's first exercises in the service to which his life was already consecrated were most successfully discharged.

It was a new mission which he was appointed to establish in the Mysore territory; and he threw himself into it heart and soul. As soon as he could put a few short sentences together in Canarese, he entered into conversation with the natives, among whom he passed most of his time, and whose confidence he rapidly conciliated.

Expecting to spend his life in the country, he acquainted himself with its past history and present condition. He held himself aloof from national or local prejudices, and in his independent position as a Christian missionary could study things as they were, recording his impressions as they came, and promptly setting down the conclusions as he arrived at them. Unslumbering activity of mind and

body in a tropical climate impaired his health, and before he had completed the second year of residence in the new mission, the first threatening symptom of exhaustion was a sudden failure of sight. A succession of deaths, too, unexpected and rapid, at the same time wrought on his nerves, producing

so alarming were the symptoms, that he was compelled to embark in the first ship that could be found. The ship was leaky, slow, ill-provisioned, badly manned, and miserably commanded. The number on board reduced by deaths, the remnant famishing, the pumps insufficient to overcome the leakage, and the



PORTRAIT OF REV. WILLIAM ARTHUR, M.A.

distressing languor, and his medical friends unitedly and earnestly assured him that the preservation of his eyesight, not to say his life, would be hopeless if he remained in the climate of India, and warned him that his constitution would not endure a return to any country within the tropics. So sudden and

little crew ready to break out into mutiny, Mr. Arthur, a surviving fellow-passenger, one or two seamen, and the captain himself, took to a boat in mid-ocean, in the forlorn hope of catching a ship that was just in sight, but not lying in the same course.

A negro sailor-boy aloft providentially dis-

cerned the floating speck; the humane captain shortened sail, took the two passengers on board, supplied his unhappy brother captain with food and a stock of provisions, wherewith to pull back to his crazy ship again, while the missionary and his companion sped on their voyage with him, and in due time set foot on English ground again. Mr. Arthur subsequently published a narrative of this "Mission to the Mysore," a work which embodies a wide review of Indian affairs, and is distinguished by his picturesqueness of style and accurate descriptions of natural scenery. After a time thus spent in England, Mr. Arthur was sent to Boulogne, and then for two years to Paris. He soon was able to preach in French as easily as he had in Canarese, and crowded and influential congregations attended his ministry in the French capital.

In 1849 he returned to England, and in 1851 was appointed one of the general secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Societies. From this position he but lately retired, after having for sixteen years served the cause of missions with an efficiency that was highly appreciated by his brethren throughout the country. Being effective in his own church, he was the more valued by the members of other churches, to whom, it is needless to say, he is extensively known as a fellow-laborer in the common cause of Christianity. Shortly after his appointment to the Wesleyan Mission-House, Mr. Arthur gave to the world "The Successful Merchant," a memoir of Mr. Samuel Budgett. This work achieved a popularity unprecedented in works of its class; edition after edition was rapidly disposed of; and the name of the author became as rapidly familiar to the general public as it had previously been to his own denomination.

A few years later, the author, who had traveled much in the "sunny land," published "Italy in Transition," a volume dealing with the political and religious crisis through which Italy was then passing, when its smaller kingdoms were being broken up, religious toleration was striving with dogmatism, and the present kingdom was in process of formation under Victor Emmanuel.

Among Mr. Arthur's other publications, and perhaps the most characteristic of the man, must be mentioned "The Tongue of

Fire," which is an earnest plea for the devout recognition of the power of the Holy Spirit in all forms of religious work.

Besides his experience on the continents of Europe and Asia, Mr. Arthur has traveled extensively in America, and is probably as widely known to the Christian public of the United States as any clergyman in Europe.

Everywhere and always he proved himself a missionary, and has ever taken the deepest interest in all that concerns the United States.

By a very large majority of suffrages Mr. Arthur was raised to the presidency of the Wesleyan Conference of 1866, then being in the forty-seventh year of his age. So young a man had never but once before occupied the presidential chair, and that was long ago, when the position was very different from what it is now. Satisfied with his authority, he assumed no air of dignity beyond what naturally came to him, and retired at the expiration of the term with no diminution of the esteem previously accorded to him, but rather with an increase of fraternal regard won to himself by the faithful but considerate and graceful performance of his duties. Mr. Arthur has since been placed at the head of the Methodist College recently established in Belfast, where another important field of usefulness was opened up to him. Before entering on his duties he visited Oxford and Cambridge, and made himself acquainted with the best methods of collegiate instruction, and he has carried into his work the same comprehensive views which have characterized him in other spheres. The *Christian Times* has said of him: "Possessed of a considerable fortune, Mr. Arthur exemplifies to the utmost the doctrine of systematic beneficence; and the singular simplicity of his life and character, the variety of his attainments, the extent of his travels, and acquaintance with celebrated personages of various countries, both in church and state, have contributed to raise him to a position such as few enjoy. As a preacher, he ranks among the first. He never writes his sermons, and his style is remarkably free and clear. His doctrine is of the purest and clearest evangelical type. He belongs not so much to the Wesleyan as to the Church of Christ at large; and we trust he will be spared many years to exert his powers for

the benefit of men and the honor of his great Master."

The face of Mr. Arthur, as we have it represented in our indifferent portrait, indicates in a very marked degree the element of earnestness. He may be said to be *strong* in that particular sentiment. The great height of the forehead, together with its breadth and fullness, indicates a man of very strong sympathies, having a practical and thoughtful type of intellect, and much capacity for working out to a successful result the difficult phases of his undertakings. He doubtless has a very susceptible and emotional nature, and combined in a marked degree those motive characteristics which contribute strength and force to the mental activities.

He has unusual power in the way of self-control; a will influential not only in directing others, but also influential in forming habits and guiding his own feelings and tendencies. He has much ambition, but the religious profession which he follows, and the self-denying life that he has led, serve to hold in check that ambition and give it course in spiritual lives. We think that mental discipline which he exercises is exhibited in the lineaments of the face. There is a peculiar characteristic pervading them which we may designate perhaps suitably by the term "suppression." Mr. Arthur is a natural leader, but early subordinated his yearnings and tendencies to what he conceived to be his highest duty and his best estate.

SPIRITUAL PRESENCE.

[CONTINUED FROM AUGUST NUMBER.]

THE contiguity of the seen and unseen worlds, shadowed forth by the varied scenes in the chambers of departing Christians, and in states of suspended natural functions, receives its royal evidence from the pages of the Divine Word. When we read the Scriptures with the mind bent upon some particular subject, we light only upon the truths in agreement with the mind's purpose at the time, leaving all others; just as a chemical agent attracts its affinities and leaves its negatives; hence the evidences of spiritual presence among men that may be drawn from them have been overlooked and set at naught; but looking for such evidence, their pages grow luminous with the forms of angels. Descriptions are therein given of the appearance of angels with patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and others of nearly all conditions, from the leader of the armies of Israel to the servant cast out with her child into the wilderness. They appeared as men, and were entertained as such; and Saint Paul in his letter to the Hebrews suggests that it may be so done again, in his injunction, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." In many angelic interviews they were called angels and men in the same texts. Saint John in his detail of the measuring of the city says, "An hundred and forty and four cubits, according to the measure of a man, that is, of the angel."

In most cases there is a change in the beholder or entertainer, spoken of or suggested,

as, "he lifted up his eyes;" "his eyes were opened;" "I was carried away in the spirit;" "I was in the spirit on the Lord's day." Zechariah describes this change in these words, "And the angel that talked with me came again, and waked me, as a man is wakened out of his sleep." Thus the organs of interior sight and hearing being opened, angelic visitants were seen and heard as men and companions, and caused no terror. Manoah, the father of Samson, had so little idea that he was talking with an angel that he asked, "What is thy name, that when thy sayings come to pass we may do thee honor?" But returning to his natural state, fear came upon him, and he said, "We shall surely die, because we have seen God."

That this change of state whereby men and angels were brought into similar condition or degree was in men, and not in the angels, is evident from the fact that some present saw and heard, and others did not. When the Syrians encamped at Dothan against Elisha, he saw the angelic host for his defense, but his servant did not, therefore when the servant asked, "What shall we do?" Elisha prayed, "Lord, open his eyes that he may see;" and in answer to the prayer the servant beheld the "horses and chariots of fire."—2 Kings vi. 17. Daniel, in his vision, said, "I Daniel alone saw the vision: for the men that were with me saw not the vision; but a great quaking fell upon them, so that they fled to hide themselves."—

Daniel x. 7. Ezekiel's vision came to him when the elders of Judah sat before him, but we do not read that they were disturbed or moved by it. Peter was sleeping between two soldiers when the angel released him from prison; but no stir was made until it was day, when their prisoner could not be found.

When Jesus prayed, "Father, glorify thy name," and the voice came, saying, "I have both glorified *it*, and will glorify *it* again" (John xii. 28), some that heard said "that it thundered; others said, An angel spake to him." Evidently their interior hearing was only partially opened who thought it thundered, but in those who said, "An angel spake to him," it was opened in a greater degree, while in the Evangelist who recorded the words it was fully so.

Jacob's dream of angels ascending and descending upon a ladder seems to teach spiritual presence with men upon all the planes of earthly life. What more lucid illustration could be given that there are heavenly helpers appointed to every condition of humanity than the arrangement of the steps of a ladder or flight of stairs for going up or down to different levels? Invincible in heavenly innocence, angels shrink not from the states of crime, so that they may lead man to see that "evil is from hell, and good from heaven;" and if he but aims to leave the bad they may draw him toward the first silvery stair, and help him to set his foot upon its firm base and thence gradually to heavenly states. Jacob's spiritual condition appears to have been the lowest of those with whom he is usually named. Abraham first in place, it is easy to see was first or highest in spiritual state, for he was called the "friend of God." The Lord said with reference to the destruction of Sodom, as if there were a conjunction or communion of heavenly purpose with Abraham as a friend, "Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do?" Isaac evidently is of a medium class; but when we come to Jacob, we find him so purely natural in his religious instincts that the blessings he asks partake of the character of a business transaction; thus, "If God will be with me, and keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God; and this stone which I have set for a pillar shall be God's house; and of all that thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto thee." Jacob being thus on the lowest plane of the three, the presence of angels with him goes to show that they are with all who are upon that plane.

Again: when Jacob was upon his return to meet Esau, the "angels of God met him" in such numbers, that when he saw them he said, "This *is* God's host: and he called the name of that place Mahanaim," signifying, as we are told in the margin, two hosts. Bible-readers are familiar with the frequency of words representing hosts, camps, armies, and battles in connection with the Divine Name. Moses spoke of the Lord coming from "Sinai, Seir, and Mount Paran with ten thousand saints;" and David said, "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels." That they perform the services of combating and defending hosts is evident from the fact that the camp of Israel was accompanied by an angel to keep them in the way, who removed occasionally from before to behind it; and when Joshua commenced his wars of extermination at Jericho, one announced himself as "captain of the Lord's host." This point may also be deduced from the promises made by the Lord to those who fear him: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him."—Ps. xxxiv. 7. "The Lord of Hosts mustereth the host of the battle."—Is. xlii. 4. "The Lord shall utter his voice before his army; for his camp *is* very great."—Joel ii. 11. "I will encamp about mine house because of the army, because of him that passeth by, and because of him that returneth: and no oppressor shall pass through them any more."—Zech. ix. 8.

The question of the proximity of the world of spirits to ours, and consequently their presence with us, may also be presumed from the so-called possession of men by devils in the days of our Lord, and his work of restraining and casting them out. When he spake to the devils, as Legion, who wished to be sent into the herd of swine, we have no record that any one saw them, yet no one doubted that they left the man and entered into the swine, for the swine perished and the man was restored. We do not realize the blessings that have resulted to us of this day by that work of the Redeemer in restraining evil spirits from infesting men, and restoring the bound between us and them; yet few can read the case of the possessed child, and the father's sad details of its rending him "so that he pineth away," casting him into the fire and waters, and his pathetic appeal to the Lord, "If thou canst do anything, have compassion on us and help us," without moistened eyes.

Occasionally we are reminded of our deliverance by such a case as that which occurred on board a coaster in New York Bay a few years ago; it was a diabolical murder of those

on board, and when the perpetrator was brought to justice, he constantly used the pronoun *we* in his confession. It was at first thought he had accomplices; further development, however, went to show that he thought himself accompanied and instigated to the deed by an evil spirit.

This doctrine of the proximity of the seen and unseen worlds with its laws, as distinct and abiding as those of Kepler, so amply set forth in the Divine Word and deduced by plain reason, is calculated to explain many phenomena not otherwise understood, and which leave many minds, who are looking to material efforts to enlighten their mysteries, "half in sunshine, half in shadow." Let such but know that men and angels are distinct in state or degree, though not absolutely so in place; that eternal law hath set this boundary and distinction; that natural things must be suspended or dissolved before one state can be merged in the other and the two meet in apposition, and

the shadows begin to lift. Let intuition be explained to be internal presence and perception; and that the guiding leash is that evil or disobedience to the Divine commands springs from hell; and that good or obedience to them flows from heaven; that when we do evil, we are as to our spirits in company with evil spirits, "walking through dry places seeking rest and finding none." But when we are in the effort to do good, angels lead us in green pastures and beside still waters; and that the suspension of our natural senses and the opening of our interior ones would reveal such to be the fact. It would then be perceived that friends in similar affection or faith are not really separated though space intervene; that death itself does not change the place of the soul, but merely the state or degree, closing the exterior senses and resurrecting those interior ones, of which even on earth we are at times cognizant. Surely these would be "good words, and comfortable words."—Zech. i. 13. E. G. D. P.

BY CHERITH'S BROOK.

FROM THE GERMAN.

For he went and dwelt by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan.—1 KINGS xvii. 5.

ELIJAH, hermit-like, the world forsook;
By Cherith's brook
Conceals himself, the prophet and the sage,
From Ahab's rage,
And laughs to scorn, in his secluded dell,
The fury of the haughty Jezebel.
The glowing sun has parched, like desert sand,
The stricken land;
No falling dew, no drops of cooling rain,
Refresh the plain;
The springs are dry, plants wilt, and flowers fade;
By Cherith's purling brook alone there's shade.
For, pure and clear, from rocky cavern deep
The brook doth leap;
Tall trees with leafy boughs their coolness shed
Above his head;
The brook for drink, the rock serves for a seat,
And on his mossy couch he slumbers sweet.
Now famine's cry of pain affrights the land
On every hand;
But him the ravens day by day afresh
Bring bread and flesh.
Angels of light, and birds of dusky hue,
Both serve the Lord, alike his bidding do.
By Cherith's peaceful brook no sound is heard
Save wing of bird;
The raven's croak, the lion's distant roar,
And nothing more!
Oh, holy silence! solitude thrice blest,
In which the troubled spirit sinks to rest!

He finds himself, in solitudes untrod,
Alone with God.
He feels Jehovah's breath among the trees
In every breeze.
The rock-bound vale, the forest and the hills
Become a sanctuary his presence fills.
The ancient trees, like massive columns rise,
Before his eyes.
The heavens, a gorgeous canopy, outspread
Above his head,
While in the firmament, in splendor bright,
Shines God's great sun, eternal source of light.
The early breezes softly whisper psalms
Through tops of palms.
As a grand holocaust, illumines the sun
The mountains dun.
While as torch-bearers in the heaven's blue deep
The stars of God their holy vigils keep.
Oh, heavenly bliss! with God the Lord alone,
Unseen, unknown
By men to list that "still small voice," so mild
In forest wild,
To hear His spirit whispering in my ear
Words that the bustling crowd may never hear.
The din of day, with cares and troubles fraught,
Here sinks to naught.
Oblivious of the world and worldly cares,
Its lures and snares,
Into the depths of being to descend,
And in the fount of faith the spirit mend.

And should'st thou e'er seek peace in solitude
 Where none intrude,
 Where love's decayed and friendship's changed,
 All seem estranged,
 Then, like a hermit, in sequestered nook
 Thy tabernacle build by Cherith's brook.
 There is a Cherith in the forest shade,
 In mossy glade;
 There is a Cherith, when in closet dim

Thou pray'st to Him;
 And when thy soul divine communion craves,
 'Twill be refreshed by Cherith peaceful waves.
 And when, at length, the rippling brook is dry,
 When from on high
 The mandate comes that calls thee to the field,
 Then do thou yield
 Obedience to His will, and, following duty's path,
 Arise and haste thee on to Zarephath. J. C. B.

Department of Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
 Of paradise that has survived the fall!
 Thou art the nurse of virtue.

THE EDUCATED MAN IN AMERICAN SOCIETY.

[The following is from the valedictory address of Orville J. Bliss before the class of 1871 of Yale College, and may be taken as a fair expression of Western ideas on American mental development. There is real "grit" in it, and the ring of true eloquence.]

WHAT is society? When we turn our thoughts to the study of man, we find his whole life made up of two parts, the individual part and the social part. Not that he ceases to be an individual when in contact with others, nor on the other hand that he loses his social nature when withdrawn from such contact; but that in so far as he is individual and isolated he is without the pale of society, and in so far, on the other hand, as he deals in any manner with his fellow-men, he ceases to be a separate, self-contained personality; and that somewhat indefinite substance which we call society is simply the aggregate of these social parts of individual lives. When, therefore, I speak of society, I do not mean merely what the world of fashion means, but the whole sphere of activities and results which are created by the incessant play and interplay of these composite atoms of society. How multiform are those activities! how mysterious are those results! The most stupendous war the world has ever seen, and the subtlest glance of recognition that ever lighted a human eye, equally proclaim that man is a partaker of his fellow-man's existence.

Now, it is the destiny of man in all his relations to move under the sway of law. He is not permitted to follow his nature wherever it may lead; he must guide and control it according to certain fixed conditions, and from those conditions some mysterious and active power which we call sin impels him ever to

depart. But so long as he violates them only as an individual, the law and its penalty is between himself, his conscience, and his God. Others may exhort him from benevolence; but no man may lay upon him a command or inflict upon him a punishment. It is only when he begins to tread within the province of another's existence, that that other acquires a voice in his government, and may lay upon him certain restrictions. Thus we see that the whole structure of human law, with its splendid array of servants and interpreters, rests upon the simple fact of human society.

The amenities of intercourse, the smile or the tear of sympathy, the longings of affection, and the power of public opinion—all these are but variations of the simple law of association, as much as all the phenomena of nature, great and small, are but the attraction and repulsion of particles.

Now, back through the whole existence of the race, dissatisfied beings have been struggling, and philanthropists have been sighing. For what did they struggle and sigh? Little by little, too, that existence has taken to itself a brighter aspect, and we say that society has been elevated. Toward what has it been elevated? What, in short, is the key-note to the march of social progress? I answer that it is justice. That is a false ideal which paints the millennium as a world where justice has faded away in the soft sunlight of charity. It is injustice, and that only, which has made benevolence necessary; and I venture to think that the reigning virtue of that happy estate will be simple, unpoetic injustice.

Such is the goal of society. What is its prime, comprehensive fault? It seems to me

that it is and ever has been this: it fails to distribute fairly its labors and rewards. For example, it still does obeisance to enervating, useless wealth, while upon honest productive toil it bestows at best little more than pity. Disguise it as we may, society at large has not yet been taught a genuine respect for labor. The communist, with all his faults, is groping after a truth. For who, when he sees an intelligent, hard-working, honest man kept in obscurity all his life because he has been honest, while a coarse, corrupt, unscrupulous nabob is giving manners to society like a law-maker, and walking arm-in-arm with fashion, intellect, and even learning, because he has been unscrupulous, who, I say, does not sometimes feel as if society itself was wrong side up? It is this grievous partiality which causes in a great degree the tremendous waste of human forces in society. That nation will be vigorous and great whose best and most fruitful energies are kept in action. What now is best adapted to call forth those energies? Is it not a free market, where industry—not only physical, but intellectual and moral industry—is sure to find its reward? What wonder that the rich man's child idles away the hours of existence or wastes his vitality in vice? Society does not call him to account for it. It inquires not what he is or what he does, but what he possesses. He has wealth; he may have also strength, ingenuity, talent, genius, or beauty, and if he does possess them, society will treat him, not as its legitimate subject, owing allegiance and service, but as its leader and pet; and so these precious forces, come forth from a benevolent God, go vagabonding through the world because they are not arraigned at the bar of an exacting public sentiment.

Turn now to the poor young man. Too often, as we know, he drops a noble enthusiasm at the very threshold of active life, and forever after lets half his capacities sleep within him. Why is he not husbanding every scrap of power within him, to lay it before the insatiate goddess of human want? Because it is of no use; because at every door of society's inner sanctuary stands the Cerberus of fashion, of title, or of monopoly, which he must grapple with single-handed, or bribe at the price of his manhood, before he may enter there.

Look at old England. Within her borders social distinction is hardly better than accident. For it means there a place in the peerage, and the peerage with rare exceptions bestows its prizes according to the simple chances of birth. For all purposes of fairness

they might as well stake their literary honors upon the throw of the dice, and trust Providence to turn up nothing but geniuses; for when an idiot happens into the circle, he holds the same rank in society as if he were Lord Chatham himself. O how this sickly child of feudalism has been petted by kings and bolstered by parliaments! When it has threatened to expire by its own inherent rottenness, it has been galvanized into life again by fresh accessions of members. It is carefully hedged about with the laws of entail, succession, and primogeniture. The English lord can not, if he wishes, sell his own estates, not even to save himself from bankruptcy and meet the just demands of a creditor, because the laws are determined that he shall be superior to the untitled nobleman, nature to the contrary notwithstanding; and it is a marvelous tribute to the great middle class that it has been able to thrust itself through and over these obstacles to the influence which it now wields. It is amazing to witness the self-complacency of the English lord; intelligent, discriminating, able to philosophize as he is, he nevertheless lives and legislates generation after generation seemingly without ever a question but that his destiny is to eat, drink, and be merry in the sweat of other men's brows. But it is more amazing that men endowed with human nature, and Anglo-Saxon human nature too, have come and gone for half a score of centuries, consenting to wage their battle of life under these man-created distinctions with a complacency almost equal to that of their masters.

If any one attracted by his love of culture would repeat this experiment of aristocracy in America, let me remind him that that soil, so fertile of art and refinement, is also rank with pauperism and crime. England is a nation of beggars, some in the street and some in palaces; and the worst beggars of all are those same elegant and graceful aristocrats, for they either directly or through inheritance receive their whole living from the state, while common paupers receive only a part. Stroll any day through one of the streets of Manchester or Rochdale and enter a tenement house. You will find the hens in the garret, the pigs in the cellar, and the family inhabiting the ground floor along with the vermin, from which they may be distinguished by a difference in size. You will not stay long to breathe the foul odors which play about the apartment. Probably you will go off saying, "They might at least be neat." You do not consider that that entire family, from the gray-haired father to the lisp-

ing child, work all day long in a factory, and even then are obliged to live on wages which are hardly worth taking home. That father, whose hair is silvering with age, has lived as long and worked as faithfully as the great proprietor at the mansion. They meet every day as workman and employer, but soon they will meet no more, for both will retire from business, one to luxury, the other to wait for death. Look at them, two men equal, perhaps, in their deserts, but infinitely separated in their rewards, and say if all is well. From one year's end to another, save only at Christmas, the family do not taste of meat. They were born, each and every one, without a destiny, and will die without an achievement. I wonder, not that these people steal, but that they steal so little. Culture is a most desirable thing. Call it the chiseling of the marble, the painting of the dead canvas, or the clothing of the skeleton with flesh, and you will not half exhaust its meaning; but I thank God that that style of culture which feeds on such misery as this is fast hastening to decay.

It is easy to raise our hands in holy horror at the excesses of the French communists; it is easy to call them brutes. But who made them so? "Oh," you say, "they are the children of Voltaire, and Voltaire was an infidel." What, then, made Voltaire possible? He was nothing but a lurid flame thrown up against the dark back-ground of priesthood and caste. It would more besecm us to blush for ourselves than to cry unclean, when we reflect that Paris is the elected leader of the modern world, and yet has brought forth in its bosom a product like this.

Now thinking men have observed with anxiety that this labor problem is bodily transferring itself to America. Twenty years ago, when our factories and workshops were filled with the sons and daughters of the Puritans, coming fresh from the family altar, the problem was simple. But now all is changed. The squalor of Europe has laid siege to these branches of industry, and native talent has fled before it, as it would flee from the march of a pestilence. It is needless to describe to you the make-up of the emigrant. He brings not only himself, but certain social ideas. He is apt to be a compound of ignorance, hate, and despair. And the worst feature is that ambition is dead. Can there be a more vivid picture of complete moral prostration than a parent who has no aspirations in behalf of his child? Yet in Massachusetts, where a law compels every factory child to attend school three months in a

year, the strongest obstacle to the execution of that law is the falsehood and evasion of parents who take every means to escape its provisions. Thus the child grows up in ignorance; a little more age reveals to him the wretchedness of his estate; and it needs but a spark of the fire which in others we call self-respect to make him a rebel against society and a traitor to his race. Tender-hearted women read the description of a brutal murder, and wonder how human feelings can become so dead. They do not know that we ourselves are schooling these outlaws by neglect. In the name of civilization we have driven the Indian from the land, and in our cities and towns which we call the last fruit of civilization, we are rearing a barbarism worse than theirs, by as much as it stands in a more splendid era.

Now it will never do to leave this problem to our free institutions. They are glorious and strong, but institutions are nothing except as they inspire living men. The time is alive with ominous portents. Labor parties may not prove that eight hours ought to be a legal day's work, but they do prove that something is rotten in American society. A cry for relief has gone forth, and refuses to be hushed. We can not always ignore these men. Neither can we forever satisfy them by quoting Adam Smith. Suppose some wise individual should stand with a copy of "The Wealth of Nations" in his hand before a mob of London bread rioters, and begin to read the chapter on wages; would they all go off rejoicing in the beauties of the science, and convinced that they were happy? Political economy has had ample trial in England. A mill-agent recently said, "I regard my workpeople just as I regard my machinery. So long as they can do my work for what I choose to pay them, I keep them, getting out of them all I can. * * * When my machines get old and useless, I reject them and get new, and these people are part of my machinery." Is not that a sufficiently rigorous application of the law of demand and supply? And it describes the whole factory system in England up to the time when the agitators took it in hand. What it has done for England I need not repeat. Suffice it to say that political economy, as a solution of this question, is a disastrous failure.

Well, having failed in this, society looks about for some other remedy, and finally adopts the charity system. At the risk of a glittering generality, I pronounce this the age of poor-houses. Hospitals for the sailor, asylums for the inebriate, and retreats for the spinster

spring up in a night and open their doors to the unfortunate. Never was society so thoroughly nursed as it is to-day. Now, no one would disparage these enterprises. They honor the head as much as they do the heart of their authors. But they do not meet this great social problem of poverty, and they never will. For they are not philosophical. The best gift you could bestow on a cripple would be to set him on his feet; and if some disease is crippling society, crutches will never make it walk straight. Will it develop into life and vigor the self-reliance of an able-bodied man to feed him like a child with his daily bread? The truth is, there must appear in society some miracle-worker, personal or impersonal, which shall bid these crippled, halting, and helpless thousands to rise up and walk.

If, then, our institutions can not be trusted, if political economy has proved itself futile, and if charity, however broad in its reach or multiplied in its form, can work no permanent cure, to what shall we turn? Must we abandon the question in despair? Must we accept as a fact the existence in America of an isolated class? While England is manfully fighting her way to justice in the face of tradition and law, shall we ignobly surrender this very fortress of human rights? I do not believe it. That same political economy for which so much is claimed, teaches that man with his muscle alone is able to produce more than he can consume. And if he can do this unaided, where is the boasted beneficence of invention if it is to carry only physical and moral poverty in its path? Given a community of ten persons, with one hundred bushels of corn, and they ought to enjoy greater material prosperity than the same number of persons with fifty bushels; and does any one doubt that we can produce the one hundred bushels with our labor-saving appliances where we could produce fifty without them? If, then, it has been demonstrated that destitution is not a necessity among a savage and untutored race, is it inevitable here, where art has doubled and trebled nature? Does not the contemplation of these facts force us back to the truth with which we started, viz.: that society fails to *distribute* fairly its labors and its rewards.

Mr. Phillips would reduce the amount of production, and thus bring capital to terms. There could not be a greater fallacy. The bane of society is not that the rich live in palaces, but that the poor live in huts. Rather, if it were possible, increase production ten, twenty, yea a hundred fold, until the rich are

fairly surfeited and gorged with luxury, and when they can neither eat, drink, nor waste any more, some will overflow and find its way into the hovels of the poor. But that is a chimera. Once more we are compelled to ask, What shall be done with the labor problem? I began the study of this subject with no preconceived notions, and utterly uncertain as to the conclusion which would be reached. But truth compels me to sum up the answer in a word, old indeed, and monotonous in sound, but gathering a fresh meaning from this new connection. It is the word Education. We must educate two classes, the poor and the not-poor, which you will admit to be a pretty exhaustive subdivision of American society.

We must educate the laborer, first, for his own work. If knowledge is power, much more so is skill. In this respect a lesson may be learned from France. For example, drawing is taught in our schools merely as an accomplishment, and in most instances a very imaginary accomplishment at that; in France, on the contrary, it is an art, and when the French peasant-boy leaves the school for the workshop, he is able to sketch the machine before which he stands. Hence a certain independence; and independence breeds self-respect. The workman should be taught not only how to work, but also how to manage. Of all the blessings which the genius of man has bestowed upon labor, I believe that co-operation is greatest and best for this reason: It makes the employe his own employer, and thus capital and labor cease to quarrel. It is destined to throttle monopoly, and to be the lever upon which the working-class will raise itself to power. But hitherto it has been almost useless to them because they have no competent managers. Our duty is, by industrial schools, by institutes of technology, by free commercial colleges, or by some other means, to put them in possession of those acquirements which will meet this demand. Educate the workman thoroughly in his own sphere alone, and half the charity houses in the land will be compelled to pull down their signs.

But, secondly, we must bestow upon them that broader intelligence which will fit them for a position in society. Give a Yankee boy five years in a district school, and he is ready to do anything—trade, shovel, or lecture. His self-confidence may be absurd, but it contains a great secret nevertheless. The misfortune of the foreigners who fill our workshops and perform our drudgery is that they are able to do but one kind of work. The Irish boy's father

dug ditches, his grandfather did the same, and there is no reason, unless society takes him in hand, why he should ever know how to do anything but dig ditches himself. Consequently, when the ditch-digging business becomes overcrowded, the boy's one talent goes begging for employment, and he takes lower wages or starves. This is how capital is able so completely to manipulate certain large classes of artisans. But give that boy enough arithmetic to keep his accounts with and enough geography to know where the prairies are, and the very day that competition presses upon him he is off to the West in search of new fields for his new-born capacities. Thus the balance of industry, which is more important to the world than the balance of power, preserves itself by its own fluidity. Division of labor, when its course is free, is a blessing. But it becomes a national curse if it takes the form of Hindoo caste and regulates industry by arbitrary rules. From the horrors of that system America must be rescued by a widespread intelligence.

Now society must make this its special work. The poor can not help themselves. They are tied hand and foot with an enslaving destitution [penury—Ed.]. We say, "It is a free country; let every man make of himself as much as he can." We challenge one and all to unbounded competition. But to these people the seeming fairness is mockery. It rivals the brave boy who first takes a good long start, and then turns around and offers to race with you to the next corner. The child of the laborer may lift himself from his degradation and become a power for good. But there must be some measure of intelligence to serve as a basis upon which to build. They must be made to feel that society is their friend, not an enemy whose prosperity is their defeat. What, then, is the laying of a cable or the spanning of a continent? What beauty do they find in literature, what exaltation in science,—I had almost said, what solace in religion? Not in the name of an endangered society, imminent as its peril is; not in the interests of great money-wielders, plainly as those interests point to educated labor, do I plead the cause of these people; but because they are part of our common humanity, and have a right to partake of our common intellectual, esthetic, and social delights.

But it is equally important, and far more difficult, to educate the other part of society. The nearest duty is to impress upon employers some sense of responsibility. It would seem

that even with the almighty dollar for a text, the outward form of humanity might be preached to them with efficacy; for experiments have proved that the comfort and intelligence of workmen are large fractions in their productive efficiency. A distinguished professor in England asserts that his country is losing her manufacturing supremacy because the Continent is outstripping her in the intelligence of its artisans. But, not to dwell on dry statistics, let me lead you to an oasis in this desert of facts. Not far from the city of Liverpool a company commenced business a few years since with eight hundred operatives from the very scum of the Irish population. In many of their hovels a cupful of bugs could easily be scooped from the walls. The manager of the company resolved to experiment. At his own expense a school-house was erected, free instruction provided, festivals arranged twice a year and other social privileges conferred. It is superfluous to say that they grew to be better workmen, for "brains sat at the loom and intelligence stood at the spinning-wheel." It is equally needless to state that the vermin could no longer endure the light and happiness which went to dwell in their cottages. But mark now what followed. There came to the company in the course of years a time of depression and danger. The manager called together his operatives, and explained to them the changed state of affairs. He told them that short-time work could not save him. He came to ask if they would accept a temporary reduction of ten per cent. in their wages; and those eight hundred workmen voted with *three cheers* to return an affirmative answer.

But selfishness is always narrow, even when educated. Therefore employers can not be implicitly trusted. Back of them is to be created a public sentiment which will not be baffled. It is in the ideas which prevail that these evils take root. Social taste is to be educated. You will read in the newspapers that James Fisk has made himself infamous; but it must be a mistake. Men do not take so much pains to gain nothing but infamy. Does he not know that every journal in the country is busy recording his exploits, and every other school boy half wishing himself in his shoes? Let New York shut its front doors to him, and how long will he continue to be a power for evil? Society has itself to blame for such a man. It must be taught to exalt intellect above fortune, and virtue far above intellect. Factitious helps to advancement, organizations which tend to

become permanent and exclusive, the red tape of party and of sect, and all favoritism which bestows honor unearned, and leaves merit to rust in obscurity—these are the sources of English pauperism, and threaten to do like service for us. Let these be swept away; let social sentiment be first pure, then strictly impartial, and we shall see how quickly pretension will hide its face, and worth go up to our high places of trust. I deny to political economy a universal mission. But there is a social law, simple and comprehensive as that of gravity, which, could it be but grasped and presented in its completeness, is adequate to the regeneration of society.

Though choosing for my subject American society in general, I have spoken thus at length of the labor question for three reasons:

First: it is unmistakably the coming question in American politics.

Secondly: it is the parent evil of society. Ask an intelligent woman-suffragist what is their most grievous complaint, and the answer will be, "Low wages and the unjust laws of property;" ask the outcast who walks our streets, a sarcasm on civilization, what drove her there, and three times out of four she will reply, "Starvation." Likewise, also, the crimes which people our prison-houses—theft, robbery, fraud, house-breaking, perjury, and frequently murder itself—are but witnesses to the profound sagacity which pronounced the love of money the root of all evil.

Thirdly: while other great and lasting evils are apt to be but the just retribution of iniquity, pauperism, especially that which comes to us from England, is not a crime, but the outgrowth of a social system which it could not escape. It is not the perpetrator, but the victim of a wrong. Therefore society owes to it a more speedy redress.

Do you say that I am but picturing a creation of fancy, that human nature ever repeats itself, and that this ideal justice will appear among men only when darkness outshines the sun? I can only reply, Here is the evil; shall we or shall we not attempt a remedy? I am ashamed when I see Americans ransacking the dark pages of European history to justify a wrong. It is the glory of America to solve problems which Europe has given up in despair, and I am glad that the slavery question is no sooner out of the way than this new moral conflict is thrust upon us. The moment we hesitate, the moment we begin to assume an evil as necessary, the whole battle is lost. And I will add, if it is inherently necessary that some should

live such lives as they do in order that we may sit in these halls of learning, then let the colleges go down, for what prescriptive right have we to their unpaid services? But it is not necessary. To say that it is, is to blaspheme against the eternal harmony of God's benevolence, and to insult the creating power of that lavish hand whose very profuseness commands all its creatures to freely partake.

It is our privilege, my classmates, to look out upon society from the high standpoint of thoughtful young men, endowed with a deep sense of the possibilities and the necessities of our country. The materials lie about us; we must stretch out our hands and begin to build. Two courses meet us here, each offering its rewards. We may go through the world living by its rules, but never questioning them, measuring our success by its ideas, and satisfied to take it and leave it as it is; or we may gather about us our garments of self-respect, and refuse to bow our heads before any corrupt power, be it office, genius, or wealth, to take any snob at his own estimate, or to join any multitude to do evil. There will be plenty to tell us that iconoclasts are fanatics and reformers fools; that an average, plastic morality is the only road to success in this crooked world; but it is the language of weakness and the argument of a coward. Let us not begin with these faithless sentiments, worthy only of a blighted, miserable, and insipid old age. Let us carry some generous impulses into life, and if, as we are told they must wither, let it be in the frosts of experience, not in the milder dews of theoretic cynicism.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

[From the Baccalaureate Sermon by PRES. RAYMOND, of Vassar College.]

I AM not of those who believe in any arbitrary limitation of "woman's sphere." God created her to be the companion of man, because it was not good for man to be alone. He gave her to him as "a helpmeet for him," i. e., complementary to him, a companion congenial to his nature, an assistant exactly suitable because just supplying his deficiencies. Herein the Creator determined her general relation to man to be that of an auxiliary. But he said nothing of limits within which this assistance was to be confined, and beyond which it was good for man to be alone. Wherever it is right for man to go, it is right—I do not say that it is always expe-

dient, but it is right *if* expedient, and the question of expediency is therefore always in order—for woman to accompany him. In whatever form of labor he may honorably engage, she may honorably be his associate; she may with propriety proffer and he with propriety accept whatever of aid she is either naturally able or can qualify herself to render. In the care of their home and the training of their children (where not only is her right undisputed, but his *equal responsibility* too often ignored), in the management of his business as well, in the discharge of all his duties as a member of society, in the cultivation of his affections and the direction of his life toward God—in a word, through the whole circle of his relations to this world and the world to come, in the entire conduct of his affairs both public and private, at home and abroad, it is the privilege of woman to be his companion, his counselor, and his helper, with absolutely no limitation save that which bounds her ability, natural and acquired. It is his safety to recognize her in this relation, and to give her the amplest opportunity to develop and augment her power.

This is confessedly true in that sacred relation between individuals of opposite sex which makes of the twain one. It is true also, in a qualified sense, of the relation between the sexes in general. I do not believe in Mr. Kingsley's lyrical distribution of their functions, which assigns all the "work" to men, and all the "weeping" to women. Man, too, has some weeping to do on his own account, and in connection with all true work ;

and woman can help him in both. Nor do I think, with many, that his sphere is all out-of-doors, and hers all within. Nor do I agree with Dr. Bushnell, that it is man's sole province to govern, and woman's to obey. Self-government, implying alike the spirit of obedience and capacity to rule, is unquestionably the high prerogative and the bounden duty of the race, and of every individual of the race. Man must do *both*, and woman should *help* him do both. Her influence is certainly often needed, and always potent, to insure his obedience to law; and I think it will be found some day that she can render him valuable assistance in making laws worthy to be obeyed—though I am by no means a convert to "woman's suffrage" either. But I do resent the meanness of men who, on the pretense of confining women to their "sphere," would exclude them from any honest and modest endeavor to develop their natures, to increase their knowledge and educate their powers, or to serve the common weal in any field or form of innocent labor, literary, scientific, or industrial—in any pursuit or profession in which they are conscious of capacity for usefulness or for honorable self-support. In all these fields of human activity there is "woman's work" as well as man's to be done; and it will be wise for society to lay aside whatever of prejudice there may remain on this subject, and to throw them wide open for the admission of your sex—especially for that large number who, remaining single from choice or necessity, are free to employ their powers and acquirements for the common good.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

MR. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, physically considered, is one of the most remarkable men of his day and generation. Nature seems to have made but "one such man," and "broke the die" after the accomplishment of her handicraft.

To a superficial observer he presents the appearance of a prematurely care-worn boy. He is perhaps five feet six or seven inches in height, slight, and very thin, yet supple and agile. In temperament, the Mental and Motive elements are strongly blended, while his complexion indicates some admixture of the san-

guine. His present weight is only about seventy-five pounds. His skin is dark; his eyes, dark, quick, bright, but benignant and tender in their usual expression; his hair is almost black, moderately thick, long, smooth, and soft, and he is perfectly beardless. He has a straight, finely chiseled nose—the compound of the Grecian and Roman; his mouth inclines to be wide, with thin, compressed lips, indicating firmness and self-control, and a broad lower jaw and chin, showing much energy and decision of character. His forehead is broad and full, and moderately high, with strong intel-

lectual developments and keen and active perception. His head is very large for the weight of his body. His ears are large, thin, and delicate, and give extraordinary and eccentric expression to his countenance.

The Motive temperament is very strongly exhibited, and accounts, in a great measure, for his endurance in matters which call for an unusual exercise of the intellectual faculties. The prominence of the crown of the head indicates an extraordinary development of Firm-

the frail corporeal structure before him. An emotion of sympathy and regret involuntarily takes possession of the soul. But this impression in the abstract is lost as soon as Mr. Stephens opens his lips; and as William Wirt said of the "blind preacher," "the lips of Plato were not more prognostic of a swarm of bees." Upon the rostrum or on the forum Mr. Stephens seems the child of inspiration. His form dilates, his figure becomes straight and graceful, his dark eyes blaze, his complexion



PORTRAIT OF ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

ness and those accessory qualities which eminently characterize him as a leader among men. Prudence is also well exhibited; hence he is a skillful and sagacious manager, seldom committing a blunder on his own account; what he has the exclusive control or direction of rarely becomes embarrassed; while he is a man among men to unravel and regulate what has become involved through the imprudence of others.

In an observer compassion is awakened for

glows with the hue of health, his gesticulation becomes smooth and easy, his voice loses its shrill quaver and rings in clear sonorous accents; and he generally bears along with him in the sweep of his eloquence—supported as it usually is by cogent argument—his sometimes unwilling auditory. Mr. Stephens is well known as an accomplished orator.

Without many of the angularities and eccentricities of John Randolph, of Roanoke, in the force of his genius and in intellectual endow-

ments, there is no living man, perhaps, that so nearly resembles that illustrious Virginian as Alexander H. Stephens, while in *personnel* they are not dissimilar.

The grandfather of Alexander H. Stephens, and the founder of the American branch of the family, was a native of England, and attached to the fortunes of the Chevalier Edward (the Pretender), and consequently opposed to the house of Hanover, of which his majesty George III. was the representative at the time of the Revolution. During the Indian troubles, previous to the Revolution, he served under General Braddock, and was with him when he marched upon Fort Du Quesne, and at his memorable defeat. In another expedition he served under Colonel, afterward General, Washington.

During the Revolutionary War he took an active part on the side of the colonies, and rose to the rank of captain. His home was then in Pennsylvania. In the year 1795 he settled in the State of Georgia—first in Elbert County, then in Wilkes, on Kettle Creek, where he lived until 1805, when he removed again and made a home in that part of Wilkes County which was cut off, afterward forming a part of Taliaferro.

Andrew B. Stephens, the father, and Alexander Stephens, the grandfather, died at this homestead; and there the subject of this sketch was born on the 11th day of February, 1812. He was named for his grandfather, Alexander, and his middle name, Hamilton, subsequently adopted by him from love and respect for his greatest benefactor, Rev. Alexander Hamilton Webster, of Wilkes County, afterward his preceptor, and a favorite minister of the Gospel in Georgia.

His father, Andrew B. Stephens, was a farmer of restricted means—industrious, upright, and honest. He died on the 7th of May, 1826, and left his son at fourteen years of age bereft of the care, influence, and example of an excellent parent.

His mother died when he was an infant. He had one brother and one sister, both of whom are dead. His father married the second time, by which marriage there were also two sons and a daughter; and of these half brothers and sister, the Hon. Linton Stephens, of Sparta, Georgia, late Judge of the State Supreme Court, is the only one that is now living.

John Savage, Esq., in speaking of this period in the life of Alexander H. Stephens, says:

"Having been deprived of the fond care of his mother, Margaret Grier, in infancy he suf-

fered the loss of his father in boyhood. The solicitude and nourishment which would have made a strong boy of him were debarred in childhood, and the directing care which molds the youth into a man was lost in boyhood. * * Dependent almost entirely on himself, his future looked dim enough; and who would have dreamed that the sickly, emaciated boy would loom up from the dreary hearthstone of that desolated homestead into the councils of the nation and the brotherhood of the famous."

When his parental home was sold, the portion for distribution to each child was only four hundred and forty-four dollars. Before the death of his father, young Stephens had been a regular attendant at the village "neighborhood school," and his desire for an education was keenly manifest; but as the principal of this slender patrimony could not by the laws of his State be appropriated to this use during his minority, the small annuity of eight per cent. (the then existing legal rate of interest in Georgia) would barely pay the expenses of tuition and clothing. However, a kind uncle, Aaron D. Grier, offered him a home in his house without board, and in the course of a few months his industry, morality, and intelligence attracting the attention of other friends, the emaciated, sickly boy had kindly and generous hands outstretched to his assistance. These offers of help were accepted by him, upon condition that at some future time he should refund all the moneys advanced for his benefit.

By the advice of his benefactor, Mr. Webster, young Stephens' studies were pursued with the view to his entering the Christian ministry. The death of Mr. Webster changed this prospect. He was at that time domiciliated with Mr. Webster, but prepared at once to return to his uncle's house.

Other appreciative friends, however, at this time arose, and offering him homes in their houses he was enabled to pursue his education. He entered an academy in August, 1827, and left it early in June, 1828, but in the short space of nine months, beginning with the rudiments of English, he had prepared himself to enter college.

Young Stephens entered college in August, 1828, and took his place in the Freshman class. By the close of the second year great doubts had arisen in his mind as to his special fitness for the sacred office. While under such doubt, the beneficiary circumstances under which he was placed were a little embarrassing, and he made his trouble known to his uncle, who was his

guardian. The guardian was by this time satisfied of the trustworthiness of his ward and minor, and surrendered to him his patrimony. With this he for the future paid his way, and upon graduating in 1832 he borrowed money enough from his elder brother, Aaron G. Stephens, to pay all the arrears advanced, with interest. His *Alma Mater* was the State University at Athens, Georgia, generally known as Franklin College.

He then engaged in teaching, by which, while he gave abundant satisfaction to parents and pupils, he managed to pay off all arrears of debt, and at the same time exhausted his little remaining vitality and health left from an arduous but successful course of study.

After a short respite he commenced the study of law. On the 22d of July, 1834, when twenty-two years of age, he was admitted to the bar. The difficulties and disadvantages co-existent with his advent as a lawyer were almost incalculable, and would have deterred any who was not infused with a spirit that asserted the mastery over adventitious circumstances.

With his professional advent began the fame of Mr. Stephens. From the bar, at which his reputation soon equaled the most renowned of his cotemporaries, he was elected a member of the lower house of the Georgia Legislature in the year 1836. Then, strictly speaking, commenced his life as a public man. So creditably did he sustain himself in this position, that, notwithstanding in the recesses he was compelled to travel here and there for the re-establishment of his health, he was re-elected in 1838, 1839, and 1840. In 1841 he declined a re-election to the Legislature. In 1842 he again consented to the will of his old constituency, and was elected to the State Senate.

In the year 1843 he received his first nomination for a seat in the Congress of the United States, to fill a vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Hon. Mark A. Cooper, who had been nominated by his party for Governor of Georgia. The canvass was one of intense excitement, mainly carried on between Judge Colquitt and Mr. Stephens, and resulted in the triumph of the Whig party, and the election of the latter.

Of this body he was continuously a member until 1853, taking active part in every question which bore upon the leading issues, resulting in such momentous consequences to our country. It was in 1855, when "Young Sam"—personified in the Know Nothing Party, and inaugurating a system of probable religious

proscription and unjust intoleration—was making rapid strides to power, that from the City Hall in Augusta Mr. Stephens announced *himself* again a candidate for Congress. There were strange and exciting issues at stake; it was the first time he had taken the position of an independent candidate.

He was triumphantly returned to Congress, of which he continued a member until the end of the session, in March, 1859, when he voluntarily retired to private life.

In political opinions Mr. Stephens was thoroughly imbued with the Southern view of State sovereignty, and thoroughly opposed to the centralization of power in the General Government, and yet he was considered a warm and patriotic lover of the Union; and no one in the South more prayerfully deprecated the first movement toward secession; his speeches in Congress exhibit this. When the State of Georgia renounced her allegiance to the Union, true to his principles, though in deep sorrow of heart, Mr. Stephens went with her, and threw all the weight of his influence in favor of her peculiar political balance.

Upon the formation of the provisional Confederate Government at Montgomery, Alabama, in February, 1861, he was appointed acting Vice-President, and upon the inauguration of the permanent Government in Richmond, Virginia, on the 22d of February, 1862, he was regularly inaugurated Vice-President, with Jefferson Davis as President of the Southern Confederacy.

There were many acts in the administration of the Confederate Government that were considered inexpedient and unwise by Mr. Stephens. He was particularly exercised in reference to the fiscal relations, and suggested certain plans for sustaining the Confederate treasury; but finding that he was powerless to control the unfortunate condition of the finances, with the calm dignity of a statesman he could only remonstrate against the course pursued.

Over the Confederate Senate he presided with impartiality and dignified serenity; and that he saw the end long before it arrived his later speeches and letters fully indicate; but with the faith of the mariner in his ship that has stood the shock of many a tempest, he stood at his post until the waves swept over and she was buried beneath them.

He was appointed as one of the Commissioners to meet and confer with President Lincoln in reference to terminating the war. The conference was a fruitless one, as is well known,

although peace was soon after effected by the surrender of Lee.

In reference to his present feeling in regard to the acceptance of the results of the late war, he says to the people of the South, "We should accept the issues of the war, and abide by them in good faith."

In 1870 Mr. Stephens published a work entitled "A Constitutional View of the Late War Between the States," in two volumes, in which he discusses at length his views on the antecedent and immediate causes of the war, and the position held by the Confederate Government with reference thereto.

THOUGHTS ON PHRENOLOGY.

BY AN ENGLISH WORKMAN.

[We have received the following, which explains itself:]

102 UPPER MADELEY STREET, ROSE HILL, }
DERBY, ENGLAND.

EDITOR PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL—*Dear Sir*: Some time ago an essay was contributed to the Derby Phrenological Society by Mr. Wilson, one of its members, and was read at an ordinary weekly meeting. I was requested by that meeting to send you a copy for publication in your JOURNAL. Mr. Wilson was formerly a resident of Derby, but is now living at Bangor, in North Wales. He is an intelligent working-man, and if, as the production of such, you can find space for his paper, we shall be obliged. I have rewritten and condensed it, fearing it might prove too lengthy for your columns. I may add, the Derby Phrenological Society has taken your JOURNAL for about seven years. I send the essay herewith. Yours, faithfully, JOSEPH BACON,

Hon. Secretary Phrenological Society.

IN writing this paper I shall endeavor to banish all mere opinions on the subject, and confine myself entirely to real facts which for the most part have come under my own eye, and for the accuracy of which I can vouch. During a period of twenty-eight years I have not seen a single exception to the truth of Phrenology. Let us take the three types of mankind, the criminal, moral, and intellectual classes. Whoever saw an individual having a head of the first, or criminal class, raise himself to a high position in morality? It is true some undergo a mighty change, but when is this effected? Sometimes when condemned to death, when the scaffold and a certain and ignominious death are before them, or when sickness or old age weakens their propensities, or when higher and better minds bring a strong moral influence to bear on them, I admit that the grace of God can reach such a class, and I should feel it an insult to Heaven to say differently; but I regret that the reform of individuals with decidedly bad organizations is but too rare. That once captain of the greatest blackguards of Bedford (Bunyan), the man who flattered himself he had no equal in cursing and swearing, can not be classed among the criminal type. Look at the conformation of his head and its general configuration, and

you see not one of the criminal type of heads, but of a far different class; and when that brain was brought under spiritual influences, and directed to its legitimate sphere, it produced a book which, next to the Word of God, will be found imperishable. Compare this head with that of the monster Greenacre, the murderer. Here is a grocer behind his counter, full of affection. He could smile on his victim and win her affection, then deliberately murder her for the sake of a very few paltry pounds. His cast of head is one of the worst I ever saw; but how different is that of Turner, executed at Derby. Here was a man who lived a somewhat moral life; but in an evil hour, through severe and fearfully trying circumstances, which acted most powerfully upon him, he unfortunately committed an act for which he forfeited his life. Poor man! It was a great pity to hang him. Look at the cast of Dr. Dodd, who rashly committed an act of forgery. Want of Caution and Conscientiousness are the most marked features about his head. Did you ever know a person in whose head the organs of Conscientiousness were low possess a strong sense of justice? I know one who declared to me that his father taught him deliberately to rob his mother, in order to obtain drink! I have had my hands on the father's head, and there is a deficiency of Conscientiousness palpable to a mere child; and I care not where such persons are, the same organization, more or less, marks them all. Drink, however, sometimes perverts good men and turns them to demons. Who are those respectable persons who think fine garments bedecked with jewelry will hide this villainy? Does not Phrenology speak out in spite of their respectable shows? There is many a poor creature who scarcely knows how to obtain bread, who can boast a better moral development than some of our leading and powerful men. It would be well, therefore, if we looked more to the science of Phrenology and acted

upon it in our daily lives. But we are so often thrown off our guard by the fascinating way some persons have, and too often by the professions of others. My opinion is, that Phrenology will ere long be looked up to with deep interest. Already the good lady Florence Nightingale, who is so deeply interested in sending the lower class of destitute children abroad, feels it her duty to declare that it is not safe to send the criminal class that would be sure to produce fearful manifestations abroad. This lady is a real believer in Phrenology, and judges accordingly of her little family before sending any of its members abroad. She knows too well that if a boy has a fair development of intellectual and moral power, and that boy is favorably circumstanced, he is sure to get on and prove a real blessing.

Phrenology proffers to the world much aid in relation to social life. There is not a more serious step for a person to take than that of marriage; but too often a fair and pretty appearance is enough, and the poor victim only knows his or her fearful mistake when it is too late. If married life is not a blessing, it is a most fearful calamity. No person who possesses even a slight knowledge of Phrenology should make such a mistake. Do not be so foolish as to fall deeply in love first, and then pretend to examine the head to see if it is suitable; for love is blind. Your phrenological estimate will be warped by the partiality of affection and prove a delusion. Need we wonder if some laugh at us for our folly while we have the remedy, and in spite of all we know neglect to apply it. As regards marriage, a very serious and important question has often arisen in my mind, which is this: when a person understanding Phrenology sees a couple on the road to matrimony, which may end in nothing but disappointment, misery, and an accumulation of misfortunes, is it right for him in silence to allow the acquaintance to go on when such fearful results appear inevitable or when the object of the acquaintance is for a purpose I need not mention? To allow such a course is to connive at misfortune and ruin when it might probably be prevented by a judicious course of action. Is it our duty as phrenologists to speak out in such cases? What use is a science from which we permit ourselves and others to derive no practical advantages? As an illustration showing how Phrenology may be turned to useful account I relate the following case: It happened a few weeks ago that the father of a family wished to show me a beautifully-bound Bible which he had

received from Scotland. I accordingly called at his house, and as I sat talking with him I was struck with the organization of one of the company, a young man some twenty-four years old, well-dressed, and fluent in speech; but his head was one for whose bad organization I have not seen the equal in all Wales. My attention was riveted on it, but I said nothing. After a time it became evident to me that he was a suitor for one of the daughters. They belong to a respectable family in this city (Bangor). The young man's development showed excessive Amativeness, large Secretiveness, moderate Benevolence, and a decided want of Firmness and Conscientiousness—a fearful head, and the few curls which he had were not sufficient to hide its deformity. When I left the house after thirty minutes' conversation, the question suggested itself to me, "Who is this young man, and what is his object?" The answer came time after time. I felt bound to state my suspicions to the father personally, and afterward to the girl herself, a fine young lass of some twenty summers. It was arranged that the father should go a distance of twenty miles, for the purpose of making inquiries into the young man's character. After his return he sent for me, his daughter being present. The first expression of the girl was, "I thank you! I thank you!" The father seemed at first too much affected to speak, but presently he said, "My poor girl is saved from a villain!" He then went on to tell me that the fellow was known for miles as a scoundrel and libertine. The daughter was immediately sent to visit a sister many miles away, and when the scoundrel came again he was told that she had left the country, and he need not call again as his character was known too well. He said little, but immediately walked away, and I have not heard any more of him. So much for Phrenology in such cases. Vice was thwarted of a victim and Phrenology vindicated by a truthful disclosure. All I need add is, if you think it was right to put the science to such a purpose, "go and do likewise." It is of little use for any person to know a science except he uses it not only for his own benefit but for the benefit of others. How many a happy home there would be to-day had the science enlightened it! Many an excellent mind passes through life without its powers having been unfolded. I believe nearly two-thirds of our lads are put to wrong trades and professions. The nation suffers as well as individuals in consequence. Whoever saw a distinguished, practical mechanic narrow across the temples

and flat and narrow over the eyebrows? or a minister fond of controversy without large Combativeness added to his religious sentiments? or a wavering person who had not small Firmness? or a kind man with small Benevolence? And I maintain that in spite of what we may hear and see of persons, nothing but a correct estimate of their organization can determine their true characters, what they are capable of doing, and what they are likely to become. There are few things the science bears so strongly upon as our passions. If we deal with a person whose justice is of a low order, will his business habits not correspond. At least he will need watching. Let any one who disbelieves in Phrenology just put this to the test. On the other hand, show me the man who possesses a large moral development, Conscientiousness of course included, and however situated that man may be, you may trust him to any amount. You may leave the country, but he keeps your trust inviolate. He has a principle that the world can not purchase. Such a man wherever he may be is an ornament to society and to the church.

In making use of Phrenology let us be both

discreet and honest. It is true many have brought upon themselves unpleasantness and broken friendships and even enmity, as I have done at times, but we must not tamper with science for the sake of flattery. Our object is not to consult the feelings of those we are called upon to examine, but to show them wherein they may improve and guard against and obtain the mastery over besetting sins. Let us take courage and learn all we can; our knowledge will be ever useful to us and to all who may follow and be influenced by us. Whether the most depraved example of human nature, after a life of crime, may be brought to a sense of repentance and become a true Christian meet for heaven, we must leave to a just God who can not err; but we may rest assured that the tendency to crime will be manifested in this world by such people as are badly organized, though the conduct may be modified and restrained, while that of goodness, purity, and truth will be as truly shown in the configuration of each head. There is a truthfulness in Phrenology which is daily gaining ground, and my earnest wish is that it may go on and prosper.

STRENGTH.

He may be strong who bravely meets
Death when his life is fair and sweet,
When only joy his full heart greets,
And earth with hope is all replete;

But stronger he who nobly treads
Life's path, when all is rough and drear;
When grief with night his sky o'erspreads,
And earth is robbed of light and cheer.

Strong he may be who sternly wields
His power to meet a selfish end,
Who calmly to his purpose yields
Alike an enemy and friend;

But stronger he who for the right —
Strikes low ambition and desire;
Who, servile to the outward sight,
Is master of the hidden fire. ROSE ARLINGTON.

TRAITS OF TALKERS.

THERE are many great talkers and loud talkers and fast talkers, but very few good talkers. There are persons who seem to think the chief end of existence is to keep the tongue in motion, and that it is an instrument designed mainly for their own glory. They never weary of talking, and are blind enough to suppose their talk is as edifying to others as they deem it agreeable to themselves. They are never happier than when self is the theme. Whatever track you start them on, they are sure to switch around to something either directly or indirectly connected with self. They are ill at ease until the conversation turns into their own channel, when they at once seem to be in their native element; they spread their sails to chal-

lenge our admiration, and say by their tone and bearing, "Look here! see what a fine specimen of noble doing and daring I am! Look at my achievements, and see how grandly I propel myself where feebler craft would have been stranded or shattered to atoms." You will not be in their society five minutes before you discover their profession or occupation; and they will tell you how shrewdly and dextrously they navigate their way through the world, until one would think they had monopolized all the brain-power in the universe and left less fortunate mortals to flounder about in a hopeless state of imbecility.

There are persons who talk not so much for the purpose of impressing others with a sense

of their superior wisdom as because they love talk as an agreeable pastime. It is an inexpressive luxury that they relish as much as a good meal,—and most hearty enjoyment do they take in doling out their thoughts, feelings, and experiences into other people's ears, which they seem to regard simply as convenient receptacles for their overflowing speech. They do not wait for any responsive thought, being better pleased with receptive qualities on the part of others; and their chief aim is to use their tongues as a sort of safety-valve arrangement to let off the effervescence of their own shallow natures. They do not mean to be egotistical, but they have a limited range of thought, and it centers mainly about themselves, their surroundings, their families, their friends, their trials, their ailments, or, may be, their religious experiences. They will talk to you by the hour about some chronic complaint which they appear to cherish with a positive affection; indeed, a radical cure of the ailment would deprive them of a principal theme of conversation. If it is not a physical weakness, it is some grievance: somebody has wronged them, taken advantage of them, or gossiped about them. They magnify trifles until they grow into mountains of great magnitude; and these barren mountains form the boundary line of their mental horizon.

Again, there are others who keep up a perpetual clatter without much emotional feeling; these might be called "chatter-box" talkers. They skip from one thing to another without perceiving any special fitness or connection between subjects. They are in the main harmless, not ever *intentionally* wounding the feelings of others, although they frequently do so because they have a parrot-like habit of repeating things without the mental acuteness to perceive the application.

These persons, however, are much less to be dreaded than the satirical talkers, those who are never more delighted than when they can give somebody a stab with the tongue. They use the gift of speech as a spear to pierce the faults and foibles of others. Sensitive people feel ill at ease in the presence of one addicted to sarcasm; and being in constant fear of getting a thrust in some tender part, they shrink back and encase themselves in chilling reticence as a means of self-defense. Nearly related to this class of talkers are those who turn everything into ridicule; they see in almost every phase of life and action something ridiculous or comical, and can contrive to get a fund of amusement even out of a funeral. They are perpet-

ually on the lookout for such trifles as they can turn into burlesque for the amusement of themselves and friends; and they do not hesitate to gratify this propensity even at the expense of those who have the strongest claim upon their friendship.

Very nearly related to these, again, are the extravagant talkers, those who have very elastic consciences and exuberant fancies, who in all their conversation evince a powerful proclivity to exaggeration. If they chance to see a big nose, they declare it to be as long as their arm; they never laugh without "splitting their sides;" and never weep without "going into convulsions." A slight nausea is a "deadly sickness," a sudden twinge of pain "perfectly excruciating," a cold foot "a lump of ice," and a loose shoe is "a mile too big." Their vocabulary consists mainly of adjectives in the superlative degree. A good supper they declare "most superb;" a well-clad lady is "perfectly elegant," "most bewitching," "positively splendid." A stylish gentleman is "utterly fascinating," "absolutely exquisite," "the most delightful person in existence."

In direct contrast to this class of talkers we find those whose whole conversation is governed by the strictest adherence to truth. They never say what they do not mean; they do not put words together simply for effect, for the sake of astonishing, amusing, or bewildering their hearers. Language is to them the channel through which to convey their honest thoughts and opinions. They are not much given to compliment; but whoever is so fortunate as to elicit their praise may be sure it is honestly given, and means perhaps more than the words express.

Again, there are persons whose conversation runs in grooves; they are not endowed with large and comprehensive vision, but having once fixed the eye upon a certain object, they become oblivious to everything else. They have some scheme of benevolence, some grand reformation, moral or physical, or some plan of labor, the success of which they consider paramount to every other object in the universe. They have no idea that there is or can be any possible progress except in the track where they trot their hobbies; and they thrust their pet theories and conceited opinions upon others until they weary them with eternal repetition, or disgust them with their over-weening self-conceit.

There is another class of persons who never have any definite or assured ideas about anything; mental effort is irksome, and they are

so constitutionally indolent, that even speech seems to be too great a draft upon their energies. They talk in a lackadaisical manner—their words dribbling into mere insipid commonplaces without point, pungency, or any well-defined meaning. They contrast strongly with the emphatic talkers, those who have clear and sharp ideas and express them in unmistakable form, and do not make their conversation simply a medium of reflecting other people's ideas.

Then there are hesitating talkers, whose speech does not flow easily, either from peculiar constitutional temperament, or from want of verbal discipline in early life. They are, for the most part, reticent, diffident people, who talk so little, that when they attempt conversation, they are embarrassed, and their little ability to command language shows itself in a disconnected, jerky manner, little adapted to impress others or reassure themselves. They communicate more freely with genial, sympathetic natures; but with the mass of people they feel ill at ease, and can give little expression to their feelings and sentiments. Besides this class of persons, there are those of morose or sullen disposition who seem to have a positive repugnance to conversation, and any attempt to draw them out is very much like trying to draw water through a pump with a broken valve; you can get a little dribble of reluctant words now and then, but the results are exceedingly unsatisfactory, and one is apt to abandon such persons to the solitude of their own meditations. They contrast strongly with the genial talkers,—those who carry sunshine in their souls and make everybody feel brighter and better for coming in contact with them. The latter may not be witty or wise, but there is a diffusive good-nature about them and a kindness of feeling which warms and cheers. We feel glad to meet them, and part with regret. They put us into better humor with ourselves and all the world; they clothe the commonplace things of life with beauty and freshness, and are to the care-worn toiler like a refreshing oasis in the desert.

Then there are those rare individuals, the inspiring talkers, who lift us out of the common rut of existence and give us glimpses of a higher, nobler life; who enlarge our field of vision, and suggest thoughts that feed the mind. They may not be particularly facile of tongue, but they possess the subtle power to penetrate the spirit and bring out the best things.

Then, again, we find insipid, vapid talkers, who disgust with their wearisome platitudes;

precise talkers, who talk in a stilted, bookish style; slang talkers, who use by-words and all sorts of outlandish phrases; frivolous talkers, who delight in tittle-tattle and prate about trifling things, interesting themselves mainly in the fashions and the minutiae of social affairs; gossiping talkers, who pry into neighbors' houses and pick up secrets to retail as scandal in the community—these are specimens of talkers who use their tongues with very little profit either to themselves or others.

I opine that these styles of talkers differ from each other according to the varieties of individual life, at least my observations in this, one of the most interesting departments of Physiognomy, tend to confirm such an opinion; the tongue is the interpreter of character, the unfailing index of intelligence, refinement, and good breeding, or of ignorance, vapidity, and vulgarity.

PEARL PEVERIL.

HIS RECOMMENDATIONS.

A GENTLEMAN advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number he in a short time selected one, and dismissed the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation."

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman, "he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave up his seat instantly to that lame, old man, showing he was kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing he was polite and gentlemanly. He picked up the book which I had purposely laid upon the floor, and replaced it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it or shoved it aside; and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honest and orderly. When I talked with him, I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk; and when he wrote his name, I noticed that his finger-nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet like that handsome little fellow's in the blue jacket. Don't you call those things letters of recommendation? I do, and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes, than all the fine letters he can bring me."—*Little Corporal.*

Department of Ethnology.

True Christianity will gain by every step which is made in the knowledge of man.—Spurzheim.

NATIVES OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—No. III.

THE TAGALS AND VISAYANS.

BY CAPTAIN N. W. BECKWITH. (NAUTES.)

REFERENCE has already been made, in the first paper of this series, to what little is known of the origin of these interesting divisions of the great Malay family. There remain some considerations respecting their manners, habits, present condition, etc. Spanish authorities estimate the total population of the twelve hundred islands, comprised in the Philippine Archipelago, at five millions. Of this total, one million is assigned as the strength of the Negritos, Igorrotas, and other independent tribes—a mere guess, as it is hardly necessary to observe—three millions seven hundred thousand, or thereabouts, as the number of Tagals and Visayans—a somewhat safer assumption, since it is based upon the officially ascertained numbers who pay the capitation tax* which Spain levies upon all adult males within her jurisdiction, but which necessarily loses account of the many in the mountainous districts who notably evade the tax-gatherer; and the remaining three hundred thousand comprises the native white population, the immigrant Europeans, and Chinese; this latter estimate only, may be considered as definitely ascertained.

The Tagals, or *Tegalos*, and their brethren the Visayans, are most unwillingly the “hewers of wood and drawers of water” in the literal as well as the general acceptance of the phrase. Most unwillingly, I repeat; but whether their proverbial indifference—it has a stronger name in Luzon—arises from sheer indolence, both physical and mental, as their conquerors are wont to assert, or is that sinister apathy which is the first outgrowth of profound discontent, is a question which the administrators of Spanish colonial policy will do well to decide betimes; it is to be feared, however, that they will consider the distinc-

tion too fine to be worth a share of their already pre-occupied attention.

The unhappy mother country herself, the victim of chronic disorganization, torn with hostile factions, struggling with a new cabinet every month, and a new insurrection every year, has ever been too much engrossed with her own troubles to be able to devote more time to the affairs of her bantling in the East than what is requisite to insure receipt of the revenues which the latter so dutifully transmits, and has refrained from any real attempt to push her sway—although that implies the gain of fresh sources for the supply of her omnivorous, all-monopolizing exchequer—beyond the bounds whence she already exacts a constant and assured sum. Such was the condition of things when Urdaneta, the “sailor-monk,” discovered how to make the “backward passage” from west to east across the Pacific,* carrying to Acapulco the news of successful acquisition and colonization here; just such is their condition to-day; not one foot has been added to Legaspi’s conquests; few and trivial the improvements made within their boundaries since the building of the walled and fortified city, the “Queen City of the East,” say its boastful proprietors, Manila, famous for cordage, chocolate, and cock-fighting—except, indeed, the upspringing of its suburb, *Binondo*, a result entirely due to the revolution of the Spanish continental possessions in America; and so slight the impression upon the subjugated tribes, that, as a Spanish writer† has well said, “should we abandon the islands to-morrow, with the exception of the Christian religion, not a vestige of our dominion would remain in a few months’ time.”

No recent visitors consider the government estimate of the population as of much value;

* Nearly 1,500,000 contributed in 1864.

* In 1565.

† “*El Porvenir Filipino*,” vol. of ‘65.

that the islands are more densely peopled is everywhere obvious; and no man can penetrate the interior of the larger islands, so far as that may safely be done, without feeling convinced that it must be far below the mark. That there are probably *eight* millions of Tagals and Visayans, leaving the wild, independent tribes, concerning whose numbers it is impossible to base any computation, entirely out of the question, no traveler who has seen much of this wonderful archipelago will deny; and there are good observers who go beyond this.*

The white population, marvelously small, whether considered in proportion to the myriads they control, or with reference to the long period for which they have exercised their domination, are mostly concentrated in Manila; their great majority being occupied in the civil, naval, and military service; in which, it may be remarked, the most arduous duty is the receipt of salary. The bulk of the trade is in the hands of foreign merchants; although of late years, and since the abolition of the Company of the Philippines, a few Spanish houses have begun to make some figure; while, notwithstanding the swarms of Tagals in the capital, its labor is largely performed by the Chinese, who are but a handful comparatively. Within a radius of ten miles east of the meridian of the capital are many native towns, including at least one city, that of *Pasig*, with populations varying from five to twenty-five thousand, where not a solitary white resides, except, perhaps, in the larger, in which one now and then finds a Spanish *curé*. The civil authority, however, will invariably be found in the hands of the natives or half-breeds—the *gobernadorcillo* himself being always of one or the other. Throughout the Visayas the same proportions hold well, the only exceptions being certain communities, capitals of their respective islands or districts, such as Iloilo in Panay; Calapan in Mindoro; and Zebu in the island of the same name, where mostly congregate the descendants of the early colonists, *hijos del país*, as they are termed by the metropolitan officials, who, being themselves *Castilianos puros* from Old Spain, af-

fect much of that amusing assumption of superiority, not unfrequently perceptible among our English cousins when sojourning among the dependencies of Great Britain. Truly, all the world over, there exists a prejudice, palpable always however much refined, which holds the colonist born an inferior to the luckier individual whose auspicious birth



FIG. 1.—FISHING-GIRL OF PASIG.

took place within the nobler boundaries of the motherland; an inclination, using a humorous illustration, to answer in the affirmative the Hibernian's celebrated query *anent the stable and the horse*.

The Tagals display a special aptitude and preference for the military calling, an inclination which the colonial government has carefully fostered since its establishment of native auxiliaries. It maintains some twenty thousand troops of all classes, of which the officers, commissioned and subaltern, are white exclusively. Sepoys of the Spanish East they may not inappropriately be termed, who, both in discipline and valor, are equal, if not superior, to their brethren in the British possessions. This force is recruited from the very flower of the Tagal population, for the tendency of the colonial institutions at

* I have always perceived that the longest residents, and those whose business requires them to visit the greatest number of places, almost invariably favor the largest estimates of the population.

once compels and attracts every young native to aspire to enrollment in its comparatively privileged ranks. But, though many are called, few are chosen; and the disappointed bulk, save another few, who by another sifting process are selected for the police, or rather *gendarmérie*, must seek obscurity in the domestic service—not to say “domestic institution,” from which it differs little—of the towns and cities; and in the rural districts, in pursuits which, but for the sake of classification, I should hesitate to dignify by the term agricultural; or the fisheries. In the capitals a very few become tradesmen—tailors, shoemakers, curriers, and barbers; but the superior skill and address of the rapidly increasing Chinese element is fast displacing the ruder and less energetic Malay from these offices.

Nevertheless my reader must not assume that the latter possesses no artistic ingenuity. Both Tagal and Visayan rival the proverbial refinement of Hindoo art in textile productions, possessing in an equal degree that wonderful hereditary skill and delicacy of manipulation which are at once the admiration and despair of our own machinery-aided manufacturer. The exquisite *pina*, that nonpareil among muslins, wrought from the semi-transparent fiber of the pineapple, the sheeny gleam of which suggests a tissue spun from glass; its scarcely less delicate imitation, *sininais*, woven from the split filament of the *abaca*, the same plant whose coarser fiber forms the familiar Manila rope; the wonderful mats, hats, cigar and *cigarillo* cases, plaited with various fine grasses, or the fiber of the cabonegro palm, are all the work of their dextrous fingers. These manufactures are old. Concerning the muslins, we find that the historian of the great circumnavigator's voyage, Pigafetta, records how, on the occasion of the ill-omened visit to Zebu, the native queen and her ladies came to the celebration of high mass wearing fine vails interwoven with threads of gold. The art of making these costly fabrics is to-day confined to a scattered few; recently, however, private European enterprise has attempted to focalize this wandering skill, and a factory is established near the capital.

They are successful fishermen. In their *bankas*—long, narrow canoes dug out in one piece from large tree trunks, with a shelter from the sun by day and the moon* by night, made of *nipa* palm thatch, erected over the center—they paddle the bays, river mouths, or coasts in search of the rare varieties of



FIG. 2.—A TAGAL NATURALIST.

beautiful fish with which these waters swarm. A grotesque feature of this pursuit is produced by their universal practice of drumming and thumping with sticks upon the sides and gunnels of their queer craft, from a belief that the sound attracts their prey.

Whoever has spent a night in Manila roads will here recall to mind how often and how heartily he has anathematized the out-moving night fleets of *bankas*, as slowly and at intervals they passed astern, sending their hollow, horrible, multitudinous din into the open cabin windows, to the utter demolition

* *Moon-stroke* is no idle superstition. The man who sleeps exposed to the rays of the tropic full moon risks paralysis, or something akin thereto, and periodical spells of idiosyncrasy. I have seen many cases, results of “caulking,” i. e., stealing a nap during the watch-on-deck.—N. W. B.

of his hopes of a "cool sleep out in the bay."

Along the bay shores and river banks the observer's attention is frequently attracted by a rude machine, apt to recall, under the parching Philippine sun, blessed reminiscences of

"The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well."

He need not wait long to learn to what uses this familiar "old-fashioned well-sweep" is put in this far-away land. Some half dozen natives suddenly pull roundly upon ropes which dangle from the weighted in-shore end. Up rises the long, down-curving outer arm, drawing up from the cool depths, not "the old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket," but a broad net, stretched to a horizontally suspended square or oblong frame, and pendulous with its many-hued, gleaming loads of vivacious captives, among which often appears, *bon gré, mal gré*, our ubiquitous arch enemy the shark. The contrivance seems to have been borrowed from China, where it may be seen, enormous of proportion, multiple of design, and complex of enginery, but in principle identical; as is also, curiously enough, the little "spring net," planted for the capture of the migratory schools of "alewives" *—*Clupea serrata*—along the banks of the Gaspercaux, after the Acadian spring commences, by the farmers of that valley, and which seems to be a legacy of the departing Micmac.

Old Izaak would have loved the dusky damsels of Luconia, for they are wondrous experts in the "gentle art." Believing that an ounce of illustration is worth a pound of description, I curb my antic pen, and submit a photograph of a fishing-girl of Pasig, taken by that indefatigable collector, W. W. Wood, of Manila, a fellow-countryman, long resident in the Philippines, to whose self-acquired skill I am indebted for many rare and interesting types. She is mistress of a "professional resource" that would undoubtedly have excited huge amazement in the bosom of the genial old angler. On one point he must needs confess a decided superiority, though he might demur at its orthodoxy. For whereas he, divorced from rod and fly,

acknowledges himself to be as nothing, she, should occasion happen, can, empty-handed, secure a "string" that he well might envy. As, for example, when in washing—an operation always performed gregariously, and upon the margin of a running stream—some unexpected school of fish comes heading up the limpid current. Then Izaak could but



FIG. 3.—A YOUNG WOMAN OF MANILA.

sigh for the absent implements of his art. Not so the Tagal fishing-girl. On the instant she "kilts" her gaudy *saya*, bringing its rear portion up to the front, keeping it securely upheld in one hand, and dashes into the shallow current on shapely limbs that might belong to a bronze naiad; followed by gleeful companions, dispersing into two bands, one taking position above, the other below their intended spoil. These dart in all directions, few seeming to comprehend the avenues of escape offered by the gaps in the rapidly closing ranks of their assailants, until they become almost literally heaped together in the narrowing space, the surface of which becomes scintillant with their flashing scales and frantic leaps. Then each damsel's disengaged hand rivals in the rapidity of its motion the glancing quickness of the prey

* Webster derives *alewife* from an Indian word—"a-loof." (See dictionary.) In Nova Scotia the popular name is that of the river, *Gaspercaux*.

itself, as with unerring aim it darts upon victim after victim—either in the water or on the mid-air leap—and tosses him into the receptacle formed by the upheld skirt. The “sport” is unquestionable, the unbounded mirth and ardor of the participants prove that, and though necessarily short, is worth the game, as each one usually wades ashore with her oddly improvised substitute for a “creeel” swollen to overflowing. Sometimes, indeed, the overburdened waist fastening gives way, when of course the dusky lady loses her fish, and converts to “inextinguishable” the already unbounded mirth and laughter of her more fortunate sisters.

In the two tiny bags suspended from her neck—one containing some holy relic, the other an *agnus dei*—and the rosary, the reader will perceive a common indication of the living grasp of Roman Catholic Christianity upon the hearts and consciences of this people. The Philippino-Malay is emphatically a *bueno Catolico*, and it is his unquestioning faith which forms the basis of his political subserviency. Nevertheless, the free spirit of the age has affected even these distant isles, and the signs that he is learning how to reconcile an unimpeachable religious orthodoxy with dangerous political heresy—onerous task—are multiplying. And notwithstanding the immense disadvantages of the natives, both legislative and social, there are many individuals who have achieved wealth and a certain concomitant influence, at least among their fellows, although the eternal bar—sinister of color—forbids the attainment of any degree in position among whites, no matter what the acquirements here, as in any European possession in the East.

As a type of the Tagal physique and intellect I present the second figure. The photograph from which it is taken is that of a native naturalist. Some years ago a German faunist visited the Philippines. The native entered his service as “boy.” He soon discovered special aptitude and enthusiasm for his new pursuits, which, his master observing, nobly and faithfully encouraged, teaching him withal to read and write. For the rest he has been his own preceptor. After his master's departure he continued his labors as honest Jock o' the Wynd fought, “e'en for his ain hand; and eventually set

about making a complete entomological collection for the island of Luzon. This, in 1866, though far from perfected according to its possessor's design, was yet the largest and most exhaustive ever made in the country. The dress he wears can not be considered strictly typical, for with true scientific cosmopolitanism he avails himself of whatsoever articles of attire are best adapted to his purposes, without reference to nationality, an application of the principal of artificial selection, which, we may venture to assume, has resulted in a model garb for a working naturalist in the Philippines. Thus, while the hat is Tagal, the tunic is Chinese, and the trousers European. There is one rare point in his costume, however, the weapon, indistinctly engraved, at his side, which is now seldom seen, since the jealousy of the government permits no native outside of the military and police forces to bear arms. It is the ancient Tagal sword, peculiar to the tribe before the days of Spanish domination. Special license has been accorded in his case, in consideration of the frequent perils of his occupation, but the overstrained liberality of the powers that be was unequal to the further concession of the use of any firearm. It is to be hoped that the enthusiastic naturalist's knowledge of the habits of the formidable jungle and forest denizens will stand him in good stead thereof.

I close the illustrations of this article with the photograph of a young *metiza*, or half-caste woman of Manila. Envious and admiring belles will note the length of her abundant tresses. They may rest assured that “she wears her own hair;” and further, that it is not beyond the average of that of her brunette sisters, either in growth or profusion. The Tagal women are famous for their hair, and deservedly so; cases are not wanting where it might veil the form even to the feet like the traditional locks of Godiva. The spectacle along the *Eseolta* of Manila in early morning, when its long stretch is crowded by the female bathers returning in thousands from the banks of the Pasig, each dressed in the brilliant many-colored *saya* or *sarong*, and the flowing wealth of her raven hair lifted on the morning wind, is one long to be remembered. It may not be amiss to add that in making up their

coiffure these simple dames know only one pomade, viz., pure, unperfumed cocoanut oil, which they apply freely; but whether the

secret of their long locks lies in this, or in the early thorough washing and airing of each day, I leave for others to decide.

Department of Physiology—Our Sanitarium.

The truths of Physiology should be inculcated and enforced only and earnestly, and with the emphasis of high religious duty.—Yenemasa.

THE LATE DR. JOHN CONOLLY, OF HANWELL, ENGLAND.

[Dr. Leo published in the *American Practitioner* for August a deeply interesting sketch of this eminent pioneer of reform in the methods of treating the insane. From that sketch we take the liberty of transferring a few paragraphs to our pages.]

THE late Dr. Conolly may well be regarded as one of the benefactors of his race. To him more than to any other individual England owes the establishment of non-restraint in the treatment of the insane; and although he was not the first to introduce it into Great Britain, yet he was the first to demonstrate its advantages on a large scale, to show its soothing influence upon the insane mind, its marked power in diminishing the violence of the paroxysms of mania, its tranquilizing effect on the entire inmates of an asylum, as well as its beneficial influence on the attendants; and yet his system of management, although it has doubtless modified the treatment of the insane throughout Europe, and to a considerable extent also in this country, has not done the amount of good that might have been expected; and more than this, it has met with actual opposition in quarters where we should have supposed it would have been hailed with enthusiasm and delight. Although Dr. Conolly never laid down the principle of non-restraint in the management of the insane as an absolute and inflexible law, yet he demonstrated, in an experience of nearly thirty years, the possibility of conducting an asylum successfully, containing from eight to twelve hundred patients, without the use of mechanical restraints of any kind. He did not dogmatize on the subject; he preferred to show his faith by his works; and if he never resorted to restraint it was because he believed that it was never necessary. While most other physicians who have charge of lunatic hospitals are very free to acknowledge that mechanical restraints

should never be resorted to unless there be a clear necessity, it so happens that they find this necessity in great numbers of cases. It is so throughout Germany, France, and the greater part of Europe, as well as this country. Although some of the most eminent foreign physicians, as the late Professor Griesinger, of Germany, not only accepted non-restraint, but were its earnest and eloquent advocates, the system seems to make very slow progress even in those countries where its great benefits have been witnessed and are generally acknowledged, and considerations both of humanity and science recommend its adoption.

If Dr. Conolly is to be commended, as he assuredly is, for his perseverance and success in carrying out the great reform of non-restraint, it is to be understood that by this is meant not one feature only, but a multitude of details. It implies, as fully stated by himself in his different writings, an appropriate building, or rather buildings, on a suitable site; ample surrounding space, not only for gardens, shade, and ornamental grounds, but also for agricultural employments, shops for labor in all the necessary mechanic arts, and places under cover for shelter and recreation; internal arrangements calculated to solace and divert the mind diseased, and occupy it in some useful direction, as well as to provide for all the decencies and comforts of life; a sufficient number of well-qualified, well-paid attendants, animated by a spirit of self-denial, self-devotion, and kindness; and above all a superintendent penetrated, as it were, by a sincere love for the insane; possessing a humane disposition, a calm, vigorous, and determined mind; thoroughly imbued with the conviction that insane patients are best treated by kindness and humanity, without coercion or any display of means thereto.

Owing to the peculiar organization of his asylum, and the very limited amount of land attached to it, Dr. Conolly was never able to try the experiment of agricultural and farm labor on a large scale, as he desired, and as has been done successfully at Clermont and the newly-established asylums in France and Germany; but he believed fully in the principle of out-door labor as a substitute for mechanical restraint.

To show the extent to which non-restraint has been carried in Great Britain, and chiefly through the influence of Dr. Conolly, it may be stated that in the Essex County Asylum, established in 1853, containing five hundred and ninety-nine patients, restraint has been adopted in only a single instance, although two thousand five hundred and sixty-eight patients have been treated. In the Royal Asylum, Glasgow, with an average of over six hundred inmates, mechanical restraint has not been used for the last twenty years. In the Wilts County Asylum, since 1851, with an average of over five hundred patients, mechanical restraint has not been employed, except in two or three surgical cases to retain bandages, and seclusion is rarely used. No mechanical restraint has been employed in the Lincoln Asylum since 1852, with an average of nearly six hundred patients, and seclusion for short periods only in ordinary bed-rooms is occasionally resorted to. In the Derby County Asylum mechanical restraint has only been resorted to in a single instance in the treatment of two thousand seven hundred and ninety-six lunatics. In the North Wales Counties' Lunatic Asylum, with an average of nearly four hundred patients, mechanical restraint has never been resorted to, and seclusion only in a few extreme cases, active exercise in the open air being found a perfect substitute. In the Lancaster Asylum, with a number of patients ranging from seven to ten hundred, not a single patient has been put under mechanical restraint for twenty years; and the superintendent, Dr. Broadhurst, remarks that "during the whole of that period I have not seen a case in which I thought the use of it would have been beneficial."

It is due, however, to truth to say—and my long and intimate personal acquaintance with Dr. Conolly enables me to do so—that

his eminent success in the management of the insane and his control over them were not solely owing to his banishment of all mechanical restraints, but partly to his supreme magnetic personal influence, conciliating and attaching all, whether insane or not, who came within the reach of his magic voice, his sympathizing look, and gentle manners. His face—if I may use the expression—was a constant "psalm of thanksgiving," beaming with intelligence, benignity, cheerfulness, and love.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

MANY dark-complexioned people, and some others, are always troubled with "bilious turns." When inquired of as to how they live, we generally find that they eat candy pretty liberally, a pound or two a week. They drink strong coffee and make it very sweet; they eat griddle cakes for breakfast, with syrup and butter, and thus they overload the system with sugar and fatty matter. They use vinegar pretty largely, because the system seems to crave something in opposition to the sugar and fatty matter, and the torpid liver yearns for something to give it a start. All through the spring these persons are eating green stuff, radishes, and, by-and-by, cucumbers, because of the vinegar they eat with them. They worry along through the summer until the miasma of the autumn begins to prevail, and then down they go with bilious fever. A six weeks' release from labor, and the struggle with disease and the doctors brings them to their feet on the approach of cold weather. By the time fresh pork, buckwheat cakes, and fat poultry are ready to be consumed, they have appetites like wolves, and for three months they gorge themselves again with the bilious-producing articles of food. By the next August they have made themselves ready for another bilious attack. These people wonder why it is that Providence so afflicts them. They buy pills by the box, and their whole life seems to be a series of errors in eating and drinking.

In the bilious regions of the West, where the fatness of the soil engenders fever and ague and other forms of bilious disease, the people live on pork, and articles with which molasses and sugar are largely used. A person who is well informed in regard to physi-

ology and diet will sit at the same table with those who live unwisely and eat such articles only as are wholesome; will work in the same shop or store, and will neither have a sick headache nor a bilious attack of any kind; will not lose a night's sleep or an hour's work; require a particle of medicine or suf-

fer a pang from illness for five years. Providence is on the side of knowledge, self-denial, and hygiene; and punishes gluttony, drunkenness, laziness, and bad habits of every kind. But some will not learn wisdom though Providence "bray them in a mortar."—*Prov.* xxvii. 22.

HEALTHY OR DISEASED CHILDREN?

BY D. NEWCOMB, M.D.

DR. NATHAN ALLEN, of Lowell, Mass., for many years a very close observer, gives it as his opinion that the human race, particularly in New England, is degenerating physically.

He is a man ripe in years of close association with the health and disease of the eastern part of the Bay State, which fact gives great weight to his expressed opinion. But whether such is the fact as to the condition of the *physique* of the people of these United States, or of Massachusetts even, we do not propose here to discuss.

That there is much debility and disease among the people, and very much that might be arrested, none will attempt to deny; and the further proposition, that the greater share of this debility and disease is found on the feminine side of humanity, we think most persons will admit when they recall to mind the instances of weakness which have within a few years come under their observation. We do not say that men and boys are never below a good standard of health, for such is far from the fact. They are too often found without the muscular stamina and thorough digestion of health. Still, we claim that they are not so frequently, or so far, below in strength as women and girls.

But leaving this, we would look to the means of elevating the standard of health and keeping the coming generation and their successors up to that standard. If the Americans as a people are physically deteriorating, we should strive to find the cause, and then use all the powers dictated by the best intellects to arrest it.

It does not balance the loss of physical power in the account to give credit for an intellectual gain, for no brain can continue to develop and strengthen in mental action long

after a failure of the body, and thus a decline of the forces that supply the nutriment to repair the waste as well as for growth,

Very much may be done by hygiene to keep our present generation healthy, especially the younger part of it; but very much more can be done for the next. They may receive all the care from parents and friends, and from their own resources, that it is possible for the children that now are to receive; and in addition to this—which is much—they may receive all the benefits of "Methodical Selection," by which we mean a careful selection, by parties wishing to be married, of healthy copartners, or a refusal on the part of those who are not healthy, or who are mated with unhealthy partners, to have children.

This is taking strong hold upon what many will declare to be forbidden ground, but we can not help it. The frequency of sick, sorrowing children met in the daily practice of the profession of medicine is a call upon the medical profession that must be heard and answered; and we would feel that we were not doing our duty to humanity did we not raise a cry, or add ours to that already sounded, against raising children from unhealthy parents.

The remark that "nature should have its course," is here very much misapplied, which all would see if they would *think* what they are saying. Though she should not be interfered with when once put into action in any certain direction, yet it is not our duty to do an act that will start her into activity in a direction where all our reason and past experience teach us she can only result in a failure to develop a good specimen of the attempted creation; not from a failure upon her part, for she never fails, but from hav-

ing only inferior instrumentalities that will surely leave the stamp of their degradation upon everything that is brought into being through them. A healthy issue can not be raised from a sickly parentage no more than pure water will flow from an impure spring.

Nature has acted by "natural selection" through all the untold years, until man is brought up to a standard of intelligence where he raises his intellect to thwart this same nature in many instances. Natural selection has been the process that has elevated the best specimens above the poorer.

In the process of time man and woman commenced an unnatural form of "selection," which, being based upon depraved ideas of the beautiful, allowed them to select and mate with very imperfect specimens of humanity, from whom issued a weaker being. Through the benevolence of a better conscience this frail being must be preserved from that destruction that would follow under "natural selection," and has been very much more frequently preserved to procreate his species than he would have been but for the good of his and of other men's moral natures. This preservation is well—ought to be; but it does not follow that our ideas of sexual selection ought to be so low as to select such inferior men or women to be "the other parent" of our children, when we know that they will leave the stamp of their inferiority upon them; and more especially so when we can, if sound and strong ourselves, find those who are our equals to accept the position.

There are two classes of influences that principally affect man's individual health. The first is brought to bear upon the child prior to its birth,—is received from the parentage through the principle that "like begets like," and is therefore called the hereditary. The other class is the external conditions among which the man, and more effectually the child, is placed. These two classes of effects are the directly controlling forces that make what may be the complete man—"made a little lower than the angels"—or make him any grade below perfection; and observation shows us that many are far from complete—are many degrees below a perfect standard of health. Now the great question, and the one upon which much more of a

national interest rests than is commonly thought of, is, how are we to keep the physical strength of the people of our country up to, or as nearly as possible up to, the perfect standard of true health?

When a child is introduced into this life as a separate and independent existence—though at first, from its extreme feebleness, very much dependent upon others for all its external conditions, and from the nature of society all through its life finding itself affected by influences that are largely beyond its control—it has already received all the hereditary influence that will be the making of its constitution.

The entailments then cease to be increased in number or force, but those received ever exert a controlling power upon the inheritor; and so long as the child shall exist, will it suffer for "the sins of the parents," or enjoy as the result of the wealth of their perfections.

The external conditions can be varied from time to time, as the individual, or its parents when it is a child, may from observation see will be for the individual good; and thus we may in a measure obviate the hereditary influence or the evil results from prior external conditions.

This varying of conditions, and adapting them to the state of the individual, or the general health, so as to counteract the ills of prior external effects, and of that which is entailed, we call hygiene. This division of the science of medicine—the most important of all its divisions—should be more read and better understood.

Every person should know not only that pure air is the most healthy, but how, when, and where to detect impure air; not only that food is necessary and should be taken at regular hours, but what kind of food is best adapted to his peculiar inherent wants, or to counteract the bad results of other external conditions; and that the opposite, when not depraved, will usually call for that which will supply the necessary wants of the body. Every one should know that cleanliness of the person is not only pleasant to an individual and his associates, but that it keeps the pores open, and thus enables them to expel the impurities of the system, thereby conserving to health.

The great mass of the people do not understand these facts; and some of those who do are too careless to observe and daily practice them. There is much more sickness in the families of those who are uneducated than in the families of those who read and then think, other things being equal. The health of the village doctor's family is far above that of his neighbor who never reads anything upon health preservation, and yet whose inherent health is the best. How often the physician hears the remark, "Your family is not sick as much as ours;" or, "I wish you would give us the *medicine* that will keep our children as well as yours,"—in their reasonings always attributing every health benefit to some medicine to be taken.

Many people seem to think that medicine is the only agent that can have any influence upon disease, either as preventive or as cure.

Now, this is all wrong. Most of the diseases to which man is liable may be prevented by good hygienic care, when they are not inherent, and much may be done that will help an individual to outgrow these. Of the child this remark may be made with double emphasis, for if his ancestry were healthy, he may be almost sure to avoid disease if he has the kind, guiding hand of one who knows how to obviate, or keep him out of the way of those external conditions that are injurious in their effects. In fact, most of the sickness of childhood, when not inherent, is brought on by carelessness; either in exercise, the child taking too much or too little, or taking it at the wrong time; or perhaps by a want of cleanliness, or the wrong time at which the cleaning process is used; or perhaps the want of pure air; or by errors of diet, which are many. A vast amount of non-inherited disease can be traced to one or more of these causes.

This being admitted, can not every one see that under these heads lessons may be taught which every one can learn that will, in a great degree, assist parents in saving their children from sickness? Are not these lessons of as vast importance as a saving of dollars and cents, not to speak of the suffering of the sick child, or of the physical labor and sorrowing sympathy of the parent? Doctors' bills are hard things to pay; but pain is still harder to bear.

Natural selection acts in thinning our population, by removing just those debilitated ones that have become so from not living in accordance with good hygiene, and those who have inherited their ailments, in preference to the removal of those who are originally strong, and made still stronger through having regard to an influence that will affect their physical powers; and it is thus that we as a people have been kept as near the standard of health as we are. If we would save our children from the unfailing law of natural selection, we must see that they are "born well," and then keep them healthy by causing them to live in uniformity with hygiene; and not to depend upon the doctor for medicine to cure, but lessons that will prevent sickness. We must teach them to keep their persons clean, to breathe only pure air, and eat only good food as an undepraved appetite calls for it; and to take an abundance of exercise.

All parents love their children and do not wish to part with them, but wish them to be strong, robust, and vigorous, having bodies that can and will withstand those influences that tend to produce disease; bodies that are capable of supporting a vigorous brain, and supplying nutriment for its growth, and its sustenance when it is in action.

If we who are grown up to man's estate have, by breaking the laws of health, or by an entailment from our ancestry, received that into our constitutions which is liable to show itself in our descendants as a disease that shall darken all their years and make them full of sorrow and suffering, ought we not to avoid being the cause of its transmission to others, especially when the inheritor has no voice in the matter of being?

Is it not one of the greatest of sins to hand down to children a sickly, puny constitution that will render them anything but a blessing to themselves, their parents, and friends or the world? and particularly so when we know that these bad entailments do not affect the physical part alone, but the mental and, still worse, very often the moral life.

Let us look upon this matter in a common-sense light, just as we would upon the less important acts of our lives, and forget all the pseudo-philanthropic preaching, of long standing.

The command to "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth" was not given to a people who were full of disease that would be handed down to all the "quotients" of this multiplication; but it was given to those who were full of the vigor of health, chosen by God to people a world. If there had been diseases among them, He would have conditioned their procreation in the command, as we see it is now done in fact, in extreme cases of disease; for there the power of procreation is removed.

When we view the fact that two-fifths of all the children born of woman fail to reach mature age, and in some districts a much larger percentage, do we not feel that it is time to call attention to this serious fact, and strive to learn something that will more effectually prevent it? And in view of the fact that those children who are born of diseased parents are very liable, if not almost sure, to inherit such disease though entirely innocent of the misfortunes that produced this state of constitution, and brought into this life with no "free-will" expression of consent on their part, which life has had enough of sorrow in it to cause them to feel and wish they "had never been born," is it not time to teach the same use of the reason for human beings that we use for the lower animals? is it not time to use the same care in raising our children—or rather not raising them—that we ever use with our domestic animals?

LONGEVITY OF QUAKERS.

FOR many years we have noticed the comparatively great number of old men and women in their meetings. When the newspapers announce the death of a man or woman aged 85, 88, or 90, there will generally be found appended, "Funeral, 4th day" [Wednesday],—showing that the person was a Quaker. We believe that the average age of persons Quaker born will range ten, if not fifteen, years higher than that of other people. There are probably a hundred reasons why this is the case, partly hereditary and partly practical. They are born of parents who have for ages been temperate, calm, religious, moral, prudent, frugal, and regular in their habits. They have been taught to control

their passions, and live even, upright, consistent lives. Their children of the present generation have been born of such parents and reared in such habits, and they live to be remarkably old. Occasionally persons not of that order of people, either in religious belief or in daily life,—men who live wrongly and rashly, will hold on to be old; but where one has constitution enough to endure all manner of abuses and live to old age, nine hundred and ninety-nine will fall before the age of fifty. If there is an argument in favor of sobriety, regularity, order, and quietness of life stronger than that exemplified by the daily life of the Quakers, we would like to hear it.

STATISTICS OF POPULATION.

NINTH CENSUS OF THE UNITED STATES.

WE have received advance sheets of this great document, and find it full of fatness and of promise. The total population of each State is given, from 1790 to 1870, divided into White, Free Colored, Slave, Chinese, and Indian. At present each State and Territory foots up as follows:

Alabama	996,992	Missouri	1,731,995
Arkansas	484,471	Nebraska	122,993
California	560,247	Nevada	42,491
Connecticut	537,454	New Hampshire ..	318,300
Delaware	125,015	New Jersey	906,096
Florida	187,748	New York	4,382,759
Georgia	1,184,109	North Carolina ..	1,071,881
Illinois	2,539,891	Ohio	2,665,260
Indiana	1,690,637	Oregon	90,923
Iowa	1,191,792	Pennsylvania	3,521,791
Kansas	364,399	Rhode Island	217,353
Kentucky	1,331,011	South Carolina ..	705,606
Louisiana	726,915	Tennessee	1,258,520
Maine	636,915	Texas	818,579
Maryland	780,894	Vermont	330,551
Massachusetts	1,457,851	Virginia	1,225,163
Michigan	1,184,059	West Virginia ..	442,014
Minnesota	439,706	Wisconsin	1,054,070
Mississippi	827,923		

Total population of States 38,113,253

Arizona	9,658
Colorado	39,964
Dakota	14,181
District of Columbia	131,700
Idaho	14,999
Montana	30,595
New Mexico	91,874
Utah	86,796
Washington	23,955
Wyoming	9,118

Total population of Territories... 442,730

Total population of United States..... 38,555,983



NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1871.

☞ ONE NUMBER MORE COMPLETES THE VOLUME FOR 1871. The December number will soon go to press, be sent to subscribers, and a new volume and a new year entered upon! Are readers getting ready for 1872? "THANKSGIVING," "CHRISTMAS," "NEW YEAR'S," all are near at hand. Are you ready? "Aye, aye, sir," resounds all along the line, from Newfoundland to Alaska, and from Canada to Mexico. We are getting ready for the holidays and for the new year.

OUR GOOD FRIENDS EVERYWHERE promise to "roll up the clubs" for the JOURNAL in good round numbers. The work has already been commenced and good results attained. Renewals, with new subscribers, are coming in. Life, health, and the will of a kind Providence favoring, the JOURNAL shall make itself felt on the right side of all questions and gladden the hearts of those who fight in its ranks and defend its principles, and who wish well to the human race. Thanks, thanks, thanks for all who help, whether by WORD or DEED.

ENCOURAGEMENT,—NOT FLATTERY.

INDISCRIMINATE praise and indiscriminate blame are not only very foolish, but very trying, especially to a child or a youth that can not always know what is *meant* by what is *said*.

There are good, pious people who are so severely exact and just, with little or no joyousness or playfulness in their natures, that they seldom or never praise another, no matter how meritorious the conduct or character. To show how sparing of praise were the good old Scottish Covenanters, the following anecdote is told: An aged wife was on her deathbed, passing slowly away. When

seeking consolation she addressed her husband in these words: "Well, John, we have lived many a year happily together, and you will acknowledge now that I have been a good and loving wife to you." He replied, briefly: "Tolerable,—tolerable,—only tolerable, Jenny." That husband did not intend to spoil *his* wife by too much praise.

Some, adhering rigidly to the doctrine of the total depravity of the race of man, and to that other of "sparing the rod and spoiling the child," and not having more WISDOM than the poor little unfortunate to be governed, think there is only one way to do it, and that way is *punishment* by kicking, cuffing, whipping. Is not this a reflection on the limited resources of teacher or parent? How is it that a little five, eight, or ten-year-old boy or girl can outgeneral its seniors? Is it because the youth is wiser or worse than teacher or parent? We verily believe that much of the evil in our dispositions is the result of wrong treatment on the part of others. Who but the low, ignorant, brutal driver causes a horse to balk? It is a balky driver who does the mischief and spoils the disposition of the horse. Kind treatment is always potent for good. Harsh and unkind treatment is always influential in the other direction. Here is the story of the early days of William L. Marcy, in the *Liberal Christian*, which illustrates the subject.

"I spent a day of my vacation at Charlton, Mass. Bill Marcy was a native of this neighborhood, and grew up to be a wild and heady youth. He was thought by his parents and by all the neighbors to be the worst boy they knew. One winter he succeeded, in conjunction with kindred spirits, in ousting the teacher from the district school. Salem Towne, then a young man, was summoned as the fittest person to take charge of these unruly youth and complete the term. Everybody thought the new teacher would certainly have trouble with Bill Marcy. But

the trouble did not come. The first day had not passed before Mr. Towne had discovered in his pupil an element of real good, and told him so. This, to the boy, was a most unusual acknowledgment, and it touched his heart. Some one had seen good in him. He was, then, capable of better things, and he was determined to make the endeavor. It was the turning-point in his life.

"Such was his conduct and such his progress in study that his teacher advised him to go on and prepare himself for college. It was a great surprise to his parents, but at the urgent solicitation of Mr. Towne they gave their consent, and he was placed under the instruction of a clergyman in the vicinity of his home. At length he entered college, and passed through the course with great success, justifying at every step the confidence and hope of his best friend. In subsequent life he rose from one degree of eminence and usefulness to another, until at last the whole world was familiar with the name and fame of William L. Marcy.

"Long years after he had left his school-day haunts, and when he had come to deserved eminence, he visited Boston, and was the guest of the then Governor of the old Bay State. Among the distinguished men who were invited to meet him was General Salem Towne. When the Governor saw Marcy and Towne greet each other as old friends, he very naturally expressed a pleasurable surprise that they knew each other so well. 'Why!' said Marcy, 'that is the man that made me. When I was a boy everybody was against me. None—no, even my own father or mother—saw any good in me. He was the first who believed in me, told me what I might become, and helped me on in life at that critical juncture. Whatever of merit or distinction I have since attained to, I owe it to him more than to any other living person.'"

A severe Puritan would have felt it to be wicked to have seen anything good in a totally bad boy, or to have said so, especially to the boy.

Flattery is simply falsehood, and whoever practices it on another is guilty of a wickedness for which there is no excuse. But *encouragement* is not *flattery*,

and there are none who are not the better for judicious encouragement and wise direction. Children need it, and so do wives and husbands. A word of approval when deserved will not lessen one's happiness nor his efforts to deserve another. Go among the vilest of the vile, even into the dungeon of condemned culprits, and their sensibilities may be touched by appeals to their affections, their sympathies, or their manliness. Calling him a totally depraved sinner, unworthy a blessing, don't encourage him much. Tell a child he is a stupid dunce or blockhead, and if he believes you he will assume that character. But tell him he is capable of improvement, and believing it he will most assuredly try.

And now a word for phrenologists. We are often charged with flattery, not alone by the enemies of the one whose brain we may have described, but by the person himself. "You have greatly overrated that man. Why, we have known him all his life, and he does not amount to a row of pins; and yet you have given him quite a character." His faculties may now be dormant, like iron in the ore or marble in the quarry, and a little training, discipline, and opportunity may call them out, and he may become all or more than the phrenologist intimated. Do you see?

We grant there are professed phrenologists, old and gray, who disgrace themselves and the subject by their bombastic egotism and their cheap flattery of silly fools. Their charts are not worth the paper on which they are written; worse than this, they mislead and puff up popinjays with the idea that they may become Presidents of the United States, or do something wonderful. They become restless in their irresponsible and subordinate places, and being without wings, attempting to fly they fall, cursing the one who puffed up and flattered them.

Let phrenologists tell the truth always

in kindness; and if in his professional capacity, let him do it as privately as the circumstances demand. He is not required to blurt out in public, "This man is a thief!" or to make improper exposures. His office is to describe the person truthfully and for his good. The most

unswerving truthfulness *must* be observed. Indeed, here, as elsewhere, "honesty is the best policy," and he who makes it the rule of his life will rise in the esteem of all good men, and be approved in heaven.

ENCOURAGEMENT,—not *flattery*.

THE COMING HOLIDAY.

SOON Thanksgiving will be here. Then will resound throughout all this land,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow;"

and each father, mother, brother, sister, uncle, aunt, and cousin will vie with the other to bring home something which will gladden the heart and make joyful the household. All this is the language of BENEVOLENCE, the moral sentiments, and the social affections. It is indeed "a good thing to give thanks." Let this sentiment of charity and brotherly kindness become all-pervading. It is humanizing, civilizing, elevating, spiritualizing. Let us thank God and the founders of our liberties for our blessed Thanksgiving. This NATIONAL holiday has a deeper significance than is indicated by roast turkey, fricaseed chicken, sweet Indian pudding, and pumpkin pie. It means that Americans—both native and foreign-born—above all other nations and races, have a country, a mode of government, educational institutions, and a free religion for which they are thankful. *Ours* is a country with broad acres, extending from ocean to ocean and from gulf to gulf, including many latitudes and many climates. It has mountain and valley, forest and prairie, with the greatest lakes, the longest rivers, and all the minerals—iron, coal, lead, copper, silver, and gold—in inexhaustible quantities; while for the growth of corn and cattle, roots and fruits, no country in the world can equal ours. We are in possession of mill-

ions on millions of untouched acres of the richest and most productive soil. These lands await the emigrant from the overcrowded Old World where the intelligent artisan and the common laborer can not hope to better their condition. We have room enough and work enough without crowding for one hundred million of men and women. We have no expensive monarchy, no useless royal family or lazy lords to tax or eat out our substance. Here, one is as good as another while he behaves himself as well; and all, rich and poor, are *equal* before the law. Is not this something to be thankful for? Consider the blessings of our common schools, in which *all* our children *must* be educated! In monarchical, priestridden, and heathen countries only the privileged few are educated, and the great masses of their population are kept in ignorance and in pauperism. Here, we can have no such low, brutal class; no native pauperism, except the few who directly or remotely, through intemperance, vice, or crime, bring it upon themselves. Here, every opportunity is afforded for self-support, and for enterprise and thrift. Here, we have no great incubus in the shape of a dead-and-alive state church, with an indolent or voluptuous priesthood to be supported by taxation. This is the only country in the world where every man may worship God according to his own untrammelled conscience. Let us thank God for this. Is not this enough? Are we not estab-

lished on solid and righteous foundations? Are not our institutions in accord with Christianity and with the laws of God? Is it objected that there are wrongs, violations, and corruptions in the administration of our government? Granted. We do not claim perfection for our lawyers and legislators, though the *aim* of every law is to be *just*. By the neglect of well-disposed citizens who take no part in our elections, bad men get into places of trust, and being themselves perverted, they pervert their offices and bring reproach on all. The correction of this evil is in the hands of the people. No hereditary tyrant holds "by divine right" any place in this country, and it is the privilege of Americans to *choose* their *SERVANTS*,—not *rulers*. And this is something to be thankful for. In fact, our system of government *is* the best in the world. It *may* be everlasting if ever just and righteous. Reader, let us see to it that *we* transmit to *our* posterity a free country, based on Democratic Republican principles, in which man may attain the highest growth and development of which he is capable. Let us not forget that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." If we do this, God will bless us, and we shall live in an atmosphere of perpetual thanksgiving.

WINTER EVENINGS.

HOW do we spend our long winter evenings? Do we give ourselves up to games, fun, and hilarity? Yes, occasionally, and we feel all the better for it. What is there more trying to the mental powers, especially to memory and concentration, than chess? What more enjoyable than a well-contested, honest, and friendly game of croquet? Skill, not chance, governs here. Then, for the young folks, there are, besides Croquet, Blindman's Buff, Question and Answer, Stage-Coach, Consequences, etc. Others want a comic performance, after the style of Paul Pry, in which an excellent lesson, that of

"mind your own business," is so effectually taught. One selects a poem, another an oration, still another the debates in Congress or in the Legislature. Students will be occupied with their regular studies, except the time needed for rest and recreation. All, except the most rigid orthodox Quakers, will enjoy music, which should be available in every house, for

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,"

and to bring discordant minds and souls into harmony and unison. The useful magazines will also be read aloud for the information of those who listen, while the foolish and frivolous will spend useful time in reading useless trash, which is the worst sort of mental dissipation; the memory is weakened, the imagination perverted, the passions unduly excited, and the whole nervous system unstrung by what is called "sensational literature. Boys and girls, whose careless parents have no oversight in the selection of their reading matter, are wont to steal away alone and indulge in this—which *should* be—"forbidden fruit," greatly to their harm. Wise parents select and provide in advance for the healthful wants of their children. Good books adapted to their capacity are placed within easy reach, and a proper taste thus implanted. We must not ignore the right use and exercise of all the faculties, and *rational amusements* are just as much a part of our real wants as penitence and pardon for wrong-doing. PHRENOLOGY indicates how we should spend our winter evenings, and *all* our time, so that we may grow into the fullest stature of godly men and women.

INDIRECT APPROVAL.—The great majority of American newspapers are "open and above-board" when alluding to the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, and so act a dignified and independent part; but there are a few, chiefly weekly publications, which seem chary of commendatory remarks, though they sometimes transfer matter from the JOURNAL's columns to their own. Not long since the *American Baptist and Freeman* copied about two-thirds of our article on "Edward H. Ruloff," filling about three columns of its first page, and making no acknowledgment or allusion to the source from which so much

interesting matter was obtained. This is one form certainly of indirect approval. We have no objection whatever to having our articles copied by newspapers and periodicals, but when we find a paper, generally considered respectable and high-toned, deliberately seizing upon a valuable portion of our contents, and apparently ignoring our right to some recognition in the premises, we must regard the performance as at least discourteous.

GOING WEST—BY RAIL.

THE "management" of the Erie Railway has been much criticised, and some of its officers denounced as among the *worst* of the *bad*. Of these things—not being stockholders—we *know* but little and have nothing now to say. Of the accommodations for travelers on the New York and Erie we may state from our own personal knowledge and experience; and having passed over many of the principal lines in both this and other countries, we venture to state that there are no other roads which are safer, swifter, or more comfortable than this. Accidents happen here as elsewhere; but are they as frequent or as serious? Early in the management of this road a rule was established that no liquor-drinking saloons should be permitted on the line. Consequently its operatives do not get drunk and jeopardize the lives of passengers by this means.

Among the special attractions for travel by this road are the broad, roomy, and comfortable cars, whether for sitting or sleeping; the slightly and beautiful country through which the road runs; the sure connections—East and West—with all other roads; and the moderate rates of fare ruling. Up to the time of the great trans-continental line, there was no other road in this country surpassing the New York and Erie. It has powerful competitors now, but is it excelled? If so, we do not know wherein. Here is one most commendable feature, which we hope other roads will imitate. It relates to excursion tickets. Colonists going West can avail themselves of *reduced rates* of fare and freight for themselves and their household goods. The colonist tickets issued by this company are sold at greatly reduced rates, and entitle the holder to first-class passage on express trains, with 150 pounds of baggage free, at any time within twelve days from date of purchase! Parties purchasing these tickets are also entitled to have their household goods and other freights

forwarded at reduced rates. We shall have something more to say of our American railways ere long, in which not only Americans, but Europeans have an interest.

OUR EXCURSION PARTY.—We are preparing an account of our last summer's trip into the Rocky Mountains. It will embrace brief descriptions of persons and places, and our new experiences in "camping out," climbing hills, mountains, peaks, and the modes of life in those elevated regions; what the people do for a living; the healthfulness of climate; with remarks on the game, fish, fruit, lands, mines, crops, and cattle. Readers will find it pleasant to look at these things, even through *our* glasses. The West is a "great country."

A LAST WORD.

BEFORE another issue of this JOURNAL our ANNUAL CLASS IN PRACTICAL PHRENOLOGY will have been commenced. The session will open on the first day of November, at seven p.m. It is highly desirable that all who purpose becoming members should be present at the opening, that no portion of the instruction be lost.

Never before was there a greater demand for laborers in this field of usefulness; never a time when a more cordial welcome would be extended to worthy coworkers.

Some have engaged in the practice of Phrenology who had not much experience; and, having had no instruction, either in its theory or practice, they failed to awaken a profound interest in the subject or to secure adequate patronage. Our intention and expectation is to qualify and send out men so trained and instructed in this great subject that they can command respect and win the reward of success and doing good. There ought to be at least half as many good phrenologists as there are clergymen; in fact, clergymen themselves *should be* PHRENOLOGISTS. If this were the case, we should expect to see their success in training men for virtue and usefulness at least doubled. Indeed, clergymen, physicians, lawyers, and teachers avail themselves of the benefits of our course of instruction and thereby largely augment their power in their varied pursuits. Man is not only "the proper study of mankind," he is the greatest and most useful theme of contemplation. He who knows the workings of mind and disposition and can read men correctly at the first interview, can wisely select his associates and call into action in them such faculties as shall tend to promote happiness and success in social and business intercourse. Those who intend to follow any pursuit which will bring them into contact with mankind, and which will require a careful and appropriate management of individuals, can not afford to ignore and do without the information which our course of instruction furnishes. When our countrymen come to understand our noble science, speculation and unfaithfulness on the part of public officers will be less frequent than at present; "the right man" will be wisely selected for "the right place," and then a post of responsibility shall be a post of honor. Persons contemplating a thorough study of the subject, at this or any future time, may send to this office for a circular entitled "Professional Instruction in Practical Phrenology."

Department of Literature, Science, Education.

IDEA AND SENSUOUS PERCEPTION—THEIR RELATION.

BY LUCERN ELLIOTT.

THE beautiful network of time ; the ever-changing web of life ; the fates, the destinies of mankind ; the million little streams of Providence which meet and mingle ; the parts and counterparts of all things animate and inanimate ; the delicacy of detail and the magnitude and harmony of the whole, prove the existence of a moving power, an Eternal Idea, from whom emanates the spark which is clothed in the material body, and is ministered unto by the senses through their perceptions.

It has been said that the babe of a day old holds hidden beneath its wrinkled brow all the wisdom of a sage, and that he who can draw out the ideas thus stowed away by the Divine Provider, owns the secret of the true teacher.

But we claim to have a great reverence for common sense, and we are told that Christ taught his disciples by appealing to their sensuous perceptions, and so down the long line of ages, through those avenues to the mind have traveled all great truths.

A tree without the aid of air, rain, and sunlight would bear neither blossom nor fruit. All things in nature derive continuation of life, strength, and excellence from outside influences ; so the mind, which is the seat or soil of all faculties, is wrought upon by visible objects.

Sense is often classed as an attribute of mind, but it is only a servant, without which the intellect would be like a king imprisoned in his castle, without communication or intercourse with the world. We are born with capacity and faculties, but they must be cultivated, both by a pouring-in and a drawing-out process. Like the digestive organs, which, if properly ministered unto, sustain and convey new life to the physical forces, so will the faculties, if correctly trained, create for the mind many processes of reasoning, the result of one sensuous perception.

The gradual and progressive cultivation of mind is commenced by the first motive power, instinct, impelling sense and awakening fancy, which is employed in bringing objects to the mind without regard to their nature singly or relatively. Perceptions may in some cases come before thought, but they are rarely, if

ever, reliable. In a well-balanced mind thought immediately follows the sense employed, the fancy awakened, and traces a resemblance between them and the thing to be desired or dreaded, separates the true from the false in impression, and a correct and available perception is gained.

All truth is like its source, eternal ; and yet of what value is it to us unless there be some avenue open through which it may approach us, thus connecting the mind with its invisible abode and creating within us a conception of its quality and power.

Without the sense of sight we should have no conception of color, combination, or harmony in form and outline, and yet the landscape before us may appear very different upon close observation ; the building opposite may appear only a façade until submitted to inspection from all sides ; in the distance, many shades of one color may be taken for one solid complexion, or two harmonious colors for an intermediate color. So we perceive relative aids must be added to sight before an accurate conception of form and color is gained.

Hearing gives us the perception of sound, and yet it depends not entirely on that sense what class of impression is made, what kind of emotion is awakened, as sound speaks in as many different languages as it is arranged in classes. It may have volume, power, tone ; it may be deep, heavy, low, sweet, enchanting, loud, coarse, repulsive, and it is only on the threshold of this sphere that we can depend alone on hearing ; beyond that, she must be aided by the understanding to discriminate between the languages conveyed.

Touch gives us the impression of substance, but must be aided by sight, direction, and position to give the perception of combination and harmony in form and outline. Thus we see sense carries to the mind the representation of things ; the understanding classifies and arranges ; the reason sits in judgment, criticises, accepts, or rejects ; makes its deductions, and the result is an Idea, the growth of which is not unlike that of a tree or plant. We might call sense the seed, perception the germ, comparison the plant, reason the bloom, Idea the fruit.

The truth through the perceptions becomes to us a living presence, like a soul direct from God, born of earth and destined not to die; and whenever we have gained an idea we immediately ascend to a higher plane where all the minor forces are at work. But their power is intensified; thought takes a broader, more comprehensive form in accordance with enlarged capabilities. "New emotions and new trains of ideas are occasioned by association."

The deaf can not comprehend sound; their knowledge of the value and import of words is gained through comparison of actions, and cause and effect. As each of the nine digits represents a number, so do actions represent to them words, the relations of which and the ideas arising therefrom are carried to the intellect, or awakened in it through the agency of sight. If a child after having been partially educated becomes deaf and blind, his new emotions or later ideas will be the result of comparison by reflection.

We have the images of objects photographed on the mind through the agency of the senses; these pictures awaken thoughts in regard to the relation of objects one to another; new ideas arise, the effect of those causes; they are also stamped upon memory, are awakened by circumstances, recollection, or reflection, and upon each rekindling of this already impressed thought, new heights in intellectual progress are attained. The connecting links between the old and new are strengthened by reawakening processes, and these may be divided into distinct classes, each productive of associative and progressive ideas. First: we perceive a resemblance in tone, form, or face, a picture or landscape, to something we had previously noted, perhaps loved. Immediately the object is invested with an interest not really belonging to itself, the primal cause is taking effect, new ideas grow from old ones, the subsequent state of mind is enlarged, not created, and this result may often be obtained not only by resemblance in object, but by similarity in effect. Thus: the solitude of a dark wood, the majesty of the ocean, the silent presence of death, either will awaken in us solemn and reverent emotions. In the former case, memory is first touched; in the latter, our faculty of reverence is exercised.

Second: We are often reminded by an object, event, or situation which possesses any quality in the superlative degree of its opposite extreme. The first idea of comparison being impressed on the mind through the agency of sense gives rise to a new growth, an instantane-

ous resurrection, and the two are connected by the distinct principle of contrariety. Relative to this some one has said:

"Could I forget
What I have been, I might the better bear
What I am destined to."

Third: Proximity of time recalls events, and their consequences, with their relation to other, later, present, or even anticipated events. If recently we had a severe storm, the shattered tree, the broken column, or even a dark cloud in the horizon, will recall all its fury; its intangible mantle of darkness, the battling elements, all return to us, bringing a feeling of dread which the lapse of time would greatly modify.

What strong emotions of sorrow are awakened upon seeing the toys of a dear child, who, having just left his play, will never resume it! What a value we attach to the little tin soldier, the drum, and the ball! We lay them by with reverence and in tears, but long after we can touch them, smile over them with a feeling of grief subdued into sadness, of mingled love and regret.

Place, in the same class with Time, produces associative ideas. Take, for instance, France. Speak of her in the most casual manner, and before us moves, like a panorama, a long line of crafty and licentious rulers, intriguing noblemen, bloody wars, the riots and martyrdom of her people; and connected with these, her beautiful "might have been," standing afar off, regretful, unsought, and uncrowned, her heart-rending present, her possible future, the hope that she will yet arise and stand baptized of peace and blest among the nations of the earth.

Fourth. Cause and effect combined form a strong link in the association of ideas. If we see an enemy, or even hear his name mentioned in the most casual manner, all the wrong he has ever inflicted rushes over us like a great wave. For years the unruly schoolboy fancies his flesh tingling under the stripes of rod or ferule; and it is a question of disposition only whether the associated idea brought so literally through the agency of sense be one of revenge or forgiveness. Shakspeare says—

"The bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office. His tongue
Sounds ever after like a sullen bell
Remembered knolling a departed friend."

Thus we see the original source of knowledge is sense. Knowledge, being the outgrowth of perception and understanding, forms combinations with the relative aids we have describ-

ed, and many others; and these produce new trains of ideas, the quality of which determine our intellectual status as compared with others.

Plato and many other philosophers, both ancient and modern, contend that ideas come through a subtle connection between spirit and mind; that they are a part of the higher or divine essence, and are inherent in man, not to be cultivated or gathered from outward influences. But give reason fair play and she will dissipate this theory. Locke is quoted as sustaining it, because he could find no nation or people who did not believe in a God or a Great Spirit.

Galileo made himself famous not merely by his study and research in endeavoring to perfect the telescope and bring nearer his view of the starry heavens, nor yet alone by the accidental discovery that the higher Power had not only formed the wonderful structure of the universe, but had set it all in motion. Columbus did not conceive the notion of the existence of our continent without the aids of sensuous perception and scientific observation. Possessing some mathematical knowledge, and being well versed in the geography of his day, he reasoned from his own theory and those of others, by which he must in a measure be guided, and concluded, says Goodrich, "that China and India lay where America was afterward found." The assertion that his discovery, or that of the persecuted philosopher who

declared that the "world did move," was the result of inspiration, is certainly untrue.

These men, like many others, had no doubt ascended to a higher plane in the mental susceptibilities, where the connection with sense is only more remote, not less potent. The true idea of God is dependent on the senses. He is a God of beauty, strength, mercy, and love. He has given us life in a world of beauty, and capabilities for enjoying it. He proves His strength by his works, and his wisdom in the harmony thereof. Though we transgress, yet His mercy continueth, and his loving-kindness is ever manifest. We may worship Him in ignorance as one being afar off, yet if we enter the door of science, how near he seems?

What a beautiful language we hear in the music of the winds, and what sweet poems flow out in the song of the laughing water! These are leaves from His unwritten Bible; we read and muse, and that which seemed common becomes grand. Dorman Stule says, "I take my retort and acid, form a little oxygen gas, and thus feebly imitate the great chemist who made the ocean of oxygen." Through the laboratory we read how He dissolves material and remolds beauty from dead ashes. There we catch with joy His footprints gleaming on the sands of time. We feel that the great I Am is present in our humblest investigation, and that when through the sensuous agencies He has properly taught us here, he will lead us to a wider field, "to study and learn, to wonder and worship."

"FILL UP THE—MENTAL—MEASURE."—AN ALLEGORY.

BY ALTON CHESWICKE.

"THE flowing bowl" has been from time immemorial the theme of much discussion in, as well as out of, both poetry and prose; and many and various are the attributes which have been ascribed to it; but that of fullness has been ever more especially distinguished, by all who have sung its praises, as the most essential to its perfection. And not fullness only, but superabundance—flowing over on all sides with the essence of riotous mirth. Thus, in accordance with this prevailing sentiment, who ever heard of pledging his friend in a half-empty beaker? or what bacchanalian poet ever found inspiration in aught but a *brimming* glass? No, fill up the measure, my friends, till the ruddy drops brim over and glisten upon our beards,

mute token of the lavish abundance with which we are surrounded. Nature is bountiful in every department, and why should we not imitate, as far as we may, her boundless generosity? "A full measure pressed down, shaken together and running over shall men give into your bosoms." And as we have received so should we return—be the portion of corn or wine, the fruit of the field or the vineyard, the treasures of head or heart, the jewels of thought or the wealth of affection.

The idea of fullness is ever associated with that of perfection of character or condition. When a receptacle is full, so that it can hold no more, then it may be said to be complete in its kind. And in every stage of progress perfection in that stage is evinced, as well as

represented, by the condition of fullness. A pint measure full contains a complete and perfect pint, and is as complete in its way as a quart or a hogshhead, either of which can be no more than full. So the state of one who wants but little and possesses all he wants has been favorably compared with that of one whose desires and possessions are greater. Therefore it is essential to the completion of every joy or comfort, whether great or small, that it shall be full; and to the realization of this condition of fullness in their pleasures or possessions, in their several degrees, do the hopes and desires of all men turn. But how many have their desires granted? A full stomach is the ideal of solid comfort to a hungry man, but, alas! how many empty stomachs there are in the world! A full purse is the ever-cheering, ever-delusive hope of the poor man, who, pitying the collapsed and forlorn aspect of the cheap receptacle of his meager finances, attempts to console himself at times by stuffing it out with bits of paper and worthless odds and ends, so that it may have at least the appearance of being full, and in reality be full of—something.

Which brings us to the second point in our homily, viz.: the nature and quality of that which fills. Every one in the ordinary walks of life understands so well that the value of a condition of fullness depends entirely upon the unfilling substance, that it is never deemed necessary to specify that by a full stomach is meant a stomach filled with wholesome food; by a brimming glass is meant one brimming with pure water or pure wine, and not with poison or any deleterious mixture; that by a full purse is meant one filled with the current money of the realm. But as we rise above what are usually considered the every-day wants and necessities of life, this distinction is often lost sight of, as witness the number of empty heads we so continually meet—full enough of vain conceits, of stupid prejudices and perverse whims, but deplorably empty of aught that is really useful. But enough of moralizing for the present, while we attempt to illustrate the subject further by a little bit of personal reminiscence.

One evening in early spring we were enjoying to the full what seemed to us a brimming measure of comfort. Seated in an easy-chair

before an open grate, in which blazed a cheerful fire, rendered very acceptable by a long walk of an hour previous in a cold March wind, the curtains drawn, and a general air of snugness pervading the apartment, we had been engaged in reading a poetical description of a bacchanalian feast of ye olden time, wherein groaning boards, together with the flowing bowl before alluded to, played a conspicuous part. So rich and graphic was the description, that, for the time, we imagined ourself one of the jovial company, and a fellow-partaker of the good cheer; and such was the beauty of the diction, that when we had finished the last line we felt as though mind and body had both been feasted. The last few verses had been read by the joint aid of the firelight and the last departing beams of day, and as the shades of evening began to gather thickly round, we drew the curtains yet closer, stirred the glowing coals to make them burn more brightly, and resigned ourself to the rare, and consequently well-praised, luxury of a firelight reverie.

For awhile we mused in a dreamy rambling sort of way, thinking of nothing in particular, but luxuriating in a sense of perfect contentment for the time being, such as it is not often our lot to enjoy; and then, as our physical powers yielded to the magnetic and soothing influence of sleep, and took to themselves the rest they so much needed, our mental faculties seemed on the contrary to rouse themselves from the drowsy lethargy in which they had been steeped; our thoughts gathered strength and clearness, and issuing, as it were, from the glowing coals on which our gaze was dreamily bent, seemed to take form before our eyes. And this is the shape they gradually assumed.

At first diminutive, and then increasing in size until it attained truly heroic proportions, there stood before us the form of a venerable man holding in his hand a classic urn, while beside him was a fountain, within whose mystic recesses was the far-famed, long-sought Water of Life, now found at last, and brought within the reach of all the world! As we gazed in awe and wonder upon this majestic figure, he raised his voice and, proclaiming the discovery of this precious liquid, invited all nations to come and partake thereof, "without money and without price."

And then straightway the room widened on all sides, the walls receded until they were lost to view, and we found ourself in the midst of a vast plain, and one of a great company that was pressing forward toward the Fountain of Life. In his hand each carried a curious-looking drinking-vessel, the shape and material of which we were at a loss, for a time, to determine; but we discovered at last that it was fashioned from a human skull! Yes, the drinking-cup formed from a skull was no longer a mere fable of antiquity, but an actual fact before our eyes, for we beheld it here in the hand of each and every one of our fellow-travelers. On looking further we perceived also, that, though differing in many points from each other, each skull that was thus carried as a drinking-cup was of the exact shape and size of the head of the bearer. Each was divided throughout the interior into a number of little compartments, resembling in number and location those marked on the phrenological bust, which, strange to say, still held its accustomed place in the corner, unmoved by the marvelous transformation that had taken place all around it, and gleamed white and ghost-like in the light of the fire, which, though it now burned dimly, still retained its position, and shone as in a misty haze throughout the entire scene on which we were gazing.

The whole multitude now advanced rapidly toward the Fountain of Life; and each one as he in turn approached the old man, who seemed to be alike the guardian and dispenser of the precious fluid, held up his vessel to be filled from the urn which was ever and anon replenished from the fountain for that purpose.

And now a strange scene ensued. For, instead of being willing, aye, even anxious, that their vessels should be filled to their utmost capacity, the majority, though eager to receive a portion of the precious fluid, yet with unaccountable perversity refused to permit more than three or four—some but two, and yet others only one—of the numerous compartments of their vessels to be filled, insisting upon retaining the others empty.

"Fill up the measure!" cried the old man ever and anon; "ye can not truly possess the Water of Life unless your measures be full."

But the people heeded not the admonition, but persistently followed the bent of their own inclinations, and chose, some one, some another compartment which they wished filled; but all carrying away, some one or two, others nearly all the compartments as empty as when they came.

The old man's voice became deeper and more impressive as he continued the warning cry, "Ye can not possess the Water of Life unless ye fill up the measure!" And many now began to discover their mistake; for the compartments that had been filled soon emptied themselves, without seeming to add aught to the others, and either remained empty, or became filled with a thick dark fluid which proved to be a deadly poison; and only those few, and they were very few indeed, who had consented to have their vessels filled in every compartment, retained them thus; for the more they drank of them the fuller they became.

And now the old man's voice, which never ceasing had increased in power and intensity, became truly awful in its earnestness; and so impressed us that, in our anxiety to obey the warning, we involuntarily sprang forward, and awoke just in time to save ourself from a fall from our arm-chair, and to hear the clock upon the mantel chime the mystic hour of twelve!

It was a long time ere the scene we had just witnessed ceased to haunt our mental vision, or the warning cry to ring in our ears; but later, when Reason came to usurp the place of Fancy, and to pass judgment upon her creations, we gave the matter long and serious thought, and found it a fruitful subject for contemplation. For how true it is that every one of our varied faculties is a door through which the tide of life must enter! and if from any one it be debarred ingress, a proportionate blight will fall upon all the rest.

In this allegorical representation, for such it most truly is, we may recognize three important facts: First, that through the proper use and culture of the various faculties of the brain, which are so many avenues of communication to the indwelling spirit, we nourish, build up, and sustain the spiritual and only true life within us. Secondly, that from the mutual dependence and correlation of each

and every part of our complex organization, in the spiritual as well as the physical realm, all must alike be cared for, as the neglect of any one of them entails suffering and destitution upon all the rest. In short, that truly to possess within ourselves the principle of life we must fill up the measure of our capacity whatever it may be. And thirdly, we see that the mission of the phrenologist is to impress upon the minds of men the importance of these two leading facts. And by the "phrenologist" we do not mean, reader, the so-called individual of our young days—the object at once of the wonder of the ignorant and credulous, and the sneers and contempt of the prejudiced and skeptical, him who used to go traveling about the country, the butt of countless satires, ticketing off his fellow-beings by the size and number of their "bumps," and depending mainly upon his knowledge of human nature for the shrewd guesses of character which he not unfrequently made. But we mean the thoughtful, earnest, educated, *scientific* man of to-day, who devotes his life and energies to the improvement of his race through the medium of that which might not unjustly be termed the noblest science of modern times, since it treats

of the crowning glory of creation's lord, the Human Mind.

Such is the man who now, like the venerable being of my vision, calls upon each and every one of us, and addressing himself to every faculty of our being, cries unceasingly, "Fill up the measure! While cultivating the intellect, neglect not the moral faculties; while ministering to the higher wants of your being, have a care for the propensities; for unless they are guided aright, they will surely go wrong. Nor must they be suffered to die out by starvation or neglect; they are useful, else they would not have been bestowed. They are the mainsprings of action—the moving and propelling forces of our being. Guard them, then, carefully, and let there be unity and harmonious relation between all the parts."

What a glorious thing is a symmetrical, well-formed human head! The likeness of the Deity can plainly be discerned therein. And this, in early life, is within the reach of every one, just as the perfection of character, of which the perfect head and face are the sign and symbol, is within the reach of all. Appropriate, therefore, to every department of your being, the life which the great Creator so liberally bestows, that your joy, like your possessions, "may be full."

PREHISTORIC MAN.

BY DR. I. E. NAGLE.

WE can not understand the argument which declares that the differences of race can be traced to the separation of the children of the original family of Adam and Eve. Certainly there would not be anatomical and mental differences in the offspring of such parents which would be inherited and transmitted in the manner we see in the anatomies of various races. Nay, we believe that God created each organization of distinct species after the peculiar formation, which we discover by dissection, and thus he exposes to us his original intention in definitive lines and marks which tell how mighty he is to adapt his creations to his own purposes. Nor are we disposed to accept a theory which suggests a departure from His well-known laws of regularity merely to gratify opponents, who demand blind and implicit faith in the falsities and enormities of

their irreconcilable creeds concerning the equality and unity in the origin of mankind. Nor do we fail to comprehend that our belief conflicts with the ordinarily accepted doctrine, which evokes the multitudes of our present population from the man and woman who were banished from one little circumscribed garden of Eden. We accept from the Jews their version of their own Genesis and greatness, and acknowledge that the primal parents canonized in their history and legends were Adam and Eve, but their genealogical tables force us to conclude that we are neither Jew nor descendant of any other of the lost nations of which the Hebraic records render somewhat confused accounts.

Chronological history is the exclusive patent of the Hebraic authors. Their records are accepted with heroic stolidity and fidelity by the nations of the earth, which in all

other particulars fail to recognize that people as worthy of credit or regard. The uncomplaining followers and believers in Usher's chronological tables accept the situation, and are uncompromising in their demands of faith on the part of the inhabitants of this mundane sphere. We avow our belief in the chronicles of the Jews, but we are unwilling to receive them and their elaborate mystifications as exhaustive history of their own times, and certainly protest against the demand which requires our implicit belief in the assertion that there were no other peoples preceding the Jews. Their own Biblical account precludes such an assertion of ignorance on our part.

That there was a prehistoric age of man is easily recognizable by every sense which makes us intelligent human beings. If this intuitive principle of knowledge was insufficient to convince us, we require but to refer to the Hebraic accounts for conclusive arguments in favor of this our most reasonable doctrine. Whenever the writers are not too much occupied in descanting on the greatness and glory of Judea, and find occasion to refer to other matters, we learn from them that there were vast ruins in Ethiopia, those wonders of the land of Cush and Nod, where their own expatriated Cain secured his wife and established a family of brigands. Their records also refer to cities and countries which were populous and possessed of appliances and arts and sciences that were old when the infant Hebrew nation comprised only the family of Adam and Eve.

Referring also to those prehistoric as well as cotemporary nations of the Jews, we find that northern Africa was the seat of a civilization which the Jews never equaled. The favored land of Ethiopia was the first of which we have any intimation that a tide of civilization and refinement swept thence toward the ever-receding western world, which Phœnician enterprise sought to enlighten and rob of its varied treasures. Truly, before the oldest Hebrew records, Ethiopia had its vast pyramids, temples, colossal monuments, and grand mural memorials which are now but *debris* of an ancient Oriental civilization. These were superior in grandeur of design and architectural splendor, and huge repositories and expositions of the

skill, elegance, luxury, and advancement of the age. It is only in eternal change that the keenness of ideas is awakened and advancement is made in human improvements. Hence that ancient land of Ethiopia underwent vast transitions since ten thousand solar revolutions have been marked on the calendar of earth's existence, and experienced the various changes which are incidental to all countries, and especially to the people that inhabit them. During these convulsions, whether they were induced by war or excess of population, the natural result of the unfixeness which such causes produce, served to displace the surplus and force the nomads into other portions of the fertile and beautiful earth, which invited them to revel in its resources.

Doubtless during some of these great social upheavals which disturbed those vast populous centers which are even now so rich in untranslatable ruins, the first Hebrews escaped from their masters, or as opulent or energetic adventurers sought in the Arabian paradise to originate a home. Yet they could not ignore the memories of the past, and hence, when the sense of desolation and sadness of homesickness came over them, notwithstanding their new greatness and enviable prosperity, their writers could not and did not refrain from making those references which tell us of the grandeur of the land of Cush and the glorious wonders of Ethiopia.

It seemed, too, in that period, which is so far away from us that their incidents are almost imperceptible in the dimness of their own antiquity, the populous hordes of northern Africa, as well as the people of Asia, were impelled by the same mysterious principle of impulse and unrest to move ever onward toward the setting sun. Hence we find that the tendency has forever been "Westward the course of empire takes its way." This aphorism seems to be definitive of that tendency which mankind has to drift forever, seeking to establish kingdoms and power, wealth and intelligence, wherever it can find lodgment. Hence, too, it occurs that in the cycles which mark the history of the world, these drifting columns sweep over distant continents and across broad seas, displacing barbarism and horrible habits, and replacing them with better culture and refined practices.

Thus, too, the changes go on forever, and the systems of pioneers and the successive stages of civilization and subsequent decay ever continue to travel in the circles which girdle the globe and make habitable or desert the beautiful places of earth.

This singular record of the weird past has its prototypes even now in this materialistic age of strange surprises and wonderful discoveries. There is the same restlessness of races and the spirit of unrest agitating us now that actuated the Phœnicians to discovery and conquest in the unrecorded history of those past ages. This same mobility is the peculiarity of the present-day pioneers, whose few wants, primitive habits, and hermit disposition to seek solitary places carry them to the borders of unexplored countries toward which the ax and plow and printing-press are impelling hordes of the hungry, eager, and adventurous spirits of this age. There they indulge in the rude and semi-barbarous pleasures incident to a nomadic life, and exhibit a singular tendency to relapse into fossils and savages. There is little to urge this class to great endeavor. The physical force necessary to overcome the obstructions which nature opposes to indolent existence is the only cultivation that these simple-minded people comprehend. Hence, when they are broken up in their usual course of monotonous habits, they never recover from the shock, and having no elasticity to adapt themselves to the new order of things, they disappear before the steady footfalls of labor, the hum of industry's wheels, and the strides of strong, iron-armed, and aggressive civilization which destroys the cherished and familiar landmarks of the pioneer.

The people of South America remain torpid and non-progressive. They were not displaced by the conquest; but having nowhere to go, they became absorbed and mixed with the conquerors until their identity was not only lost, but also, in the unnatural amalgamation of races, there has been produced a mongrel and contemptible people who simply exist in that wretched country. Thus they exhibit the singular anomaly of the debasement of their conquerors from a condition of cherished blood, haughty disposition, and their reduction from a boasted high grade of civilization. The admixture less-

ened the excellence and strength of their conquerors, and the offspring of this deteriorated blood are not only enervated and immobile, but are also rapidly relapsing into the most wretched barbarism. Even the good influences of the Church do not save them in this respect. Thus the Aztecs, who peopled the fertile plains, incomparably lovely valleys, and beautiful plateaus of the Mexican side of the Andes. Dwarfed in their conformation, luxurious in habits, delicate in their organizations, and unresisting in their effeminacy and gentleness of disposition, they quickly disappeared before the heavy tread and iron strokes of the brutal, red-handed giants who dispossessed, displaced, and destroyed them, the gentlest and most fragile race that ever existed on earth. We have only a reproach for the brutality that has left in mongrel, miscegenating, miserable Mexico, barbarism and anarchy in the place of the monuments and sacred ruins which evidence the height, grandeur, and excellence of an Aztec civilization, that culminated ere our present received chronological history began to be recorded.

As it was in the early days, when men and women were created for the purpose of populating the isolated portions of the earth, so at present the characteristics of the inhabitants are determined largely by the country which they inhabit, and the surrounding circumstances which attend their struggles for existence. As these are overcome, and the people become rich and the country populous, a resistless tide of greedy, hungry hordes swarm from the cold gray mountains and barren fields which meagerly supply the necessities of life to their over-populous places. Hence when they find the rich stores and luxuriant fruits of fertile valleys, they become wolfish in their greed of gain and desire of possession of the granaries where thrift, industry, opulence, and wealth have garnered their rich treasures. Having long been stinted, and experienced the pains of hunger, the barbarous invaders become wasteful, not so much perhaps out of a sense of greed as from that strange perverseness and caprice which make human beasts wantonly practice extremes in every attribute of their nature. These, in turn, having driven their predecessors from their possessions, become

effeminate, and eventually the prey of other coarse and harsh-dealing invaders. So, forever, barbarian warfare has glutted its appetite and wreaked vengeance on the old settlements of the primitive East, while peaceful pioneers and the surplus of crowded nations find homes and rest in the West.

As lands become populous, it is not strange that the wave of emigration drifts away from them a steady supply of people who move ever and unceasingly westward. The Celestials are moving toward this famous Occident, allured by the inherent desire of seeking change of condition and fortune, and the people who lived there are trending westward to islands and continents which dimple the bosom of the Pacific and Indian oceans. Thus the tide of human emigration flows westward and finds lodgment in those old sources of departure in the ancient Orient, and thus it unceasing moves, like the mysterious flow of the tidal waves. So the peoples of earth drift along in the old circles which girdle this sphere, and have been the brood through devious highways for nomadic nations during all these tens of thousands of years, since men and women were created and made the beautiful places of earth populous and glorious. Thus they fulfill the typical story of Ishmael, and the ceaselessly moving mass of earth's inhabitants have inherited the unrest which made their ancestor wander forever, with his hand uplifted and ready to strike and encounter buffets and blows from his enemy—man.

Long ages hence, the nations will follow these same grooves and channels of emigration, cultivate the oft-abandoned valleys, and do battle to sustain life, for the same passions and attributes have actuated mankind always, and will not change in the future. As the races, however, die out, after having subserved the purposes of their creation, this earth will become the paradise which we believe our Creator intended it to be when first the great idea of mundane perfection was conceived. Our souls will then revisit again, perhaps in these same material bodies, and live in their renewed forms to enjoy the glorious perfections of the mysterious future. Drifting into the same tides of travel and among familiar scenes, our mortal bodies may experience the same pleasures that they

enjoyed in their original but less exalted existence, and our souls revel in the same haunts where they were wont to abide when they lived amid the present scenes. There is much of beauty and exquisite pleasure in the enjoyments of our corporeal existence, and as we are so tenacious of this animal life, we do not think we err or mistake our hearts when we utter a longing desire that our souls may revisit this earth in long ages hence; nor do we object to encase it in the same frame of atoms that are now subject to pains and aches and sorrows, if we may again enjoy the delights, which come with tangible existence. Yet we unspeakably exult, that though—

"The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
My soul shall flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."

PAPER CLOTHING.

IN civilized countries the manufacturing of paper into various articles of clothing has only been the business of a very brief period, but among barbarous people it is an industry that has been cultivated for years. With us, the employment still remains in its infancy, and it has taken us many years to master the difficulties attending its introduction. At first, our manufacturers confined their productions almost entirely to collars, cuffs, frills, and similar minor articles. Prejudice having been in a great measure overcome, our inventors extended their area of production to many fabrics of universal use, but requiring greater strength and pliability than those worn about the neck or arms. The garments made by this process failed to answer the requirements of our day, and were not received with general favor.

At this juncture of affairs, it remains for an English inventor to solve the difficulty, and give us a really serviceable paper fabric. It is a mixture of various animal and vegetable substances, the former being wool, silk, and skins; the latter, flax, jute, hemp, and cotton. These articles are all reduced to a fine pulp, bleached, and then felted by means of machinery. The mixture of these several substances produces a fabric of wonderful flexibility and strength. It can be sewed together with a machine as readily as woven fabrics, and makes as strong a seam.

This paper is of a very serviceable nature, and is made into table-cloths, napkins, hand-

kerchiefs, pants, curtains, shirts, and other articles of dress. The petticoats made from this felted paper are of very elaborate design and wonderful beauty. They are either printed or stamped, and bear so close a resemblance to linen or cotton goods of like description as to almost defy the scrutiny of the ablest experts. The stamped open-work skirts display a delicacy of pattern that it would be almost impossible to imitate by any ordinary skill with the needle. Imitation blankets, and chintz for beds, furniture, or curtains, are also made very cheaply. Embossed table-cloths and figured napkins made of felted paper so closely resemble the genuine damask linen as to be palmed off upon the unsuspecting as the genuine article.

In Germany paper napkins have been used

for several years. Their cost is but a trifle, and they pay for themselves before they are required to be cast aside.

Felted paper is capable of being made into lace, fringe, and trimming; and for these several purposes it is unequaled in point of cheapness and durability. Imitation leather is also made from the same material, which is perfectly impervious to water. It is soft and pliable, and is a useful fabric for covering furniture, making into shoes, for belts, and many other purposes.

In China and Japan paper clothing has long been worn by the inhabitants. It is very cheaply produced there, a good paper coat costing only ten cents, while the expense of an entire suit is limited to twenty-five cents.

— *United States Economist.*

“POOR McDONALD CLARKE.”

THESE melancholy words are inscribed on a tomb-stone in “Greenwood;” and they speak a volume of tenderness and pity for a man who, largely gifted by nature, was organized so sensitively that his life was one prolonged agony. This portrait shows plainly his keen susceptibility. Pleasure, even, was pain to him.

He was a poet. He was passionately enamored with beauty. He was truthful; many thought him insane. If he had no other claim to the title of poet than the one which these lines gives him, it would be enough:

“Now twilight let her curtain down,
And pinned it with a star.”

More kindly surroundings and better habits might have given him a place enviable and happy. That peculiarly sensitive, nervous temperament of his, that great brain but partially nourished by a body too slender and wanting in vitality, a system by nature weak and not properly regulated, caused even his pleasures to be painful, and led his best friends to inscribe on his tomb-stone the title of this article, “Poor McDonald Clarke.”

We find in *Appletons' Journal* an interesting sketch of our subject. Our engraving of him was made from a likeness of the poet painted years ago by an excellent artist.

THE DISCARDED.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

“No doubt she was right in discarding my suit;
But why did she kick me down stairs?”

Old Ballad.

[Many years ago there lived in New York city a simple, unsophisticated child of Nature named McDonald Clarke. He had a handsome face and person, as the engraving prefixed to a volume of his poems, from a portrait by Henry Inman, shows. He had a prominent nose, a fine blue eye, a noble forehead, and a winning smile. His collar was turned down in the Byronic style, and in winter he usually appeared in a blue cloak of large dimensions, thrown carelessly around his shoulders. When he walked on Broadway, striding along with an air of conscious pride, *malgré* his miserable garment and faded cloak, he never failed to attract the attention of strangers. His career was one prolonged struggle with poverty, his income being barely sufficient to keep body and soul in companionship. For three long summer months he slept in a hearse, for lack of better lodgings. Among the very few persons to whom Clarke's pride would occasionally permit him to apply for temporary relief, with a certainty of obtaining it, was his always kind and considerate friend Fitz-Greene Halleck. Awakening, one morning, with a keen sensation of hunger, but with no cash, Clarke called at the lodgings of his brother-poet, in Warren Street, and received from Mr. Halleck a two-and-a-half-dollar gold piece to relieve his necessities; but before reaching a restaurant, he met a wandering minstrel, and gave him the gold for playing

some favorite air for him. A few moments after, the mad poet rushed into a bookstore on Broadway, where he was well known, and asked to be allowed to conceal himself from Mr. Halleck, whom he had seen coming, and who had witnessed the whole transaction. At the same time, the organ-grinder ran off at double-quick time, supposing he had received the gold by mistake, and that he might be requested to refund it.

Clarke was of a simple and credulous nature, and, beginning life as a *littérateur* and lover of the human race, fell into the delusion of believing that the fairer portion of that race was always disposed to fall in love with him. His life, therefore, was a series of adventures, in none of which did the course of true love run smooth. The most beautiful and fashionable ladies of New York society were the heroines that his genius sought to immortalize, and the shrines to which he swore eternal fidelity.

His extreme vanity was easily flattered, and the small wits of the town, taking advantage of his weakness, often led him to believe that wealthy young ladies were madly in love with him. A notable instance occurred in the autumn of 1821, when poor Clarke was persuaded that the proud and high-born Miss Mary — cherished a passion for him. The cross-gartering of Malvolio was nothing to the pranks they made him perform to win the notice of his lovely *inamorata*. The plot culminated in a forged invitation to visit the lady at her aristocratic mansion. Borrowing a suit for the occasion, and neatly gloved and booted, he proceeded to the residence of the lady, and rang the bell. The damsel, annoyed, and forewarned, had given

directions, if he ever appeared, to thrust him from the door, which, it is said, was done rudely, and with cruel contumely. The subjoined poem is supposed to have been written by the unfortunate poet when awakened from his fond dream. Halleck composed it a few days after the event occurred to his brother-poet, poor McDonald Clarke, who now sleeps in a sweet and romantic spot, close by "Sylvan Water," in the beautiful cemetery of

Greenwood; and his fine face, carved in *bas relief* on his monument, makes love to the Indian Princess who reposes by his side. On another side of his tomb are fitly inscribed these lines, written by himself:

"For what are earthly honors now?
He never deemed them worth his care,
And death hath set upon his brow
The wreath he was too proud to wear."

I live, as lives a withered bough,
Blossomless, leafless, and alone;

There are none left to love me now,
Nor shed one tear when I am gone.
When I am gone—no matter where:
I dread no other world than this;
To leave it is my only prayer,
That hope my only happiness.

For I am weary of it—black
Are sun and stars and sky to me;
And my own thoughts are made the rack
That wrings my nerves in agony.

LITERATURE AS RECREATION.—The great historian of Greece, whose death was announced a few weeks ago, was a banker. But leisure hours from business and a taste for study enabled Mr. Grote to prepare the fullest, most correct, and learned history of the Greeks in our language, and to follow it by two large volumes upon Plato, besides a miscellaneous literary activity of no mean account. Sir John Lubbock has turned his hours of recreation, snatched from mercantile pursuits, to so good account as to



make himself the highest English authority upon prehistoric archæology. Every classical scholar will recall like instances from antiquity, but especially will remember Cicero's eloquent tribute to the value of literary studies as a means of recreation for those who are wearied with the labors of the court and the forum. The great orator's familiarity with Greek as well as Roman literature, and his numerous philosophical and literary works, bear testimony to the profitable use he made of the hours of recreation which others gave to festal celebrations,

to idle pleasures and sports, and to the gratification of animal appetites. But though it gives to the world no such works as these, intelligent recreation may bring to one's mind and heart refinement, expansion, and elevation, and make him in every way more a man. Not exclusively from books, but from social intercourse, from the study of nature and from deeds of benevolence and charity, its fruits may be derived, if the purpose thus to make recreation a means of improvement has been formed and the habit acquired.—*The Standard*.

THE BOA CONSTRICTOR.

THE boa constrictor is the largest of all the serpent-tribe. It is a native of the warm climates of Asia, Africa, and America, having, however, different names in different localities. Technically, the boa or *boiads* family, which includes the *pythons* of the old world, is known by the following characteristics: The under part of the body and tail is usually covered with transverse bands, each of a single piece, narrow, scaly, and often six-sided; there is neither spur nor rattle at the tip of the tail. The body is compressed, being large toward the middle region. The tail has great prehensile power, and its grasp of a tree, around which it may be coiled, is aided by two claws, which are in fact the rudimentary exhibits of the hinder limbs of the superior vertebrate animals. These claws on dissection are found to be connected with bones, one joined to another, but entirely concealed within the body of the serpent. The mouth is furnished with teeth, which are numerous, long, and inclined backward; each tooth in either jaw fitting between the intervals of the teeth in the other, so that whatever the mouth closes upon is held inextricably. There are no poison fangs, and considering the character of these terrible teeth they may not be deemed necessary. After striking its prey, one of these serpents, with a rapidity of motion which the eye can scarcely follow, coils itself about it; the powerful muscles of the body are then brought into action to compress it, so that usually within a few minutes life is extinct. The head is thick and somewhat elongated; the eyes small, with an arrangement of muscles for their protrusion and dilation. The colors are various, in many of the species rather bright and elegantly disposed.

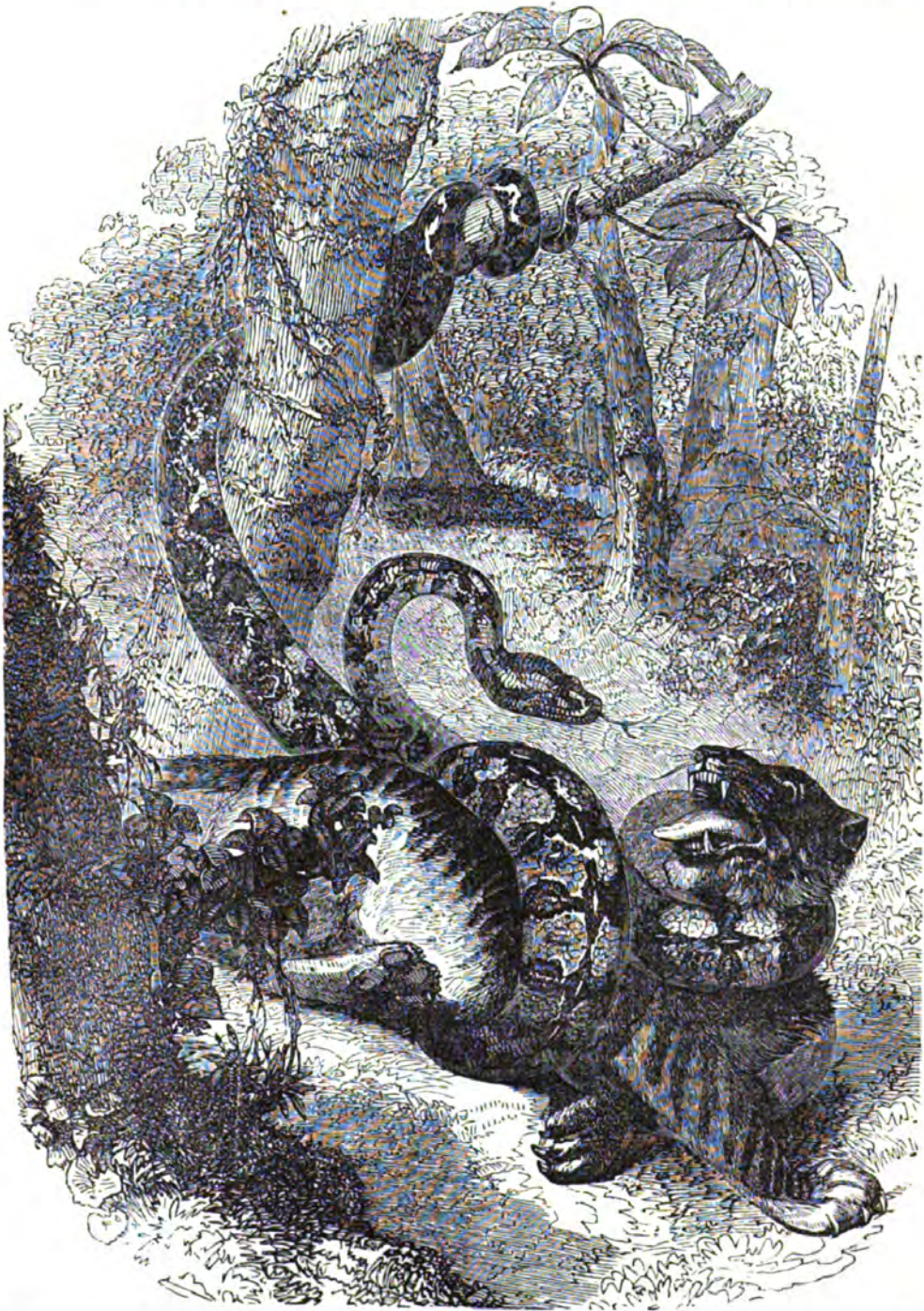
The name boa was not originally applied to

American serpents, as seems to be credited by some, for it is used by Pliny, who accounts for its origin by a fable of a serpent sucking the milk of cows, thus referring it, very improbably, however, to the Latin *bos*, an ox. Some specimens of these serpents have been found of great length, thirty feet or more. Valerius Maximus relates a story of a gigantic serpent which had its lair by the waters of the river Mejerda, not far from Utica, and which kept the whole army of Regulus at bay, killing many of his soldiers, until it was destroyed by a stone cast from a catapult used in the siege of cities. It is stated that this serpent was one hundred and twenty feet in length, and the skin was preserved in a Roman temple until the time of the Numantine war. Pliny gives this story his indorsement, and also states that the serpents called *boæ* in Italy attained an immense length; that one was killed on the Vatican hill in the reign of Claudius which had swallowed an infant. Serpents of this family inhabiting tropical America are usually known by the name *anaconda*, of which some of our readers have doubtless heard strange stories.

One of the peculiar features of boas is that they swallow their prey whole, and the process is sometimes rather a tedious one, especially if the prey be large and seems to require no small muscular effort, although the muscles of the throat and neck are adapted to that end. The lower jaw is not simply articulated to the skull, but by the intervention of other bones, without which the prodigious dilatation of the throat would be impossible. After a repast these serpents spend a considerable time in a state of comparative torpor, weeks generally elapsing before they wake up to require a new supply, and it is while in the lethargic state that they are easily captured or killed. There

are several accurate and minute accounts of the manner in which these monstrous reptiles kill and eat. Mr. McLeod narrates his own

were taken to serve as food for the snake. One of these animals was devoured every three weeks. This snake was between two and three



observations of the habits of a boa sixteen feet long, which was brought from the island of Borneo to England. On the voyage six goats

hours employed in gorging the goat, and during this time, particularly while the animal was in its jaws and throat, its skin was dis-

tended almost to bursting, while the points of the horns of the victim could be seen threatening every moment, as it were, to pierce the throat of its scaly destroyer. After having made his meal, the snake coiled himself and remained torpid until his meal was digested. If a serpent sixteen feet in length was capable of swallowing a goat, it does not seem at all improbable that some of the largest growth are able to swallow cattle, as it is currently stated they do. In a letter printed in the German Ephemerides we have an account by a person who states that he witnessed a combat between an enormous serpent and a buffalo. The serpent had for some time been waiting near the brink of a pool in expectation of its prey, when a buffalo was the first animal that appeared. Having darted upon the affrighted beast, it instantly began to wrap him around in its voluminous folds, and at every twist the bones of the buffalo cracked like the report of firearms. The animal struggled and bellowed in vain. Its enormous body was entwined so closely that at length all its bones were crushed to pieces, and the whole body was reduced to a shapeless mass. The serpent then untwined its folds and prepared to swallow its prey at leisure.

These serpents, it may be said here, do not, as is commonly alleged, lick over their prey and cover it with saliva by the tongue, but the process of swallowing is accompanied with an extraordinary flow of saliva, which seems to serve not only for lubrication, but to have the property of hastening the decomposition of animal substances, and so to assist in making the prey the more easy to be swallowed. In our engraving we represent a combat between a tiger and a boa. It can hardly be said to be a combat, for the reason that it is only an exhibition of the manner in which this dreaded reptile seizes its prey, its close coils very speedily rendering the powerful beasts of the forest helpless, unless, as is very rarely the case, the intended victim chances to seize the boa in the narrow part of the neck and bites it through so as to nearly sever the head of the writhing cable.

—♦♦♦—

TWO GREAT UNIVERSAL LAWS.—The recent invention of the spectroscope has already revealed plainly enough that the materials upon the surface of the sun are precisely similar to those upon the surface of our earth, only in a different condition; being in the one case subjected to the action of intense

heat, while in the other they are in what we are accustomed to consider as their *natural* condition. On the earth we have an ocean of water, and numerous strata of aqueous rock, generally miles in depth, all over the whole circumference of the globe; while about the surface of the sun we have precisely similar elements, subject to the action of the most intense heat. That which exists on earth as an ocean of water, exists at the sun as hydrogen and oxygen gas, and causes it to blaze brightly as an enormous oxy-hydrogen light.

The question naturally arises, Can the sun thus go on blazing forever, and so furnish our earth and the other planets with a sufficiency of light and heat to all eternity? or is its present condition only temporary? The knowledge and experience of all familiar with natural laws will doubtless lead them to the latter conclusion, and the great problem then to be solved is, From what source will light and heat be derived when the sun ceases to furnish the requisite supply for the solar system? We can not reasonably conclude that light, heat, and life are to cease forever among all the worlds composing our solar system simply because the vast incandescence of its central orb is merely temporary, enduring but a few thousand years. A very satisfactory solution of this great problem is attained by supposing that the sun and the revolving planets are *alternately* sources of light and heat, and *alternately* habitable worlds. Should it be susceptible of proof that there are forces existing within the limits of our solar system capable of insuring such successive alternation, such forces would provide most satisfactorily for the continuance of the requisite supply of light and heat *ad infinitum*; and the great law thus securing this most essential requirement continually, might very appropriately be called the law of *successive alternation*.

It remains for chemists, geologists, and astronomers to demonstrate the existence or non-existence of such a law in nature; but supposing such a law to exist, there would still remain another problem to be solved, namely, How are the various forms of animal and vegetable life continually reproduced after each successive alternation has completely obliterated all trace of such life within the limits of the solar system. The fact that in our own day we see Conscious Mind and Progressive Intelligence originating from the highest form of animal organization, namely, that of man, may give us the clue to the solution of this problem, especially as during the geological periods we have

evidence of precisely the reverse occurring; that then animal organization gradually originated by means of Conscious Mind and Progressive Intelligence, the simplest forms appearing first, afterward the more complex, until at last the perfect organization of man is created. Thus we have only to suppose that Conscious Mind and Progressive Intelligence *originate* from animal organization, and in turn *re-create* animal organization *ad infinitum*, and the continual renewal of animal and vegetable

life is accounted for—if this law of *Perpetual Re-creation* can be satisfactorily proved to exist
MONK.

“Ye gracious clouds, ye deep cold wells,
Ye gems from mossy banks that drip;
Springs that from earth's mysterious cells
Gush o'er yon granite basin's lip,
To you I look, your largess give,
And I will drink of you and live.”

THE DESERTED VILLAGE—ILLUSTRATED.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[CONTINUED FROM OCTOBER NUMBER.]

SWEET Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs,—and God has giv'n my share,—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose;
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return,—and die at home at last.
O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;

No surly porter stands in guilty state,
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending Virtue's friend;
 Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
 While resignation gently slopes the way; *
 And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
 His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at ev'ning's close,
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
 There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
 The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
 The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
 The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school;
 The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring wind;
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
 And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.



But now the sounds of population fail,
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
 No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
 But all the bloomy flush of life is fled.

* The famous painting "Resignation," which Sir Joshua Reynolds dedicated to Goldsmith, was suggested by this passage.

All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
 She, wretched matron, forc'd in age, for bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
 To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
 She only left of all the harmless train,
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.*

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
 And still where many a garden-flower grows wild;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.†
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place;
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain;
 The long remembered beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast.
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sate by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
 Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow;
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
 Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And e'en his failings lean'd to Virtue's side:
 But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,

* This powerful picture of contrasted conditions brings vividly to the reader's mind the village once teeming with good cheer and happiness, and the painful after-desolation. The allusion to the "widow'd, solitary thing" is believed to be made of a poor widow by the name of Catherine Geraghty, who remained at Lissoy.

† The poet's father, Charles Goldsmith, who was a country curate, doubtless was the original from which was drawn this delightful portrait.

He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.



Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by terrors dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.*

* There is scarcely anything to be met with in all the range of English poetry which equals the simple grandeur and beauty of the simile introduced in these four lines. It has been remarked that a similar comparison occurs in the verse of the Latin poet Claudian, and might have suggested the thought of Goldsmith.

WISDOM.

ANY one may do a casual act of good-nature; but a continuation of them shows it a part of the temperament.

MAN was never intended to be idle; inactivity frustrates the very design of his creation; whereas an active life is the best guardian of virtue, and the greatest preservation of health.

You will find that when you set your heart upon the things that are worthy of it, the small, selfish ends which used to be so dear to it will appear almost disgusting. You will wonder that they ever could have had such hold upon you.

ENJOYMENT.—Those who are not easy at home will not find enjoyment anywhere else. The man who yawns at his own fireside will only lacerate his jugular if he goes to a crowded city. Happiness is an internal arrangement, and if it don't bloom at home, it won't flower anywhere.

HAVE the courage to give, occasionally, that which you can ill afford to spare; giving what you do not want nor value neither brings nor deserves thanks in return; who is grateful for a drink of water from another's overflowing well, however delicious the draught? Have the courage to wear your old garments till you can pay for new ones.

Lost wealth may be restored by industry; the wreck of health regained by temperance; forgotten knowledge restored by study; alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness; even forfeited reputation recovered by penitence; but who ever again looked upon his vanished hours—recalled his slighted years, stamped them with wisdom, or effaced from heaven's record the fearful blot of wasted time.

MIRTH.

[Under this heading we propose to publish

which "A little nonsense now and then;"
"Is relished by the wisest men,"

and call on our readers for original contributions. We want only such jokes as have no sting in them, such as may be used to enliven and amuse, without malice or irreverence. Give us your best.]

Two little girls, an eight and ten-year old, were gravely discussing the question of wearing earrings. One thought it wicked. The other was sure it could not be, for so many good people wear them. The other replied, "Well, I don't care; if it wasn't wicked God, would have made holes in our ears."

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE advocates beefsteak as a diet for clergymen. He says tea-parties with hot waffles at ten o'clock at night make namby-pamby ministers. He is down on buckwheat cakes tough as the cook's apron, and on sausages swimming in a salt sea of gravy.

MRS. JONES says: "I believe I've got the tenderest-hearted boys in the world. I can't tell one of them to fetch me a bucket of water but he'll burst out crying."

A JOHN CHINAMAN had heard the quotation: "We have piped unto you, but ye have not danced," and thus reproduced it: "We have toot tooted to you, why for no makee jumpee?"

"CORRECT Likeness of yourself sent, and your fortune told."—Young Green, in answer to the above advertisement, receives a looking-glass, and is informed that he can tell his own fortune by counting his money.

THE lawyer who filed a bill, shaved a note, cut an acquaintance, split a hair, made an entry, got up a chase, framed an indictment, impaneled a jury, put them into a box, nailed a witness, hammered a judge, and bored a whole court, all in one day, has since laid down the law and turned carpenter.

DURING the late war, Dr. ———, entering the hospital surgery, met Paddy Doyle, the orderly, and asked him which he considered the most dangerous of the many cases then in hospital. "That, sir," said Paddy, as, with an indicative jerk of the thumb, he pointed to where, on the table, lay a case of surgical instruments.

A TALL, green-looking youth stepped into a village grocery where they keep something to drink as well as to eat, and after peering about a little spied some ginger-cakes. Said he to the grocer:

"Them's mighty fine cakes. What's the least you'll take for one of 'em?"

"Ten cents," replied the grocer.

"Well, I believe I'll take one, if you'll wrap it up right good."

The grocer wrapped up the cake and handed it to him. He looked thoughtfully at it awhile and said:

"I don't believe I want this cake after all. Won't you swap me a drink for it?"

"Yes," said the grocer, as he took back the cake and handed him a glass of something.

The young man swallowed the liquor and started off.

"Hold on!" cried the grocer, you haven't paid me for my drink."

"I swapped you the cake for the drink."

"But you haven't paid me for the cake."

"You've got your cake."

This last retort so nonplused the grocer that he stood and scratched his puzzled head, while the young man made good his retreat.

ANOTHER PUZZLE.—

A young man asked his sweetheart's age;

She thus replied, both grave and sage,

"Six times seven and seven times three

Add to my age, the sum will be

As much above six nines and four,

As twice my age exceeds a score."

What was her age?

Our Mentorial Bureau.

[In this Department will be noticed such matters as are of interest to correspondents and to the general reader. Contributions for "What They Say" should be brief, pointed, and creamy, to secure publication.]

To Our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" ONLY will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify idle curiosity. One question only at a time, and that clearly stated, must be propounded, if a correspondent shall expect us to give him the benefit of its early consideration. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter, if a stamp be inclosed for the return postage.

CONSUMPTION.—How many kinds of consumption are there?—and what are they called? What is the best work on the subject? If a person had been confined to the bed for a year, and had hectic fever every day, would change of climate be advisable? Is there ever consumption without cough? ANXIOUS.

Ans. There are several kinds of consumption,—at least six. The first is Tubercular, and this involves the whole substance of the lungs. The second is called Catarrhal. In this the cough is frequent and violent, with copious expectoration. Another form is the Apostematous. In this, large abscesses form in the lungs, and there is copious discharge of matter. The fourth is Laryngeal, in which ulceration commences in the larynx before any alterations have occurred in the lungs. The fifth is Hemorrhagic, which is distinguished for bleeding at the lungs and the throwing off of large quantities of blood. The sixth is Dyspeptic consumption. This form of pulmonary consumption is preceded by protracted diseases of the digestive organs. The cough in this form, though occasional, is sometimes not at all troublesome. There is very little expectoration, and it is attended by hectic flush, especially toward evening. As it would require many pages of the JOURNAL to do anything like justice to the subject of consumption, and since a brief and incomplete statement of the disease in its various forms might mislead patients, we must refer our correspondent to some works on the subject: Dr. Wark "On the Prevention and Cure of Consumption by the Swedish Movement-Cure;" price, by mail, 30 cents. Dr. Trall's little work on "Diseases of the Throat and Lungs," 30 cents; and his "Encyclopedia," \$4 50. Dr. Jackson on Consumption, \$3 50. Dr. Hall on Consumption; price, \$1 50. As to the change of climate in the case referred to, we may say that it would depend altogether upon what climate the patient was in, and what climate it is proposed to go to. If one is located where raw winds blow severely, as on the coast of New England, it would

probably be an improvement to go inland, where the climate is more equable. In autumn the Southern climate is often a great improvement. Some can go to Minnesota to advantage; but we do not advise patients who are limited in their means to go either West or South. Some go to suffer privation and die among strangers, and are buried by them. Patients should consult the best physicians within their reach, who can make a careful personal diagnosis of the case; and we respectfully refer our correspondent to the best physician in his neighborhood. —

ONE-STUDY SYSTEM.—In acquiring an education, is it better to study only one branch at a time, and complete it before taking another? or to take three or four branches at a time? Would the former method produce an irregular development of the organs of the brain, or would the latter tend to weaken Continuity?

Ans. The study of arithmetic would employ only two or three faculties and tend to give them development, while others remaining dormant would receive neither culture nor development. When one has studied arithmetic, say an hour, he gets the mind in that respect weary; he can then turn to grammar, geography, to history, to chemistry, to philosophy, political economy, physiology, or botany, and pursue for a while the new study with a new set of organs, thus acquiring as much in each of two or three or more branches as one set of faculties would be able to acquire in any one branch; therefore several studies, but not too many, may be pursued at one time to advantage.

COUSINS.—In the August number the correspondent did not intend to say "Two of my first cousins," but "two first cousins." In that case, if the lady is healthy, the risk in marrying her, especially if the husband differed strongly from her in temperament, would not be very great. Still, we would prefer not to marry the offspring of cousins, as we believe it not wise or proper for cousins to intermarry on account of the liability of their children to weaknesses, diseases, or deformities.

Cousins may not be in blood very nearly related, as they may resemble the unrelated parents, hence the soundness of the children of cousins will depend on how much the parents inherit from the related side of the family.

Here is a paragraph taken from a recent number of the *Scientific American* which will not be out of place in this connection:

"Prof. Richard Owen, LL.D., A.M., of the In-

diana State University, stated an important fact which can not be too widely disseminated, namely: That the intermarriage of blood relations is a physiological error, and he might almost say, with our knowledge of such matters, a crime. Speaking from a close observation of this subject for many years of all the families of his acquaintance where close intermarriage had been permitted, the children were either deaf mutes or were afflicted by some deficiency. He knew a young man whose father was a physician, and who should have known better than to marry a double cousin, but the consequence was, as the last portion of the osseous system developed, the young man, from the intermarriage of those in whom the same material was deficient, was prevented from having a single tooth at any period. His sister had but two or three small stubs of teeth, and their brother was altogether deficient in his mental faculty. He insisted that it was a great crime for parents to allow their children to grow up with the idea that they might ever intermarry with blood relations. It should be a thing never to be thought of, the intermarriage with those connected by ties of consanguinity.

"Mr. Ferguson knew of a case in Ohio where some thirty families had married and intermarried until they could no longer tell their relationship. Most of the progeny were deaf mutes, and the remainder but a little above idiotic."

ENGINEERING.—F. C. S.—The boy who wishes to learn engineering should not go upon a locomotive to start with, but should study mathematics and drawing, and decide as to what branch of engineering he wishes to devote himself, whether surveying, constructing docks, bridges, canals, railroads, parks, or other public works; or whether he wishes to be a mechanical engineer and construct steam engines and other machinery. He should study some good work on engineering. In this country we speak of an engineer in two senses. One is a planner of structures, whether buildings, bridges, or machinery. The name is applied also to one who runs an engine. We speak of the engineer of a locomotive. In England they call him an engine-driver, and often speak of engineer in the same sense in which we speak of machinist.

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.—What are the causes of this disease? and what its cure?

Ans. On both these points there have been sundry opinions. Rheumatic affections, like gout, are generally connected with some derangement of the digestive organs and a torpid state of the liver. The presence in the blood of lactic acid, made from starch and sugar, and which should be but is not oxygenated and burnt up in the lungs, but is diffused through the tissues, produces the disease called rheumatism. It is sometimes located in the tendinous fibers around the joints; sometimes it is of a muscular character, and is

often of an inflammatory character, and accompanied by fever. Those who use much greasy food and sugar, and but little fruit, are most likely to have a torpid liver, and to be afflicted by rheumatism, especially if exposed to cold and dampness. The treatment of this complaint is various. We should use the Turkish bath, or hot fomentations and rubbing, to be followed by tepid, cool, and cold packs. But there are so many varieties of rheumatism, and so many peculiar constitutions to treat, that it would require many pages to describe the various cases and the appropriate treatment for each. Perhaps the best directions for its successful treatment may be found in the "Hydropathic Encyclopedia," published at this office.

ARTIFICIAL MAGNETS.—Tempered steel is used for the most part in making artificial magnets, and the harder the temper of the steel the greater is the strength or "coercitive force" of the magnet. The horse-shoe form is very common on account of its convenience in experiments. The steel bar to be magnetized is laid on a table, and the pole of a powerful magnet is rubbed a few times upon the bar in the direction of its length, and always in the same direction.

To magnetize steel in the form of a horse-shoe, a magnet of the same shape and nearly the same size should be used. This should be placed vertically on the magnet to be formed, and moved from the ends toward the bend, or in the opposite way, and brought round again in an arch to the starting-point. A piece of soft iron as the armature should be provided and placed at the poles of the new magnet to act as the conservator of its magnetism.

NEURALGIA.—What is the cause and cure of this painful disease?

Ans. This is a comparatively new disease among our people. *Tic dolozeux*, until a recent date, was the only name and form of this painful nervous disease known to or recognized by medical men. The disease doubtless originates in the enervating and debilitating influences of modern modes of living, such as the use of tea, coffee, alcohol, tobacco, excessive brain labor, exhaustion of the vital forces, grief, disappointment, fear, anxiety, etc. The ablest of the hydropathic teachers maintain that the best way to treat it is to rectify the mode of living and use baths of tepid or warm water, followed by moderate friction or hand rubbing, advancing as rapidly as may be, yet guardedly, to cooler and even cold baths, if the patient is not too sensitive and too much reduced. Local baths, compresses, and the wet pack may be used. Electricity and the Turkish bath would be useful.

STRENGTH OF GUNPOWDER.—Would one grain of gun or blasting powder, in the middle of a cubic yard of copper, crack this mass of metal from its center if it could be fired so as to get all its force?

Ans. Gunpowder, in burning, changes form, becomes gas, and requires many times the space it.

occupied while in the solid state. If it were possible to inclose a small quantity of powder in a large mass of solid metal and so ignite it that there would be no escape of gas, its explosive energy would either split open the metal or make room for the generated gas by enlarging the powder chamber. The experiment, however, in our opinion, is an impracticable one. —

SHIRT BOSOMS.—How do shirt-finishers starch and dress up the shirt bosoms that we buy? and why could not the housewife or washer-woman learn the art? My wife wishes to acquire it.

Ans. This appears to be a secret among shirt-makers and laundresses. If any one who knows will send us the recipe, we will make twenty thousand families happy by publishing it.

WOMEN WANTED.—We are in receipt of letters from the South and West—not from the East—asking for girls and women. Girls for adoption, and women for teaching, sewing, housekeeping, etc. In answer to all such applications, save where our professional services are required, we must in future refer all inquirers to "*The Working Woman's Protective Union*," at Bond Street, New York, whose secretary will reply, providing stamps be sent. There are in New York to-day from twenty to thirty thousand women seeking situations, homes, employment. It would be a real charity for those who can, to give places to these willing workers who can find nothing to do here. The charitable, who can contribute money but who have no work to give out, may relieve the worthy poor by helping the Working Woman's Protective Union.

BEARDS.—(1.) Why are some men's beards red when they have dark hair, and why are some men's beards straight and others curly? (2.) What is the cause of "Adam's apple," and what trait, if any, does it indicate?

Ans. There is a tendency in men to have beards lighter in color than the hair of the head. We know a few exceptions where the hair is flaxen, and the beard dark brown or black. In such cases, one parent has black hair,—the father generally,—and the mother light hair; and the beard seems to be inherited from the father, and the hair from the mother. The beard is generally darker just forward of the ear than it is farther down toward the chin. The color of the mustache is almost always lighter than the other portions of the beard. We can not tell why a bay horse has a black mane and tail and ankles, nor why men have mahogany beards with dark or black hair. There is doubtless a cause. The hair of the head is sometimes very straight, and will not curl under any circumstances, without the aid of the barber and his fee, while the beard is crooked and curly. If you will examine curly hair under a microscope you will be likely to find it flattened and irregular in form, while the straight hair is more uniform in its cylindrical shape. Merino wool is always curly, on the sheep, while some other kinds of wool are very straight. Probably the same reason prevails which makes straight and curly hair.

2. "Adam's apple," as it is called, is an enlarged section of the trachea or windpipe. It is larger in men than in women, and it is possible that the gruffness of the voice may bear some relation to that development. The name is said to have been given because Eve ate the apple and Adam swallowed the core, which stuck in his throat. But as food does not go down that pipe at all, we may presume that is not the cause of it.

AGENCY.—We have no local agent in the place you name, but you can send for books direct to this office and get them by mail, postage paid, at the usual retail prices.

What They Say.

ENCOURAGE THE STRUGGLING.—People occupying high places in life seem to forget, sometimes, the responsibility of their position,—forget how much they are depended upon, and how great is their influence for weal or woe. We do not refer to those who occupy places of political honor, and who have reached them through intrigue or dishonesty, for we do not feel that our pen is adequate to the task of arousing the spark of feeling which we try to believe they and all other human beings, no matter how low they have fallen, possess; but we refer to those earnest and conscientious workers and leaders who have continually in their minds and motives the highest good of their fellow-men. Some of these, we think, are often so much engaged in working for the multitude that they forget the individual.

A teacher lies awake half the night revolving in his mind the ways and means he can best employ to benefit his scholars, and the next day neglects many an opportunity for doing good to one by reason of his very eagerness to benefit the whole. An encouraging word to a deserving child is worth infinitely more than one of reproof. It requires breadth of thought and depth of insight into character to comprehend the differences in training, natural ability, surroundings, etc., which are all to be considered in deciding the true merits of each pupil.

How many can look back and see that they owe the starting-point of their success in life to the timely encouragement of some teacher!

A pastor may be very desirous of the highest good of his flock. He may be willing to relinquish all his worldly interests for their benefit. He preaches eloquent sermons, to which he has devoted many an hour of earnest, prayerful thought; but he lacks that charity which has breadth and depth enough to comprehend all the temptations, evil influences, and natural inclinations to which men are subject; consequently, he sees only occasion for reproof for those who come below his standard of goodness. Another has accomplished untold good by possessing and culti-

vating this charity; he is constantly searching out some good quality in everybody, and realizes the worth of encouraging words to the individuals of sin-bound humanity.

A woman has made up her mind to make literature her life-work. Opposition meets her on every hand. Pecuniary difficulties present themselves. She knows that some time must elapse before she can even hope for any remuneration for her labors; meantime she must stifle her longing for the gratification of her esthetic tastes; for not one penny must she let slip. She knows that her advancement would be facilitated if she could purchase necessary books and could mingle more with the world, with those people and in those scenes which she feels her soul needs. She is even obliged to look with longing eyes on papers and periodicals that contain articles of her own writing, and stifle her desire for their possession. She goes to the post-office with bitter thoughts in her mind, in spite of all her efforts to keep them in check. She looks with covetous eyes on all the wealth she is passing. Why must she be denied so much and still given such keen appreciation of all their beauty? But once she is in the possession of a letter, which some editor may have sent her, containing a word of thanks and encouragement for an article received from her, then everything is changed in a moment. Hope resumes her throne and her brightness is reflected everywhere and on everything. Then as she walks back to her home she wonders how she could have entertained bitter and rebellious thoughts; those same gifts which a few moments ago seemed only a source of unhappiness to her, are priceless now. She is thankful she can appreciate the beautiful things of this world. Surely she is permitted to enjoy enough of them to keep her from discontent. Although she will not relax her efforts for something better, it shall be done cheerfully, and her motives shall be closely and conscientiously examined. She resolves that her success in life shall be the right kind of success; she will die rich in the good she has done her fellow-men, although she leave behind her not a dollar, and is scarcely known outside of her own home.

Let those who have it in their power to cheer and encourage many, and those who seem to have opportunity of doing but little, remember that it is no slight thing to change the whole life-current of an immortal soul. Besides, who can calculate where the influence of one human being shall end? Let us never become so much engaged in working for the good of the world that we forget that each individual is a part of the world. B. N.

BEING A SERVANT.—[A lady sends us a short sketch under the above caption, a part of which we print. She takes the gentleman somewhat to task who figured so conspicuously in "Hunting a Servant" in the September JOURNAL.]

That dear "model of husbands," with his delicate wife and dainty ideas of absolute perfection is, of

course, a very superior man. Judging from his style he has never been a servant, therefore he is not so well prepared to give the public a correct account of the misbehavior of servants.

His home was a pleasant one, and to help in such a place with so kind a lady to control the work has a tendency to improve the person hired. But there are homes unworthy of the name; where government was never known, where cross, unbalanced minds contend, and naughty, neglected children carouse about like little animals. Nobody knows how to begin the reform. It amounts to an appalling disorder, making all concerned distracted since they see no hope. If one's courage fails him he has little else to lean upon. Domestic difficulty undermines the character and strikes at the root of happiness; then no wonder that the household goes down. Picture for yourself the horrors of a wicked, disordered, ungoverned home, and then imagine how hard it is for the servant with no especial interest there to keep patiently doing her duty.

Bare feet and rags in her home, gaiter boots and double skirts in yours. Fashion is a curse to the poorer classes. The sooner they resist its cruel customs the better for their peace. Help them to find out that glitter shall not rule the world forever. Teach them that worth is yet to be the ornament worn into the social circle, and that those who possess the charm of a gentle, cultivated mind can move with ease among the brightest and best. Have them understand how to improve every moment, and if you would have them ever ready to wait upon you, treat them with kindness. There never was a vicious horse or surly cur that could bear the tender tones of forbearance unmoved. The man who hunted a servant was disgusted; but some of those whom he saw in his search were sitting under the shade of despair. He might lose his disgust when he went back to business, but the others might never be out of the shade.

It was easy to tell the tall girl to go back, not so easy to get out the sting of the words from her mind. It was easy to notice a yellow-looking face, but not so easy to wear it. He speaks of the roses in Effie's cheeks, and calls his neighbor's wife a fat, red-faced woman at the wash-tub. The capable girl who was cutting her corns deserves commendation for making the effort to relieve them, and for not using some one's remarkable hair dye.

It is pleasant to know that Effie looks younger, that her husband is cured, and we hope he will also conclude that to be an "old crone in bed in the corner" is worse than to see one. CRUDE.

AN ORGAN FOR HEAT.—A phrenological observer offers the following reflections:

Has not man the faculty to know heat? Is not warmth a necessary property of his own system? Does he not mentally desire and appreciate it? If so, then why not an organ of Heat as well as Color, of warmth as well as aliment? What par

ticular portion of the brain, then, is the organ of Heat? As the mind obtains a knowledge of heat through the medium of the senses, why should we not look for the organ in the perceptive group? And would it not be very natural to find the two organs which give man a sense of warmth and a sense of aliment located side by side; and, also, as the functions of this faculty seem to pertain both to the sensuous and the intellectual, that it should join both groups?

Now, what particular portion of the brain occupies this position but that designated in the symbolical head with a star? We have observed persons bending over a fire trying to get warm holding their heads and sometimes giving an occasional motion in the direction of this portion of the brain. And who has not seen some persons with their hands spread out toward the fire, enjoying the warmth with their heads extended in the direction of this organ? We have seen persons give a sideways motion of the head forward when extending a hand toward an object to ascertain if it were hot, and frequently have we seen women do this when striking a hot iron with a wet finger. And we observe in ourself this inclination of the head when examining an object as to heat. Now, do not these inquiries and observations when viewed in the light of phrenological science serve to point to that portion of the brain designated in the symbolical head with a star as the organ of Heat?

J. S.

ADVICE MADE USEFUL.—UNIONTOWN, BOURBON CO., KANSAS, Aug. 27th, 1871—EDITOR PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL—*Dear Sir:* I carry with me a written delinquency from you, obtained on the 4th of July, 1866. I was laughed at for that by some of my friends as extravagant with my hard-earned money. Now five years have passed, and I have been as careful an observer of human nature and the laws of life as circumstances would permit. That chart has been my first great aid, for it taught me to see myself. Pecuniarily it has saved me ten times what it cost, besides, as I believe, saved me from much sickness and suffering, therefore lengthening my natural life, I trust for usefulness. Yours, truly,

G. C. W.

HYGIENIC SOCIAL.—Believing that a sound mind in a sound body is the true foundation for efficient Christian work, a number of ladies and gentlemen of Philadelphia have formed an association under the above title in order to promote the study of the science of health. Their motto is, "Total Abstinence from all Hurtful Things." This covers a wide range of topics relating to food and drink, dress, recreation, and the habits and customs of social life. A similar organization exists in New Haven, and we hope to see them formed among Christian people all over the land, as much good will result from the study and discussion of topics bearing on our moral, mental, and physical well-being. The Philadelphia association meets every Wednesday evening at 1516 Chestnut

Street. [A worthy object. We trust kindred societies will be formed in every school district throughout the country.]

Literary Notices.

There is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books no less than in the faces of men, by which a skillful observer will know as well what to expect from the one as the other.—BUTLER.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY: Economic and Social. By Dr. William Elder. One volume, octavo; pp. 367. Price, \$3. For sale at this office.

In denominating this "the book of the year," we do not magnify or overrate it. It is the work of a ripe scholar and a profound thinker. Its objects are best described in the titles of its chapters, as follows:

Introductory: Political Economy—Formation of Society—Civilization, Migration and Occupation of the Earth; Wealth—The Laws and Conditions of its Growth; Sources of Advancement in Wealth; Population—Law of Increase; Distribution of Wealth—Wages; Money, as an Exchanger of Values; Money, as a Producer while acting as an Exchanger; Paper Money, and Incidentally, of Banks; Commerce; Trade between Nations in diverse Geographic and Economic Conditions; Free Trade and Protection; Doctrine and Policy of Protection; The most Prominent and Plausible Objections to Protection; Protection in the Historic Nations; Guarantism; Secret Societies; Co-operation:—Survey of the Field—Stores, Manufactories, Banks—In the United States.

The work contains a copious index, is handsomely printed, and every way worthy a place in every public and private library.

THE HOUR OF SINGING is the title of a new singing book by L. O. Emerson and W. S. Tilden. Price, \$1. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

"High school teachers, and teachers generally, will be interested in the appearance of this new work, which in its special field is one of the first. It contains a good elementary course, which will be quite useful in schools where they like to do things 'by rule.' There is also a fine collection of three-part and four-part songs, of which many are of easy progression, and well suited for note-study, and many others have a character of brilliancy. We are glad, also, to notice an abundant provision of tunes for opening and closing."

THE LAST KNIGHT. A Romance Garland from the German of Anastasius Grün. Translated, with Notes, by John O. Sargent. Small quarto; pp. 200; muslin. Price, \$2 50. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

"Anastasius Grün is the literary name of the Austrian Count Von Auersberg, who has been in public life as a leader of the liberal party in Austria since 1848. Of late years, indeed, his literary fame has eclipsed his political, which was also partially obscured by his apparent desertion of his

party. He had appeared as a poet, with occasional short productions, which marked him as a writer likely to achieve a wide reputation, when he produced this book, which from its story and from the power which he displayed gave him at once a high position, which he has ever since maintained, as among the best and most distinguished of the living poets of Germany. 'The Last Knight' is a series of ballads founded on incidents in the life of Maximilian I., 1459-1518. The stirring incidents of that heroic time, the magnificent nuptials of Maximilian and Mary, the contest between France and Germany, and all the circumstance of romantic adventure, render the subject a most brilliant one. The national character of the theme has made the book a very popular one in Germany, and its issue, now for the first time in English dress, is very pat to cotemporaneous events."

Here is a political prophet "seeing" into the future, and discussing what has taken place, what is taking place, and what *will* take place. This poet gives a true democratic republican ring to his words, and every true patriot should read him and take courage.

A SHORTHAND, Legible as the Plainest Writing, and Requiring no Teacher but the Book. With a Simplified System of Verbatim Reporting. By the Rev. W. E. Scovill, M.A. New York. Price, \$1 25.

This little book of less than a hundred pages exploits a new system of shorthand, for which the author makes the lofty claim asserted in the above title. Founded on the Pitman characters, it is, however, as the disconnected vowel scale is ignored and a character given for each letter of the alphabet. Many of these characters seem to us lengthy and difficult of execution, especially in the writing of words; while in the abbreviated or reporting style so much of a word must be omitted to secure a verbatim speed that the advantage, if any, is obtained over other systems already in use is difficult to be seen. We do not regard it as likely to supersede the later and improved form of Pitman's Phonography, which if adhered to with fidelity by shorthand writers would be found legible enough and sufficient for all practicable purposes.

AT LAST: A Christmas in the West India. By Charles Kingsley. 12mo; pp. 465. With Illustrations. Price, \$1 50. New York: Harper Brothers.

This popular author needs only to be named in connection with any new production of his to secure at once a careful perusal. Here are the contents in brief of this handsomely illustrated volume: Outward Bound; Down the Islands; Trinidad; Port of Spain; A Letter from a West Indian Cottage Ornée; Monos; The High Woods; La Brea; San Josef; Naparima and Montserrat; The Northern Mountain; The Savannah of Aripo; The Coral; The "Education Question" in Trinidad; The Races—A Letter; A Provision-Ground; Homeward Bound, etc.

KING ARTHUR. A Poem. By Edward Bulwer—Lord Lytton. 12mo; pp. 417. Revised edition. N. York: Harper Brothers. Price, \$1 75.

Since we heard this author express the prediction and the hope that our great American Republic would soon go to pieces—this was in 1862—we have regarded him as "no better than he should be," and quite as fallible as other prejudiced mortals. But the "American bubble" did not burst, and Mr. Bulwer—Lord Lytton—has written a very fine poem, and the Messrs. Harper have published it in excellent style.

THE SONG ECHO; A Collection of Copyright Songs, Duets, Trios, and Sacred Pieces, suitable for Public Schools, Juvenile Classes, Seminaries, and the Home Circle, including an Easy, Concise, and Systematic Course of Elementary Instruction, with Attractive Exercises. By H. S. Perkins, author of the "College Hymn and Tune Book." 12mo; 268 pp. Price, in boards, 75 cents; elegantly bound in cloth, gilt edges, \$1 25. Published by J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, New York, and St. Louis.

Reader, can you sing? No? Why not? Oh, I never learned. Do you not enjoy music? Yes, yes, beyond description. I have the most acute ear for harmonious sounds, but, greatly to my regret, my voice was never cultivated. These questions and these answers, or those very similar in tenor, may be heard wherever half a dozen adults meet for an evening's entertainment. Now, we maintain that there should be no more excuse for the rising generation not learning music than for not learning to read common print, especially with such instruction books as this to be had at so cheap a rate. All who are not idiotic, imbecile, or lacking in faculty may learn music, and almost everybody can learn to sing. Get "The Song Echo."

FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, LATIN, AND ITALIAN LANGUAGES Without a Master, whereby any one or all of these Languages can be learned by any one Without a Teacher, with the aid of this book. By A. H. Montelth, Esq. 12mo; pp. 374. Price, \$2. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

Here we have "Monsieur Tonson come again." These works have been running separately for years in pamphlet form, and we now have them altogether in one bulky volume.

MESSRS. DE WITT C. LENT & Co., 451 Broome Street, New York, announce a translation in blank verse, very handsomely gotten up, of Lucretius' "De Rerum Natura," the title to be in English—"On the Nature of Things." From the fact of the interest taken nowadays in the Darwinian theory, the publishers think that the reasonings of this author, one of the finest of all the Latin poets—aside from the exalted position his works hold in classical literature—will command considerable attention from the reading public. The same publishers have issued "Salad for the Solitary and the Social," by an Epicure, beautifully illustrated, which will be sold only by subscription.

PALACES AND PRISONS. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, author of "Mabel's Mistake," "Heiress," etc. 12mo; pp. 492. Price, \$2. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Mrs. Stephens writes with vigor, and in a spirit almost masculine. She probably takes after her father; and those who read her writings will not go to sleep while reading. But why continue to feed us on fiction, Mrs. Stephens, when fact and history are at your command? Pray give us your ripe knowledge of the true and the useful rather than these stories of the imagination.

THE GAS-CONSUMER'S GUIDE: A Handbook of Instruction on the Proper Management and Economical Use of Gas; with a Full Description of Gas-Meters, and Directions for Ascertaining the Consumption by Meter; On Ventilation, etc. 12mo; pp. 148. Price, \$1. Boston: Alexander Moore.

A convenient and instructive manual for the use of all who wish to be "posted" on the subject. Save gas, and gain more sleep.

PARTURITION—WITHOUT PAIN; or a Code of Directions for Avoiding Most of the Pains and Dangers of Childbearing. By M. L. Holbrook, M.D. 18mo; pp. 113. Price, \$1. New York: Wood & Holbrook.

The object is to give such general directions for right living as best to prepare for maternity. Ignorance on this subject brings grief and premature death to thousands. Let every prospective mother read this book.

WATER-CURE FOR THE MILLION. The Processes of Water-Cure Explained; Popular Errors Exposed; Rules for Bathing, Dieting, Exercise, etc.; Recipes for Cooking; Directions for Home-Treatment; Remarkable Cases to Illustrate, etc. By R. T. Trall, M.D., author of "Hydropathic Encyclopedia," "Family Gymnasium," etc. 12mo; pp. 70. Price, 30 cents. New York: S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway.

A new edition is now ready. It has been out of print for a short time, and many orders could not then be filled. Of all the brief treatises yet published on the subject this is the best.

SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY OF THE TEMPEST. Edited, with Notes, by Wm. J. Rolfe, A.M. With Engravings. 12mo; cloth; pp. 143. Price, 90 cents. Harper Brothers.

A capital thing, and must become popular with readers of Shakespeare. Beautifully illustrated and handsomely printed.

THE RUM FIEND, and Other Poems. By Wm. H. Burleigh. Three Illustrations, designed by E. Carwell. 12mo; 48 pages. 20 cts. New York: National Temperance Society.

They may be committed to memory and spoken with great effect, or may be read as dramas are in public. There is power in these poems.

THE CLYFFARDS OF CLYFFE. By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," "Found Dead," "A Beggar on Horseback," etc. 12mo; pp. 368. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

A singular title for a common novel. Like others of its class, it will be read; it will excite; and it will be forgotten.

MR. THEODORE TILTON, editor of the *Golden Age*, has reprinted and issued in a series of four tracts, under the following titles: No. 1. "The Rights of Women." A Letter to Horace Greeley. Price, 5 cents. No. 2. "The Constitution a Title-Deed to Woman's Franchise." A Letter to Charles Sumner. Price, 5 cents. No. 3. "Victoria C. Woodhull." A Biographical Sketch. Price, 10 cents. No. 4. "The Sin of Sins." A tractate on what are called "fallen women." Price, 5 cts. Address, 9 Spruce Street, New York.

FIRST HELP IN ACCIDENTS AND IN SICKNESS. A Guide in the Absence, or before the Arrival, of Medical Assistance. 12mo; pp. 264. Price, \$1. Boston: Alexander Moore.

Got up on the same plan as that of our little book entitled "Accidents and Emergencies." Very useful for travelers who go by railways and steamboats. It is adapted to the use of all, whether educated in physiology, anatomy, and medicine, or not.

DR. NATHAN ALLEN,—now of Lowell, Mass.,—who has given much attention to the population question, is turning his thoughts to agriculture. We shall expect to hear one of these days "What he Knows about Farming." He delivered an address at the County Fair before the Farmers' Club of Princeton, Mass., not long ago, which is a model of condensed knowledge. He gives a most interesting historical account of Princeton, his native place.

CON CREGAN, the Irish Gil Blas. His Confessions and Experiences. By Charles Lever, author of "Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon," etc. 8vo; pp. 227. Price, 75 cents. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Those fond of live Irish experience and romance combined may find it here.

A DAUGHTER OF HETH. A Novel. By William Black, author of "The Monarch of Mincing Lane," "Love or Marriage," "In Silk Attire," "Kilmenny," etc. 8vo; pp. 136. Price, 50 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers.
No 366 of the Library of Select Novels.

MYSTERIES OF THE COURT OF LONDON. By Geo. W. M. Reynolds, author of "Venetia Trelawney," etc. 8vo; pp. 411. Price, \$1. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

This is the kind of literature which sells by the cord, and which, it is claimed, begets a taste for something better. So note it be!

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, edited by Robert Ridgway, and published monthly at \$2 a year by Irving, Flint & Co., is the latest literary enterprise of our neighbors across the border. Sample numbers will be supplied at 20 cents by the publishers.

ANNE FURNESS. A Novel. By the Author of "Mabel's Progress," "Veronica," etc. 8mo; pp. 175. Published by Harper & Brothers. Price, 75 cents.

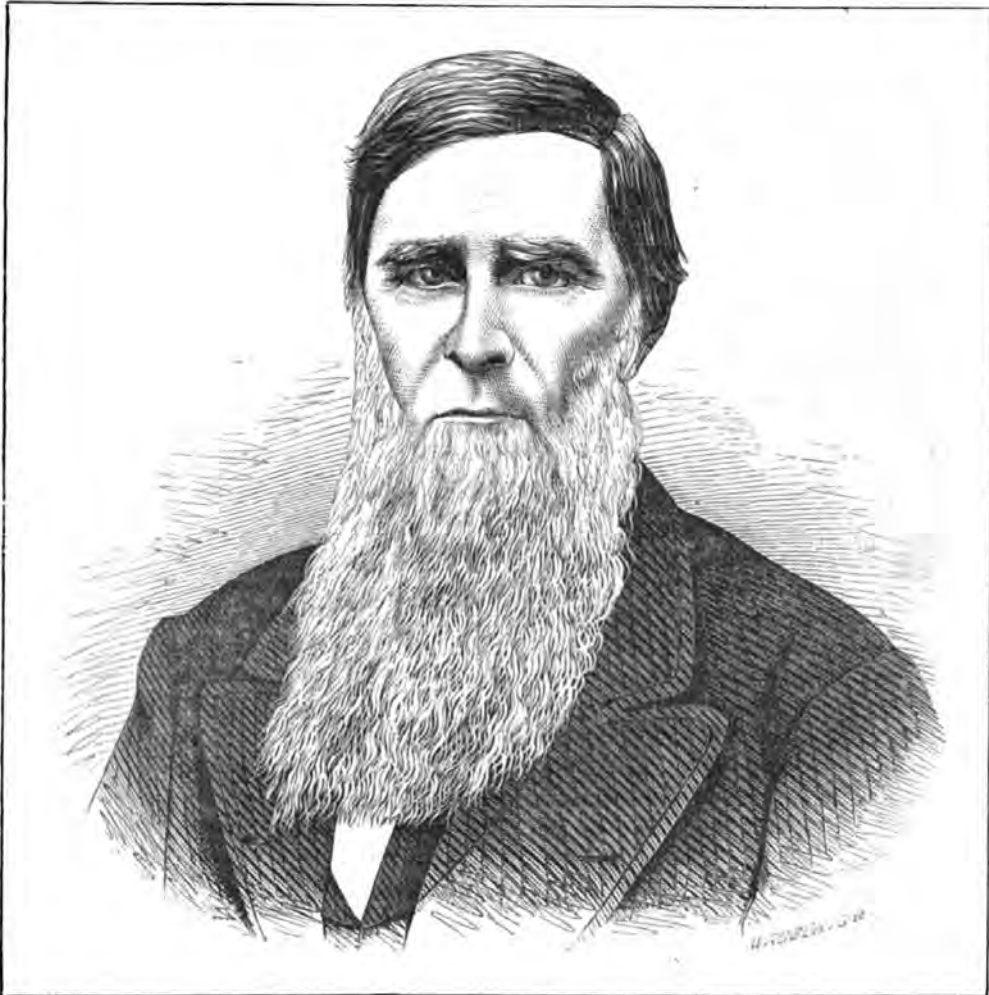
One of the better class of cheap novels by an author too modest to give his or her name.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

Vol. LIII.—No. 6.]

December, 1871.

[Whole No. 395.]



CHARLES P. DALY, LL.D.

THIS gentleman, whose head we examined twenty years ago without knowing his name or vocation, is remarkable for the compactness, endurance, and wiry toughness of his constitution. Such an organization can work, can bear hardship, is persistent, positive, plucky, and knows no such word as "fail." Those

who are familiar with his crisp and earnest intellect, who know how much work he can do, how much he can condense in a sentence, and what earnestness and force he is able to throw into a statement, will find an exponent of that earnestness and force in the peculiarity of his temperament. If ever a man were made

of whale-bone, steel springs, or fiddle-strings, or their equivalents, Judge Daly is that man. His features express positiveness and precision, as well as the courage which backs up positiveness and asserts ideas with point and emphasis. His intellect indicates practical judgment. His perceptive organs are large, and give him a quick and clear sense of facts and surrounding conditions, while his Comparison being sharp, qualifies him readily to draw inferences. We opine that Judge Daly rarely suspends judgment, but gives his opinion with decision on the spot. He carries his knowledge in his head, and knows also where to turn when he would refer to his books. He has not a speculative intellect. Every chain of argument with him has a practical hook at each end, which takes hold of life and duty in a practical way.

His base of brain is rather broad, giving courage, thoroughness, and executiveness. He has a full degree of Cautiousness, giving him a tendency to forelook and plan in advance of action; and those who watch his action, and mark its directness and readiness, would doubt whether he took so much forethought and prudent care in reaching his results. He is known for firmness. It is almost a fault with him. He is self-reliant, dignified, warm in his friendship, strong in his opposition; is technical, but not captious, in his ideas, ready to compromise unimportant differences, but to urge unflinchingly that which he believes to be right. He has literary and scientific ability, and that order of intellect which prefers the solid departments of mental culture, and is thus inclined to secure a practical and thoroughly useful knowledge of whatever branch of human learning he may find it convenient to study.

He was born of Irish parents in the city of New York, October 31, 1816. He attended in New York city the private school con-

ducted by the father of the late James T. Brady, the latter and Archbishop McCloskey being among his classmates. When about thirteen years of age he went to sea as a cabin boy, and afterward before the mast, and was at the siege and taking of Algiers by the French in 1830. He soon after returned to New York, and was apprenticed to a mechanical business, employing his leisure hours in the pursuit of knowledge. He commenced the study of the law in the office of William Seule, Esq., in New York city, and was admitted to the bar in 1839, and commenced the practice of his profession soon afterward. In 1843 he was elected a member of the New York State Legislature. He was appointed Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for the City and County of New York in 1845, which position he has ever since held—being three times re-elected—and since 1857 being First Judge, or Chief Justice, of that Court.

The Court over which he presides was established nearly two centuries and a half ago, and is a very important tribunal—being of equal jurisdiction with the Supreme Court in nearly all judicial matters except criminal cases, and is the Court of last resort in appeals taken from the local inferior tribunals in the city of New York.

The position of judge of a court of justice is the most responsible and autocratic of any power that exists under a republican government. A judge must necessarily be vested by law with the privilege of exercising almost unbounded discretion in certain instances, and in almost every case he is at liberty to decide as he chooses, subject only to review and modification by some higher tribunal. With such power it is not strange, though greatly to be deprecated, that a judge may sometimes be tyrannical, selfish, and unjust, and perhaps dishonest, and may honestly err, for he is subject to the temptations and weaknesses of the rest of mankind; but whether he is a wicked and corrupt man or not, he frequently *seems* to be such to persons against whom he has given a decision which is adverse to their interest, or is not in accordance with their prejudices or their passionate feelings. Hence it is that the unsuccessful party (and there must be at least one in every lawsuit) frequently charges his

adversary or the court (in order to shield himself, it may be) with being unfair, dishonest, and corrupt; but in the city of New York the court has generally to bear all the blame and censure. For more than a quarter of a century Judge Daly has occupied a high judicial position, and never during that time has any suspicion or party feeling ever charged him with unfairness or corruption, or as being the party tool or representative of any class of politicians. But while he has the confidence of all, he has in his position always represented the highest moral and intellectual tone of the community at large. His judicial decisions are regarded of high authority in every court in the State. In 1863, by virtue of his office as First Judge, he acted as Surrogate of the county of New York for a few months, to fill the vacancy temporarily caused by the death of Surrogate West.

In 1867 he was elected a member of the New York State Constitutional Convention, and on the meeting of that body was voted for as its President; but was deemed more effective as a member, and was appointed one of the Judiciary Committee, and also one of the Committee on the Submission of the Constitution. Among the most completely discussed subjects before the Convention were those relating to an elective judiciary for life, and the municipal government of New York city; and Judge Daly's addresses on both are valuable as historical reviews. He also debated upon nearly every important question before the Convention.

In 1860 Columbia College conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. Judge Daly is a member of many literary, learned, and scientific, as well as benevolent, societies, and in many of them he has held prominent positions.

He is Vice-President of the American Institute, and has been Vice-President of the New York Historical Society, of the American Ethnological Society, and also of the Athenæum Club; was President of the St. Patrick's Society, and also of the Working-Women's Protective Union, and is a member of the Geographical Circle of Turin, and for many successive terms has been, and is now, President of the American Geographical and Statistical Society.

He is the author of an "Historical Sketch of the Judicial Tribunals of New York from 1623 to 1846," which was written and first published as an introduction to the first volume of E. Delafeld's Reports of the decisions of the Court over which Judge Daly presides, first published in 1855; also author of *Daly's Reports* (two volumes) of cases decided in the same Court; also, in 1860, of "The Past History and Present State of the Laws of Naturalization in the different Countries of the World." In 1863 he delivered a discourse before the American Institute of New York city on the "Origin and History of Institutions for the Promotion of the Useful Arts."

He has delivered many addresses before various learned bodies and societies, and on various public occasions. He delivered the address at the celebration of the centenary of Schiller in New York city, and an address at the laying of the corner-stone of the Shakspeare monument in Central Park, and has written many articles published in Appletons' new Cyclopaedia, in other publications, and is now writing a life of Chancellor Kent.

He has traveled extensively through the United States and Canadas, and in 1851 made the tour of Europe, taking letters from Chevalier Bunsen, then Prussian Minister at the Court of London, to Baron Von Humboldt.

Kind and courteous to all, he has long been a favorite at the bar; and as a token of their esteem, a life-size portrait of him, by Huntington, was presented to the city by the members of the bar a few years since.

Judge Daly is a remarkably industrious man, temperate and regular in his habits, a great lover of books and fond of research, and has a very large library, which has grown by degrees until it has almost crowded the Judge and his family out of his large four-story house. One room after another, commencing in the second story, became full, and then the garret, and at last the basement was resorted to, and that will soon be full, and then he must find other quarters out of his house either for himself or for his new book accessions.

In the letters of Humboldt to Chevalier Bunsen, lately published in Berlin, in men-

tioning some of the American visitors with whom Bunsen had made him acquainted, and particularly mentioning Judge Daly, Humboldt remarked that—"Few men have left upon me such an impression of high intelligence on subjects of universal interest, and in the judgment of apparently opposite directions of character among the nations that inhabit the ever-narrowing Atlantic basin. Add to this, what is very uncommon in an American, and still more uncommon in the practical life of a greatly occupied magistrate, that this man of high character and intellect is not wanting in a lively interest for the fine arts, and even for poetry. I have led him from conversations on slavery, Mormonism, and Canadian feudalism to the question so important to me—whether anything can be expected from the elegant literature of a nation of which the noblest productions have their root in a foreign country?"

EXPERIENCE AS AN "EYE-OPENER."

THE eagle possesses the keenest vision, and yet in some respects is comparatively a dumb bird notwithstanding the acuteness of sight with which nature has endowed it. So man may have nicety of natural inclination with genius added, and yet without experience be physically and mentally weak.

Experience opens men's eyes. The child, eager for knowledge, and ignorant of nature's laws, grasps the bright, shining coal from the fireplace only to drop it in the inceptive knowledge of pain and suffering. No cause is ascertained; simply an effect, which is matter of experience. Thereafter the child will shun glowing coals.

A country bumpkin visits a gambling den and makes "a put," and wins. Encouraged and flattered by his success he invests his all, and is fleeced. He must be a veritable idiot if he is ever caught a second time. His eyes have been opened by experience, and not by the warnings contained in Sunday-school books and the newspapers.

The most common things of every-day occurrence are all taught by experience, and our education is but a succession of experiences, corroborated and strengthened by the experiences of others. To be sure, our own experience is limited; but there is within us

a principle of faith which enables us to profit by the experience of our fellow-beings. And here is where the work of scholastic training properly begins. This work is not properly a part of the operation alluded to when we speak of "opening one's eyes," and applying it mentally. It is natural to open one's eyes when there is something remarkable, novel, or wonderful to be seen. So, mentally, when a truth is demonstrated in a plain, striking way, it is fully perceived as with one's eyes open. We know nothing more positively and certainly than that which we clearly see and experience. Hence the phrase "You will open your eyes" is applied to persons inclined to doubt truth or persist in error, after having been admonished. But *what* will open their eyes? Nothing short of demonstration. And, according to the principle of seeing and believing, actual experience is what will open their eyes, by the clearest demonstration.

Science and education, in the scholastic sense, but direct and strengthen mental vision. It is their part to carry on and perfect the work begun by experience. Herein, then, is the field for new discoveries, and the application of the truths of Psychology. Direct the seeing eye aright, and that is all it needs. The desire to know is spontaneous. All it wants is the proper attention, and the progression will be natural and good, at least so far as matters of fact are concerned. When it comes to matters of opinion,—as to whether Washington was a better general than Jackson, or whether the men of the fourteenth Congress were greater than those of the fortieth, it may be vastly different. In such things men generally think as they please; not because their eyes are shut, but because they form their opinions from different characteristics for which they admire their heroes.

It is said that "children should be watched and so trained that their mental eyes will be adjusted *in a line* with their bodily eyes." Psychologically speaking, the perceptions of children are always "in a line;" that is, they correspond with the impressions received by sensation. And it is extremely hard to conceive of any one seeing mentally different, or (to quote irregularly) "in *any other line*."

The fact that false doctrines and creeds are

inculcated every day, is no evidence of false perception in its relative office. It is only proof of belief induced by false testimony aside from experience. Such belief is entirely removed beyond the evidence of the senses, and the latter are not responsible for the delusion; neither have the perceptions anything to do with such false beliefs.

Phrenology teaches the relation of mind to matter, of mental action to physical func-

tions. Perhaps no science has done more toward establishing this relation as a fact in Anthropology. But Phrenology does not approve of fantastic and zigzag operations, whether physical or intellectual. It has to do with facts and experience. Hence its utility in enabling teachers and parents the better to direct the training of children. Hence its utility in the practical workings of society.

W. R. BIERBY.

Department of Religion and Psychology.

Know,

Without star, or angel, for their guide,
Who worship God shall find him.—*Young's Night Thoughts.*

The soul, the mother of deep fears, of high hopes inflates;
Of glorious dreams, mysterious tears, of sleepless inner sight.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

AN OLD BONE OF CONTENTION.

WE do not feel called upon to discuss dogmatic theology or contested sectarian questions. Phrenology is our theme; the science of the mind our subject. The moral and religious nature of man, as revealed by science, does not stop to discuss whether baptism by immersion is the true mode; whether God has chosen a few or many by special grace to life eternal; or has opened an eternity of bliss for every human being. If it must sum up a formula in a single sentence, it would be, "He that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him." Phrenology recognizes a faculty for love of God, Veneration; for the recognition of justice, Conscientiousness; for doing good, Benevolence; for being spiritual-minded, or exercising faith in a life to come, and the relations pertaining to spirit-life, Spirituality; and "a longing after immortality," Hope, and is the best basis for the demonstration of natural religion, or that man is a religious being. All nations are known to have some religious ideas, and Phrenology shows why man yearns for God, justice, mercy, and immortality. The true phrenologist can not be an infidel.

The following question is one which, under the foregoing considerations, we might properly decline to notice. If, however, we may aid a thinker to drop dogmatic controversy,

and to seek, by doing the will of God, to "know of the doctrine" all that is required to fulfill duty, we shall not have spoken in vain.

"According to divine teaching, acknowledging God to be just, can any part of mankind be punished eternally by a God who is just and knows all things from the beginning? How do you harmonize this with expressions of free moral agency spoken of in the Bible?"

Answer. This is an old bone of contention, and every generation has to gnaw it and digest it, or have it broken over their heads. We remember a year or two of hard study, some forty years ago, on this same topic. If there is any one doctrine which has been honestly perverted by zealous theological teachers, the doctrine of predestination and election is that doctrine; and no doctrine has caused more trouble with the laity. It is not now taught, however, as it was taught forty years ago. St. Paul's argument to the Jews, in the book of Romans, is evidently intended to show to the Jew, who supposed all the Gentiles were out of the pale of salvation, that the Gentiles were really included in God's beneficent plan, and that if he chose to save the Gentile, it was not for the Jew to complain. Hence the statement, "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy;" that is to say, "The Gentiles, and all that are

afar off, belong to the great family of God." It is of the same spirit of the words of Christ when he said to the Pharisees, "The publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of heaven before you." The terms "punishment," "eternal punishment," "damnation," the "wrath of God," "eternal wrath," have been discussed learnedly, sometimes angrily, for ages by great theologians, and their explanations do not agree. Undoubtedly those who misuse their talents, time, and opportunities will be the losers. Even the Universalists would agree with this idea. We once heard a Baptist minister, a very evangelical man, say that those who profess to be Christians and live a low and unholy life, will suffer an eternal *loss* because they have not improved their talents, and have lived below their privileges. When asked to make an explanation by some of the brethren, who were afraid he was preaching the Arminian doctrine of "falling from grace," he replied that those who barely got into heaven, who didn't live a rich and growing life, and merely secured an entrance to the heavenly rest, would never attain to such high conditions as if they had improved their time on earth, and this would be a sort of eternal punishment or eternal loss to them.

We ought to remember that heaven is not a *place*, but a condition. It is not like a concert-room in which the good and the bad may be huddled, if they can raise the price of a ticket. If that same audience could be assorted according to talent and attainment, they would not all be seated on one level floor, but they would rise one above another, like a pyramid, very broad at the base, very narrow at the top. Imagine the life to come, then, to be a condition in which purity of life and purpose, and all shadings downward to the basest and vilest of the denizens of earth are participants, each class being in his own grade, and "as one star differs from another star in glory," let these differ in condition and in enjoyment. There are men and women of fine culture, and possessed of all appliances of harmony and refinement, who, if they were put into the cabins of the lowest of men, and compelled to eat of the garbage on which these people eagerly feed, would deem themselves in a very hell, so far as earth could realize the idea. And there is

probably as much difference in the state of the spirits of the departed as there is in the state and condition of the spirits of men before they depart. Those unfortunate people who are half starved, or very badly fed and housed, would consider a good barn, with the coarsest of food in abundance, a palace of plenty; some would even think they were luxuriously situated. It would be to them an earthly heaven. Then what would a real palace be, with all its refinement and comfort? Supposing they were capable of appreciating these higher conditions, would not they consider this a very heaven? The worst men do not need to be "damned" to be in hell. Whatever of unhappiness there may be in the life to come will doubtless be the natural result of intentional misdoing here. Men make their own condition; and if the vile and the low could be introduced into what we call heaven, they hardly would be happy, because unable to appreciate and enjoy such a condition. There is a difference among men in the present life; there may be quite as much difference, certainly to begin with, in the life to come. A certain English bishop was once conversing with other clergymen on the character of John Wesley, some time after the death of that great preacher, and one good-natured man ventured the thought, that Wesley, although something of a schismatic, should be admitted into heaven, and remarked to the bishop, "You expect to see Mr. Wesley in heaven, I suppose?" The bishop responded instantly, "Never." "Why not?" said his questioner, "don't you think he was at heart a good man?" "I shall never see him in heaven, for he will be so transcendently far in advance of me that I shall never expect to reach his high elevation."

One need not find Wesley's high place in order to be in heaven. One needs not the feelings of the basest of the base to be in hell. Milton makes Satan say, "Myself am hell." And we have seen some human beings who might, with some show of truth, adopt the same statement. In other words, wrong dispositions are hell enough, and whoever has to spend his eternity indulging malign passions needs no outer inflictions to make his condition undesirable.

This life, in its moral aspects, is graded

from the very highest to the very lowest. Suppose the life to come in like manner graded, each man enjoying or suffering according to his character. Then would not the great Creator be just, and yet the justifier of them that love him?

In regard to man's responsibility and free

agency, we are accustomed to refer people to the parable of the ten talents, found in Matthew xxv. 14-27, in which responsibility is shown to be in exact harmony with the capacity of the subject; thus making the fulfillment of duty just as easy for one as for another.

MR. BEECHER'S LIFE OF CHRIST.

BY REV. A. M'ELROY WYLIE.

"PERHAPS no preacher of modern times," says the *British Quarterly Review*, "has said so many wise and good things as Henry Ward Beecher, or said them so well. His sermons abound with passages of racy description, of penetrating exposition, of rhetorical brilliancy, and of fervent, practical urgency. . . . A more precious and suggestive table-book [speaking of his 'Gems,' republished in England], a book to take up in the morning, for a fresh, dewy, germinant thought to lay upon the heart and to expand into the religious wisdom of the day—it would be difficult to name."

What is here so crisply said of his "Gems," compiled by Mr. Evans, may be as truthfully said of his work on the "Life of Christ," the first volume of which has come forth in such splendid dress from the press of his publisher.

"And why still another Life of Christ?" is a question which involuntarily springs to the lips of every one who is conversant with the fact that there have issued from the press almost as many "Lives" as there are titles of Christ occurring in the Bible. The question is best answered in his own words: "The Lives of Christ which have appeared of late years have naturally partaken largely of the dialectic and critical spirit. They have either attacked or defended. The Gospel, like a city of four gates, has been taken and retaken by alternate parties, or held in part by opposing hosts, while on every side the marks of siege and defense cover the ground. This may be unfortunate, but it is necessary. . . . But such controversial Lives of Christ are not the best for general reading. . . . I have endeavored to present scenes that occurred two thousand years ago as they would appear to modern eyes if the events had taken place in our day."

And this is precisely what the eloquent orator of *Plymouth Pulpit* has done, so far as the task has been accomplished, and for which he

is better qualified, by reason of his Oriental fancy, powers of penetration and interpretation, and his comprehensive human nature, than any other man living.

It is no task to read this volume. The reader is carried along over a gently gliding stream, while all his senses are regaled and his perceptions thrilled by a ceaseless unfolding of new vistas of beauty and new panoramas of truth. Truths are no longer mere dry abstractions, but move before him in all the rich, ruddy glow of healthful life, or bend over their well-weighted boughs with the richest, ripest, and rarest of wholesome Christian fruit. Every page perused by one who brings no cold criticising spirit, or takes out no pre-formed, cut-and-dried measures of so-called systematic divinity, leaves a sweet taste in the mouth, inspires the conscience with a holier standard, and makes the heart palpitate with new emotions of love and devotion to Him who was best pleased to call himself the Son of Man.

The points we have noted are so numerous that we can only select a few, and such as will be most suitable to frame an article for the *PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL*.

The reader is struck with the calmness of the style of one who has been so long known as the flaming Boanerges of the American pulpit. The waters are clear, because they have come from the lofty mountain heights, but we do not see them leaping from crag to crag, flashing back the sunbeams as from a myriad of bayonets, nor rolling up clouds of gilded spray; nor do we hear the roar of the descending cataract, nor feel the shiver of the earth beneath our feet; but the eye rests upon the waters reposing in the crystal lake, embosomed in a plain which is one unbroken garden of delight. The whole region affords no place for the study of logic, but every spot invites to the singing of the songs of Zion, and the sweeping of the strings attuned to the harmonies of heaven.

As the author carries the reader back through the eighteen centuries of Christianity, he gathers up all the accumulated meanings of Christian truth, and finds them speaking in the Life of Christ. Oriental scenes and symbols speak with all the beauty of Eastern poetry, and yet utter, at the same time, all the deep, practical truths which we read in the developments of the nineteenth century.

The pastor, and teacher, and working Christian will cull many a serviceable suggestion. The author's large sympathy and discriminating wisdom sees even in the worst errors the points where they touch the truth, and the moiety of truth which has given them their vitality. He does not believe in that unthinking fanaticism which attempts to correct an error by bending it as far as possible in the direction of the opposite tendency. Take an example:

"In attempting [the author is speaking of Mariolatry], to present the Divine Being in His relations to universal government, men have well-nigh lost His personality in a sublime abstraction. Those traits of personal tenderness and generous love which alone will ever draw the human heart to God, it has too often been compelled to seek elsewhere. And, however mistaken the endeavor to find in the Virgin Mary the sympathy and fond familiarity of a divine fostering love, it is an error into which men have been drawn by the profoundest need of the human soul. It is an error of the heart. The cure will be found by revealing, in the Divine nature, the longed-for traits in greater beauty and force than are given them in the legends of the mother of Jesus."

The author has so long drunk in the spirit of the wondrous Life which he portrays, that his delineations detract nothing from the convincing air of veracity which is always worn by the simple but sublime original narratives. One rises from the perusal of each chapter with something of the same conviction as he entertains after listening to the calm, direct, unhesitating, simple testimony of the truthful witness whom he has seen endure the keenest cross-questioning of the ablest advocate in the land.

The author directs the attention to those subtle, deep, internal evidences of Truth which would defy the genius of an archangel to counterfeit. What could surpass the following?

"It may seem strange that Zacharias should be struck dumb for doubting the heavenly messenger, while Mary went unrebuked. But

it is plain [?] that there was a wide difference in the nature of the relative experiences. To Zacharias was promised an event external to himself, not involving his own sensibility. But to a woman's heart there can be no other announcement possible, that shall not stir every feeling and sensibility of the soul, as the promise and prospect of her first child. Motherhood is the very center of womanhood. The first awaking in her soul of the reality that she bears a double life—herself within herself—brings a sweet bewilderment of wonder and joy. The more sure her faith of the fact, the more tremulous must her soul become. Such an announcement can never mean to a father's what it does to a mother's heart. And it is one of the exquisite shades of subtle truth, and of beauty as well, that the angel who rebuked Zacharias for doubt saw nothing in the trembling hesitancy and wonder of Mary inconsistent with a child-like faith."

The author accepts without hesitation, and even with affectionate enthusiasm, the miraculous meaning of great events in the Gospel narratives, and his large and warm belief utterly disdains to creep into the coves, and creeks, and holes of carping, petty criticism, while the great ocean of truth, defying the boldest navigators, lies with its inexhaustible riches beyond. Shall the seafarer or explorer reject his chart and cast his compass overboard because, perhaps, he has detected some slight inaccuracy? One can almost detect a gleam of holy indignation in the following:

"How could a planetary conjunction stand over a particular house? It is evident that the sidereal guide was a globe of light, divinely ordered and appointed for this work. It was a miracle. That nature is but an organized out-working of the Divine will, that God is not limited to ordinary law in the production of results, that He can and that He does produce events by the direct force of His will, without the ordinary instruments of nature, is the very spirit of the whole Bible. . . . The gospels should be taken or rejected unmutated. The disciples plucked the wheat-heads, and, rubbing them in their hands, ate the grain. But our skeptical believers take from the New Testament its supernatural element—rub out the wheat, and eat the chaff. . . . Miracles are to be accepted boldly, or not at all. They are jewels, and sparkle with divine light, or they are nothing."

How delicate and yet how piercing to the pretenses of unbelief is the following: "Can such creatures," speaking of the supernatural

beings who came as messengers from the heavenly world, "transcending earthly experience, and far outrunning anything in the life of man, be creations of the rude ages of the human understanding? We could not imagine the Advent stripped of its angelic lore. The dawn without a twilight, the sun without clouds of silver and gold, the morning on the fields without dew-diamonds, but not the Saviour without His angels. . . . Could a sensuous age invent an order of beings which, touching the earth from a heavenly height on its most momentous occasions, could still, after ages of culture had refined the human taste and moral appreciation, remain ineffably superior in delicacy, in pure spirituality, to the demands of criticism? Their very coming and going is not with earthly movement."

Speaking of the mysterious events of the Temptation, he makes the following bold confession: "We find ourselves beyond our depth at the very first step, and deep follows deep to the end. The mystery of that Divine Spirit which possessed the Saviour, the mystery of forty days of conflict in such a soul, the mystery of the nature and power of Satan, the mystery of the three final forms into which the Temptation resolved itself—these are beyond our reach. They compass and shroud the scene with a kind of supernatural gloom. The best solution we can give to the difficulties will cast but a twilight upon the scene. . . . We believe the Temptation of Christ to have been an actual experience, not a dream or a parable, in which His soul, illumined and exalted by the Spirit of God, was brought into personal conflict with Satan, and the conflict was none the less real and historic because the method involved that extraordinary ecstasy of the prophet-mind. . . . The forty days were not for human eyes. . . . It is more probable that the experience was incommunicable."

Those who have great faith in the rationalizing process to spirit away all the signs and wonders from the Gospel narratives will find but cold comfort in Mr. Beecher's fascinating reproductions of the scenes enacted eighteen centuries ago. Plunging into this very wilderness of wonders, he uses the following decided language: "It is in vain to explain away the miraculous element in the few cases which are given in detail, unless some natural solution can be found for the healing of hundreds and thousands, repeatedly effected at different times and in different neighborhoods."

And the author, like another Black Knight, fairly dashes into the ring of Rationalists, and

does valiant service after the following fashion: "Men suffering from hallucination have claimed for themselves dignities and titles transcendently above their merit. One must himself be suffering from an hallucination who can imagine Jesus at this period of His development [during the first year of His public ministry] to be overheated in brain, or fanatical. His wonderful discourse, which drew and fascinated alike the rudest and the most learned, His calmness, His self-forgetfulness, and His tender sympathy for others, are inconsistent with any supposition of tainted reason, and still less with an over-swollen pride and self-conceit. And yet when His attention was called to the fact that forgiveness of sin was a Divine prerogative, He did not explain that it was a delegated authority, but reaffirmed His right to forgive of His own proper self, and wrought a miracle in attestation of that right."

Mr. Beecher is never a mere dogmatist. If at times his style leaps up to the level of indignant assertion, it is because he has climbed to that height by the irresistible process of a calm and well-planted series of undeniable verities, and by his very nature he is so organized that his convictions of truth must be ripened in the noon-day heat of high emotion. He ever strikes that highest of all truth—that is, truth only when it is aglow with life; and what is life without emotion? and so his whole book seems to be alive as a master that stands by to instruct and lead. We look upon it, or, rather, *feel* it to be the best book of *evidences* we have ever read.

The convincing impression received from the totality of the work is greatly deepened, too, by the unaffected candor of the author. He is not like the easy scholar who saw no difficulty in the lesson, simply because he was too superficial or too lazy to see or to solve any difficulty. He perceives all the questions at issue, and his candid charity awards a cheerful acknowledgment to the labors of those from whom he fundamentally differs. Take an example:

"The Lives of Christ which have been written from the purely humanitarian view have not been without their benefits. They have brought the historical elements of His life into clearer light, have called back the mind from speculation and imaginative efforts in spiritual directions, and have given to a dim and distant idea the clearness and reality of a fact. Like some old picture of the masters, the Gospels exposed to the dust and smoke of superstition, to revarnishing glosses, and retouch-

ing philosophies, in the sight of many, had lost their original brightness and beauty. The rationalistic school has done much to remove these false surfaces, and to bring back to the eye the original picture as it was laid upon the canvas."

An advocate wields peculiar power to convince our judgment when he is seen to carry that nice sense of justice which forbids his taking any advantage of an opponent, but constrains him freely to acknowledge the good effected even by the extremists of the opposite party.

Some, perhaps, will be disappointed, but multitudes more will be eminently gratified at the firm and clear stand which the author takes as respects our Lord's Divinity, or, rather, His Deity. Some may even claim that Mr. Beecher's zeal has shut his eyes to the humanitarian side of the truth, and put him down among the *Patripassian* heresiarchs, who distinctly deny a human soul to Christ. In the chapter on "The Doctrinal Basis" he very clearly defines his position. He holds that the Christ was simply God manifest in the flesh, that this wonderful Being had the body of a man, but His soul was the Spirit of God, and he claims that the Divine nature, clothed in flesh, did constitute the most absolute manhood, and filled up the whole ideal. It is a brilliant and fascinating chapter, but many will fail to see the cogency of his reasoning and the truthfulness of his expositions, and will aver that his zeal for the maintenance of the pure Divinity of Jesus will react in favor of that humanitarian rationalism which he so much opposes. It would not be, perhaps, a difficult task, did our design admit of it, to show by numerous quotations from this admirable work, that the author effectually neutralizes, by his noble admissions, all dangerous tendencies which some might affect to see in his doctrinal basis. It affords a fine illustration of the fact, that Mr. Beecher's nature is too large, too full, too free, too divinely taught to be stretched upon a mere logical bed, that his intuitions and renovated sympathies fly higher than his logic, and fairly cast his rational processes in the shade. For this reason, as well as for others, we would not be afraid of the tendencies or the influence of any portion of a work which throbs with the fullest heart-beats of any religious production of our time.

He handles the general subject of Inspiration in both a comprehensive and satisfactory way. He moves here, as elsewhere, so as to show that pin-holes do not sensibly impair the

integrity of the fortress, and that if a spot is detected on the bosom of the sun, we shall not show our wisdom by refusing to walk in his light and be warmed by his beams. "Under this declaration (2 Tim. iii. 16, 17), no more can be claimed for the doctrine of Inspiration than that there shall have been such an influence exerted upon the formation of the record that it shall be the truth respecting God, and no falsity; that it shall so expound the duty of man under God's moral government, as to secure, in all who will, a true holiness; that it shall contain no errors which can affect the essential truths taught, or which shall cloud the reason or sully the moral sense. But it is not right or prudent to infer, from the Biblical statement of Inspiration, that it makes provision for the very words and sentences; that it shall raise the inspired penmen above the possibility of literary inaccuracy or minor or immaterial mistakes. It is enough if the Bible be a sure and sufficient guide to spiritual morality and to rational piety. To erect for it a claim to absolute literary infallibility, or to infallibility in things not directly pertaining to faith, is to weaken its real authority and to turn it aside from its avowed purpose. The theory of verbal inspiration brings a strain upon the Word of God which it can not bear. If vigorously pressed, it tends powerfully to bigotry on the one hand, and to infidelity on the other." He ably clinches the whole subject by the following happy illustrations:

"There are a multitude of minute and, on the whole, as respects the substance of truth, not important, questions and topics which, like a fastened door, refuse to be opened by any key which learning has brought to them. It is better to let them stand closed than, like impatient mastiffs, after long barking in vain, to lie whining at the door, unable to enter and unwilling to go away."

Upon the *temperance question* his judgment anticipates the settled conclusion to which the candor and good sense of the whole moral and Christian community are tending. Multitudes will be glad to see that Mr. Beecher has none of that false zeal in a good cause which does not hesitate to stultify itself in Biblical criticism if, perchance, it can make the Sacred Text speak a language to suit some modern exigency. Here, as elsewhere, he adheres to the guidance of principles and the divine intuitions of love, and repudiates all mere tricks and forms of the letter.

"That the wine created by our Lord answered to the fermented wine of the country

would never have been doubted if the exigencies of a modern and most beneficent reformation had not created a strong but unwise disposition to do away with the undoubted example of our Lord. But though the motive was good, and the effort most ingeniously and plausibly carried out, the result has failed to satisfy the best scholars; and it is the almost universal conviction of those competent to form a judgment, that our Lord did make and use wine which answered to the fermented wines of the present day in Palestine."

The whole country knows that Mr. Beecher holds uncompromising views in regard to Temperance, and none can fail to admire that candor and firmness which refuses to support a great and good cause by plausible but unfair arguments. He puts the cause where it properly belongs, and lays it upon the high ground of Christian expediency, as demanded by the law of love.

"A certain advantage would be gained in the advocacy of total abstinence if it could be shown that any use of wine is a sin against one's own nature. But the moral power of example is immeasurably greater if those who hold that wine and its colleagues are not unwholesome when used sparingly, shall yet, as a free-will offering to the weak, cheerfully refrain from their use. To relinquish a wrong is praiseworthy, but to yield up a personal right for benevolent purposes is far more admirable.

"Had Jesus, living in our time, beheld the wide waste and wretchedness arising from inordinate appetites, can any one doubt on which side he would be found?"

Many would demur, doubtless, at this question, if by it we are to assume that Jesus living now would have pursued any different course, for they would claim that our Lord, being God and knowing all things from the beginning, suited his teaching and his acts—his miracles—for all time.

"The example of Christ beyond all question settles the doctrine, that if abstinence from wine is practiced, it must be a voluntary act, a cheerful surrender of a thing not necessarily in itself harmful, for the sake of a true benevolence to others."

The chapters which, on the one hand, give greatest scope to the author's imagination and sentiment, and, on the other, to his penetration and philosophical grasp of fundamental and universal ethical truth, are the one titled "*The Overture of Angels*," and the two expounding the principles set forth in "*The Sermon on the Mount*." In the first, the devout reader is lift-

ed up into that symphony of the skies wherein the powers of perfected nature rush out upon the strains of the most exquisite emotions, into the region where principles and affections become celestial intuitions. In the other chapters, the reader walks among the golden candlesticks of many branches standing within the lower temple, and is taught those divine principles which, being planted and becoming germinant in the believing heart, draw the renewed nature upward, and prepare him to join song in the "*overture of the angels*." He will rise from perusing these magnificent chapters, in which ethical exposition becomes alive with divine love and luminous with spiritual intuitions, and he will exclaim, "Surely this religion is of God, and carries its own introduction to every age, every clime, and to every race of man!"

We can not quit this agreeable review without some words of tribute to the general style of the gifted author. Answering to his magic call, events which we were accustomed to see in the dim haze of the remote past, rise and advance to the distinctness of the present hour, and marshal themselves in the drama of living actors. Lightning-flashes of originality dart forth from the bosom of the darkest subjects, and reveal meanings of beauty and life where we thought all was dead. Under the witchery of his handling of the Gospel narrative every minister may learn a new lesson in the possible power of descriptive explanation.

His knowledge of the past always comes to us in dramatic forms, and his exuberant imagination throws every fact upon a warm and life-like canvas. We no longer read of the Orient, we walk among its scenes, and it is difficult to believe that the author never trod the banks of the Jordan, and never in another "*Rob Roy*"-boat paddled along the shores of the beloved Gennesareth.

Even the casual and rapid reader will be delighted with the numerous passages where the poet's fancy and the painter's touch cast a warm, tender gleam over the panoramic views. See how, in the following, the beloved Master comes before us in his lowly life and daily work:

"During the fiery noons of Oriental cities men shut themselves up in their houses; but at evening they pour forth, and the gate of the city is the grand resort. Thither, too, upon the same day repaired Jesus, who was always drawn toward the multitudes. He was evidently expected and eagerly awaited. And now appeared a scene which only the imagination can depict. All the diseases which the

violent heats in that climate bred upon the uncleanly habits and the squalid poverty of the masses were represented at the gate by appropriate subjects. Fevers, dropsies, paralysis were there. The blind, the deaf, and—hovering on the edge afar off—the lepers implored help. The lame came limping, and those too sick to help themselves were borne thither by their friends, until the ample space was like a camp-hospital. Jesus commenced among them his merciful work. It was a solemn and joyful scene. Human misery was exhibited here in many forms; but as one by one the touch or word of the Master healed it, came the rebound of exultation. Those who were coming, bearing the sick on crutches, met returning happy groups of those who had been healed. Many tears of rejoicing fell as children were given back to despairing mothers. Strange calmness in some natures, and wild exhilaration in others attested the rapture of deliverance from loathsome disease. Never in all

their memories had there been such an evening twilight of a Sabbath-day. But of all who went home that night in ecstasy of gladness there was not one whose nature enabled him to feel the deep joy of him who said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'

The reader rises from this work with one great impression received, and a new impulse of conviction, as to how many germinal principles lie half hidden and half revealed in the Gospels, and what an inexhaustible nursery for study and life they are.

Among the things which we predict that every family can not do without will be this master-work of Mr. Beecher; and the large and elegant way in which the enterprising publishers have performed their task, in paper, type, illustration, and copious index, and in the printing of the "Consolidated Gospel," makes it both a luxury to read and a most useful work for frequent reference in respect to all subjects pertaining to the Gospel narratives.

DANIEL COMFORT, D.D.

"The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good, is oft buried with their bones."

THE subject of this sketch, as a man among men, may be said to have done no evil, and, therefore, left nothing of the kind to live after him. That his good deeds may not be buried with him, and that the moral influence of his pure and spotless life may not be lost to the world, is our object.

The reader who expects a panegyric will be disappointed. The writer means nothing of the kind. Dr. Comfort was a ripe scholar, an humble Christian, and a modest, unassuming gentleman. It was the chief glory of his life to go about doing good, dispensing charity in secret, and making constant efforts to alleviate the sufferings of all who were afflicted, either in mind or body. Mr. Comfort had been regularly constituted a Doctor of Divinity, but always preferred to be addressed as Mr., and in deference to that creditable preference the writer so designates him. He was born in Orange County, New York, on the 29th April, 1785. His early youth was without remarkable incidents, so far as the writer is informed. After the usual preliminary training, he was matriculated at Princeton and took a thorough lit-

erary and theological course at that ancient seat of learning. The best evidence of his scholarship, as well as the high esteem in which he was held at his Alma Mater, is that he was, soon after his graduation, appointed Assistant Professor of Ancient Languages, a position which he held for several years. Mr. Comfort's native modesty was such that he never allowed any sketch of his life to be published while he lived. It is impossible, therefore, to fix dates, and many incidents of his youth and early manhood are lost. In May, 1812, he married Miss Martha Ann Cruser, with whom he lived in happy domestic association until her death, May 21, 1834. The fruit of this marriage was eight children, four sons and four daughters, all of whom survive their father but one, Mrs. Dr. S. Alexander, of Clinton. His two youngest sons, William and George, died during the late war, of disease contracted in the army. The remainder of his children are all married and scattered. From Princeton Mr. Comfort removed to Kentucky, where he resided about fourteen years. His sojourn in Kentucky was divided between Henderson and Russellville; from the latter place he emigrated to Clinton, Mississippi, in the fall

of 1827. Here he led a life of usefulness, setting an example of Christian piety until his death on the 13th November, 1855, at the ripe age of seventy years. That the death of this good old man should have left an aching void in that community, and wrung sighs and tears from all ages and classes of people, will not surprise the reader who follows this sketch to its close.

It may be a matter of surprise to know

As a scholar, Mr. Comfort was almost without a peer. His familiarity with the ancient classics was almost marvelous. In hearing his classes he rarely ever took a book in his hand, and yet he would detect the slightest inaccuracy in the translation. He could write and speak the Latin language with almost as much facility as he could his mother tongue. His knowledge of the Greek was also remarkable. He could repeat the Testa-



PORTRAIT OF DANIEL COMFORT, D.D.

that so much time has been allowed to pass before offering this brief outline of a good man's life to the world. If he had been a great orator, a great statesman, or a great warrior, this office would long since, and on a larger scale, have been performed by a hundred pens. But as he was "only great as he was good," no one seems to have thought it worth his or her while to try to rescue his memory from oblivion, or to withhold from the grave the priceless jewel of his good example.

ment almost from end to end in Greek, and then give the English version. Mr. Comfort was, in religion, a Presbyterian, and a teacher by profession. But, as the writer well remembers, he was scrupulously careful in his translations of the Bible never to give or attempt to give any sectarian bias; he would carefully explain a disputed passage according to the translation of each sect, and then leave the pupil to decide for himself which was right. He was a fine Hebrew scholar. In mathematics he was at home; and his knowl-

edge of other branches of scientific learning was quite extensive. Being a teacher, and scrupulously exact in all his dealings with his patrons, he had, independently of his love of letters, imposed upon himself the duty of mastering every subject, and of being prepared to go into the school-room ready to teach thoroughly whatever he proposed to teach at all.

At an early period of his life he took orders, and for a time preached in the Presbyterian Church. His lungs were weak and his voice lacked compass; his manner was quiet and unimpassioned. Perhaps for these reasons he did not long continue to fill the sacred desk; but he prosecuted his theological studies with great earnestness, and long before his death he was universally admitted to be one of the most learned divines in the country. It was the writer's privilege on several occasions to hear Mr. Comfort read, in private, some of his early sermons. In style, they were chaste as snow; in language, full, clear, and pointed; and in spirit, the very essence of piety and earnest Christian zeal. Read by such men as Beecher, Chapin, or Palmer, they would have been accepted as splendid specimens of pulpit oratory. Read by Mr. Comfort, they would only be admired for their beauty, learning, and fervent piety. If it be thought that Mr. Comfort's light was concealed under a bushel because he did not teach from the pulpit, we beg to correct the error. He taught by example and conversation, and far more effectively than thousands of others gifted with greater eloquence and less zeal. Besides, Mr. Comfort left the pulpit at a time (fifty years ago), in Kentucky, when voice and gesture made converts faster than learning and piety; when Stentor, we fancy, would have rivaled Demosthenes. Mr. Comfort's widest field of usefulness was as a teacher of youth. In this occupation he was assiduous, devoted, and unwearying for nearly fifty years. Thousands of men and women have blessed his memory for the useful lessons, Christian and scholastic, he has taught them. He was always poor in this world's goods, but he never urged his patrons, and never denied admission to a pupil because he or she did not pay. There can be no doubt that he educated more children gratuitously than any other half-dozen teach-

ers combined, and yet very few people ever knew it, as he never spoke of it himself, and we have good reason to think that many of the beneficiaries themselves were and are ignorant of the facts, they doubtless thinking that their parents or guardians had paid Mr. Comfort.

As a teacher, Mr. Comfort attached his pupils to him with hooks of steel. They not only delighted in affording him pleasure, but they would cheerfully forego any pastime of their own rather than offend him. To this hour, the respect with which he was treated by a class of grown young men, his pupils, is among the most pleasant of the writer's school-day recollections. It was his habit to enter the schoolroom at stated hours each day, and in this as in everything else he was exact. It was a rule, voluntarily imposed by the students on themselves (I never heard that he required it), to take their seats as they saw him coming, and rise to their feet as he entered the hall and remain standing until he was seated at his desk. This we give as a type of the manner in which he was treated by his pupils, and though it may be only an evidence of ordinary good breeding, it was far from being everywhere found in Mississippi thirty years ago.

But it was as a philanthropist that the good points in Mr. Comfort's character were the most conspicuous. His charity was boundless. It consisted not alone in giving alms,—this, indeed, was one of his smallest virtues, though he gave more according to his means than any other man I have known. His charity consisted mainly in a universal good-will toward men. He never wearied in doing good. If people were sick or in distress, it did not matter whether they were rich or poor, high or low, he was the first to offer assistance and the last to cease his efforts. He threw the mantle as far as Christian duty would allow him over every man's faults. With the zeal of an earnest friend he would plead every extenuating circumstance, and when he could no longer speak well of people, he ceased to speak at all. If he rebuked vice or immorality, it was done in a purely Christian spirit and in the performance of a Christian duty, and with a prayerful hope that the rebuke might do good to others, if not to the rebuked person.

"Blessed are the peacemakers," says the Bible. Then is Daniel Comfort blessed indeed. If there were a family jar, a domestic broil, a street quarrel, an embryo duel, or quarrel of any kind, no odds who the parties were, Mr. Comfort's good offices were interposed at once; and so long as there was a hope of restoring peace, he would "give no rest to the sole of his foot, or slumber to his eyelids," and this he would do so quietly and unobtrusively, that oftentimes the disputants themselves did not know whose spirit it was that smoothed their angry passions. We are exceeding our prescribed limits, and must close this imperfect sketch. Mr. Comfort lived a life of spotless purity, and died full of hope, faith, and charity.

PREMONITIONS—DREAMS.

THE faculty of Spirituality is the basis of religious faith, and gives a perception of spiritual truth, faith in the unseen, a prophetic insight, and a consciousness of spiritual immortality. Coupled with a peculiar temperament or with special conditions of body and brain, the power of clairvoyance or prevision is manifested. The following letter and statement from a valued friend, a most estimable and truthful gentleman, will be read with interest.

MARETTA, PA.

EDITOR PHREN. JOURNAL—In your investigations of mental phenomena have you discovered a solution for that condition of mind that anticipates in panoramic vividness scenes that are about to transpire? I subjoin a case in point, with the hope that you may find time to give me the result of your researches on the subject. Yours respectfully, B. A.

A gentleman whose veracity an entire community can vouch for, some years since had several boats freighting on the Pennsylvania Canal. At one time one of the boats loaded with coal for Baltimore was reported to have gone down in a gale on the Chesapeake Bay, and the crew were drowned. A few nights after hearing of this disaster he dreamed that information reached him of the safety of the boat and crew, and that the boat was lying near North Point lighthouse, but slightly injured,—and the injury was on the right side of the bow, under the whaling. On hearing this news he started at once for Baltimore; arriving there, he walked down several squares to a livery stable, hired a bright bay horse, and started out to see the boat. Some twelve

miles from the city he passed the Ross Monument; some distance farther on, in the woods he was passing through, he saw a black snake stretched out on a log; and some distance beyond, on passing over the brow of a hill, he saw the boat; while a short distance to the right he saw a man on horseback sowing wheat broadcast; and in another direction several colored men were cutting down timber, and were watched by a white overseer. In the morning, when he awoke, he was so impressed by the dream, that he at once resolved to investigate the matter and be guided by the dream.

He went to Baltimore, and went down several streets without any knowledge of the locality, and made no inquiry, but soon recognized the place he had seen in his dream; hired a horse that he knew to be the same in color and gait; rode out of the city, and being intent upon following the way as he had seen it in the night, he came to the Monument, and was startled to find it just as he had seen it in his dream, and then remembered that he had read of it when a boy; but all knowledge of its existence had been forgotten for many years. Passing along through the woods he began to be in doubt as to the route, until he suddenly came upon the black snake stretched upon the log; and farther on he came to the hill, which he recognized, and in passing to the summit of it saw the boat lying in the position he had seen it in his dream. Turning to the right, he saw the man on horseback sowing grain, a style of husbandry he had never seen or heard of before; then looking around he saw the timber with the blacks at work and the overseer standing by. On examining the boat the injury was found to be precisely as it was revealed in the dream.

SUNSHINE AND THE HEART.—But a few months ago I paused at the door of a vacant, unfurnished room, once draped in softest colors, with its echoes hushed in folds of velvet and damask, but now stripped of all that made it beautiful.

This room, I thought, is like the heart. In days of prosperity it was stately and beautiful, and joy and happiness lingered there, hand in hand. The rich curtains hung over the windows and no ray of sun or moon or starry planet ever entered there. Now the decorations have all been swept away, and there stands the room, bare and tenantless; but through the windows comes stealing the soft

light of the moon; it glides along the wall, stripped of all pictures save that, irradiates every nook and corner of the apartment, falls even upon the stranger standing in the doorway.

So with the heart. While wealth and friends are clustered around, the beautiful light of God falls not within the heart, though through His infinite mercy it ever lingers round; but when friends, riches, power, and all earthly baubles are gone, then the curtains are flung aside, and lo! the light falls within, even as the moonlight, into that desolate chamber. ZOE.

OCCUPATION.—What a glorious thing occupation is for the human heart! Those who work hard seldom yield to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands,

and mournfully feeds upon its own fears, weaving the dim shadows which but a little exertion might sweep away into a funeral pall, the strong spirit becomes shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes dominant over the spirit. When troubles flow upon you dark and heavy, toil not with the waves, and wrestle not with the torrent; rather seek by occupation to divert the dark waters, which threaten to overwhelm you, into the thousand channels which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present and give birth to fresh flowers, that will brighten the path of duty. Grief, after all, is but a selfish feeling, and most selfish is the man who yields to any indulgence which brings no joy to his fellow-men.

THE BRIDGE OF MOTION; OR, SOME RECENT SCIENTIFIC RESEARCHES.

BY WM. PITTENGER.

FANCY the dismay of a savage as he arrives in the course of his journeying, for the first time, on the bank of a large river, and gazes across its flowing current. To him, it constitutes a barrier far more absolute than the loftiest range of mountains. Beyond it may lie fair woods, and soft grass, and tempting game, which could easily be made his own, if only the glassy wave would afford him a pathway. The distance is insignificant, but the interposition of an element that will not sustain a single step prevents even the beginning of a passage. In such perplexity, the savage is not alone. Great armies, in more civilized times, and all the processes of extending empire and growing commerce, have often been brought to a stand in the same manner. Rivers have been sad obstacles in man's pathway, notwithstanding their beauty and beneficence, tasking his energy and inventive genius to the utmost. But they have been overcome, and bridges are now thrown across the widest streams, making a secure way above the waters, not only for human feet, but also for the loaded car. Such structures rank among the most beautiful and really useful productions of human art. How often have thoughtful persons stood upon them, equidistant from the shores and high in the air, thinking exultingly of the victory achieved over another of nature's barriers. Even before the era of bridges rude boats

made a kind of connection between the opposite banks of rivers, but it was very partial and uncertain. Each boat seemed a waif cast out on the rushing current, which might reach its destination safely and return, or might sink on the way, according to the pleasure of the genius of the stream. But the bridge possesses more of the character of solid earth, and is a way-mark of material conquest over which the philanthropist may well rejoice.

But rivers and earthly chasms are by no means the only intervals that need bridging. As the reader has already conjectured, the title of this essay is a metaphor. The bridge to which our attention will now be turned can not be built of iron or stone. We have now to do with a separating chasm more profound than any ever cleft by torrent through mountain range. It lies between two provinces of existence so widely sundered that they seem at first view to have no connection whatever, and to be incapable of any, yet which are, in some mysterious way, intimately united and mutually dependent. Our task is to take these two great divisions (into which the whole world divides itself before our sight), and if unable to definitely point the bond between them—the bridge by which their mutual influences pass and repass—at least to indicate the direction from which an increase of knowledge on this subject may come.

We may expect the undertaking to prove

formidable. In the physical world there are many obstructions not yet surmounted. The rivers and oceans of this comparatively little planet present serious difficulties to man only because of his own weakness. But the space between the planets, and beyond these the abyss between suns and systems, are scarcely to be expressed in numbers, much less represented in thought. But even these are as nothing to the gaps between things different in kind, which afford no common basis even for computation.

MIND AND MATTER.

What shall we say of them? Metaphysical conflicts regarding their "entities" and "objective" and "subjective" relations have raged around them for centuries without settling a single point. We are surrounded by objects that we recognize through our senses, and we say these are composed of "matter," without attaching any very definite signification to the term. We become conscious of personality, thought, and will in ourselves, and notice in other persons certain manifestations that are, in ourselves, always the effect of these qualities. Even the lower animals show some traces of them. To all such existence beyond the realm of the senses we apply the term "mind." Now, do these terms, matter and mind, mark a real distinction in the world, or are they—either one or both—illusory? We cannot here recapitulate the voluminous discussion on this subject, nor is it necessary that we should. The simple common sense and common experience of mankind afford the only tenable ground. Yet it is very amusing for one who has a firm faith in the abstruse doctrine that white is white and black is black, to look on while one set of philosophers proves that there is nothing in the universe but matter, organized or unorganized; and another, with equal clearness, shows that there is no such thing as matter at all—nothing but mental states, or impressions! These latter philosophers abolish the whole outward world by saying that we can not recognize it except through our senses, and these *may* all the while be playing us false. According to their views, we know nothing but ourselves and the impressions made upon us; it being just as probable that the latter have no correspondence with any outward reality. This is the ultra

metaphysical view. The other is the ultra scientific view, in which our senses are taken for a starting-point instead of our knowledge of self, and with a result equally conclusive. The man of science asserts that matter can be weighed and measured, and that these processes constitute the sole possible test of truth. As mind, therefore, can not be brought into the scales or measured by the foot, the conclusion is inevitable that it does not exist at all. Organized matter, he admits, presents certain phenomena differing from unorganized, among which are vegetable and animal life; sensation and volition are still more complicated, but can only be regarded as passing effects arising from combinations of matter, mysterious, no doubt, at present, but which will in due time be made perfectly plain by the victorious advance of science. There is no need, he says, to suppose a new element called "mind" or "spirit" to account for what we are unable to completely explain only because of the immaturity of our knowledge. God and immortality are both swept away by such theories, as golden edging of the cloud of life—mere mists cast up by the on-rushing of vital phenomena into the brain—but containing no more of reality than the splendid cities and landscapes that often float in complete beauty around the setting sun!

When two theories apparently contradict each other, it does not necessarily follow that one is true and the other false. They may both be false; or they may be merely different sides of the same truth. These two theories exemplify still another possibility. They are each partly true and partly false. They are true in their assertions, false in their negations. The latter mutually destroy each other, and thus bring us back to the very point reached long ago by the common consent of mankind. Matter does exist, and forms the basis of mind. Our senses give us a true report of the outward world. They may be mistaken in particulars, but all their mistakes are susceptible of correction, and their testimony may be verified until further error is impossible. Intelligence is built upon life in man and animal, but is neither a necessary attribute of matter, nor a modification of it. It belongs to another order—constitutes the other hemisphere in the great world of being. Each of these primary elements seems to be dependent

upon the other. Mind, at least as we perceive it, would be impossible without matter; while matter would be useless, purposeless, and unknown without mind, even if it could exist. Both taken together make up a world of wonderful perplexity and grandeur. This conclusion is forced irresistibly upon us; every thought is a proof that mind exists; every action reveals the presence of matter.

But these two great elements present a perfect contrast in character. They possess no common properties. There is no insensible shading of one into the other, but each remains clear and sharp up to the very boundary line. The finest forms of organized matter and the lowest manifestations of intelligence and volition show no sign of approach in their kind or essence. Yet it is necessary to our conception of a world that there should be established the most free and perfect intercourse between them. There must, then, be a bridge thrown across this bottomless chasm, more solid than the earth, and as broad as the whole of life. Is there such a one? Yes! Like the bridge Mirza saw in his vision, it has a cloud resting upon one end; but if we can form a clear conception of the nature of the structure itself, our eyes may follow it, pierce after pier, far into the obscurity. The outline of the hills on the farther shore will become visible, and we may notice how beautifully the country on either hand slopes down to the majestic arch, and how smooth and easy the passage is made. We will have occasion to admire the forethought and richness of resources displayed by the all-accomplished engineer of this matchless work. The obscurity could not all be cleared away even if every light of science were burned in full view, for as each of the connected shores contains many mysteries in itself, we could scarcely expect that both, viewed from the vital point of their union, should be plain as a newspaper story. But while we look through the mists that still cloud our eyes in this early morning of the world's life, we may see one end of the arch, solid and strong, rising high over the rolling waves, and follow it far on its course; losing sight of it, scarcely, if at all, before it rests in equally firm union with the opposite shore.

A METAPHYSICAL VIEW.

We will be obliged to dip, for a few sen-

tences, into metaphysics, but will promise a speedy return. If we deal for the same period in assertions with a very slender accompaniment of proof, we bespeak our reader's patience. In due time we will go over the ground more carefully, taking nothing for granted that has not been fairly established. Our object just now is to place before the mind, in a few strokes, the rough outline that will afterward be filled up, and thus direct attention from the first to the proper point.

There are two properties or attributes of mind and matter respectively which are not only very interesting in themselves, but also of prime importance for our purpose. These are space and time. These words have an easy, familiar sound, and we will not run the risk of making them appear more difficult by any attempt at explanation. Matter must have room or space as a condition of its existence. The mind must have successive thoughts, and this succession implies time. Neither mind nor matter requires the quality we have spoken of as necessary for the other. A thought has no conceivable magnitude. Mind does not need space in which to exist. And on the other hand, if the material universe existed alone, it could neither give nor receive a note of time, and were it at rest, there would be no time. Now, can we conceive anything which harmonizes into one idea both space and time?—an important question, for if such a common factor can be found, it will probably establish a conceivable relation between matter and mind themselves. There is one thing alone that can fulfill all necessary conditions—*motion*. The passage of matter from point to point involves the idea of time, which thus ceases to be a purely mental quality. Through material motions mind gets a conception of the space occupied by matter, and, indeed, of all its known phenomena; and by the power of producing (or rather directing) motion it is able to make its impress upon matter. *Motion*, then, we affirm to be the bridge over which necessarily passes all communication between the two great factors of the world, and address ourselves to the proof of that affirmation.

To begin on the side of mind will avail nothing. Metaphysicians have not yet taken the first step toward explaining the connec-

tion between the mental and material worlds. How the mind is affected by the finer and swifter forms of motion that bear the evidences of space and matter up to the gates of consciousness, or how it sends back such motion carrying change of place and all the modifications of space and time to the outward world, is yet unknown. The cloud still rests upon *that* end of the bridge. We can measure and name the various nerve structures through the medium of which this is accomplished. We are convinced that we have driven the mystery to its last refuge in the pulpy mass of the brain, at least in all higher animals. But the mode of contact between that organ and the mind is as little known to us as to the most ignorant savage.

We must, then, as our only alternative, begin with matter and trace it through its successive refinements as nearly as possible up to mind. We sum up the process, so far as it lies on the surface, very simply by saying, that by means of light, heat, sound, odors, flavors, and bodily contact, acting through eye, ear, mouth, nose, and the sense of touch, we become acquainted with the objects that surround us. The statement is very simple, and embraces few elements; but to ascertain the true nature of these has cost the greatest men on our planet, in the aggregate, centuries upon centuries of persistent and toilsome labor.

THE "IMPONDERABLE AGENTS"—MOTION.

Light, heat, electricity, magnetism, etc., etc., were formerly called imponderable bodies for two reasons: they weighed nothing, and yet were supposed to be some kind of substance. They were clearly not spirit, and therefore no alternative was apparent but to set them down as very peculiar kinds of matter. Even yet we talk about the "electric fluid" as if it were something that could be poured from one cup to another. Light was thought to be a kind of invisible dust, shot out from every burning body with inconceivable velocity, bouncing off each object it came in contact with, and hurrying onward with undiminished speed until entirely dissipated. Heat was considered to be a fluid lodged around the particles of all bodies, and having a strong tendency to run off when not carefully guarded. All these—substances shall we call them?—presented very curious

phenomena, and aroused a determination on the part of investigators to know the whole truth about them. The result is wonderful. The splendid volume of science has few more romantic pages than those which record how heat, light, and electricity were hunted down, one by one, and after being driven from hiding-place to hiding-place, and undergoing more metamorphoses in the chase than the princess and magician of Arabian story, were at last proved to be just our old friend—*motion*. A brief survey will show how this most important conclusion was reached.

Looking over a field of ripening wheat. when the wind blows, waves will be seen to arise and course rapidly along its surface. The first impression made upon the eye is that the masses of golden grain of which the waves consist are being borne along with the speed of the wind. This impression can not be correct, or the whole contents of the field would soon be piled up at one side. A little observation made close at hand shows that each stalk in its own place simply rises and falls alternately, while the progressive waves are an optical illusion. In deep water a similar phenomenon is displayed. The surface rises and falls in undulations, but there is no onward motion. Did the water in a wave run forward with the velocity it appears to have, no ship could long resist the shock even of a very gentle sea. Near the shore, the interference of the bottom with the undulations does give some onward motion, and makes the stroke of the surf far more severe.

The rudest savages soon learned such facts; but the next step was more difficult. The waves in water and in standing grain were simply motion in the form of undulations. But how about sound? It was surely not a body, although it traveled in the same manner as light, which was classed with substances. It did not always exhibit the same velocity, but passed much more swiftly through iron or water than air. It could not be produced in a vacuum at all. A bell rung under the exhausted receiver of an air pump gave no sound. The quivering of a plate of metal struck by a hammer could be plainly seen, and the vibrations grew less and less as the sound died away. If a drum-head was turned in the direction of a loud noise it

would begin to vibrate visibly, showing that some motion had been carried from the sounding body to it. When the human ear was examined by the anatomist, it was found to contain a miniature drum, and the inference became irresistible that sound was simply a shivering of the air, which struck upon this living drum, and through its motion communicated a sensation to the mind. When this idea was once reached, a thousand facts confirmed it.

LIGHT AND ITS PHENOMENA.

From sound to light was a great advance. Notwithstanding the many points of resemblance between the two, there are also wide differences. Sound is confined to the immediate neighborhood of the earth, and can not be transmitted through vacancy at all. By various contrivances it can be rendered sensible to the eye or touch. But light goes throughout the universe, passing over the voids between the planets as easily as through the clearest air. It can be recognized by no other sense. It opens up a whole world of its own so glorious and beautiful that without it life would be scarcely endurable. Is this wonderful light only a kind of quivering motion, and no real substance at all? This seems very improbable. Men would not accept such an explanation as long as any other remained. But proof began to accumulate rapidly. The various analogies to sound were traced out and found to be evidences of real likeness. The singular appearances of polarization, which were now discovered, were inexplicable on any other theory than that of undulations. Yet light can not be waves in any ordinary kind of matter, for its wonderful velocity of nearly 200,000 miles per second is maintained at a uniform rate in the densest and rarest medium, while material vibrations must vary according to the density of the substances through which they pass. To meet the requirements of the theory, an ether was supposed filling all space, at least so far as any star has ever gleamed, and penetrating to the centers of all solid bodies—a substance marvelously light, elastic and, strong. To fulfill all necessary conditions, this substance—if it be not an abuse of words to call it such—must be millions of times less dense than the lightest drifts of vapor that float through the air on a summer day, and yet

exert a pressure in every direction beyond the weight of mountains. Strange as the theory is, fact after fact came into view, each one of which accorded with it, until all the phenomena of light were as perfectly explained as the motions of the planet by the theory of gravitation. The undulatory hypothesis was at first received with ridicule, and for many years made very slow progress in the scientific world; but it has now overcome all opposition, and is securely established, although our text-books, which are always half a century behind the times, still persist in explaining *two* theories of light!

HEAT AND ITS RELATIONS.

But when the question of the nature of light was thus disposed of, the way was open for another and yet more important generalization. Heat and light are twin agencies of nature. They frequently, if not always, originate in the same manner. A fire or a lamp will produce one as well as the other. The sun is the great source of both. When light was shown to be merely a kind of motion, it was difficult to avoid a suspicion that heat might be similar—differing in the direction or extent of movement. The course of proof in this case was still more direct. Common mechanical motion—the motion of masses—could be converted into heat to any extent, thus indicating that motion of bodies in the aggregate might transform itself into another kind of movement—that among the particles or ultimate atoms of bodies. As a hammer and bell can produce an indefinite amount of noise, thus showing by its inexhaustibleness that sound is not a substance lodged in the pores of the bell, so the fact that the rubbing of two pieces of metal together could be a source of heat for many days, proved that the motion of turning was merely converted into molecular motion. When the process is reversed, heat becomes the most powerful source of mechanical motion that man can make available. The steam-engine, with all its triumphs, is only a means for turning so many degrees of heat into sensible motion; and the exact equivalent of each has been calculated with great exactness. Investigators have, indeed, gone far beyond this, and entering within the domain of these invisible but most potent undulations have, by means of delicate contrivances, measured the exact

length of the masses of light and heat. The longest are those of heat, which grow shorter as they are accompanied with greater degrees of light. Of the different colored waves of light itself, the red are longest, and the others diminish in the order of the spectrum, until the extreme violet is reached. But even beyond this point other vibrations are found, too short to be perceived by human eye, but capable of producing chemical effects. It is conceivable that our eyes might be so constructed that the optic nerve would possess a wider range of sensibility, making both these chemical rays and the rays of heat visible, thus giving us as many as twenty primary colors, instead of seven. We can not now pause to speak of the brilliant and wonderful changes that would thus be wrought in appearance of the outward world by an almost imperceptible modification of our own organs of vision. Even now it is probable that some of the lower animals perceive colors of which we know nothing.

Electricity forms no exception to the rule by which all the "imponderables" have been resolved into motion. The mere fact of its being excited by friction raises a strong presumption that it is merely another form taken by the motion of the rubbing body—a presumption abundantly verified. Galvanism and magnetism, which are only modifications of electricity, of course went the same road.

MODES OF MOTION IN THE HUMAN BODY AND OTHER BODIES.

But within the human body, and in close approximation to the citadel of mind itself, we find the same reign of motion. The nerve-force which carries the behests of our wills to our muscles, and gives rise to sensible motions in them, and in return carries back impressions of the outside world, is itself a mode of vibrations. The muscles may be caused to relax and contract again, even after death, by an electrical discharge along the nerves, and thus the effect of a volition be closely simulated. We may go still further, and assert that in each operation of the mind—in loving, hoping, fearing, reasoning—some expenditure of motion is made which must be supplied in force, or the materials of force, from the outer world. We will not now follow these researches further.

But in the facts already stated what won-

derful conclusions are forced upon us! There is nothing half so romantic in any fairy legion ever recited around the Christmas hearth. And much more is involved than at first appears on the surface. Nowhere is there rest among the particles even of the most solid bodies. Everything is revolving, whirling, twisting, turning and shivering on every side of us. Take up a solid iron bar and scratch it with a pin, every particle moves back and forth as if shaken by an earthquake! The sound you hear is the motion of the particles of the iron communicated to the air, and from that to the drum of the ear. It is a motion of the atoms in and among each other. If I blow my breath on the end of the same bar, another set of vibrations is started, which may be caught up and measured at the farther end. Pass a current of electricity through it, and the particles are stirred by another kind of agitation. Our seeing the bar at all, proves that the motion of its particles throws back toward us the waves of light that strike it. Heat it to whiteness, and this motion becomes so intense that it can originate ethereal vibrations of dazzling brightness. No one of the atoms in that bar is in contact with another, or there would not be room for all these free motions. We know that the bar possesses heat all the while, and that each atom must, therefore, be in ceaseless vibration. Solid as it seems to the eye, its ultimate parts are separated from each other, and move in their own way, with no more possibility of stopping than the planets of the solar system! John B. Gough relates that once, when attacked by the delirium tremens, he took an iron file in his hand, when to his inexpressible horror it instantly turned to a writhing serpent! Our iron bar does not quite do that; but when we put on the spectacles of science, it surely exhibits more motions than were ever seen in the most active serpent. In this it is not singular, for all objects by which we are surrounded are affected in like manner. We may grow bewildered and fail to realize it, or even grow skeptical, but it remains true that there is rest nowhere. This atomic motion pervades the universe.

And well for us that it is so widely extended, otherwise the world would be an utter blank; for only through such motions

do we get any knowledge of matter. Before attempting to show how each of these motions may be transformed into any other, and how they are all merely modifications of one underlying principle, we will endeavor to form a conception of the method by which matter reports itself, through its motions, to our senses. A few plain instances will be more serviceable than much general explanation.

PROCESSES OF SENSATION AND PERCEPTION.

The waves of sound roll through the air upon the drum of the ear just as the waves of the ocean roll upon the shore. The resulting vibrations of this drum are communicated to the auditory nerve, which has a great susceptibility to motion. By this nerve it is conducted to the place of the nerve's origin in the brain. Beyond this we can not follow it, but we know that the mind is affected by it and instinctively refers the vibrations to their outward source. If the waves be short and quick, the sensation of a shrill sound is conveyed; if long and separated by wide intervals, the sound is deep and bass. From these differences, along with several others, the mind makes many inferences regarding the nature of the body in which the sound originates.

A wave of light goes substantially through the same process. Starting from the rapid agitation of particles caused by the burning—that is, the chemical union of elements—in a candle; or perhaps from some unknown cause in a distant fixed star—it sends an agitation through the all-pervading ether with inconceivable rapidity and shoots into the lens of the eye, by which it is concentrated with full force upon that curtain of nerve-matter called the retina. This is, no doubt, so arranged as to vibrate in unison with certain lengths of undulations, and to be totally insensible to all others. Through the retina, motion is put into proper shape for traversing the optic nerve, and producing appropriate effects upon the brain. Then the candle or star is visible. If the light-wave happens, before reaching the eye, to strike upon some other object, it is modified, diminished in amount, and the length of the waves probably changed. Then arriving at the retina, as before, it produces a different effect, and this difference reveals the properties of the

object upon which it impinged. When we say we see any object, we simply mean that the luminiferous ether between that object and our eyes has transmitted to us certain vibrations that we instinctively accept as a true report of the object itself—clearly not of its essence, however, but only of its relation to us.

If these light-waves fall upon any part of the body except the eye, they are too refined and ethereal to produce any impression. In this they differ from the larger and ruder waves of heat which are transmitted through, and agitate ordinary matter as well as the luminiferous ether. The latter are not confined to one port of entrance to our consciousness, but to compensate for this, they are not capable of producing in us such a variety of sensations as we receive from the all-revealing light. The feeling of warmth on its absence, which we term cold, and the pain arising from freezing or burning, comprise all the sensations we directly obtain from heat-waves. Not our nerves alone are affected by them, but they run through our whole organism and cause the particles of our bodies to move in accord with them. A certain rate of such motion is essential to the performance of vital functions, and when this is maintained we have the genial sensation of warmth. When it becomes too slow, we are cold; when too fast, we are fevered or burned. Could these motions stop for a single instant in the ceaseless whirl they maintain through every nerve and tissue of our bodies, death sudden as the lightning flash would result. No sword of keenest temper, no deadliest poison, could penetrate quicker to the fountains of life than simple contact with a mass of metal in which motion had stopped. The mind can not be maintained in union with matter, save when this motion we call heat moves at a regulated pace. Truly we live in a strange world. Increase the motion that is swaying and varying in every object around us beyond certain very narrow limits, and we are in the midst of a devouring furnace! Decrease it, and the chill of death takes hold upon us! Between these two extremes, this strange double existence of ours is maintained. By whose hand, and according to whose wisdom are these nice adjustments accomplished?

THE WHEEL WITHIN A WHEEL! FORCE.

It may be thought that we have already executed our design of showing what is the medium between mind and matter by proving both the universality of motion and its absolute necessity for the continuance of physical existence. But the whole story is not yet told. On top of universal motion in atoms is piled universal motion in masses. Everything with which we are acquainted moves, and these movements are not simple, but are compounded and multiplied in a most puzzling manner. There is something strangely bewildering and confounding in the wild trooping forward of all things in heaven and earth toward some unattained and unattainable goal, unless our fundamental conception be firmly grasped—that motion is the only law of life—the necessary condition by which mind is linked to matter. The earth—once thought to be enjoying the quiescence of eternal rest—literally whirls upon its axis! The winds move over its bosom; the tides heave; the whole mass sweeps around the sun at the rate of a thousand miles a minute; the other planets join in the same giddy chase; comets rush through the sky; meteors dart down upon the earth; and the sun with all these in his train hurries forward with yet undiscovered velocity, along the arc of a mightier circle. When we lift our eyes to the calm of the star-lit sky, and feel its tranquil influence distill into our souls, we say, "Here, at last, is rest. Here our thoughts can repose." But no! the stars appear to stand at their post only because so far distant that motions—compared with which the cannon-ball as it leaves the mouth of the cannon is the veriest sluggard—are imperceptible. When we examine more closely, we find their course to be onward—onward—forever! If there be in the universe one point of rest, one body that is not ceaselessly moving, or one particle of matter that is not in restless vibration, the investigation of man has not yet discovered it!

If the reader has sufficiently mastered the above conclusions, and realized the phenomena described, he is prepared for another advance. Hitherto we have tacitly assumed that motion continues essentially the same thing, whether exhibited in the revolution of a planet, the flowing of a river, the phenom-

ena of light and heat, or the leaping of an animal. This was not an oversight, but the explanation is still to be given. Each motion can be turned into any other, or stored up, and brought forth upon occasion. To understand this we must look at something back of motion, and still more mysterious. This something has been termed force, and from it alone can motion originate. When motion disappears, it turns into force again, which can never be lost or destroyed, although it may pass into any of the forms of motion. The establishment within a few years of what is generally known as the "Conservation and the Correlation of Forces" is the richest chapter in the annals of science since the discovery of the law of gravitation. Indeed, it may well be doubted whether even that mighty generalization introduces us to grander conceptions or opened a wider field for future discoveries. The fundamental truth underlying this cluster of laws is, that no agency in the universe, so far as observed, has the power of creating or destroying motion. It may, indeed, be transformed almost infinitely, or be locked up in one of the two forms of force (to be explained shortly), and there so accurately balanced that no motion will result. But the power which is manifested in each movement of matter still exists.

TRANSFORMATIONS OF MOTION.

In this essay we have fixed our view upon motion rather than force, although the latter is the more pervasive and fundamental principle. The reason for this is, that the former is much more evident to the senses, and deals with phenomena rather than with causation. We may with approximate correctness regard force as a spring surrounding each particle of matter, and opposing either its approach to others or its recession. It is attractive in certain fixed proportions between all particles of matter when they are separated beyond certain definite limits, and repulsive within those limits. No human power is sufficient to press the ultimate atoms of matter into contact, and no amount of separation prevents them from drawing toward each other. The full weight of the inferences to be deduced from these remarkable facts must be reserved a little longer.

To make clear the wide range over which

the mutual convertibility of forces and motions extends, let us take the simpler parts of an example which in almost boundless complexity is perpetually occurring. The sun on a clear day shines full upon the ocean. The waves of light and heat which originate on its far-off surface are absorbed by the water; that is, the motion which had come through the interstellar ether enters among the particles of fluid and sets them in rapid vibration. When the heat-motion reaches a certain extent, the fluid state can no longer be preserved. The atoms are forced apart, and, as vapor, rise in the air. Then winds, which are likewise the product of heat-action, bear them over the land, perhaps to a mountain range, whose cool summits rob them of their heat and cause rapid condensation. This is rain, and from it torrents are formed which course down the steep descent. The sun's heat is transformed into the motion of running water, which may turn a mill and, by appropriate mechanical contrivances, furnish man the various kinds of motion required in the industrial arts. Or it may, with equal facility, be made to turn an electrical machine, and thus evolve that powerful form of motion. Indeed, it probably has produced electricity already on a great scale while in the state of vapor. From electricity, chemical changes may result, or the fiercest heat and the most dazzling light be produced, thus returning to the original form it had in the sunbeam. It has made the circuit of sea, and cloud, and mountain, and lightning only to go back to its starting-point,—but not in full force. As the rain falls, it sets the air on tremor, and gives us as sound the musical clash we so much love to hear in time of drought. The torrent also roars, and thus expends more of the original stock in noise, which, however, is not lost, but puts on other forms—perhaps those of heat and electricity. Channels are formed on the mountain and plain, and thus the solid parts of the earth are moved into new situations.

These are far from being the most complicated examples of the transformation of motions that might have been selected. Suppose the sunbeams falling on a plot of soil which contains the germ of a tree. Infused with the power thus imparted, that germ begins to expand, draws upon the soil for new ma-

terial, and continues the process until, at last, a tree weighing hundreds of pounds has been lifted into the air. The sun-motion still continues to be converted into the ascending motion of the juices of the soil, until fruit is formed. This fruit stores up in its attractive and repulsive forces the element of further motion in that form which is best adapted to promote vital action in man's body. Through digestion these are set free, and with other similar stores give us all the powers we can use—whether in bodily movement, the flashing of intellect, the fires of indignation, or the fervor of affection. But the end is not yet. In whatever forms these motions reappear they become the origins of new processes. There is neither beginning nor end. The sun which showers motion with such princely profusion on the worlds around, is himself fed from some external source; and although that which arrives on the earth is scattered in a million ways, yet in no instance is it lost. Whether as atomic motion or as motion of masses, it goes on forever! No motion can be created by any known contrivance, and no progressive movement prevented from gradually turning to atomic vibrations. Consequently perpetual motion—meaning by that a device which will continue to generate power for mechanical purposes out of nothing, and prevent it from turning through friction into heat—is the dream of enthusiasts. The real problem is to convert the stores of attraction and repulsion which exist everywhere in nature, or the atomic motions which are the result of such forces, into the motion of masses in the easiest and most economical manner. Water expansion, or, more plainly, steam power, is the nearest approach to the solution of this problem which has yet been attained; but it may not always maintain this supremacy, for nature is full of similar forces. The sun every day sends an almost boundless supply of energy to the earth, which is only prevented from becoming a millionaire in this kind of wealth by an equally prodigal expenditure. A thousand times more power is radiated off to the stars each night than would move all the steam-engines in the world! And there are many other sources of power besides the rays of the sun. The on-rushing of the earth in its orbit is an incalculable manifestation of

force, which, however, we can not get into our machines for want of an external point of resistance; but we can use the smaller yet still inconceivable momentum of its rotation. The movement of the tides from east to west is a lagging behind of the waters, and we may so arrange a mill that this will act as a motive power, and thus grind our grists at the expense of the earth's rotation.

SCIENCE AND HUMAN DESTINY.

Do these strange revelations of modern science, which overthrow so many things that once seemed firmly established, have any bearing upon the great problems of man's nature, relations, and destiny? We are especially apt to think upon our continued existence with a good deal of solicitude. Do these facts strengthen our instinctive belief in the immortality of the soul, or do they mournfully write over all our aspirations, "The glory is departed?" On every side of us destruction seems to prevail; but science interposes her authoritative teaching, and declares that this is only seeming,—that in all her domains there can be no loss. A tree is burned, and the ashes scattered to the wind, or borne to the sea. It has altogether disappeared. Yet not an atom of material is lost. In the ashes, or in gases (often invisible but still real substances), every element survives, and by proper agencies might be again collected. Not the slightest change of essence has passed upon any of the elements of the tree. When the significance of this wonderful fact has been considered, another still more wonderful demands attention. Far out on the confines of mind we see motion acting under the influence of one central force, and itself the servant of purposes recognized by us as intelligent, yet not one quiver or vibration perishes. The force manifested in lifting an arm seems to have accomplished its purpose, and to be gone. But it has not perished, and is imperishable. Mind rests upon the two foundations of matter and motion. If both these are proved to exist forever, it is not probable that mind, the crown and glory of the whole, will be more frail and evanescent. If all the servants live, shall not the master live also? Yet it is a singular instance of the change brought by advancing knowledge over the current of human thoughts, that what was formerly the great

argument for the immortality of mind is now the weak point of the whole structure. The immateriality and consequent incorruptibility of the spirit was contrasted strongly with the inconstancy and perishability of matter. The case is now reversed, and while the continuance of matter in all its integrity is as sure as any event in the future, belief in the continued endurance of mind, though somewhat strengthened by analogy, still rests rather upon faith than demonstration.

In view of the importance science has given to motion, how grand and true is the Biblical account of the creation of the world! "In the beginning was God." "The earth was without form, and void." "Darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the Spirit of God *moved* upon the face of the waters." Here we have the presence of mind—that is, of God—and of matter in its most formless shape. *Motion* is added, and the process of evolution of all organized existence begins. The exact wedding-point of spirit and the material world is accurately distinguished. John Milton tried to say the same thing in a more sublime way, and missed it altogether:

"Thou, from the first

Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like sat'st brooding o'er the vast abyss."

This expresses rest rather than the word "hovering" or "moving"—a motion in which all lower life began.

ATTRACTION AND REPULSION.

We spoke above of that strange double force of repulsion and attraction out of which all motion comes, and into which it may return again—that force which is never absent from any particle of matter, which is not matter, or in any comprehensible sense an outgrowth of matter, yet without which, so far as we can understand, matter could not exist at all. The conclusions of modern science regarding this highest element in physical phenomena are so strange and startling, that the most daring investigators, although not always working in a reverent spirit, are here fain to bate their breath and go softly, as if treading holy ground. Sometimes it is said that science is atheistic. It would be the marvel of marvels if such an accusation were true, for the bold philosopher, on reaching the point now indicated, seems to almost touch upon God himself, and to see

the sweep of that flaming sword which once waved over Eden's gate. Every scientific problem, when pushed to its ultimate elements, leads us into the presence of an indestructible, underlying force. "What is this force?" and "why is it?" are questions to which no answer can be given, unless we choose to borrow the language of one who did not reach his conclusions in scientific methods, and say, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight." Tyndall, Huxley, and the greatest philosopher of them all, Herbert Spencer, will not return this answer, preferring to say, "It is the world-organizing, sustaining force that we know nothing about."

Let us look a little more closely at each of the factors of this double force in order to realize what it is that has risen in the way of scientists like a wall of iron. We will consider repulsion first. It is usually manifested under the form of atomic resistance. An easy but feeble illustration of it is the repulsion of two light balls when in similar electric states. But it is universal. The particles of all bodies are separated by empty intervals without which they would be inelastic and incompressible. What is it that makes them so unsocial that they stand off from each other, and resist the utmost effort of human power to put them in contact? They are always in motion, with a greater or less degree of rapidity, and are never able under any circumstances to do what would seem easiest of all,—that is, sink to rest in a mass. Each one is always as independent of another as a planet of its sister planets. When heated, which simply means when put in more rapid motion, they draw farther and yet farther apart. To such an extent does this affect their constitution, that most, and probably all, bodies may exist in three totally different forms, distinguished simply by the amount of heat possessed. These are the solid, liquid, and gaseous forms. As solids, bodies are hard, and can not be easily affected by outside force; as liquids, they usually occupy more space, and are yielding and unstable; as gases, they expand prodigiously and exert tremendous force, flying from each other as if in mutual disgust, and only kept in any kind of bounds by external pressure. It can be no material substance

which prevents the particles of bodies from coming in contact, for if it were, that substance would necessarily be made up of particles in contact or not in contact. In the former case there could still be no elasticity; in the latter, there would have to be interposed between the particles something which is not matter. Here is surely an immaterial existence powerful enough to control all particles of matter, and consequently all the phenomena of nature. The very terms of the doctrine of the conservation of forces presupposes some elastic medium by means of which all power is to be transmitted, for without such medium the clash of hard substances moving in opposite directions would ultimately destroy all motion, and reduce the universe to stillness and death. Truly there are wonders in the ultimate constitution of matter no less than in the grand aggregate of existence.

Before venturing our conjecture as to the nature of this force we will turn to its partner, opponent, or supplement (for it may be considered in all these relations), from which it seems never to be separated. Attraction is far more familiar than repulsion; but there are several phenomena in connection with it, also, which seem to preclude the idea of merely physical causation. The movement of all material bodies, and of all vibrations that traverse matter, requires time. The velocity of light, which is the swiftest element known, is still easily measured by astronomical appliances. But gravitation acts instantaneously across vast areas, or so nearly instantaneously, that the interval is still insensible, when accumulated for centuries. There is no substance known which can offer the smallest obstruction to it. If it were an undulation, it is extremely probable that in some cases it would find atoms moving so nearly in unison with it as to sensibly modify its intensity or direction, neither of which is ever changed. It also passes over vacuums unchecked, for if these are not found in the spaces between the planets, they surely are between the particles of matter itself. In its manifestations it is not susceptible of increase or diminution by human agency.

These two prime forces underlie every activity in nature. Omitting for the present all reference to the relation between them and

the human will, we may venture the broad assertion that they alone have the power of originating any motion, or changing it in kind or direction. Hammering a piece of iron can make it hot only because of the repulsion between its particles. The expansive power of heat which comes from this repulsion, applied in the case of water, gives rise to all the energy of the steam-engine. No action can be performed, and no material process carried on which is not based upon these forces. Yet no motion can produce them. We refer, of course, to the ordinary attractions and repulsions of matter, and not to the special manifestations of electricity or magnetism. These latter stand in quite another class, and can be originated by other forms of molecular motion or converted into them. It has sometimes been regarded as a weak point in the doctrine of the correlation of forces, that gravitation finds no place. But if all motion, in its various transformations, be viewed as the result of attraction and repulsion, all difficulty at once vanishes. These forces, either of which, unopposed by the other, must produce instant motion, and continue to accelerate it, which is well illustrated in the fall of a stone from a height to the earth, may be perfectly balanced. The most violent agitations may expend themselves in the production of such balance, and then it seems as if they were destroyed. But they are only stored away, waiting for the time when the equilibrium shall be deranged and their full energy again manifested. Precisely the same force is expended in lifting a body from the earth that will be restored to it again in falling. But at the highest point a supporting column may be placed beneath it, in which case the earth's attraction is balanced by the molecular forces which give the column its strength; it still exists, however, as truly as if manifested in motion. By far the greater part of the forces in the world are in this balanced state, and may be considered as potential motion. A very little active motion may produce not only its legitimate effect, but also release a vast store of that which is chained up. A spark of fire—which is a quivering or vibration of narrow compass but great intensity—falling upon the powder in a loaded cannon, produces a vast amount of motion among the particles of

powder, which is expressed in the rushing ball and the terrific roar.

THE ULTIMATE CONCLUSION—WHAT IS THE FORCE?

Now, we propose a question which may seem startling to most readers, but is worthy of close consideration: Can these two forces, which are completely divorced from matter even while they control it, be anything else than God's will, resting with nothing intermediate upon each particle of the world he has made? It may be objected that they are absolutely regular—capable of being measured to the last degree of exactness. But this objection is valid only when mind is considered as necessarily irregular and capricious, and will not hold against the God of the Bible, who is represented as absolutely immutable. We are disposed to regard this compound force of attraction and repulsion as the precise point where *His* will touches upon matter. It is one step back of matter, and is, with one class of possible exceptions, the origin of all other power. The mind of man controls matter to a limited extent, changing, by a mere volition, the currents of motion that are ever sweeping through our nervous organization. Can it be possible that the will of man or of animals has the power for a moment, and to a very minute degree, actually to change the attractions and repulsions of matter in the brain? On no other supposition, it seems to the writer, can such a thing as a volition, followed by movements in matter, be possible. It does not render the problem easier when we ascertain that food contains the stores of force that are given out as nervous vibrations and muscular contractions, for the question is only of the power to control and direct these currents of motion so that they shall take a given form and direction, and not, as in dead matter, always follow the channel of least resistance. But however this may be, it seems inevitable that if we admit the universe to be anything more than a self-regulating machine, we must find the junction between it and a controlling mind just in these incomprehensible attractive and repulsive forces. It does not seem possible to go further back than this. Each particle of matter, after we have reached the minutest subdivision possible, has a tendency, while

outside of certain limits, to draw near to other particles, and inside of them to draw away. We give the names attraction and repulsion to these two tendencies, which are probably manifestations of a single force. We are not now concerned with matter, for we have reached its utmost limits. Each ultimate particle has around it, or in it, the mental qualities of knowledge and will. It has a will to press in certain directions rather than others, and intelligence to conform that will to law under all changing and often most complex conditions. As in approaching this subject from another side (in a former essay), we came to the manifestation of one central, all-controlling will, so in these purely material researches we meet—at the point where all science fails—a living will that operates at the vastest as well as the most minute distances; that requires no matter as the medium of its exercise; that needs no interval of time for the transmission of its mandates. Can the science of the present day which leads to such conclusions be called in any just sense either materialistic or atheistic? If it is said that attraction and repulsion are essential properties of matter, nothing is gained by that phrase. It can only signify that they always accompany matter, which is an evident fact; but fails to prove that they originate in it rather than in mind. After all is said, one simple alternative alone remains. We must admit the Christian idea of a controlling mind, great enough to comprehend, and mighty enough to impel in its proper course every particle of the universe, and harmonizing the whole by that prevision which arranged for all things from the beginning, or we must put a will and an intelligence into each atom. Even then this atomic will can not be considered less than omnipotent, for it exerts power toward every other particle of matter in the universe; and the intelligence of the atom is certainly superhuman, for it must be conscious at the same instant of all other particles, and their precise position, in order that its own force may be regulated according to distance and mass, and this without the possibility of a single mistake! So the skeptic, who scruples to admit the existence of a single God with real power, is driven by inexorable logic to admit countless millions of them, having

their dwelling in each atom of the world, yet all harmoniously allied in producing the phenomena of nature! Let those who wish accept such a theory, and term it, for euphony's sake, as some do, "the universal vitality of matter."

Matter and mind—the two great factors of existence; may they not at last be merely two sides of the same thing? And motion, which has seemed to us a bridge, be simply a striking phenomena of this complex, unknown something we call existence. On the material side, when we have gone far enough, we find matter imbedded in mind. On the mental side, as we hope to show in a succeeding essay, we see mind resting only on the organization of matter. From whatever point we begin, our argument inevitably tends—like gravitation on the earth's surface—to a common center, which is the acknowledgment of one universal Power above and around us—a Power that can be known only as self-revealed to our thought through works or words, and before which it is the highest human wisdom to bow the head in reverence and worship.

MAN'S PLACE IN NATURE.

THE minds of many men are confused on this question. One reason for this is, the fact that they start out on wrong principles. They go on the supposition that man is simply a developed animal, whereas, in fact, he is a created human being. "In the image of God created he him." These secular philosophers, such as Owen, Darwin, Huxley, and others, fail to comprehend this grand fact; nor do they seem to understand where to draw the line between man and animals—between instinct and reason. Phrenology explains this whole matter. Man has a three-fold nature, and, for the sake of illustration, we may say the brain is like a three-story house. The lower story, including the cellar and kitchen, where the eatables and drinkables are supposed to be stored, answers to the animal propensities and the instincts. Here are located the organs of appetite, the sight, hearing, taste, smell,—indeed all the senses, including the domestic affections, the procreative principle, common to reptile, animal, and man.

The second story of this house, or brain, is occupied with a class of faculties not possess-

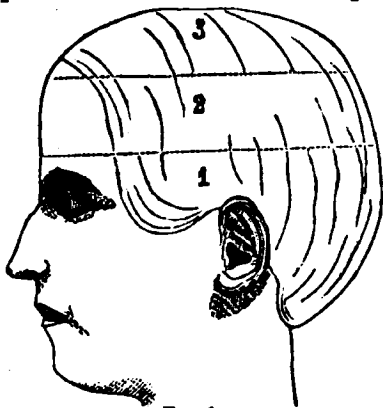


FIG. 1.

ed by the animal, and here is where the line may be drawn between instinct and reason—man having both, while the animal has but one. Here in this second story is reason, causality, comparison, invention, with other powers not possessed by animals, but constituting necessary and ever-present powers of man.

Now, let us move up one story higher. What do we find here? Furniture and appurtenances totally above the reach or comprehension of any animal. We have Benevolence, which no animal ever possessed; we have Conscientiousness, a sense of justice on which integrity is based, never manifested by any animal; we have the faculty of Hope, which gives man a sense of immortality; we have faith, which gives him a spiritual sense or a prophetic forecast of the higher life, of that which is beyond the reach even of reason; we have Venera-

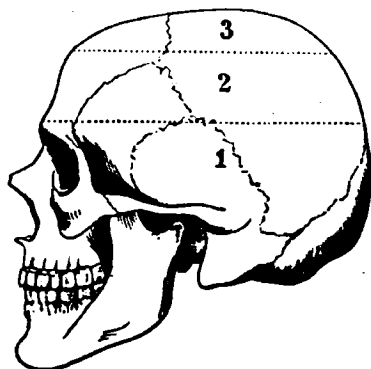


FIG. 2.

tion, which gives devotion, and inclines man to acknowledge his obligation to obey the

superior or creative Power, and render homage to his Maker, and be submissive to do his will. Man prays! The lower animals recognize no superior except after a trial of strength. These traits make man a different being from any of the animal kingdom—the crowning work of creation.

And this is "man's place in nature." Between man and animal there is a marked separation, with no connecting links. Examine the heads, even the naked skulls of reptile, beast, bird, and man, and the whole thing is as simple as it is absolute. Then why puzzle over the question of man's descent, or, rather, ascent, from plant to beast, and from beast to human? Why not take these basic principles of Anatomy, Phrenology, and Psychology, and settle the question

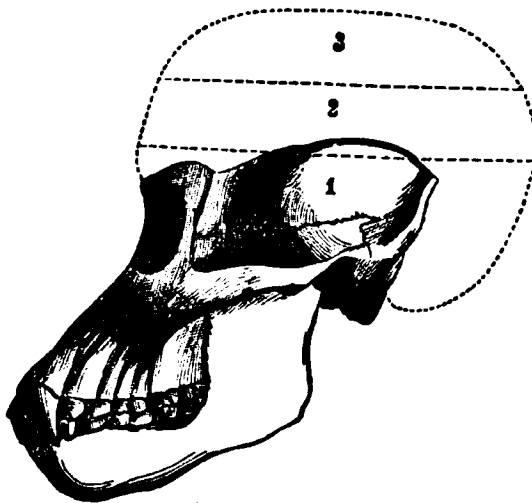


FIG. 3.

on these? It will come to this at last. The three-fold nature of man we have often discussed, and now propose to illustrate it, viz., the animal or instinctive, the intellectual or reasoning, and the moral or spiritual natures. In fig. 1 these three ranges of powers are indicated. In region No. 1, below the first line, the organs in the base of the brain are shown. These are common to man and the lower animals. This region takes in the perceptive intellect, the passions, propensities, and such of the social organs as belong to animal life. That region may be called the animal brain, located in the lower story of the head. Rising one step to region No. 2, we have the great reasoning or intellectual field, which the animal does not share with man. In region

No. 3 we have the moral and spiritual, which is entirely wanting in all the animal kingdom. These occupy nearly equal proportions in this well-balanced head. In fig. 2 we exhibit the skull of a human being, with the three regions indicated by dotted lines and marked by numbers. The moral and spiritual region is not quite so well developed in the skull, fig. 2, as in the head, fig. 1, but it answers all the purposes of illustration.

Fig. 3 is the gorilla's skull. Its shaded outline shows the immense jaws and face, and the small bulb constituting the cranium. The brain is not larger than that of an infant a week old. We draw the same three lines, showing the regions as we show them in the human head. Region No. 1, it will be seen, takes in almost the entire brain, showing that the gorilla has only the animal passions and instincts. We have drawn a dotted outline of a human head over the gorilla's, showing what the gorilla lacks in development upward. Although he is larger than man, bodily, he has a small brain, and nearly all the brain he has is located in the animal or instinctive departments. Region No. 2 is practically wanting. Region No. 3, as will be seen, is wholly wanting. If the head were developed according to the dotted outline, and the face were shortened off like that of a human being, and the prodigious jaws were more light and delicate, it would look like a human head, and with such a development would have the human faculties to guide, regulate, and control his immense physical force. But the gorilla is a beast, and only a beast, with a beast's brain and face; and though the outline of the body has some analogy to that of the human, the mental qualities which constitute human nature strictly speaking are, in him, entirely wanting. Those teeth are quite as savage and beastly as those of the bear, and the brain is shaped like that of a dog, with decidedly less of intelligence in the development of the brain, and far less of it in character. The advocates of the development theory make altogether too wide a leap from monkey to man. They pass many animals in that leap which in point of intelligence are quite in advance of the whole ape tribe.—*From the Annual for 1871.*

KNOWLEDGE, truth, love, beauty, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence;

the laugh of mirth which vibrates through the heart, the tears that freshen the dry waste within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future, the doubt which makes us meditate, the hardships that force us to struggle, the anxiety that ends in trust, are the nourishment of rational beings.

ATTRACTION vs. REPULSION.

HUMAN beings are natural magnets. One is positive; another is negative. One attracts you; another repels you. One feeds or replenishes you; another starves or robs you. One throws a dark, damp, mental cloud over you, chills you, freezes you; another brings sunshine, warms you, cheers you, makes you glad and joyous. Why? Ask the Temperaments, ask the Phrenological Faculties, and Animal Magnetism, ask Psychology, what Temperaments can, and what can not, harmonize and affiliate. Is there nothing in that word incompatibility? Is it not natural, in a spiritual sense, for "birds of a feather to flock together?" See to it that "ye be not unequally yoked." When two congenial natures unite in true matrimony, that is approved in heaven. Matches of seventeen with seventy are a little incongruous. So of refinement with coarseness, of intelligence with ignorance, and of charity with selfishness, or faith with skepticism, or of piety with infidelity. Better remain single than be tied to brutality or a vampire.

Partners in business should "look out," and not put a balky horse in the team. One bad, tricky person will bring reproach on all connected with him. Dishonest employers make dishonest employees. Heads of departments, officers in governments, who are rogues and knaves, debauch and demoralize a people. A bad captain will make a mutinous crew; a timid, fidgety teacher excites the fears and bad temper of the whole school; so a cross and petulant policeman excites a rebellious spirit even among peaceable citizens; an amiable usher or sexton brings quiet, content, and happiness into even a crowded house. He is attractive, and aids the clergyman in bringing all into unison.

We can change and improve our Temperaments; we can throw off evil and take on goodly influences; we can come into rapport, as it were, with Divinity, and live godly lives, or we can go the other way to the bad, repelling, chilling, crushing, killing by inches those we meet.

Department of Our Social Relations.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has survived the fall !
Thou art the nurse of virtue.

LAURA'S EXPERIENCE—A TRUE STORY OF THE HEART.

BY D. HASTINGS, JR.

LAURA, my heroine, a *petite* young lady in a stylish walking-suit, looked wonderfully charming and attractive as she tripped along the sidewalk of Main Street, in Greenfield, one sunny May morning in the year of our Lord 186—. So thought a tall and well-dressed young man who, coming up from a side street, lifted his hat gracefully, saying as he did so, "I beg your pardon, but I was looking for the post-office, and expected to find it here."

"It is opposite, just across the common," she replied in the sweetest of voices, indicating the direction with a wave of her dainty gloved hand.

"As we are going in the same direction, will you allow me the pleasure of your company?" he asked.

"I could not refuse so simple a request," she answered, modestly.

He thanked her, and explained that wishing to mail a letter on board the car, he had found it was not a mail train, so had availed himself of the short delay at the station to run to the post-office, which he had been told was close by.

"And so it is, but you kept to the left instead of the right, and so made the circuit of the common."

"I can not regret it," he replied, with so pointed a look of respectful admiration that the blush rose hue of her cheeks deepened to carmine, which, noticing, he hastened to say, "Is it not a lovely morning? I have enjoyed my early ride with its glimpses of varied scenery exceedingly, and Tennyson's lines have haunted my mind continually—

"The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills, and the plains—
Are not these, O Soul! the vision of Him who reigns?"

"That is a little singular, for I was thinking of that 'Higher Pantheism' when I met you, and repeating to myself—

"Is not the vision He? tho' He be not that which He seems?
Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?"

"A continuation of my train of ideas. How shall we account for it? Upon the principle that our minds met even before our eyes had seen each other?"

"A wave of thought which touched us both, perhaps."

He looked pleased. "Do you then believe that there is a sympathy—although often unrecognized—existing between people of certain temperaments? That mind acts upon and influences mind?"

"Yes, I believe it without knowing why, and it puzzles me inexpressibly."

"Thank you for acknowledging it. I think many people believe as much, but for fear of being thought foolish or transcendental they will not admit it. I am an enthusiast upon the subject, and fond of experimenting. Now, will you make a compact with me which we shall neither of us mention to a third person? We are entire strangers; I do not know your name, nor you mine; will you promise me not to try in any way to ascertain my residence or identity, and I will preserve the same silence in regard to you. We are opposites in looks and in temperament, I believe. We have some points of interest in common, our admiration for Tennyson, for instance. I shall never read his poems without a thought of you; and I believe your mind will in the same way revert to me, although you must not invest me in your imagination with all the virtues of Sir Galahad. We will each pray for the other at our daily morning and evening devotions, and trust to our own minds to actuate us—by that higher knowledge which is not instinct—as to our future meetings. And I fully believe that some where in the 'golden future' our life-paths, which have crossed each other this morning, will meet and flow on in the same channel."

"I promise," said Laura, and added, in a tone of real regret, "I am sorry, but here is the post-office, and if you do not hasten you will lose the train."

"Many thanks," he said, earnestly, raising his hat and bowing low in adieu; and each

went their separate way, but with a new interest at heart, which they would carry to the end.

A curious beginning to a curious acquaintance. Parkhurst was a young minister, handsome, talented, and just starting in life under auspicious circumstances. Hope and faith were predominant traits in his character, and he went on his way as confident that the beautiful girl with whom he had just met and parted would some day be his wife as though they had been formally betrothed. He had never been particularly fond of the ladies, or "he loved all maids, but none in special," and this fair, radiant face, with a pure spiritual light and grace shining through, which far transcended any mere physical beauty, was the one to whom his spirit cried like Peleas, "Where? O where? I love thee, tho' I know thee not."

Laura was a lovely, imaginative young person, possessing a strong intellect and a taste for studying into and pondering upon all kinds of things, seen and unseen. Of course this meeting and compact with an entire stranger took strong hold of her imagination, particularly as the stranger chanced to be one of the handsomest and most impressive men she had seen. Although a minister's daughter, she was no more religious than the generality of girls. She had never been given to reading the Bible very attentively, or to spending much time at her private devotions, thinking if she was reasonably regular at family prayers, that was all that was required of her. But to-night "On the Heights" was laid aside while she read of Christ's undying love, and kneeling prayed with passionate tears, not only for her unknown friend, but for forgiveness that she had neglected her childhood's prayers until led in this way to seek the Throne of Grace. This new religious impulse was continued with a deeper devotional feeling and increasing interest, as if inspired, as she fully believed she was, by a stronger mind. Her reading took an entirely different turn. One by one the fashionable publications of the day were dropped,—some of which she had been in the habit of surreptitiously borrowing and reading—gave way to magazines of a higher grade. As the summer days lengthened, a desire grew into her heart, she hardly knew when or how, to attend the commencement exercises at Amherst, Mass. She had friends there who had often invited her to visit them, but she had never done so; now she was "possessed" to go, her mind was wholly engrossed with the idea, and she went on Saturday for the whole of the following anniversary week.

Sabbath afternoon, while seated in the crowded gallery of the old church listening to the grand opening hymn which preceded President Stearns' eloquent Baccalaureate sermon, she became conscious of a fixed magnetic gaze which drew her blue eyes by some irresistible power toward the array of alumni in the body of the house, where they encountered those black, soulful orbs whose passionate language once met could never be forgotten. A deep blush gave the owner of the black eyes this gratifying assurance as she turned quickly away, only to look again and again, whether she would or not, for an answering glance of sympathy as her soul was stirred by the gifted thoughts and noble ideas of the speaker. So it was at "Prize Speaking," and at the evening lectures. At the concert of Wednesday evening, and again on Commencement day, they were seated where countless lightning glances passed between them, which each being quick at interpreting, they were thus made acquainted by intuition with the thoughts of the other. They met frequently in the grounds, the grove, the gymnasium, the chapel, on the tower, in the cabinets, and one day, strangely enough, the surging, seething crowd left them quite alone for a moment in the quaint silence of the Nineveh Gallery.

"I am glad to see that you remember our compact," he said, in his peculiar rich voice; "are you willing to continue it?"

A look, and the words spoken tremblingly, "More than *willing*," was all, for Laura's gay companions returned for her just then, and Cousin Nell exclaimed, as she hurried her down the drive to the flower-garden—

"Oh, my, Laura! how that splendid man looks at you! I notice it every time we meet. You've made a conquest. I shall write to your father that he'll soon have you off his hands. If he looked at me in that way I should go wild, but you are so cool and indifferent that I doubt your realizing that there is a man in town;" for Laura, much to her cousin's distaste, had turned a deaf ear to all the ravings about students, to which they were given in common with most girls in a town where there is a college.

And those chance meetings were all which the fates that time bestowed upon them, with the exception that at the close of the week, while standing on the piazza of the Amherst House, she saw him mount the crowded coach for Northampton. They were better acquainted than scores who had been formally introduced and exchanged a few meaningless con-

ventionalisms. As he lifted his hat when the coach rattled away, each was conscious of a vague pain at parting, a pain which was overcome by the faith which each had in the integrity of the other, and the confidence that they should eventually meet again.

Every one remarked the change in Laura. Although not less cheerful, she showed a much higher degree of culture, and her manner acquired such a new and charming dignity. Her tastes took such a different turn that she discarded her light, frivolous music and practiced Beethoven and Handel. She wrote an essay upon culture for the village Literary Society, not knowing her friend was preparing a lecture upon the same subject at the same time. Their diaries during most of this season, as compared afterward, were curious from their similarity, and from the way the stronger led the weaker and less cultivated mind.

How she studied after she went home from Amherst! • "How you do study!" said her father, well pleased; for there had been a time, when full of her pretty girlish conceits and vanities, books had been somewhat neglected. Now she took a fancy to conchology; she looked for specimens of coral and sea-anemones in every little collection in the village, and read every treatise upon the subject she could find. She asked questions of her father, of the doctor, and of Squire Brown. "It was seeing the shells at Amherst, she supposed," she said, a splendid collection,—she had been delighted with them. It was a shame she had never seen them before, living so near them all her life. She wished everybody could go through those cabinets; parents and teachers particularly didn't think half enough about it. If she had the power, every child in the Commonwealth should go to Amherst and go through the cabinets. How it would rouse their ideas and their ambition, and give them such a new interest in the world they live in! She could imagine how excited and enthusiastic they would be; how, after they went home, they would commence collecting curiosities of their own; how, for a time, the bugs, butterflies, and birds' eggs would suffer! what quantities of odd-looking stones would accumulate in imitation of Professor Hitchcock! And even if after a time the first pleasure of specimen-gathering wore off, they would never settle back into the same groove where they moved before. For herself, she said, "I will improve myself every way in my power. I will be worthy of him if the time ever comes that our life-paths run side by side, or are the same.

He shall not be ashamed to call me friend." She kept herself dainty and fresh and pure for him. She dressed herself thinking, perchance, I shall see him, and wondered as she put on this or that becoming article of apparel if it would suit his taste. She swept and garnished the rooms and made the house pleasant; and as she assisted her mother with a new interest about the domestic duties, she said to herself, with a blush, "I will learn to do it well, for perhaps some day I shall have to do it for him."

During the golden autumn days there was a Teachers' Institute at Holyoke. Laura wished to go.

"You are not a teacher," said her mother; "it is foolish to go."

"But I am a friend of education, and I really and truly take a deep interest."

So she did, that was true; but after her Amherst experience, when that nervous unrest took possession of her, she knew very well who was thinking of going and hoping to meet her there.

"Let her go," said her father, always where his only child was concerned being more indulgent than his wife. "Let her go; she will enjoy it; she will learn something, I've no doubt, and will come home as full of enthusiasm and grand ideas as she did from Amherst."

So she went, but not on Wednesday afternoon as she wished—visitors prevented her—but on Thursday morning. As she stepped off Fleming's train at Holyoke station she met, just getting on board, her friend. There was an eloquent look into each other's eyes, and a silent clasp of hands as they were jostled against each other for a moment by the crowd—and he was gone.

"Such a pity you were not here last evening," said a gay young friend. "There was a lecture upon corals, shells, and all those things you are so much interested in, by a splendid, tall, black-eyed man. You met him just as you got off the car. His name is Partridge or Shuttrick, or something, I've forgotten what,—but the lecture was fine."

By inquiry she might ascertain his name and residence, but she would not; she would not even read a report of proceedings for fear of breaking her compact. So she enjoyed the day,—as it was her aim to enjoy each day as it came to her,—and at night returned to her studies. Busy as a bee, ever making home bright and cheerful, reading books which a year ago she deemed dry and uninteresting; looking deeper and deeper into all of life's mysteries, feeling in everything she did that

new, strange, sweet influence,—knowing always that she was led by a will stronger than her own. So on until mid-winter, when she all at once conceived an idea of spending the following Sabbath at an uncle's in Northampton. Father and mother both tried to dissuade her, but in vain. She declared herself needing a change; said her father's sermons were dry and musty, she should get something fresh at Northampton. She wrote her intentions, and the Saturday-afternoon train took her to her destination. "I shall see him!" she was saying to herself all the way; and she looked in the car and at the stations, and, as she drove up Shop Row with her uncle, at every tall man on the sidewalk and in the passing teams. All in vain; but she did not give up. "I know I shall see him," she kept saying over and over in her mind.

The next morning uncle said, "You have so much going to meeting at home you won't care to go here."

"Oh, yes, I shall. I want to show my new winter hat, and see what everybody else has on, and I want to hear Dr. Kingsley."

"The Doctor is not well, but he supplies the pulpit with one young prig or another; we will hope he will preach himself to-day."

Seated in church, the Rev. Dr. came in, and with him—no, it is not—yes, it is—her friend. But he can not be a minister? He is, for he enters the pulpit, takes his seat, and takes down the Bible. Laura bows her head to conceal the powerful emotions which she feels must be visible in her face; and the prayer was made, the hymn sung, and the deep voice she knew so well, although heard but twice before, had read the text before she could control herself enough to lift her head. When she did so, the eyes of the speaker almost immediately met her own, but instead of confusing, they calmed her with the power of their strong magnetic will. She felt that he was talking to her, and appropriated every word to herself. His subject was silent influences, and the sermon abounded in noble thoughts as he aimed to show the peace-giving influences of the Gospel, and of a firm reliance on the love of God and the Saviour. He touched upon the influence of mind upon mind, and painted in glowing language the influence which a silent prayer for God's blessing upon a friend may have upon that person's thoughts; believing it to be the love of God and his Holy Spirit working in the minds and hearts of all his creatures, and so pervading all nature as to cause this strange sympathy between congenial souls.

"Who is he?" asked Laura's aunt, as soon as they were *en route* for home.

"I don't know," answered her uncle; "a queer name, but he is powerful smart."

Laura said nothing, but the sermon did her a world of good, and the doubt never once entered her heart but that he was as true to her in spirit as she to him.

The winter melted into spring, and the spring in turn bloomed into summer, and at the musical convention at Keene they again for a moment met face to face; and a few weeks later their life-paths crossed again one pleasant day in Springfield as their carriages met in the busy street. Summer was just fading into autumn when, one glorious Saturday night, our heroine and her mother were waiting tea for old Mr. B., with whom her father was to exchange next day. The master of the house had been gone some hours, for it was a long drive over the hills; and the elder lady several times remarked her daughter's unusual restlessness as she arranged and rearranged the flowers in the vases, and altered the disposition of the furniture in the rooms, which never looked more cheerful and home-like.

Laura, always peculiarly tasteful in her dress, was fairer than ever to-night in white pique, with purple pansies in her golden hair and at her throat. From the back-parlor, where she was standing by the bay-window watching the sunset clouds, and thinking, "I am going to see him, I know I am; I have never been deceived," she heard the little bustle of an arrival, and presently her mother came in to say that Mr. B. was unavoidably detained, but had sent some one in his stead. Laura's heart gave a great leap; she knew whom she was to meet even before the tall form came forward in response to her mother's "My daughter, Laura, Mr. Parkhurst," as she bustled away to look after her biscuits. It only needed the earnest, almost tearful, "Thank God, we have met at last!" and the firm clasp in which he took both her hands, to assure her that he had shared the long months of waiting, watching, and hoping, and that the joy at meeting was mutual.

Is there need of more? This is a true story, as improbable as it may seem; and my hero and heroine were married, and are living happily together to-day in a model parish and parsonage among the New Hampshire hills. When this number of the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL finds its way to their study-table, I trust they will pardon the friend who has woven the romance of their lives with as little

sentiment as possible into an article for its columns, thinking the incidents too interesting and remarkable to be confined to a limited circle of friends.

TO F. B. D.

If any, curious, should ask, Dear, when
I'm gone, what was her faith, belief, or creed,
Let this their answer be: "With reverent love
She loved all Nature's beauteous forms,—with trust
All perfect, trusted in the ministry
Of their pure influence, and with a faith
Undoubting followed where it led.

Believed

In human tenderness—in love's unsought
Devotion, and in friendship's truth; revered
The sacredness of home, and all its sweet
Endearments—loyalty in wedded life,
Which is eternal as that life itself;
And constant faithfulness to friend, untinted
By selfish passion, calm, unchanging, pure
As Heaven.

With tender, grateful awe she bowed
Her heart before the deep mysterious
Revelment of maternal love, and from
The new life dawning in her own, learned first
How strong, how beautiful and bright can burn
Its holy fire.

Her faith was nameless, and
Her creed unclassed; but in kind deeds of love
And charity to all, she did the most
She could, then trustfully with God left all
The rest."

HOPE ARLINGTON.

CROSS PEOPLE.

[Good-natured people may hold up the looking-glass to "Cross People" mirrored below, by a new contributor. One way to check cross children from crying is to hold them up before a mirror and let them see themselves as others see them. Let them see a good-natured laughing face in contrast with a cross, crying face and they will stop at once. Why not try the same experiment on cross adults? Let them see how their mouths draw 'down at the outer corners.]

THE world is full of them! You'll find them in the cars the next time it rains; and sometimes, though very rarely perhaps, you *might* see one if you looked in the glass.

There are some people so thoroughly cross that it seems as if they were born into this world with their tempers in such a snarl and tangle that no gleam of sunshine has ever had a chance to penetrate the labyrinth. These people act on your disposition in the same manner that a thunder-cloud does on your intention of "dressing up." Seeing the cloud in the distance, even if no larger than a "man's hand," instantly every idea of the bright, pleasing "Sunday-go-to-meetings" is

put out of your mind, and you sally forth in that most mummy-al—if I may coin a word—of all wrappings, a water-proof, and everything bright is hidden away. Now let such a creature as Human Thundercloud come along, and all your smooth, bright, pleasing words and actions are hidden under the wrappings of total silence, or you put up in defense an umbrella of indifference which you feel sure isn't worth much, and if you don't have to furl it in ignominious defeat, you'll go home with your pretty things all streaked.

We hear some of those people who have quantities of charity speaking of Human Thundercloud and saying, "Well, she's good!" What a contradiction her life must be, then, to her character! One thing I'm glad of, and that is, that charity doesn't make her fib bigger by putting any modification to her goodness, and so if she's good she is really very cross. And don't you think that swallows up the little "tinty-winty" bit of goodness?

The world seems to have gone all wrong with the poor creature. Her face is drawn up in one discontented frown from year's end to year's end again. Her nearest approach to an urbane manner is a short, curt way, that in ordinary people—you and I, for instance, when we were little, and were made to smother our ugliness (yes, that's the word) in a premature withdrawal into our "sad little chambers"—would be called rudeness or crossness.

Now I contend that Human Thundercloud has no right to such a disposition. To my mind she is constantly defrauding people of that amount of civil good-nature which it is the right of each one to demand of the other. Persons excuse or try to smooth over their crossness by saying, as if it were something to be proud of, "I'm a blunt one,—I am!" Did they but present their sharp, frozen edges to this warm, rolling world in the right way, I'll safely affirm that instead of being blunt, as they term it, the edges would soon be rounded off and melted, it may be gradually, but full surely, into shapely curves. I wonder if such persons were set on a deserted island in mid ocean they would snap and snarl at the bright birds and the busy buzzing bees as they do at human creatures. It is a truly

enjoyable sight to see two savagely cross people together, the one venting his ire on the other. They always seem rather surprised and discomforted to find that there is any one else who dares to feel cross.

Am *I* never cross? Yes. Just come and stay a week at our house, and find out by observation that I'm only a poor mortal like the rest, and it's human to have some parts of the weaving all darkened by gray threads; but it's *inhuman* not to weave in some of the sunshine as soon as we see or feel that this rough gray thread is rubbing its coarse fibers against our neighbor's loom. Yes, I'm cross, often; and I write it not boastfully, but sadly, thinking of the many bright threads which I might have made good use of, but which have slipped through my fingers forever. It's human to have spasms of awfully *savage* crossness, but it makes one *inhuman* when it's chronic.

A cross, constantly fretting disposition marks the face even more surely than the small-pox; for there has been discovered something to smooth away the unsightly touches of the fingers of disease; but science takes up her books and slinks off before

crossness. A desert is a source of comfort in comparison with these people; for even in the sandy sea you can dig down, and at last strike the cool, bubbling water, that will bring a pleasant brook on the stern earth, and make it blossom as the rose. But the more you dig on cross people, the more they won't blossom, and the only reward for your trouble is your implements of good-nature with their edges broken and turned, and all over your whole being a dry burning of sand, it may be, or coarseness, for these spasms are contagious. Think, when you meet these people, how much to be pitied they are, and how much of the "joy of the whole earth" they voluntarily put out of their lives; that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and go on your way determined to use that best of cosmetics, "a merry heart," which "maketh a glad countenance." "A man may smile and be a villain," it is said, but I guess the smiling, cheery "villains" have more friends than the cross, surly ones. Don't think I am trying to recommend villainy. My whole talk has been against a refined phase of that characteristic, you see.

JEANETTE HOLM.

GENERAL ROBERT A. CAMERON.

HERE is an American Highlander, out of the Scottish clan Cameron. He stands upward of six feet high; weighs 218 lbs., and has a head measuring twenty-four inches in circumference. His step is comparatively light, with a spring to it, and his actions are quick and somewhat nervous. His eyes and hair are black, his skin fine and soft, with a healthy peachy hue; he is now the picture of health and temperance. His habits are every way correct: he neither smokes, chews, nor snuffs tobacco; nor does he use wines or alcoholic stimulants in any form. He has a strong frame, a large chest, capacious lungs, a healthy stomach, with a large, active, and healthy brain. Why should he not be great? Nature denied him nothing; culture has developed all his mental fac-

ulties, and he stands forth a strong, manly, yet modest man.

We need not dwell on the phrenology of this subject; his physiognomy speaks for itself. Suffice it to say that he has all the faculties in full measure common to man: a finely developed intellect; a strong social nature; great executive-ness, and high moral sentiments, with more Benevolence and Conscientiousness than Veneration. He is liberal in his religious opinions, and lenient in judgments. As to his capabilities, it is safe to say that he can do almost anything which man can do, and would excel in law, legislation, business, manufacturing, shipping, railroading, farming, or managing men, money, and machinery. He would have made a good surgeon, a navigator, explorer, or a magistrate,—in fact, he

is something of all these. Men with smaller minds can do but one thing well, while one with more comprehensiveness may grasp a greater variety and direct larger interests. Such a one as this may do what he likes, and excel in almost anything. Here is the path he has trod from early youth to maturer manhood.

small wooden buildings, and the mail was received but once a week; it took thirty days for a letter or a paper to travel thither from New York. Here he commenced the study of medicine, graduating at the Indiana Medical College in the spring of 1851. Settling at Valparaiso, he practiced his profession for a number of years. Being naturally a fluent speaker, he was called into the canvass against the Kansas



The subject of this sketch was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., February 22d, 1828. His father followed the business of a dealer in stoves and hardware at 101 Fulton Street for many years. Dying in May, 1835, he left Robert a half orphan at seven years of age. In 1842 his mother removed to Porter County, Indiana, then almost a wilderness, and there he followed the pursuit of a farmer. His early life in a log cabin taught him well how to endure all the privations incident to frontier life. At that time the county seat consisted of only a few

and Nebraska measure; and becoming interested in politics he purchased the *Valparaiso Republican*, and conducted it for the following eleven years. In 1860 he was elected a member of the Indiana Legislature.

On the breaking out of the war in 1860 he raised a company, and was mustered into the Ninth Indiana Volunteers as its captain on the 19th of April, only three days after the surrender of Fort Sumter. He served during the first three months under General McClellan in Western Virginia, at the end of which time

he was promoted to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the Nineteenth Indiana, serving in the Pottawac army with his regiment in the Iron Brigade until February, 1862, when he was transferred to the Thirty-fourth Indiana Volunteers, then serving in Kentucky. He took part with his regiment in the capture of Island No. 10 in Missouri, and was made colonel of the regiment in July of the same year. He then served under General Curtis in Arkansas, and under General Grant through the battles before and at the siege of Vicksburg. For gallantry on our right wing during the action of May 1, 1863, at Magnolia Chapel, he was promoted to brigadier-general. After the siege of Vicksburg and the capture of Jackson, his army corps, the Thirteenth, was sent to New Orleans. He served with his command in the Teche campaign in the fall of 1863, and in the spring of the following year served in the famous Red River campaign. He was on the 8th of April in the advance, in command of the third division of the Thirteenth army corps, and on the wounding of General Ransom the command of the corps devolved on him. His command, the infantry, with that of General A. L. Lee, the cavalry, was completely crushed by overpowering numbers, falling back upon the other troops far in the rear, leaving that terrible day half his men dead and wounded on the field of battle. This engagement, out of many serious and hard-fought ones, was the only one in which it was his misfortune to see his flag trailed in the dust. After the failure of this expedition he was placed in command of the west bank of the Mississippi River opposite New Orleans, embracing the district of La Fourche. Here he was left until the close of the war, watching the operations of the rebel General E. Kirby Smith.

In May, 1865, for general good conduct as an officer, he was promoted to the rank of Major-General by brevet. At the close of the war he returned to his newspaper and his home in Indiana, shattered in health and crippled by injury to his eyesight, produced by exposure. Too close application to business increased the latter infirmity, confining him for months to a dark room and threatening him with total loss of sight, finally obliging him to abandon his newspaper business entirely, and for at least two years taking him out of anything like active life.

In December, 1869, when Mr. Meeker of the N. Y. *Tribune* proposed organizing a colony to settle in the far West, it found him the propri-

etor of a drug store in Elmira, N. Y., with sufficient recovered health to make him ready for just such an enterprise. At the meeting held at Cooper Institute, where initiatory measures were taken for the formation of the colony, he was an earnest advocate of the plan, and to him it is indebted for its happily chosen name of "Union," for in it, he argued, lay the strength that was demanded for the successful accomplishment of a hazardous experiment.

In February of the following year he was one of the Committee on Location sent out to "spy the land;" and from the day the site was fixed on the pleasant banks of the Cache la Poudre River, all his energies were bent in the endeavor to make the enterprise a success. It is but a simple statement of fact for us to say that the town of Greeley stands to-day as a monument of the success of the Union Colony, as developed mainly by its Vice-President and Superintendent, Gen. R. A. Cameron. His executive ability, his wise policy, his tact in overcoming the prejudices of people and meeting the many difficulties that were constantly presenting themselves in such a remarkable experiment as that of settling five hundred families, strangers to each other, from every State and Territory in the Union, in one spot, and harmonizing the various incongruous elements which naturally gravitated together in such a condition of affairs, proved him indeed a "leader of men," and one eminently qualified for "the new departure" in the method of settling the vast territorial possessions of our country.

The town of Greeley, with its 2,000 inhabitants, now stands a triumphant example of the new method of colonization.

Having carried Union Colony through the first eighteen months of its existence, and found it established on the sure foundation of success, our "Ajax of the Greeley Colony," as one of our daily papers lately aptly called him, was ready for a new colonial enterprise. Nor was he long kept waiting. The Colorado Springs Land Company required a manager for the Fountain Colony of Colorado, and who was so well fitted as he who had borne the brunt of the battle in the establishment of the Union colony? Answering the call, he brings to his new field of labor an experience that is invaluable because it is practical; and we expect next year to chronicle the assured success of the new town he proposes to found on the line of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, at the base of Pike's Peak, the town of Colorado Springs.



NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1871.

"ONWARD AND UPWARD."

IF a young man adopt this motto, "Onward and upward," as a rule of life, he will aim high, and at the end of each recurring year he will be able to report "progress." The editors of this JOURNAL believe in MAN's desire for and susceptibility to IMPROVEMENT; certainly not less, but something more, than is seen in horses, cattle, roots, and fruits. To teach the reader "how to do it" is one of the objects of this JOURNAL; and, to be consistent, the JOURNAL itself should steadily improve. Has it not been so in the past? Compare the earlier volumes with those of 1870 and 1871, and the claim will be sustained. So it must be—shall be—in the future. The present number completes the Fifty-third Volume. The commencement of the Fifty-fourth is already in hand. The January number will be promptly issued. Reader, are you ready?

"ALL ASHORE!"

HERE we are, fellow-passengers, at the end of our twelve months' trip! How quickly the year has passed! and yet how memorable in great events! One of the greatest wars of modern times, between two great European nations, conducted, on one side, with consummate skill, generalship, and a profound religious trust in God, and on the other, with the most flagrant disregard of consequences, by a bogus Emperor, ending in an irreligious strife, the destruction of monuments, the burning of stately buildings, and the murder of innocent priests, has been brought to an end. On one side were intelligence, self-

control, moral principle; on the other, vanity, ignorance, violence, and disregard of right or religion. In the leaders on one side was seen high integrity; on the other, puffed-up pride and vulgar vanity. Here, as elsewhere, brains, with religious principles, "told."

In our own country great enterprises have been prosecuted with vigor and success. We allude to Northern and Southern continental railways, and to sundry others, around, into, and through the Rocky Mountains, connecting with other lines the eastern borders of our continent on the Atlantic with the western on the Pacific. Three great trunk lines will soon be in running order across the continent, and passengers will be conveyed from London and Liverpool to San Francisco in LESS THAN TWELVE DAYS! The route will be *via* Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Boston, New York, Chicago, or St. Louis, and so on, according to the choice of the traveler.

Think of it,—from London to Chicago in less than *eight* days! Then the traffic between Europe and Asia will pass this way. We shall have the travel and the trade of half the globe.

Our other material interests are equally promising. In no other part of the world are greater advances made in agriculture than in America. And this is the foundation of *all* prosperity. Good crops have generally been secured North and South, East and West, and peace and plenty prevail. It is true a great city has been burned, and vast forests—the growth of centuries—swept in a day by the fiery fiend. Lives, too, were lost in these conflagrations; and we are reminded by them of the earthquakes in other lands, which swallow up cities in a night! Still, the world moves on, and we move with it. An eventful year is ending, and we are on the verge of Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-two. Let us come into port and "heave to."

Take the line! throw out the gang-plank and we will all step on shore. Is this the end? And now come the good-byes. Hearts throb "Adieu" in loving unison when tongues refuse to speak. We part—many of us—to meet no more on earth. Blessed memory that recalls pleasant experiences! We shall live over and over again all that brought happiness to our hearts, and we shall, by a wise provision of a beneficent Creator, forget, as a flesh wound heals over, all in the past that was painful or perplexing. Good-bye!

"HOLD ON A MOMENT."

READER, what say *you* to another *excursion*? Can you spare the time? "Passes" for a year's voyage cost but a

trifle compared with what we shall see, learn, and enjoy. Invite, for the round trip, such companions as will be every way agreeable. Men and women, boys and girls, all help to make an excursion party lively and entertaining. The best of fare will be provided, and, as heretofore, each excursionist will acknowledge himself all the better for the trip. Will you join us? To secure desirable places, passengers should obtain tickets at once. New books are now open. Names well known, and names quite new, are coming in daily. The good ship will start, wind and weather, life and health, permitting, on or before the 1st of January, 1872! Will you be booked? Will you go?

THE MORMON QUESTION.

POLYGAMY is one thing, and the Mormon religion another. Polygamy may be abandoned by the "Later-Day Saints" as it was by the Jews, and as it will be by the Turks, and that, too, without touching Mormonism essentially.

All that the Government of these United States and Territories asks of the Mormons is, not that they drop their *religion*, but that they conform to the laws, as must all other citizens. Here, every one is free to worship God as he pleases, whether it be in accordance with Pagan, Hebrew, or Christian rites and customs; but no one will be permitted to marry more husbands or more wives than the law allows.

The Mormons once fled from these States—after the murder of Joseph Smith, their leader—into Mexican territory, hoping thereby to escape the restraints of our laws; but the war with Mexico gave us California and the Territory then and now occupied by the Mormons. This brought them once more within the jurisdiction of the Unit-

ed States. If they now conform to the reasonable and just laws of the land, all will be well. Should they still prefer polygamy to living under our Democratic-Republican institutions, the only way for them is to secure other quarters beyond the reach of modern civilization. May they not find some uninhabited island in the seas where they may live and love to their hearts' content? If not, we can see no other way than for them to make a virtue of necessity, and submit to the powers that be, and to the rule of our great Uncle Samuel instead of Father Brigham.

Let the Utah Legislature provide for those now married to their wives, and for all children born in polygamy, up to a specified date, and give notice that no further marriages of this sort will be permitted, and *that* will be a way out of the difficulty. Do not punish the innocent or deluded. Do not bastardize those thousands of children, or do violence where it can do no good. We counsel submission on the part of the Mormons to the laws, which *must* be in-

partially administered; and we counsel legal measures only, on the part of our authorities. It will be time enough to bring out the guns when open rebellion shall be manifested by the lawless. We would no more interfere—save in a missionary way—with the Mormon religion than with any of the other numerous religions in our midst.

Here we would say to the older Mormons, Take care of one another, in all love and kindness, as you have pledged yourselves to do. No desertion or leaving to cold charity those who have been true in their social and their religious

relations. TIME will soon wipe out all earthly obligations.

To younger Mormons we would say, Let each woman have one husband—or none,—and each man have one wife—or none,—and become law-abiding citizens in every sense. Instead of personal pride and ambition, let us live and labor for the enlightenment and happiness of our fellow-mortals, whether in religious, social, or other bonds; and we shall be blessed just in proportion as we deserve it. Good government can only exist where the people obey the laws, and where impartial justice is meted out alike to one and all.

CAN YOU AFFORD IT?

CAN you afford to work hard all day, and read, study, or court the vagaries of society nearly all night, thus wasting your vitality, exhausting your nervous system, and bringing on premature disease, decay, and old age?

Can you afford to read fine print with a poor light in a rail car, where the motion disturbs the proper focus of vision, thus weakening your eyes so as nearly to deprive you of the power to use them either in reading or in the daily duties of life? Even though you do not have an oculist to pay, you may be obliged to wear glasses ten or fifteen years sooner than you otherwise would; can you afford thus to spoil your eyes to save a little time?

Can you afford to eat hastily, and then rush to study or business, withdrawing the nervous energy from the digestive system to the brain and muscles, and thus inducing dyspepsia, in a few years at most, to scourge and haunt and make you miserable for years, or for life?

Can you afford to live on rich and highly-seasoned food, eat champaign suppers, because an artificial appetite is thus gratified, rendering gout, dyspepsia, or

apoplexy in the middle of life almost a certainty?

Can you afford to commit suicide through the indulgence of appetite and passion, adopting the fool's motto, "A short life and a merry one?"

Can you afford to keep your brain boiling hot in reading sensational novels, thus unbalancing and rendering morbid your mental and physical constitution?

Can you afford to indulge in fast living, dressing beyond your means, driving livery horses, or keeping a horse yourself, when your income is not adequate to such expenses?

Can you afford to smoke and chew tobacco, thus spending from five to fifty dollars a month, and injuring your nervous system, and perverting your whole constitution, and thereby transmitting to children a weakened constitution, thus making them puny invalids for life?

Can you afford to burn out your nervous system and demoralize your whole character by the use of alcoholic liquors?

Can you afford to indulge in habits of speculation, gambling, and other tricky and mean modes of making money?

Can you afford to make money at the

expense of your manhood, your morals, your health, your just respectability, and your integrity?

Can you afford to gain even the whole world and thereby make of yourself a moral wreck?

Can you afford, for the sake of momentary amusement, to waste your youthful preparatory years, when by study you should become a scholar, or by industry either a tradesman or a useful artisan?

Can you afford to rob your mind to clothe your back with silks and satins, and gratify a mere love for display?

Can you afford to be tricky and thereby defraud your employer of the just services you owe him, even though you do get your pay, thus making yourself a moral bankrupt?

Can you afford to be otherwise than upright, truthful, faithful, temperate, courteous, and in all respects correct?

Pupils in school sometimes fancy they are doing a smart thing by deceiving the teacher, that they may play instead of study. Apprentices often neglect their duty for fun and amusement, and fail to learn their trade, which is a life-long damage to them. Many people do wrong knowingly, and thus mar their moral nature and make themselves feel mean, unworthy, and despicable; and, because the world don't know it, they think they have done themselves no harm; but they carry the moral scar of wrong-doing through life. Can one afford to have any motto adverse to the old adage, that "Honesty is the best policy?"

Reader, stop and consider whether what you are doing, or what you propose to do, will *pay*; whether you can afford to do it. "*Time is money*;" do not throw it away, but make every day and every hour *tell* either for your growth, health, or profit.

CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, pride of the prairie and wonder of the West, though laid in ashes, and a hundred thousand of her men, women, and children stripped of all their earthly possessions and left homeless, will, phoenix-like, rise AGAIN and astonish the world by her marvelous energy and recuperative power. No fire ever occurred in America before such as that in Chicago during the second week in October, 1871. The number of houses, churches, stores, warehouses, hotels, railway stations, banks, newspaper offices, book stores, etc., destroyed, were many thousands, covering two thousand acres right in the very heart of the richest portion of the city! Nor was this the *worst* feature of the catastrophe. Besides many millions' worth of property, there were many lives lost in that great conflagration. Details have been given in the newspaper press.

The lesson which this incomparable calamity teaches—has taught—is this: the sympathetic kinship of all nations of the earth. The great pang suffered in Chicago touched the hearts of all mankind, and a wail of woe went up which opened the hearts and purses of men,—

yea, the very gates of heaven; and showers of material aid and of manna came down for the relief of the stricken. All Europe responded to an appeal for help. Food, clothing, tents, for immediate use were sent—almost—on the wings of the wind from far and near to supply the want, and MONEY in good measure came by cable from beyond the seas. Oh, it was glorious to note the effects of Christian kindness manifested by God's people everywhere! Now the words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," are something more than set phrases in preaching. They are matters of fact to thousands who know by experience this truth. Oh, the blessing of *giving*! Oh, the happiness of Christian charity!

There were not wanting many evidences of the grandeur of human nature amid the very ashes of what but a short time before was beautiful, and made many men, now poor, think themselves rich. There were those who turned from the desolation before them and heroically set to work anew. "Let us bestir ourselves," was the cry, "to replace the loss. Our city shall rise again!" What a thrilling

appeal is this from a newspaper (the *Chicago Tribune*) whose fair office was the last to succumb to the general ruin!

"Cheer up! In the midst of calamity without parallel in the world's history, looking upon the ashes of thirty years' accumulation, the people of this once beautiful city are resolved that Chicago shall rise again with vigor.

"With \$200,000,000 or \$300,000,000 of our hard-earned property swept away in a few hours, the hearts of our men and women are still brave, and they look into the future with undaunted hearts.

"As there has never been such a calamity, so has there never been such cheerful fortitude in the face of desolation and ruin.

"Already contracts have been made for rebuilding some of the burned blocks, and the clearing away of the debris will begin to-day if the heat is so far subdued that the charred material can be handled. Field, Leiter & Co., and John Farwell & Co., will commence business to-day. The money and securities in the banks are safe. The railroads are working with all their energies to bring us out of our affliction.

"The \$300,000,000 of capital invested in these ruins are bound to see us through. They have been built with special reference to a great commercial want at this place, and can not fail to sustain it.

"As Chicago must rise again, we do not belittle the calamity that has fallen upon us. The world has probably never seen the like of it; certainly not since Moscow was burned.

"Ten or twenty years may be required to reconstruct our fair city, but capital will rebuild it, and fire-proof will be forthcoming.

"The losses we have suffered must be borne, but the place, time, and men are here. Commence at the bottom and work up again—not at the bottom, either—for we have credit in every land, and the experience of one building of Chicago to help us.

"Let us all cheer up, save what is yet left, and we shall come out right. The Christian world is coming to our relief—the worst is already over. In a few days more the dangers will be passed, and we can resume the battle of life with Christian faith and Western grit. Let us all cheer up."

But Chicago is only the name of a *place*. It is the enterprising *PEOPLE* of the West who have built up and made the place so famous. The best bone, muscle, and brain of the whole country were concentrated at this point. As a rule, only men of enterprise go West. All the

East contributed—continues to contribute—to the development of the West, and of Chicago with the rest. But the East will be more than repaid for every man and every dollar invested in the prairie country. Thither let us look, not only for bread and beef, but for a race of noble men and women to replenish the earth.

MARY PRAY BROWNING.

IT becomes our mournful duty to announce the death of one of our well-beloved co-laborers. She was a beautiful woman, an accomplished reporter, and had been connected with our office for about two years. On the 15th of August last she left her desk expecting to return the next morning. Her health had not been very good since the death of her much loved sister, Emma Pray, also a reporter, last spring, the loss seeming to depress her spirits. Her disease was said to be of a typhoid character. Up to within a day or two of her death, which occurred on the 12th of October, her friends had expected her recovery. She was, in complexion, a brunette; in size, about the medium, and apparently a model of health and vigor. We have never known a woman of her age—twenty-six years—who had a better balanced mind. It was clear, well-informed, mature, sound, and sensible. Those who knew her best loved her most. Peace.

A FEATURE FOR 1872.—The editor contemplates the publication of SIR CHARLES BELL'S celebrated treatise on the "ANATOMY OF EXPRESSION," *seriatim*, in the JOURNAL for 1872. In presenting this valuable work to our subscribers, the original illustrations will be made use of, and occasional notes and comments will be introduced as they may be deemed suitable. Each subscriber will thus obtain that work complete, without additional cost to himself, providing he renews his subscription in time.

CATARRH QUACKS.—To guard our readers against the ravages of quacks who poison and rob their victims, we publish, in another place, an article on CATARRH, its causes and cure, to which we call attention.

LIVING in solitude is not generally supposed to be dangerous, yet Bishop Hall says, "That he had need to be well underlaid that knows how to entertain himself with his own thoughts." By this he probably means to be understood after the following fashion. Com-

pany, variety of employments or recreations, may wear out the day with the emptiest hearts; but when a man has no society but himself, no task to set himself but what arises from his own bosom, surely if he have not a good stock of former notions, or an inward mint of new, he will soon run out of all, and, as some forlorn bankrupt, grow weary of himself.

THE Massachusetts Temperance Alliance, office 14 Bromfield Street, Boston, is doing a very useful work in its own quiet way.

The platform of the Alliance is "TOTAL AB-

STINENCE for the individual, and PROHIBITION for the State" — the Bible being our guide: Prov. xxiii. 31; Luke i. 15; Rom. xiv. 21; Prov. xxxi. 45; Heb. ii. 15; Rom. xiii. 1-4. The Alliance is in no sense a political body. Its members believe in voting for Prohibition at the polls; but they vote with what party they choose. The chief work of the Alliance is of a moral and religious character.

[All right! go a-head; others will work in *their* way, and the nefarious work of drunkenness will, we earnestly hope, be lessened, if it be not stopped.]

Department of Physiology—Our Sanitarium.

The truths of Physiology should be inculcated and enforced early and earnestly, and with the emphasis of high religious duty.—*YOUNG*

CHRONIC CATARRH.

BY R. T. TRALL, M.D.

CATARRH is, simply, inflammation of the mucous membrane of the nasal cavities. When attended with fever the disease is called *acute catarrh*, or *catarrhal fever*. If unattended with fever, the terms *chronic catarrh*, *coryza*, and *cold in the head* are applied. Influenza is sometimes called *epidemic catarrh*. It differs from catarrh proper only in the circumstance that the inflammatory affection extends to the mucous membrane of the windpipe and bronchial ramifications. In the treatment of chronic catarrh the physician has only to medicate a local inflammation; and in the treatment of acute catarrh, the only additional or different medication required is such measures as are adapted to the febrile condition.

The pathology and nature of catarrh being so obvious, why should there be any difficulty in the treatment? There *is* difficulty, however. Few diseases are doctored more unsuccessfully. Indeed, catarrh, in its chronic form, is, confessedly, one of the most obstinate maladies with which the physician has to deal. In attestation of this statement I need only refer to the numerous nostrums advertised in the newspapers, and the many physicians, real or pretended, who make the treatment of catarrh a specialty. Scarcely any disease can be named, if we except consumption, cholera, and hydrophobia (which are *never* cured by medicine), for which so many remedies are recommended—a conclusive proof that all of them are useless.

Why should there be any more difficulty in treating inflammation of the nose than of any other part of the body? for examples, the eyes, ears, fingers, and toes? That there *is* much greater difficulty every intelligent practitioner will acknowledge, and I propose briefly to indicate the rationale.

In order to treat any disease properly, the physician must have reference, in his prescriptions, to the essential or continuing cause or causes. Although chronic catarrh is, nosologically, a disease of the nose, it is, etiologically, a disease of the liver. It is a veritable "bilious complaint"—nothing more, nothing less. Medication, therefore, should be chiefly directed to the restoration of the function of the liver. Local applications, errhines, sternutatories, nasal baths, catarrh snuff, etc., may relieve temporarily; but to restore the nasal organ to sound and permanent health by such measures is impossible. It is doctoring the effect without removing the cause. It is like trying to suppress the use of alcoholic liquors *as beverages* while employing them *as medicines*. It is like undertaking to stop a leaky gas-pipe with dough, or putty, or tar, or tallow. The "remedy" may interrupt the gas-current for a time, but the "cure" will be succeeded very soon by a "relapse."

But, how can a morbid condition of the liver be the essential cause of catarrh? How can disorder in the *right hypocondrium*, a foot-

and-a-half distant, create disease of the little *Schneiderian membrane*, which seems to have no anatomical relation to the great abdominal organ? Let us see.

It is the function of the liver to excrete from the blood certain hydro-carbonaceous elements in the form of bile. But suppose this organ becomes inactive, torpid, or obstructed, so that this duty is not performed? What then? Why, these biliary elements accumulate in the mass of blood for awhile, and are then expelled more or less in other directions and through unusual channels. Sometimes the skin does a part of the liver's proper work, and the perspiration becomes viscid and fetid. Very frequently the kidneys do vicarious duty, and the urine is discolored. Occasionally a sufficient quantity of effete biliary matters is expelled through the lungs, when the sputa, or expectorated matter, is dark, nauseous, or bloody. I have known several cases in which the eyes were nearly destroyed—the lids granulated, the cornea ulcerated, the coats thickened, and the humors viscid and opaque with biliary deposits, in consequence of the blood being so charged with biliary elements that the mucous membrane of the *conjunctiva* became an abnormal depurating surface.

But, in all cases of prolonged torpidity of the liver, unless the function of the skin is fully maintained, there is a tendency to expel the biliary elements through some portions, and in extreme cases through all parts of the mucous membrane of the alimentary canal; and, indeed, through the mucous membrane of all those cavities or hollow organs which open externally—the uterus and bladder, for examples. The affections termed, in medical books, *catarrhal inflammation of the uterus* and *catarrh of the bladder* are of this character.

As the nasal mucous membrane is exposed to the contact and varying temperature of atmospheric air, it is more liable to become the seat of biliary excretion than any other portion of that membrane; and when this becomes a fixed condition the case is *chronic catarrh*. This nasal portion of the mucous membrane is often so congested and turgid that the patient breathes with difficulty through the nostrils; and sometimes the passage is entirely closed, giving rise to the suspicion of a polypus tumor, or some other excrescence or morbid growth.

Whatever obstructs any one of the other depurating organs—the skin, lungs, kidneys, or bowels—tends directly to congestion of the liver and indirectly to the production of ca-

tarrh; hence the successful treatment of catarrh requires general attention to all of the excreting organs and especial attention to the liver. One of the great errors of the popular medical system is the practice of directing specific remedies to the local condition, while overlooking what is of vastly greater consequence, attention to the general health.

The effects of a retention of biliary elements in the blood are manifested in a variety of diseases, both chronic and acute. Indeed, next to the term constipation, that of “biliousness” is most expressive of sickness and suffering.

Whenever torpidity of the liver is permanently established, the effete matters which should be expelled in the form of bile are retained in the blood, laying the foundation for putrid forms of fever and erysipelatous inflammations. Occasionally they are deterged in a manner constituting some local disease, as sick-headache, diarrhea, or cholera morbus. Jaundice is a well-known condition produced by a prolonged retention of biliary matters in the tegumentary structure. When expelled through the cutaneous excretories, humors, eruptions, and, in some cases, erysipelas fever, are the results.

This view of the consequences of a disordered liver—this theory of hepatic pathology—may seem to make this large excreting gland to play a very important part in the production of many common and very grave maladies. It is true, however. Nay, the half is not told.

But, as I have neither space nor disposition to weary the reader with details on the general subject, I will conclude with a brief outline of the Hygienic method of treating chronic catarrh, based on the pathology and etiology I have indicated.

To state the *methodus medendi* scientifically, the indications for treatment are threefold:

1. To maintain the functions of the excretory organs generally.
2. To restore the function of the liver specially.
3. To obviate pain and irritation in the nasal mucous membrane.

In treating a case of catarrh these distinctive indications may be disregarded; for whatever is *wholesome* to the patient is adapted to either and to all of them.

But, first of all, the patient must “cease to do evil.” He must avoid all ingesta that tend to occasion biliousness. He should abandon all articles of diet, drink, or seasoning which conduce to congestion or torpidity of the liver.

Of drinks little need be said. There is no beverage in the universe save water, so that we have nothing to discuss under this head. All of the so-called beverages of Art—spirits, wine, cider, beer, tea, coffee, mineral waters, etc.—are nothing but water holding some impurity in solution, or mixed with poisonous ingredients. For all drinking purposes the rule of nature and of common sense is, *the purer the water the better*. Let the patient drink *pure water* according to thirst. It is better not to drink at all at meals; and those who adopt a proper dietary and disuse condiments will have no disposition to drink while eating. But, even the purest water should not be drunk as a habit. Most persons drink as much or more from habit as they do because of thirst. This is all wrong. It loads the stomach with useless fluid, burdens the vital machinery with unnecessary labor, and eventually impairs the digestive powers.

The dietetic plan, whether vegetarian or mixed, can not well be too plain. If late suppers are avoided and morbid cravings be duly restrained, it is not very important whether two or three meals a day are taken. I prefer two, however. But it is important that all articles which irritate the mucous membrane, salt and pepper, for example, and all articles that obstruct the liver or induce constipation, as do all greasy and starchy preparations, should be sedulously abstained from. I regard milk as very objectionable, and sugar as still worse, notwithstanding they are freely used and highly lauded at most professed health institutions.

The only truly wholesome bread is that which is made of unbolted meal and water. But those who can not have this, or who prefer to use fine-flour bread, should use a larger proportion of fruits and vegetables—the fruits especially. Many persons have a notion that certain fruits, as cranberries and tomatoes, have some specific or medicinal “virtue” in affections of the liver. This is all nonsense, as is the “cider-cure,” which some persons recommend very highly. It is not many years since extract of tomato pills was sold all over the country as a substitute for calomel and blue-pill. All *good* fruit is good for sick folks or well folks, for diseased livers or sound livers, for well noses or catarrhal noses. But it should be taken at meals as food, and not between meals as medicine.

In the matter of bathing, many persons who undertake to treat catarrh hydropathically, give too much of the “cold-water-cure,” and too

little of “Hygienic Medication.” If the dietary is plain and simple, very little bathing will answer; and if it is not, much bathing will not cure. A tepid or moderately cool bath or ablution two or three times a week is usually sufficient so far as the whole bodily surface is concerned. The wet-sheet pack, if practicable, or if not, the full warm bath, once a week, at bedtime, will be serviceable for those of full habits and strong constitutions. All very hot or prolonged warm baths are injurious. Hip and foot-baths, from 75° to 85°, are often advantageously employed daily, or every other day. Nasal baths may be taken two or three times a day, provided the water is not too cold. *It should not occasion irritation or smarting. The better way is to draw it very gently into the nasal cavities, and the proper temperature is usually 70° to 80°. The inflamed surface often extends into the frontal sinuses, and then cold, or even cool water, drawn with violence up the nasal passages causes much distress, and often induces headache. In all such cases the temperature of the water employed should be warm at first, 90° to 95°, and gradually reduced as it can be borne without unpleasantness. I have had some patients to treat who had not been able to pass a drop of water through the nostrils for years, because of the swelling of the mucous membrane. They recovered in a few months by means of the plan of management I am recommending.

Exercise is one of the essentials of successful treatment; but here again the patient is very apt to overdo. All exercises should be moderate, but may be frequent, and as prolonged as possible short of fatigue. Many patients suffering from dyspepsia, catarrh, nervous debility, etc., being anxious for a speedy cure, exercise themselves into a feverish condition frequently, resulting in an increased congestion of the diseased mucous membrane, and an aggravation of the catarrhal affection.

There is no one method of exercise better than walking. Yet some variety is preferable. The lifting-machines, the vibrators, the Swedish movements, and wands, and rings, and dumb-bells, etc., are all more or less useful, if properly managed; and so are croquet, horse-back riding, boat rowing, and mountain climbing; and so is sawing wood, washing clothes, or making fences. Those who have time and room can easily extemporize some plan of exercises that will answer. But if they can not, or will not exercise themselves, they had better go to a “machine-curer” and *be exercised*. Exercise is essential; and the systematic methods

of the health institutions and gymnasiums are much better than the careless and irregular habits which are apt to prevail in home-treatment.

THE USE OF TOBACCO.

BELIEVING as I do, that the following condensed delineation of the evils resulting from the use of tobacco might be productive of good, I will be much obliged if you will give it an insertion in your widely circulated magazine:

"This weed, which human beings habitually use, is the deadliest poison known. Its effects on the human system are varied, and deleterious in proportion to the organs affected. The derangements which the habitual use of tobacco produces [in a more or less pronounced form], are as follows:

1. Headache over the eyes.
2. Nervous headache without sickness.
3. Nervous headache with sickness of the stomach.
4. Deafness.
5. Partial blindness, or amaurosis.
6. Running at the eyes.
7. Cancer of the lips.
8. Consumption, preceded for years by a cough.
9. Asthma.
10. Dyspepsia.
11. Palpitation of the heart.
12. Paralysis of the upper part of the body.
13. Neuralgia, especially of the face, head, and neck.
14. Swelling of the gums, and rotting of the teeth.
15. Enfeeblement of the lymphatics.
16. Enlargement of the glands of the face and neck, making the chewer thick about the check and lips.
17. Lethargy.
18. Morbid appetite for spirituous liquors.
19. Morbid appetite for food, especially high-flavored food.
20. Indistinct taste.
21. Indistinct smell.
22. Imperfect sense of touch.
23. Obtuseness of the moral sense.
24. Uncleanliness of person.
25. Stentorian, or snoring sleep.
26. A sense of deadness and of great debility, on first waking from sleep, until one has had a chew or a smoke.
27. Confirmed and incurable disease, and premature death."

It would seem that a calm, deliberate review of the preceding delineation of the evils resulting from the use of tobacco, which, alas! is but too true, should be sufficient to influence every person who had not formed the habit, never to form it; and also to induce all who have formed the habit, to break it off at once and forever.

For the encouragement of those who may be disposed to relinquish the habit, I could give some interesting cases of success, and the happy consequences resulting therefrom. Mr. A. T. gave up the habit about twelve months since, after using tobacco for fifty years, with very decided improvement in his health. Hon. H. G. J. relinquished the habit twenty-six years ago, after indulging in the use of the article forty-three years. In his case, the improvement of his health was so marked, that in a few months after giving up the use of tobacco he dispensed with spectacles, which he had been obliged to use for several years previous to that time, and he has not used them since, now in his eighty-ninth year, the improvement in his eyesight being produced, as he believes, from giving up the use of tobacco. Other cases equally interesting in their character could be given. But let these suffice for the present. From a pretty close observation of the influence of this and other injurious habits, made in the practice of medicine for thirty-six years, I can safely say that I have never known a person to give up the habit without being benefited thereby. In fact, in many forms of chronic disease, especially in persons of highly nervous temperament, the relinquishment of the habit seems to be almost a *sine qua non* condition to ultimate permanent success. B. ALEXANDER, M.D.

Boys, boys, if you look into the early life of truly helpful men, those who make life easier and nobler to those who come after them, you will almost invariably find that they lived *purely in the days of their youth*. In early life, the brain, though abounding in vigor, is sensitive and very susceptible to injury—and this to such a degree that a comparatively brief and moderate indulgence in vicious pleasures appears to lower the tone and impair both the delicacy and efficiency of the brain for life. This is simply the truth of science.

Poor memory, absent-mindedness, lack of application, indolence, shiftlessness, and a hundred other "symptoms," indicate "bad habits." Oh, the beauty and benefit of purity! Oh, the foulness and calamity of vicious indulgences!

Department of Literature, Science, Education.

THE ECHO OF THOUGHT IN SOUND AND MOTION.

"The awful shadow of some unknown power
Floats, though unseen, among us."

SOUND, carefully considered, is Thought expressing itself materially. It may be said to be the language of the spirit, as matter has been called "the tongue of God."

We live in two worlds; or a world and a universe; the world of outward perception, and the universe of inward intuition; both acting upon the voluntary and involuntary powers, the conscious and sensuous soul.

Nature addresses the human soul incarnated in flesh, through her various sounds.

"The art of heav'n, the order of this frame,
Is only music in another name."

The language of truth in thought and action is uttered in her every sound, either as rule or protest. It is whispered in the evening breeze, or thundered in her elemental war. This language, when properly interpreted and scientifically adapted to human uses, will be the universal language of the earth.

According to St. Bernard, "*la tour de Babel fut une figure de ce que le monde devait faire dans la suite de tous les siècles.*" It may be ultimately found that nature does not play the fool with our senses; but that the last accomplishments of science coincide with that mother wit and common apprehension, the genius of that humanity which is nearest to her, that of the woodman, the sailor, or the savage. Genius, it has been said, is latent reason operating by natural rules unconsciously, but Science marks and establishes those rules. The earliest languages are the nearest echo of natural sounds; the last will be the scientific use of those sounds in lingual construction.

Sound, acting upon the tympanum of the ear, reacts upon the brain, producing suggestion, the commencement of the evolution of thought. Common sense has been styled, with some metaphysical refinement, "the mathematical affection of matter. Pursuing the analogy, it may be said that all the sounds of ordinary life, acting upon the nervous sys-

tem, through the brain, produce instinctive muscular motion; and our ordinary routine of thought and action is induced and continued by the customary sounds to which we are habituated.

"Perhaps," it has been said, "in the view of superior intelligences, not a leaf, not a ray, not an insect, not an atom in the temple of the universe, but symbolizes some particular conception designed to express an attribute of the Creative Soul of Nature;" and so Sound is continually talking to us, and developing our brains and bodies to an automatic action, which is the larger part of our being.

Thought is mental motion; to which the convolutions of the brain palpitate like muscular movement to galvanic action, and those scintillations, like light and sound, and most frequently by their medium, are conveyed from one brain to another by an intermediate aura which is put into action by the mind. There is besides this the more silent and unseen action, though none the less akin to the same phenomena, of one mind upon another, or of great thoughts upon various minds fitted for their reception, accounting for the cotemporary discovery of the same truths by different persons, and for such marked periods of outcropping intellect as the Elizebethan age of English literature.

Plato says that matter and necessity are the same thing, and that this necessity is the mother of all things. Thought, then, is the father. He believed, also, that there is a thought-fluid in space, polar, like electricity; the agitations of which, acting upon plastic matter, produce all the phenomena of creation.

Undoubtedly language has arisen from man's instinctive apprehension of the powers of sound to express thought. In the symbolism of words are adumbrated the deepest problems of the mind. Pythagoras, when asked who was the greatest of the gods, re-

plied, the Inventor of Language. Of Him, sound is the outward expression and symbol, as thunder was the signal of love.

In the quainter and earlier speech of man every word is a metaphor, a paronomasia, or pun, conveying a figurative and a definite meaning. Each phrase, also, becomes an allegory; and the quick mind, while it accepts the "common sense" of the sound, its "mathematical affection," seizes also the figurative sense, and is excited into passion, poetry, reverie, or laughter. The effect of unusual sounds or of music upon beasts is to excite in them those motions of the animal soul of nature of which they are the types or "living hieroglyphs."

Sound is, as it were, constantly endeavoring to make the unseen thought actual, and render absolute the ideal, and is one of the principal implements of latent thought in working upon matter. The falling of a thought upon the ear, as expressed by sound or human speech, and so being deathlessly imprinted upon the soul, is analogous to the process by which it is perpetuated in print; for, as Byron says,

"Words are things; and a small drop of ink
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

Certain phenomena of insanity prove the exquisite susceptibility of the brain to sound, and how this subtle double meaning of words is conveyed to the over-excited consciousness. There is one mind common to all men, the Over-Soul, as Emerson calls it; but in no single individual can that soul be incarnated. We are all fragments of men, acting out our fragmentary receptivity. Insanity is overaction of the soul upon the body, a sort of St. Vitus' dance, in which the will, the regulator of the machinery, is disordered, and the motive force, as in a steam-engine without balance, acts irregularly.

A not uncommon form of mental disorder in minds of a very high type is the laying of too much stress upon this double meaning in sound. The excited and deranged mind is stimulated to unwonted quickness of perception and acuteness of sense by an indefinite intuition of this strange law of the actual and ideal meaning of sounds. Insanity, indeed, it is now acknowledged by the best authorities, is only indefinite inspiration.

"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact."

The well-known line of Horace—

"Aut insanit homo, aut versus facit,"

—"he is either a madman or a bard,"—is as true as the other statement of the poet:

"Great wit to madness sure is near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

"I will not ask Jean Jaques Rousseau
If birds confabulate or no;"

nor do I need to, since I have been positively assured of that fact by a most intelligent woman, who, in certain moods of mind, heard their conversation as distinctly as the grand vizier did the owls in the Arabian tale. So constant was her conversation with animals, though her insanity assumed no other form, that her friends thought it necessary to send her to an asylum.

The power of sound in music is familiar to every one. Harmony is the type of good; discord, of evil; so Orpheus conquered hell by "soothing the restless ghosts with magic song;" and David restored Saul with his harp.

The antithesis of sound is finely expressed by Petruchio when he says,

"Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puffed up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpet's clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow upon the ear
As doth a chestnut in a farmer's fire?"

The crack upon the ear produced by the fiercest sounds develops in bodies able to stand it great quickness of nervous susceptibility. The plentifulness of fire-crackers and the violent and various explosions on the 4th of July teach Young America how to stand fire, and become, as he grows older, a cool marksman like his sires.

The sounds, like the sights of Nature, suggest the poetical or the commonplace, as different minds incline to different fancies. The perception of the ideal

"—— makes the common waters musical,
Binds the rude night winds in a silver thrall,"

and reminds us of that time to come again in the future when

"Melodious language, wherein every thought
Found utterance, overspread the circling globe."

As far as sound can address the heart, music hath reached its ultimate development; but there yet remains to be cultivated the exact science of sound as a key to that melodious and universal language which is at some future day "to overspread the circling globe." The chords of thought vibrating to the subtlest emotions may be changed by the simplest sound, as a strain of music lifts the soul attuned to harmony in elysium, out of the depths of despair.

Thought makes words, and words make acts, and thus again, as we have previously intimated, the unconscious action of sound is promoting suggestion; and there is a doubleness of meaning in sound as in everything else; all sound excites either conscious or unconscious thought and action.

Observe the manner in which the ears of sensitive animals, such as the deer, the rabbit, the horse, the mule, act under the automatic influence of sound.

"Man sails under sealed orders." His words of command are conveyed to him by sounds, and his animal powers are all quickened by that *Deus anima brutorum*, which is the animal soul of the world.

The symbolism of words is always accomplishing the destinies. Men start at words as if they were signals of action; as if in certain moments every man had his word of command or private signal. This is the *double entendre* of language, one of its profoundest mysteries.

The relations of sound to color and form are well known to the students of analogies. Locke mentions a blind man who compared scarlet to the sound of a trumpet, the same idea as Euripides:

"—— the sign
Of purple light, as when the trumpet sounds."

In man's speech and in the sounds of Nature there seems to be some strange analogy or polar conversion of meaning. The mere word carries on the machinery, as it were, but suggests to the inspiration developed into the perception the opposite ideal in thought. In the mystic words of Free Masonry there is no doubt some intuitive apprehension of this strange law of the echo of mind and sound, as there is also in its signs and grips a perception of the universal significance of the language of gesture.

What is called *clairaudience* is undoubtedly some modification of the phenomena which we are trying to elucidate, though they are too obscure to be distinctly stated. In treating of the laws of suggestion can we do more than suggest? Our readers will then forgive us if in this essay, to bring this subject into their field of view, we have, rather, strung thoughts and fancies together, as induced by the sounds amid which we write, than attempted the impossibility of a labored exposition of the facts or deductions therefrom, upon which we found this as yet somewhat dim perception of a key to the labyrinthine mysteries of life.

Hotspur, as limned by Shakspeare, knew how his warlike spirit was best developed, when he says:

"I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree,
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry."

Nor should it be forgotten, as indicating the suggestiveness of sound, that Rossini composed one of the most beautiful airs in *La Gazza Ladra* on a *thema* furnished by the Bray of a jackass.

It was said in antique mystical philosophy, and among the Magi and Alchemists, that he who had the exact word that represented a thing in the truest language of the universe commanded that thing, as in the *Open, Sesame!* of Aladdin.

It would be strange indeed if in the exactly guarded universe the true watchword was not always accepted. Hence the true word, the *Logos*, is always ready at the appointed signal. Perhaps in the mystery of things this was why Balaam's ass brayed, the brute that rode him having called some private signal of his own rather than the right word of the moment.

The cock that crew the mystic three times, the symbolic number of the Turn Over of the Universe, when Peter denied his Master, may still, in the eternal principle of sound, give continual and unheeded warning to that Church which, claiming infallible catholicity, and appealing by all the resources of sight and sound to the sense of the vulgar, may yet ignore that freedom of thought which seeks to enlarge and define the symbolism of Nature into perfect accordance with truth;

so the voices of Truth and Falsity in every sound are constantly calling to action either discords, inciting to the fierceness which promotes excessive action or passion; or harmonies, that temper and chasten motion to that peace and love and joy which is the Terminal Conversion of the other.

How cautious should we be, then, in the use of words, lest by inadvertent speech we mar what else might move all gentlest thoughts, for

"Since time was,
All sound has told the lapse of time."

J. WEST NEVINS.

FREDERIC RÜCKERT,

THE GERMAN LYRIST AND ORIENTALIST.

SINCE Goethe, the German language owes no poet so much as the one whose portrait we now bring before the reader. Especially as a lyricist, none stands higher than he. It was he who first showed that the German was adapted to all forms of expression. "No German poet," says Duller, "has explored so boldly the charm of his mother-tongue; so creatively none ever ruled as he. What the human heart recognizes as lovely and sacred, whatever it strives after as Godlike in the structure of the world and in the fullness of Nature, he has brought into his poetry; his spirit dwells ever in a perpetual spring; there bloom of German roses among those of the Orient; and like a deep crystal-clear brook in its gentle meanderings, amid all these flowers there may be traced the deepest wisdom."

This distinguished scholar was born on the 16th of May, 1789, in the then free city of Schweinfurt, where his father held an official position. A few years after his birth his father removed to Oberlauringen, and he was sent to the gymnasium there. From thence he went to Jena, in order to study law; but finding this profession suited neither to his tastes nor his intellect, he turned his attention to philological studies. In 1811 he became a private teacher in Jena, and shortly after was called as teacher to the gymnasium at Hanau. He did not remain thus engaged very long, but again applied himself to his favorite studies at Würzburg, where he resided without any official position, forming an intimate acquaintance with J. J. Wagener, a disciple of Schelling, and with other men who exerted a great influence upon him. In his "Recollections of the Boyhood of a Villager's Son" he has related the events and impressions of these youthful years, and in his "German Songs" and his "Sonnets" he uttered more beautifully than anywhere else the earnest striving of his heart for freedom for the whole German nation. He published his

"Warlike Songs of Satire and Honor" as an incitement to the struggle against oppression and serfdom. The force, the enthusiasm, and the glowing love for his country which the poet here showed, have never been excelled, and worked almost miraculously in the elevation of the German spirit.

In 1815 he removed to Stuttgart, engaging there in the editorship of a morning journal. He became acquainted with Uhland and Dannecker, associating much with them, as well as with the Würtemberg minister, Von Wangenheim, whose friendship he held till death. In the year 1816 his "Napoleon, a Political Comedy in Three Acts," appeared, and was followed, in 1817, by a series of poems elicited by the times.

In 1817 he made a journey to Italy for the purpose of making studies for a history of the House of Hohenstaufen, in the form of an epic poem; but the unsettled state of Germany compelled him to give up his plan; and he directed his attention more especially to the study of Italian popular poetry. His poems of this period are glowing descriptions of Italian beauty; his "Sicily" is really an enchanting picture. In Rome he associated much with the great artists there resident, standing in intimate relations with Cornelius, Overbeck, Thorwaldsen, Mosler, Carl Barth, Schnorr, and Hothers. In the house of Frau von Humboldt he became acquainted with Niebuhr and Bunsen, at that time secretary with Niebuhr. The famed poet William Müller belonged to his circle of friends, and with Alterboom the Dane he made an excursion to Naples. Ludwig, then crown-prince of Bavaria, the "art-king," was then in Rome; he gave the artists there a great feast, and Rückert was among the guests, and has honored the occasion in his "German Artists' Festival in Rome." Ludwig never felt particularly drawn to the poet, although the latter had never given the king any occasion for displeasure. He left

Rome near the close of the year 1818, and went to Vienna.

In the Austrian capital he made the acquaintance of the celebrated Orientalist J. von Hammer, who was the first to direct his attention to the literature of the East. This study

thenceforward in the most happy relations, which he has described so beautifully in his "Springtime of Love." In 1826 he accepted the professorship of Oriental Languages in the University of Erlangen, where he remained until 1841, when King William IV., in a very



PORTRAIT OF FREDERIC RÜCKERT.

soon absorbed him. He began with the Persian; though he then had no dictionary, but compiled one for himself, until later he procured one from England. Shortly afterward he was induced to take up his residence at Coburg, having accepted the position of librarian there. While in Coburg he married, and lived

flattering personal letter, called him to Berlin to take a professorship in the University, with the title of a Privy Councillor. He ultimately accepted this offer, though on condition that he should reside in Berlin during the winter only, but that in summer he should be permitted to live upon his estate at Neussess, near Co-

burg. To this period belong his dramas "Saul and David," "Herod the Great," "Emperor Heinrich IV.," "Christopher Columbus."

He did not long remain contented with his life at Berlin; he could never become accustomed to so-called public life, and in the year 1848 he retired to Neuss altogether.

How the Revolution-year affected Rückert no one knows, for he never uttered his thoughts upon it. The most harmonious portion of his life was henceforward spent in his retirement. His daughter Marie, after his wife's death, was his constant attendant to the last. The picture of his life as he grew old is exceedingly attractive. His purity and freshness of heart were retained to the last breath. When his mind was directed to his beloved Orient he appeared to be perfectly happy. "What kind of a fresh face have you got on to-day? I have never seen that before," his daughter was accustomed to say to him in such moments. Whenever he spoke of Arabia, or of the still more beloved Persia, or when he buried himself in the study of Goethe, his countenance is said to have been wonderfully beautiful. At the commencement of the year 1865 he was taken sick. His trust never forsook him. "Yea," he often said, "I have experienced much good here, and I can go thankfully hence." His end was as beautiful as his life. His daughter has related the incidents of those last days. It appeared as if everything wished to become reconciled to him in his last days, remarks his daughter, for

the sun streamed so friendly down upon him. She was about to close the curtains around his bed in order to keep out the glad sun-rays, but he prevented her and said, "Let it shine fully upon me; perhaps it will make me better." Another time he said to her, "Do you know, I feel so strange to-day—horizon—under that water—endless, formless—how it makes me shudder!" It was the feeling of coming dissolution. "Father, how is it with you?" "Ah, quite well, cool, even to th' heart." On the last day all his weariness, pain, and dreams had gone, and his spirit once more appeared in its full power, and the father and daughter were again exchanging their innermost thoughts. "It made his departure much easier when I was so spirited," she says; "and when I could do no more, when, often in the midst of smiling at a pleasantry from him, I could not forbear crying, I went out of the room to relieve my feelings." He allowed her to go out thus, and when she returned, they soon became as fresh and cheerful as before. But the struggle came at last. "The battle he fought was too great," she adds. "He retained the fervor and fire of a youthful spirit to the last. He would have commenced his life over again, so strong was his spirit, his will to live! And at the close! There was spread over him a lofty earnestness, a majestic rest—the affectionate, manly mildness had entirely disappeared, and only the traces of the powerful spirit lay engraved upon his countenance. He looked as if he had fought a good fight, and was not vanquished."

THE GEOLOGICAL HISTORY OF MAN.

BY U. L. HUYETTE, M.D.

CHAPTER III.

[The views of phrenologists, as is well known, differ from the assertions of the writer in the first part of this article; as he proceeds, however, it seems to us that he sustains their position, and not his own.]

LONG has the question been asked, What is religion? Is it a part of our nature? Is it an innate principle in the human heart? or is it an acquired idea, due to external causes? The question in both aspects has its champions. The one school claims that it is the seal of Divinity upon man—a principle implanted by God in his nature, an inseparable integer of his being. And the other holds that it has no part in man's natural economy, but is an idea acquired, as the effect of causes at work around him, the result of his own education. With the latter class of thinkers I am disposed to

agree, and it will be my object to briefly set forth some of the data of this belief.

The universality of religion has been advanced in support of the doctrine that man is by nature a religious being. True, the conception of Deity may be universal; there may be none so low in the depths of degradation as to be void of any idea of a higher power; however indistinct it may be, yet it is no evidence that religion is natural. It is but an example of a community of sentiment. When man first arrived at consciousness, he found himself in the midst of an immense display of creative power; all around him he beheld myriads of living beings, and nature in her resplendent loveliness and terrible grandeur was spread out. Huge beasts stalked abroad. Birds filled

the air, and at his feet and all around him sported the insect world with its swarms of living forms. Everything conspired to fill him with amazement and admiration.

How alone must he have felt amid that crowd of life in which he found himself the only intelligent creature! As he stood and wondered, methinks I hear him cry out, "Who made these? from what mighty hand did they come?" and then was he led to feel his own feebleness, and go out in search of a God. By a natural process of reasoning, he was forced to attribute what he saw to a higher power, an unseen hand. Darkly and dimly he groped and felt his way amid this labyrinth of difficulties, not knowing where to find a solution of the problem so forcibly presented to his mind. Looking out upon the landscape, admiring its beauty and contemplating the scene, he thought to find his God, but found Him not. The animal kingdom passed in review before him, and the vegetable world with its beautiful flowers blooming in newness of life, and the fruit-laden trees—but no answer came from these to his inquiry. He listened to the dull, distant moanings of the ocean, but heard not the voice of God in them; and the lightning's flash and the thunder's roar were terrible gods to him; and the ominous rumble of the earthquake made him tremble—having no response from bird or beast or fish, and hearing no voice in tempest or lightning's glare or thunder's roar. At last, well-nigh despairing, he turned his gaze upward and beheld the sun, so beautiful, grand, and effulgent, giving light and heat and life, which made him stop and ponder; his soul was drawn out toward it, and in grateful adoration he hailed it the object of his search—his God.

That the worship of the sun was the parent religion of our race is evident. In the region which was the cradle of the human family, the sun was the most prominent object in nature. There his genial rays seemed most genial, and there he was most beneficent, causing the earth to rejoice with luxuriant vegetation. Man's primitive occupation being pastoral, he was led to study the heavenly bodies, and look to them by day and by night, hence it is easy to imagine that the sun should be selected as his object of worship.

Another evidence of the sun-worship having been the primitive religion of man is, that we find traces of it in almost every unrevealed religion extant. The use of fire upon the altars no doubt had its origin in this religion, and the idea of fire which came from heaven, which we find so prevalent, arose from the

fact that the sun is the source of heat and light. Fire originally was used as a symbol of the sun, but in time the idea was adapted in its most literal sense, and man believed that the fire which was kept continually burning upon the altars came directly from heaven. Thus we claim that religion is acquired, and only universal because due to general causes in operation upon the mind of man. All behold the grandeur and magnificence of nature, and all behold its terrors, hence all are by natural induction led to infer the existence of a higher power, a Creator (in the absence of a revealed religion), and there certainly can be found no more fitting symbol of the true God in the whole domain of nature than that of the sun. As we look up to God as the life-giving and preserving power, so does the unenlightened mind look upon the sun; and as we look upon God as a beneficent being, shedding his love abroad in the world, so does the sun-worshiper look upon his god.

As the race multiplied and resolved itself into groups, and was distributed over the earth, did man's habits grow varied, and he began to depart from the primal religion. As in the first instance the type of religion grew out of the aspect of nature, and was molded through the influence of surrounding agencies, so did man after his dispersion (living in various parts of the earth, and influenced by a variety of causes), imbibe religious ideas peculiar to the locality in which he existed. We may state here that religion is an emotion, and is susceptible of much variety of change and wide departures, through the causes operating upon the mind. Anything which has a soothing and calming effect will tend to soften the religious feelings. On the other hand, that which engenders coarseness in man's nature, is also apparent in its effects upon his religion. This principle underlies all the unrevealed religions of the world, as we shall endeavor to prove.

In the north, where nature wears a bleak and barren aspect, where man's existence depends upon a hard struggle with storm and tempest and snow; where he follows the chase over fields of ice, and where nature in her beauty never is seen, and even the day is turned into night, she has a subduing effect upon the mind, and renders it servile. Man in this region is subservient to nature, a poor imbecile creature, content barely to live, and void of any of the lofty aspirations or higher emotions which characterize races more favorably situated. As we move a step southward, nature in her influences is less enslaving, and as a result,

man (though rough and rugged, wearing the impress of his surroundings) has more energy of character, greater development of feeling, and is not overwhelmed by natural forces.

Thus, in the one case, we find a race weak, humbled, subdued, having a religion in keeping with its mental state. In the other, while the feelings are rough, the mind is a counterpart of the influences operating upon it—it is nobler, higher, and more self-dependent, being possessed of a religious characteristic of an active and warlike race. To illustrate this we need but compare the religion of the Esquimaux with that of the Northman, the follower of the bloody Odin. On the other hand, let us contrast the religion of the Scandinavian with that of the gentle Sakya Muni, and learn how much the natural surroundings have to do in molding the type of a religion. The one is accustomed to contemplate nature in her roughest phases, bears her stamp upon his character, hence his religion is a bloody one, and in keeping with his intellectual tastes. His god is Odin, terrible, relentless, and bloodthirsty; his heaven is a vast battle-field, where men fight in mortal combat, and when wounded, they bathe in the river of life, which brings healing to the wounds; then they gather around the festal board and drink from the skulls of their enemies. The other is meek and lowly, aspiring to do good and practicing the nobler virtues of life. The Arab, whose mind is tempered by the climate, etc., in which he lives, looks forward to his heaven as a green oasis, with clear, cold, gushing fountains, where the weary traveler may rest and drink and refresh himself in the shade of palm-trees, and bathe in the crystal stream. In temperate regions, where nature is less prodigal, where her displays are less lavish, where there are no influences to subdue and render the mind servile, and where man's intercourse with the natural world has an elevating tendency, and develop his ambition and energy, religion contains neither the roughness of the north nor the apathy of the south. Thus if we examine religion in every part of the world, we find that it is modified and in keeping with the natural aspects amid which it exists. So instead of being led to infer, as many would have us, that the various conditions of men are due to the religions they practice, we assume the contrary, that the religion is molded by the mental cast of the man; that each race will seek out a religion in keeping with its tastes and habits, and from the intellectual condition we can judge the moral and religious state.

Among the first departures from sun-worship doubtless was that of the serpent; not as we have been led to suppose did men worship this animal from a feeling of fear, but of love. It was to them a symbol of wisdom and immortality. It attracted notice on account of its peculiarities; it had the power of locomotion without limbs, and annually cast its skin, which they thought was an evidence of endless rejuvenation; and its being able to exist a long time without food led them to ascribe to it god-like attributes. We find the idea of the serpent entering into many heathen religions. Among the Greeks are frequent traces of it. Aside from the mythical Hydras and Pythias, we hear of an historic serpent kept in Erechtheum, whose escape warned the Athenians to fly from the Persians; and, also, we are told of the serpents of Æsculapius which the Roman senate sent an embassy to obtain, and were worshiped in a solemn manner upon the banks of the Tiber by the people who joined in invoking their aid in staying the plague then prevailing. Zoroaster, the father of the Persian religion, speaks of the serpent Winter, who caused his people to flee from the plains of Bactria. Thus we find this idea incorporated with many religions; even in the Jewish writings we find frequent mention of it. The origin of serpent-worship is as yet unsatisfactorily explained. Some think it had its origin in Eden, and others that it is a Touranian idea, which we think probable. We doubt not it was of an early date, but at first it was not a religion *per se*, but an adjunct of the sun-worship, and as a symbol, a medium of approach, for we find an early and a constant inclination of the human mind to go out after symbols or tangible objects. In time the object symbolized was lost sight of in the symbol, and certain races worshiping the sun, aided by use of the serpent, became serpent-worshippers. Furguson traces the serpent dualia of the Jews to the Canaanites, and that of the Greeks to the Pelasgii.

Wherever we see the serpent worshiped, be it in the wilderness of Sinai, in the groves of Epidaurus, or in the huts of Sarmatia, it is ever the bearer of good things, the source of blessings, the *Agathodæmon*. As the sun moves mysteriously, so does the serpent; as he is the dispenser of good, so did they think the serpent; as he never grows old, so (with their ideas) does the serpent put on fresh youth annually. Thus we see how easy the transition from one to the other. The first prominent example of serpent-worship of modern times is in Dahomy. There exists there a national

triad, the chief god of which is a serpent which is considered the chief good of the world, and has constantly in attendance upon him one thousand females. His worship is characterized with savage splendor, and to him at the death of a king are sacrificed from five hundred to six hundred human beings; and yearly, in memory of their ancestors, thirty or forty are slain.

Among many American tribes the rattlesnake is worshiped. Late archæological research informs us that serpent-worship entered into the religion of man on this continent at a very early period, for in the mounds in the valley of the Mississippi, and the ancient walls and buildings of Mexico and South America, we find many traces of the serpent idea.

We will now notice some of the cosmogonic legends of antiquity illustrative of the analogy existing among various heathen religions. Those which we will present had their origin far off in time, in the night of the ages, and come to us covered with the dust of many centuries. We are wont, I fear, to attach too little credence to these memorials of ancient times, for by so doing we are deprived of much useful information concerning the true state of the religious belief of the ancients. With the advance of liberal thought, men are beginning to notice these relics of the past, and from the so-called myths of pre-ancient times we may hope to gather many precious and useful hints, and they will, we trust, rise up as landmarks upon this long-bidden path, to direct us down its winding course to the goal for which we have so long blindly groped. Even these dim rays may pierce the clouds which overcast the subject, and dispel the darkness. We doubt not that much of what we have deemed fabulous and due to the imagination of an unintelligent mind, those footprints of the past, those rays which have so long shed their uncertain light, will yet be the means of enlightening us upon this dark question—the *Origin of Religion*.

In an article of this kind we would not presume to state all the various beliefs of the ancients, but will be content to notice some of the more important which we trust will illustrate our subject. Let us first glance at a fragment of Chaldean cosmogony which we have from Berosus. According to that legend, there was a period when naught but darkness and an abyss of waters existed, in which abyss resided most hideous things, the offspring of a dual principle. There appeared men, some with two wings, others with fins and two faces; they had one body but two heads, one male

and the other female. There were other human beings, some with legs and horns of goats, some with horses' feet, others with equine hind quarters and human bodies like hippocentaurs. There were bred, bulls with human heads, dogs with fourfold bodies and fishes' tails, horses with men's heads and the heads of dogs, and men with horses' heads and bodies. All of these monstrosities are sculptured in the temple of Belus at Babylon. This conception of confusion among these living forms had its origin in the idea of chaos, which ancient nations believed was the original state of the world. While these beings existed, ere order had conquered confusion, they were governed by a woman named Omoroco—Thalath—Thalassa, or the Sea. Soon Belus—Baal, or in other words the Lord or God—cut the woman asunder, and of one half of her formed the earth, and of the other the heavens, and destroyed all the animals within her. The reader will observe the community of thought between the Chaldean account of the formation of the earth and firmament and that of the Jewish narrative. In the former, Belus divided the woman, or sea; and in the latter, God, in like manner, separated the waters and made the firmament. Belus cut off his own head, and the other gods mixed his blood with the earth, from which true men were made. Hence (says the writer) men are intelligent beings, and endowed with divine instincts. The animals of the chaotic period were not able to endure the light, consequently they perished, and Belus desirous of improving the state of affairs, caused a subordinate god to decapitate himself, and his blood to be mixed with the earth. Having done so, there sprang into existence a race of other men and animals of a higher order. Belus also made the sun, moon, and stars.

The monstrous animals of this legend were symbolical of the natural forces, which idea is common to all nations of antiquity, as is seen upon the slabs of Nimrod and Nineveh exhumed by travelers.

The next we present is a Scandinavian legend, a fragment of cosmogony from the prose Edda. Niflheim was made long ages before the earth was formed. In the middle was the spring Hvergelmir, the source of twelve rivers, Gjöl being the nearest to the abode of the dead. In the southern sphere was the world called Muspell. At its border sits a guard called Surtur. In his hand he bears a falchion, with which at the end of the world he is to vanquish all the gods, and consume the universe with

flaming fire. When the rivers called Elivagar had flowed far from their sources, the venom which they carried hardened (as does the dross which runs from a furnace) and became ice; when they ceased to flow and the ice stood still, the venom gathering over it froze to rime, and thus were formed in Ginnungagap many layers of congealed vapor piled one over the other. One part of Ginnungagap was filled with ice (and there the storms beat and whirlwinds blew), and the other part was lighted with sparks and flames from Muspelheim. Between these extremes was a place of calm, and here met the congealed vapor, and the heated blast which melted it into drops, which by the power of him who sent the heat were quickened into life and took a human form. The being thus found was called Ymir, but the Frost Giants called him Orgelmir, from whom they descended. After the vapor had been resolved into drops, from them was generated the cow and humla, from whose teats ran four streams of milk which fed Ymir. The cow supported herself by licking stones covered with salt and frost; when she first licked them there sprang up the hair of a man; the second, a head; and the third, an entire man, who was strong, beautiful, and agile,—he was called Bur, and was the father of Bør, who took for a wife Besla, the daughter of the giant Bólthorn; from this union came three sons, Odin, Vili, and Ve, “and it is our belief that this Odin with his brothers ruleth both heaven and earth, and that Odin is his true name, and that he is the most mighty of all the gods.” The sons of Bør slew Ymir, and dragged his body into the middle of Ginnungagap, and it formed the earth; from his blood the seas were made, and his flesh the land; from his bones the mountains, and his teeth and jaws with some broken bones were converted into stones and pebbles; from his skull the heavens were made, at each corner of which were placed dwarfs, called East, West, North, and South, and afterward they gathered the wandering sparks from Muspelheim, and set them in the heavens to give light. They placed a bulwark called Midgard around the earth against the giants who were driven to the shore of the encircling ocean. Ymir’s brains were tossed up, and from them the clouds were made.

We next present a fragment of tradition as given to us by Hearne. It was current among the Northern Indian tribes living in the region of Hudson Bay. According to this, the first person upon earth was a woman, who lived for some time alone, subsisting on berries; she

found an animal like a dog, which followed her to the cave where she lived, and soon grew fond of her. It could transform itself into the form of a handsome young man, which it often did at night; but as the day drew near it resumed its original shape, so that the woman daily awoke to learn her delusion and see her bright visions dispelled. She became the mother of the world. Soon after this there appeared a man whose towering stature enabled his head to touch the clouds. He leveled the land, and by the help of his staff marked out the lakes, ponds, and rivers, and caused them to fill with water. He then tore the dog in pieces, and threw the entrails into the lakes and rivers, and commanded them to become fishes. The flesh he scattered over the land, causing it to form beasts and all land animals. He threw the skin into the air, which gave rise to birds. After this he gave the woman and her offspring full power to kill, eat, and spare not, for they were made for her use.

From these legends we must observe the affinity which exists among nations even of distant localities, nor can we account for it by the theory that it is due to mere coincidence of thought, for upon close examination we discover clear evidence of a transmission of ideas, a common origin. If the reader will analyze these fragments, he will observe that creation is the leading theme discussed, which, as we have intimated, was among man’s earliest inquiries, and the basis of every religion. In two of the legends the agent of the creative act is the chief divinity, and doubtless in the third the same is meant to be conveyed by the man of prodigious stature.

The natural tendency of the human mind in dealing with abstruse questions is to symbolize, to associate the unseen with the seen; thus we find in the early traditions the natural forces and Deity wearing the garb of familiar objects. Underlying the forms of all religions we find a vein of thought which serves as a connecting link to bind them together as children of the same parent. True, many variations and digressions from the primitive religions are evident, but these are due to the operation of natural causes. The north is connected by many links with the Iranic or Persian, which is accounted for by the migrations of the Scythic tribes. The religion and customs of the ancient Peruvians no doubt were of Oriental origin, for no one can examine them and fail to notice the very close resemblance existing among them. Manco Khapac and his queen sister, who came from the direction of Titicaca, and

established that beautiful and beneficent government and religion, we believe came from the Orient, perhaps were cast upon the shore of South America by some vicissitude of wind or tide.

Thus we have endeavored to prove that religion is not a natural sentiment in the human heart, but is due to a process of inductive reasoning by which the mind is led to attribute the works of nature to a superior Being, and that all the various forms of religion, and departures from the Oriental sun-worship, are direct effects of natural causes. In our next article we will discuss the origin of language.

VIGOROUS LONGEVITY.

THIS interesting sketch of real life we have lately received from a subscriber:

DELAWARE CO., PA.

MR. EDITOR—There resides near me a family of ladies remarkable for physical and mental vigor at very advanced years.

The eldest sister is a widow, in her eighty-ninth year. She is still a housekeeper, rises at five in the morning, goes to market, and while without help this summer, has done all kinds of household work, and attended to all the business of the family. She has now, however, concluded to give up all personal care of her house, as she thinks she is "growing too old" to bear so much responsibility. Having married late in life she has no children. The second sister is a maiden lady in her eighty-second year, in whom is especially remarked that fresh simplicity of character, and delicate refinement of taste and feeling, always so attractive when they grace the decline of life. This lady is also very active in the household, is able to read, sew, and embroider without glasses, having attained what is called "second sight." She is still very expert with the needle, and in knitting uses a variety of fancy stitches.

The youngest of the sisters is in her seventy-sixth year, unmarried also, and an active, lively lady who dresses with much taste, heartily enjoys social life, and thinks lightly of infirmities, of which she has had as yet little experience. The tasteful cap upon her head seems scarcely called for, for some years yet.

A cousin of these ladies, another maiden lady of seventy-five, is much of the time resident with this family, and, like the others, active and social.

This is the *busiest* household in the parish. Up with the early daylight, and planning, cut-

ting, and sewing all day long, one wonders what they can find to exercise their old-time industry upon, stitching, stitching away, as they are, so constantly. One of the company frequently reads aloud to the rest as they sit at work.

One of the diversions of their busy life is the culture of flowers, both out-of-doors and in-doors, in which they are very successful. Recently they walked with me to a cemetery more than a mile from home, where we roamed about for an hour at least, and returned, merely sitting a few moments to rest. Very few young women about us notice the improvements going on, and comprehend the different enterprises they encounter in their various similar excursions in the neighborhood, as do these ladies who have watched the growth of our town from its early beginning.

My friends attribute their unusual vigor and exemption from the infirmities attendant upon their years, to early habits of activity; a life in the country during those critical years in which the constitution was formed; to continued regularity of habits, retiring at nine o'clock and rising at five, throughout the year; and to the adoption of a consistent style of dress, either the genuine "plain garb" of the Friends, or a very attractive modification of it, so frequent hereabouts among the old families. There has been, to their knowledge, no marked instance of longevity in other generations of the family, except in the case of the father of the sisters, who died in his ninetieth year. I am told that he married his second wife after he was seventy-five.

A young lady who visits them daily, assures me that she does not meet in any society more sympathy in all her interests and feelings, or more enjoyable friends. They have indeed found out the secret of "growing old gracefully." May the remainder of their journey "down the hill" prove equally serene, and their rest at the foot be the peace of the blest!

BE KIND ON THE WAY.—I was on my way home, tired and unsocial. The train seemed exceeding slow, and stopped at all the flag stations. But we are past the last stopping-place; I can jump from the train as soon as it stops and reach home in advance of the 'bus. Somehow I don't like to patronize the 'bus. Just now the agent had been trying to persuade an Irish woman with two children to ride to an up-town hotel, and thus get

her fare for two ways, besides landing her at an hotel no better for her purpose, and more expensive than the "depot house," from which she could take the train in the morning. She had refused; and when the agent had gone by, I praised her good sense, for I knew that she would be asked again. But now I am in trouble. The poor woman has some heavy bundles and her little children to get across the street. She must be helped. Can I do it? The children have been on a long journey; the bundles are not comely. If it were only a pretty little woman with chil-

dren to match and genteel bundles, I would vie with others in helping her. I am ashamed to own that I hesitated. I had certainly æsthetic reasons for declining to be her porter, and I wanted to hurry home. Before the cars stopped, my better self had conquered. The children were helped, the bundles were carried. All were landed safe at the door of a quiet hotel. The woman, with a new voice it seemed to me, took the bundles with a "Thank ye, much obliged to ye; there is always *one* gentleman in every town." I was paid.—*Congregationalist*.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE—ILLUSTRATED.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[CONCLUDED FROM NOVEMBER NUMBER.]



BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school;*
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace

The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could guage;
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around,
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

* Goldsmith's first male teacher was Quarter-Master Byrne, to whom the graceful and humorous pen-portrait was said to bear a striking likeness.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where grey-beard mirth, and smiling toil retir'd,



Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place;
The whitewashed wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
The varnished clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel gay,
With broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.*

Vain transitory splendors! could not all
Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall!

* There is in this description a closer approach, it must be conceded, to an English inn than to an Irish inn. However, the proprietor of the "Three Jolly Pigeons" at Lissoy repaired and arranged that "place of entertainment" to suit the description given in this poem.

Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart ;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;
No more the furmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear ;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train.
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art ;
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway ;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain :
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy ? *

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joy increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore ;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. This man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied ;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage and hounds ;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth ;

* Here, by a single master-stroke, the poet contrasts simple rustic enjoyments with the envious and extravagant dissipation of aristocratic society.

His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green :
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies.
 While thus the land adorn'd, for pleasure, all
 In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.*

As some fair female unadorn'd and plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
 Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes ;
 But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
 In all the glaring impotence of dress.
 Thus fares the land by luxury betray'd,
 In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
 But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise :
 While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band ;
 And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
 The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where, then, ah ! where shall poverty reside,
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?
 If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
 And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—What waits him there ?
 To see profusion that he must not share ;
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind ;
 To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
 Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
 Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;
 Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
 There the black gibbet blooms beside the way.
 The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
 Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train :
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.

* A wholesome lesson in political economy is taught in this and following passages. The same spirit of unscrupulous exaction and appropriation is exhibited by the wealthy to-day, forgetting the principle that in the comfort and security of the lower classes consists the chief essential to true national prosperity.

Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !
Sure these denote one universal joy !
Are these thy serious thoughts ?—Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless, shiv'ring female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress ;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn.
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn,
Now lost to all : her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet AUBURN, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain ?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread !

Ah ! no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracks with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charmed before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore :
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day ;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ;
Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around ;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murd'rous still than they ;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good heavens ! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day
That called them from their native walks away ;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,

And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
 For seats like these beyond the western main;
 And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
 Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.*
 The good old sire, the first prepar'd to go
 To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
 But for himself in conscious virtue brave,
 He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
 The fond companion of his helpless years,
 Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
 And left a lover's for her father's arms,
 With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes
 And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose;
 And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
 And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
 While her fond husband strove to lend relief
 In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou curst by heaven's decree,
 How ill-exchang'd are things like these for thee!
 How do thy potions with insidious joy,
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
 Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
 Boast of a florid vigor not their own.
 At every draught more large and large they grow,
 A bloated mass of rank unwieldly woe;
 Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
 Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,
 And half the business of destruction done;
 E'en now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
 I see the rural virtues leave the land.
 Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
 That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
 Downward they move, a melancholy band,
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
 Contented toil, and hospitable care,
 And kind connubial tenderness are there;
 And piety, with wishes plac'd above,
 And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
 And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;

* Could anything be conceived more realistic and pathetic than this portraiture of clinging affection for home?

Unfit in these degenerate times of shame,
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
 Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride,
 Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
 That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
 Thou guide by which the noble arts excel,
 Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
 Farewell, and O! where'er thy voice be tried,
 On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
 Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow
 Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
 Redress the rigors of th' inclement clime;
 Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
 Teach him, that states of native strength possess,
 Though very poor, may still be very blest;
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
 As ocean sweeps the labor'd mole away;
 While self-dependent power can time defy,
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky.*

WISDOM.

CHARITY is an eternal debt, and without limit.

A NOBLE heart, like the sun, shows its greatest countenance in its lowest estate.

GREAT powers and natural gifts do not bring privilege to their possessor so much as they bring duties.

MINDS of moderate caliber are too apt to ignore everything that does not come within their own range.

THE certain way to be cheated is to fancy one's self more cunning than others.

IF you know anything that will make a brother's heart glad, run quickly and tell it; but if it is something that will cause a sigh, bottle it up.

IT is of no advantage to have a lively mind if we are not just. The perfection of the pendulum is not to go fast, but to be regular.

THE truly great and good in affliction bear a countenance more princely than they are wont; for it is the temper of the highest hearts, like the palm-tree, to strive most upward when it is most burdened.

KIND words are the bright flowers of earth's ex-

istence; use them, and especially around the fire-side circle. They are jewels beyond price, and powerful to heal the wounded heart and make the weighed-down spirit glad.

IT unfortunately happens that no man believes he is likely to die soon; so every one is much disposed to defer the consideration of what ought to be done, on the supposition of such an emergency; and while nothing is so uncertain as human life, so nothing is so certain as our assurance that we shall survive most of our neighbors.

MIRTH.

PEDESTRIAN: "How far is it to Sludgecombe, boy?" Boy: "W'y, 'bout twenty 'undred thousan' mild 'f y' turn right roun' an' goo t'other way."

"WOMAN is a delusion, madame," exclaimed a crusty old bachelor to a witty young lady. "And man is always hugging some delusion or other;" was the quick reply.

FOND father to teacher: "I see ye've put my son intil graummer and jography. Noo, as I neither mean him to be a minlster or a sea-captain, it's o' nae use. Gie him a plain bizness eddication."—*Punch*.

* It is stated by Boswell, in his "Life of Johnson," Croker's edition, 1835, that Dr. Johnson marked for him, with a pencil the last four lines of the poem as having been written by him.

Why is the letter R very unfortunate? *Ans.* Because it is always in trouble, wretchedness, and misery; is the beginning of riot and ruin, and is never found in peace, innocence, or love.

"You'd better look out for your hoss's feet above here, mister," said a ragged boy to a Reading traveler. "Why?" said the gentleman, nervously pulling up. "Cos there's a fork in the road there," was the candid reply.

GOT WHAT HE ASKED FOR.—Mr. Pepper was riding by the door of Mr. Hashmeat when the latter, who was conversing with one or two of his neighbors, called to him, saying:

"Ho! Mr. Pepper, don't be in such haste; stop and tell us a lie."

"Haven't time," responded Pepper. "Bottil and Corke had a quarrel about their wives this morning, and Bottil was killed, and I guess Corke will die; he's shot through the breast, and I'm going after Dr. Probe." And he galloped off.

"Bless my heart! How awful! Let us go down, friends, and pick up the particulars," said Hashmeat.

And so they did, only to find Bottil and Corke living, sound in body, serene in spirit, and with not an idea of a quarrel. As they rode homeward, Hashmeat reflectively said:

"Sold, by George! We asked for a lie, and got it, and a six-mile ride to boot. 'Taint safe to poke fun at Pepper."

A WESTERN paper observes of Mr. Wentworth, member of Congress for a district of Illinois, that "he is so tall, that when he addresses the people, instead of mounting the stump, as usual in the West, they have to dig a hole for him to stand in." Another paper, which goes the whole ticket against Mr. Wentworth, politely observes that they "dig a hole for him, not because he is too tall, but because he never feels at home unless he is up to his eyes in dirt."

Our Mentorial Bureau.

[In this Department will be noticed such matters as are of interest to correspondents and to the general reader. Contributions for "What They Say" should be brief, pointed, and creamy, to secure publication.]

To Our Correspondents.

QUESTIONS OF "GENERAL INTEREST" ONLY will be answered in this department. We have no space to gratify idle curiosity. One question only at a time, and that clearly stated, must be propounded. If a correspondent shall expect us to give him the benefit of its early consideration. Questions of personal interest will be promptly answered by letter, if a stamp be inclosed for the return postage.

ORDER.—Can the organ of Order be cultivated? Can persons having the organ rather prominent be very disorderly in some of their ways? To illustrate: my brothers—four of them at home now—have the organ prominent, as I suppose, and yet they are the "greatest boys" to leave their clothing just where they step out of it; and they do a great many other little things in like manner. Though they have places to put their things, they are almost certain to leave them lying on the floor, or in some place near where they used them last for "Sis," as they call me, to pick up and put in place. Now, I am willing to do all this for them, but I get tired of it sometimes. Monday mornings, especially, I have to spend quite a while "picking up" things worn or used the day before; half a dozen pairs of boots and shoes, or slippers; coats and vests are strewn around, and pantaloons and shirts lie in their room on the floor. Now, by taking a child and "training him up in the way he should go," and giving him a place in which to keep his garments, and request, or even forcing him, if necessary, to replace them after wearing them, and not go and pick them up for him, but rather wait till he does it, would not the habit become so fixed that even if the organ of Order were small he would

be orderly in that one respect, at least? But after they become "big boys," or girls either, I think you can't train them. I can not, at least.

Ans. The faculty of Order in some persons seems to be a controlling and governing force; in others it seems to need training by those who have it strongly marked. We remember a little three-year-old boy who, if he dropped an apple or plaything, and it rolled under a sofa or bureau out of his reach, would go and get papa's cane and poke it out; but he would not even pick up his apple or toy until he had put up the cane where he found it. Most children would have dropped the cane and seized the object sought, and would have required prompting to put away the cane. Mothers can not always train some boys to be methodical, but we think many mothers and sisters pick up things after energetic boys all the way from the cradle to manhood, whereas if the boys were required to be orderly and wait on themselves, and keep their rooms tidy, they would learn to do it, orderly habits would be formed by them, and their wives would have a much easier time with them. If we had one or five boys to bring up we would insist on their tying on their own cravats, and brushing their own hair, shoes, and clothes after their twelfth year. If they would not keep their drawers in order, we would commend the mother for emptying them on the bed or carpet as often as they were found in disorder. Boys need "line upon line" of training in many things; upon Order especially. In justice, however, to the boys,

we must say that but for the indulgent painstaking care of mothers and sisters to do for them what they ought to do for themselves, many of them would be orderly. We know men who have Order large, and they keep everything tidy and systematic about their business, but they are very careless about home. Mother and sister picked up after them all their early life, and the wife is expected to do so now, but in their business affairs, not having been indulged therein, they are very particular. We know some parents who call their children up in a kindly way after they have retired for the night if they have failed to fulfill any orderly duty. A farmer friend of ours was very orderly. He had a special place for his ax in the woodshed, and for everything else. If a new hired man chanced to leave the ax where he used it, the employer would ask him to come down a moment, after he had got fairly in bed, and he would dryly ask where he had put the ax after using it. The ax would be restored to its place and never afterward left under foot or out of its proper place, nor anything else about the farm. Harnesses from horses, tools of every kind when not in use, and clothing at night should have a specific place, so that each may be instantly found in the dark. Method and thrift are twin sisters. Good temper is greatly promoted by uniformity and order in arrangement. Let all cultivate Order who lack it, and all (boys especially) use it when they have it, and let all mothers and sisters insist on its proper exercise, and they will win the ultimate thanks of the wives and daughters of the boys in question, besides saving a world of trouble for all concerned. No faculty is more easily cultivated by use than Order, and none is more quickly demoralized by wrong treatment or neglect.

LACK OF SELF-ESTEEM—DIFFIDENCE.
—I am very much lacking in self-esteem. When in society there are occasions which are sources of great embarrassment to me. Be kind enough to give me some advice which may aid me toward overcoming this serious drawback in my disposition.

Ans. You must mingle more in society. Frequent association with persons of sterling character has a strong influence in bringing out what there is of manliness in one. Join a literary society and take an active part in its proceedings. Strive to do your duty in such a relation. Be earnest, thorough, sincere. Bashfulness arises from a morbid regard for surroundings, associations, friendly consideration, popular esteem, etc. To develop the best that is in you, your own individuality, you must act out yourself, stand on your own center of gravity, and be independent of surroundings. If you have any project afoot, any part to play in any relation, throw your whole nature into it, even to enthusiasm, and so ignore to a great extent exterior considerations. As you grow older, you will more and more overcome this weakness, if you maintain familiarity or intercourse with society at large. If your delicacy is so great that

you withdraw from the world and make a kind of recluse of yourself, your defect will increase instead of diminishing! There is no little *egotism* sometimes in this matter of diffidence. A person may be too conscious of himself; have too much regard to his disability or incapacity, imaginary or real as it may be, to act a straightforward, earnest, and independent part. This kind of egotism is that which recognizes only one's inferiority. The egotism you should cultivate is that which has more regard to one's superiority over others, a feeling of capability to sustain a creditable part in whatever circumstances one may be placed.

BEATRICE.—Who was she? Beatrice, whose name has been immortalized by Dante's poems, was a very beautiful Florentine lady. She was born in 1276, and was quite a child when Dante, then but nine years old, first saw her. She had on a dark-red dress, with ornaments suited to her age, and her appearance made a deep and lasting impression upon his susceptible mind. Nine years later he met her again, dressed in white, in company with two elderly ladies; she cast a glance toward the poet who, tremblingly and amazed, stood aside. She courteously bowed to him and from that time she became his inspiring muse. But such a lovely being could not stay long on this earth; God seemed to have created her for one of His angels, and was soon to recall her to heaven. Such was the surmise of her lover, and it was early realized. She was only twenty-four when she died. Dante's poems everywhere afford evidence of the depth of his pure ideal love, but the most striking instances are perhaps to be found in the 30th and 31st cantos of the "Purgatory." There Beatrice appears to the poet in a cloud, with a white veil and an olive crown, clad in a scarlet robe and a green mantle; she is the emblematical personification of divine wisdom.

SINGULAR CASE.—The following article I saw in a paper a few days since:

"A singular case is reported of a man who was buried in a well near Leavenworth, Kansas, while engaged in cleaning it. It was supposed that he was killed, and the process of digging him out was not hurried. Five days after the accident he was reached and found to be alive. As soon as he was taken out, he declared himself all right. He drank a glass of whisky, ate some food, and smoked a pipe of tobacco, but several hours after he commenced sinking, and soon died.

"By informing me through your valuable JOURNAL the cause of his death, you will greatly oblige a subscriber."

Ans. He should have been put in bed and fed on gruel or beef broth for two or three days. The excess of food, the whisky, and tobacco killed him. When Indians have been for a long time on an unsuccessful hunting trip without food, they have, on returning home, some weak broth or gruel made, and use one spoon for the party, each taking a spoonful in turn. They have too much native sense to gorge and stimulate themselves when they are half famished. A white man, claiming to be

civilized, after a compulsory fast of five days, eats heartily, drinks whisky, smokes tobacco, and dies a victim to ignorance and perverted appetite. We wonder what had become of the common sense of his neighbors to permit a man, whose sad imprisonment must have been notorious, to have the charge of himself to fight unaided with his super-sharpened appetite.

MENTAL EXCITEMENT.—Why is it that my mental faculties are more active after over-vital taxation, after loss of sleep, or, I may say, after a night's debauchery? Is it because the motive element predominates, and after partial exhaustion gives the mental freedom to act?

Ans. A man who is strong and vigorous frequently has a clouded mind, because the physical so far predominates over the mental. Hunger, fatigue, or illness in such persons sharpens the mind. Dissipation, over-work, and loss of sleep tend, in such persons, to irritate and excite the brain, thus inducing activity of mind. But it is an unhealthy manifestation.

WORKING AT NIGHT.—What is my best course as night telegraph operator to preserve good health, being temperate in everything but in the time of taking my rest? How many meals should I eat during the night, going on duty at seven P.M. and off at six A.M.? Should I eat before retiring in the morning or not? Should I sleep, and what is the best time, in the morning or afternoon? How often should I eat, and what is best food for the night? How I am to keep awake during the night appears to be the great question with me. NIGHT TELEGRAPH OPERATOR.

Ans. If you must work from seven at night till six in the morning, you should eat a good meal just before you go to work, and a good wholesome lunch at twelve or one o'clock in the morning. If you go to sleep immediately on leaving your work, you should not eat first. If you do not retire to sleep before eleven o'clock in the day, you may eat your breakfast; but if you sleep in the afternoon, eat no mid-day meal before you go to sleep. If you could sleep from nine o'clock in the morning till five or six o'clock at night you would get along very well in the way of sleep. You should bathe sufficiently to keep the person cleanly; some bathe every day, some every other day. Some need to bathe more frequently than others,—it depends on their temperaments, and their pursuits, and on what they eat. If you could have for your meat, at the night meal, some nice roast beef, with Graham bread and fruit, that would be wholesome; but your business is comparatively light, and with your trouble to keep awake, the lighter you eat the more readily you will keep awake. Whoever eats heavily will be drowsy. You might manage to eat your heavy meal in the morning when you go off duty, and then for three hours be active and wakeful. Then, after sleeping, let the five P.M. meal be light, and the mid-night meal light. In point of fact, your life-duty ought to be modified. Why should one man operate during the day, and another man do all the night work? Why not do as is done in a paper-

mill? let one man begin at twelve at noon, and another man at twelve at night, then each has half a night to sleep, and half a day to look after life's affairs. Men work in paper-mills in that way, and retain their health, and many manage to be perfectly satisfied with six hours' sleep. If we had the arranging of telegraph matters we would not make flesh of one man and flesh of another; we would not make an eagle of one and an owl of another. The day and night should be shared alike by both.

WAYS TO EAT GRAPES.—Are grapes constipating to the bowels when eaten raw, rejecting the skin and seeds? *Ans.* No. How are they in this respect when rejecting the seeds and swallowing the pulp and skin? *Ans.* The skin is supposed to be constipating. How are they when swallowing the pulp and rejecting the seeds and skin? *Ans.* All right. We doubt the propriety of swallowing many grape seeds. A person can eat a pound of grapes, and in doing so would eat probably five hundred seeds, and these can hardly fail to become a source of irritation to a sensitive organization. How can grapes best be preserved in winter? *Ans.* In a cool, dry place. If the temperature could be just above the freezing-point, all the better.

PHARMACEUTIST.—One who desires to become a good druggist, clerk, or dispenser of medicaments should have some knowledge of Latin, be pretty well acquainted with chemistry—in fact, the more he knows of this science the better, because it is the chief corner-stone of pharmaceutical knowledge—and be pretty well informed in materia medica. A knowledge of botany would be found very valuable, and the best pharmacutists are generally good botanists.

DETERMINATION OF ALTITUDE.—How do travelers in climbing mountains tell how high they are above the level of the sea?

Ans. In calculating the height of mountains the barometer is a valuable assistant. The height of the column of mercury in the barometer is dependent upon the pressure of the atmosphere, which pressure is greatest at the level of the sea, and diminishes according to its elevation above that level. It is well known that as we ascend, the atmosphere becomes more and more rarefied. The rarity of the atmosphere at an elevation of about four miles is so great that it will scarcely sustain human life; aeronautical excursions have amply proved this. The height of mountains whose tops can not be reached by the explorer is ascertained with the instruments of the engineer by the method called "triangulation."

STAMMERING.—What have you published on the subject of stammering? Is a cure explained in your publications on the subject?

Ans. In the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for 1864 we published an article on stammering, its cause and cure, and in 1866 the subject was similarly

but more fully treated in OUR ANNUAL. The ANNUALS so far back as 1866 can be had only as combined with those of 1865 to 1872 inclusive. Price, by mail, \$1 75.

PROTOPLASM.—What is the *doctrine* of the "Physical Basis of Life," as taught by Professor Huxley and others?

Ans. Professor Huxley and others have given close attention to the development of "cell" life, and have deduced from their researches certain conclusions—sufficient perhaps for the construction of a theory, but by no means positive in its determination—with reference to the primordial germs of life. The subject of cell-growth is a profound one, and could not be clearly stated in the brief space allotted in this department. We would refer our inquirer to "Manual of Human Histology," translated from the German by Busk and Huxley, and also to Von Mohl's "Principles of the Anatomy and Physiology of the Vegetable Cells," translated by Henfrey, London; also to Huxley's paper recently published on the "Physical Basis of Life;" also to Beale's "Protoplasm," published in 1870, price \$3.

EXPANDING THE LUNGS.—Can I expand my lungs by playing on wind instruments?

Ans. Yes. Blowing the flute, clarinet, and other musical instruments, is a good exercise for the lungs. But if one carries the exercise to the point of weariness, it will be decidedly injurious, on the same principle that proper muscular exertion gives health and strength, while over-exertion breaks down the system. Several noted gymnasts have died of consumption. —

THUNDER AND CANNON AGAIN.—In the September number you answer a question stating that sound exists when there is no animal ear to appreciate it. I can not see how sound can exist without an ear-drum for the vibrations of air to act on?

Ans. The violin and piano produce sound by their peculiar action on the air, and the ear is adapted to appreciate these sounds, already existing, though no ear were present to hear them. Light would exist though no eye existed to enjoy it.

INFANTILE BRAIN.—Is the brain of a child one year old sufficiently developed to enable a phrenologist to determine what faculties will predominate when grown to maturity?

Ans. In general, not. A child who has reached two or three years of age will evince strong and weak points which will mark the character for the next ten years, during which some other traits are manifested which tend to round out and perfect the character. It is well to submit children five years old to examination to obtain hints as to how to treat them for the next five years, and then again to obtain guidance for the next ten years—when, if it be a good one, the "engine" will run of itself.

PRONUNCIATION.—What is the correct pronunciation of the phrenological terms "Approbativeness and Vitativeness?"

Ans. Ap-pro-ba-tive-ness, Vi-ta-tive-ness.

What They Say.

"MEN AS HUSBANDS."—The following is a somewhat sharp reply to an article lately published: Among the particularly interesting articles in the October JOURNAL is to be found a brief one upon that familiar subject—"Domestic Life;"—a subject which, though oft discussed, yet possesses all its primary interest, ever furnishing to our minds new phases as varied as are the characters that go to make up the drama of life. As the words of St. Paul—"wives obey your husbands" was a stumbling-block to Mary A. E. W., over which she was pleased to pass upon the stepping-stones of Egyptian customs, I will follow her example and pass on to what she sets forth as "common-sense justice." It is said that what we call "common sense" is a subject entirely of education. If this be true, which I have no reason to doubt, her education and my own must have been of quite a different sort. I can not believe that while Mary A. E. W. was gazing upon the wretchedness of wives suffering from the "injustice born of heedlessness, of thoughtlessness, and of a lack of heartfulness," she was so blind to the other side of the question that she could see no faults in the natural disposition or conduct of the wives. Perhaps they have none. It may be that while so much suffering is brought upon the "weaker sex" by the causes above enumerated, that women are never heedless, or thoughtless, or wanting in heartfulness. It is possible that they are possessed of natures so pure and spotless that they are never moved by base-born motives of selfishness; that they never marry the fortune instead of the man; that they never seek their own pleasure and gratification, regardless of the welfare or wishes of their husbands. We never see wives who care nothing for their husbands so long as their millinery and dressmaker's bills are paid and they are allowed to attend and give an unlimited number of parties each season. The wives are not to be seen every day who, when adversity comes, shrink from sharing with their husbands the toil and hardship which then besets their pathway. Oh, no! Mary A. E. W. would have us believe that it is women who share all the toils, bear all the burdens, deprive themselves of all the luxuries and comforts of life, and all in order that they may add to the happiness of their careless husbands who "come home drunk," who "dole out money to their wives in certain amounts," who "lean against the gate-posts by the hour talking politics" while their bosom companions are "carrying wood and water," who "sleep as sound as a brick while she is caring for a sick child;" that she is positively starving for "the loving caresses, 'the billing and cooing,' the hearty expressed appreciation," the continual praise and adulation which she never gets. Oh, greatly abused and oppressed generation of women! how long will ye suffer so! how long

will ye bow in submission to the unjust, overbearing, and oppressive will of despotic man! Mary A. E. W. tells us that "many women have less education from books and the world than men;" and again, "as domestic partnership is now mostly conducted, the man starts ahead of the woman, or if even with her he soon gets ahead." Is it possible? Can it be that women who read so little "yellow-covered literature," who spend so little time studying fashions and fashion plates, manufacturing ruffles, and puffs, and plaits, and frills, and frizzles, and curls, and the like; who spend so little time making very brief calls, discussing the style of dress worn by Mrs. A., the quality of Mrs. B.'s chignon, and the value of the new set of jewelry worn by Mrs. C., are not always and do not continually get ahead of their husbands who allow themselves to be so swallowed up by business that the wives almost forget that they have husbands? It is strange, indeed, that men of culture who have been (un)fortunately bound in *vinculis matrimonii* to women who thus employ their time should ever tire of the society of their wives or learn to look upon them as inferiors. The educated man with a wife whose mind is wholly absorbed in the use of paints and powders, and stays and lacings, and the like which go to "make them pretty," is bound to remain at home evenings and spend his time in the entertaining (?) society of his wife, is he? It might be tolerated occasionally, but I fear the men are few who would not consider the "story monotonous before 'twas half perused." If these same wives would occupy one-half their time which is thus foolishly wasted, in carefully reading useful information, the husbands so universally accused of being away nights would find home attractions more powerful than those now sought at public houses, private clubs, etc., etc. It would be well in every instance, where wives are led to complain of the growing neglect of their husbands, to ask themselves—whose fault is it? Why is not home more pleasant to them than the billiard-room? Why is not my society sought in preference to that of mere acquaintances? If you search faithfully for a solution for these questions, you will learn that you put yourselves to no trouble to gain information upon subjects in which your husbands feel an interest. You will decide that the subject of politics, science, history, and the like are entirely neglected by you, and that in their place stands the gilded god of fashion. It is well that you should dress neatly and tastefully, but you must also know that embellishments of the mind shine far more brilliantly than costly fabrics or precious stones. Home attractions are what are needed, and what must be cultivated if you would keep your husband's affections there enshrined.

C. T. LEONARD.

CORDIAL TESTIMONY.—Our American people, and especially those of the rising generation, are too much given to the reading of what is

termed "light literature"—flashy novels and rapid love stories—to the neglect of those books and periodicals which contain useful as well as interesting reading matter furnishing healthy mental food. This is a deplorable fact, but that it is a fact can not be denied. If the young people, the young women as well as the young men of the present time, would devote one-half the time to the careful perusal of works of standard value and periodicals of genuine merit, that they spend in poring over the senseless trash which ministers only to a morbid imagination, we should need have far less fear for the future well-being of our country and race.

Heads of families can not be too careful in the selection of the reading matter which they place or allow to come within the reach of those whose welfare it is their duty to guard. One-half of the story papers of the day, and no small proportion of the so-called literary magazines, are utterly unfit to be read by the young—not that they do not contain anything of value, but that they contain much that is worthless or positively injurious. There are periodicals, however, which may be safely and advantageously introduced into the family circle, and read by all, young and old. Prominent among these, we do not hesitate to say, is the *PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED*, a monthly magazine published by S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway, New York. The object of this publication seems to be the elevation of the race. It considers man himself, individually and in his different relations; discusses the requirements and necessities of man's nature, physical, mental, and moral, and teaches how they are to be met and provided for. In short, it is, as its name would indicate, a journal of human life, showing what life is and what it should be.—*The Concord People*.

PUTTING TO BED AS A PUNISHMENT.—E. E. K. writes us from Michigan that a custom prevails of sending children to bed at unusual hours, when they can not be expected to sleep, as a penalty for disobedience or other offense. The writer regards the custom as most fruitful of the *worst possible results*. He thinks the severest chastisement far less injurious. Would not a diet of bread and water, say for a day or two, be less barbarous? Can not *sensible* parents govern their children by kindness, affection, and moral authority?

THE TRUE WAY.—A Buffalo correspondent writes: At a regular meeting of the Sons and Daughters of Temperance, No. 18, of this city, Francis M. Buck delivered a lecture which can not fail to prove beneficial. He had a human skull, a cast of a healthy brain, and a bust from which he made explanations. He opened by saying: "I came to the conclusion years ago that education is the only instrument that will exterminate the evil of intemperance from our land,—not the education that we usually receive at common schools, but educa-

tion that teaches us ourselves and the laws of God. Not that our divisions, orders, and lodges are not doing a great work, but to educate the people about themselves would be to strike the ax at the root."

A SENSIBLE WOMAN.—A New York lady, who contributed a poem to the JOURNAL, has written the following appreciative note to the editor. We deem it worth printing.

"Many thanks for your courtesy and unexpected note. Those lines were a 'free-will offering,' for which I do not desire compensation in books or otherwise for the following reason, that my son is a subscriber to your excellent JOURNAL. If my conceit and interpretation of the gracious little picture pleased you, that evidence is of far more value than the poem.

"I did not expect a reply; therefore I refund stamp, from the thought that nine hundred and ninety-nine persons are daily drawing on you for three cents' worth of politeness. It don't pay.

"Yours truly, E. M. R."

Literary Notices.

There is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books no less than in the faces of men, by which a skillful observer will know as well what to expect from the one as the other.—BUTLER.

CHOICE SPECIMENS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. Selected from the Chief American Writers. By Prof. Benj. N. Martin, D.D., L.H.D., of the University of the City of New York. New York: Sheldon & Co.

This exceedingly neat and compendious volume is a contribution to American literature which should receive a general welcome. Within the space of two hundred and twenty-five pages, octavo, the editor has collated specimens of the composition of three hundred and thirty American writers. This long list of those who have indited something "choice" and worthy of preservation is certainly calculated, among other things, to give Americans a very favorable impression of the character of their general literature. Brief as the selections are, they, as a general rule, exhibit the style and power of their authors respectively. Short biographical notes are given, also, which furnish the reader some practical information with reference to the character and social position of most of the writers. The book forms an excellent literary hand-book for reference.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE PARIS COMMUNE, in 1871. With a full account of the Bombardment, Capture, and Burning of the City. By W. P. Fetridge. Illustrated with a map of Paris, and many portraits from original photographs. 12mo; pp. 516. Price, \$2. New York: Harper Brothers.

A most thrilling history of a most remarkable event. Paris, robbed and ruled for years by Na-

poleon III., a bogus, swindling upstart who was whipped and captured by the Germans, thus left in a state of helplessness, fell into the hands of Communists, who claimed the right to set up a government, which was neither democratic nor republican, for themselves. They were not wise; they were not good—though no worse, probably, than some of the former rulers. They came down on the poor priests, and would have wiped out the state church—Roman Catholic—altogether, had they succeeded in establishing their rule. The book under notice tells the story of this terrible tragedy in a straightforward and impartial manner. It is condensed history.

DENE HOLLOW. A Novel. By Mrs. Henry Wood. Octavo; pp. 216. Price, \$1 50. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brother.

This lady, like Mrs. Southworth, has written much. Some will say, no doubt, she has written well. But, what of it? what does it all amount to? Living or dying, what profiteth the world?

EMERSON'S SINGING SCHOOL, containing an Elementary Course, Glee, Quartettes, Hymn Tunes, Anthems, etc. Designed especially for Singing Schools. By L. O. Emerson. Price, 75 cents. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

Here are rules and pieces for beginners. There are upward of a hundred tunes, including glees, psalm tunes, anthems, etc., suited to all occasions. Examine it, then start a singing school in your neighborhood, and see how much real enjoyment you can get out of it. Try it.

NAST'S ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC for 1872. Price, 30 cents. New York: Harper Brothers.

Here is fun alive, good mental medicine for the melancholy, and amusement for all. Mr. Nast has made his name widely known through the pictorial papers in many most striking "cuts." His Almanac will find its way into the "chimney corners" of thousands.

POINTED CANTICLES AND PSALMS set to music, is a complete service of Chants according to the use of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Edited by the Rev. C. T. Ward and Myron A. Ward. Published by the editors, at No. 167 West Forty-ninth Street, New York.

A small octavo, which should sell at about fifty cents. We wish it had been printed on larger type. It must prove a great convenience to those for whom it was intended.

ZANITA; A Tale of the Yo-Semite. By Therese Yelverton (Viscountess Avonmore). 12mo; pp. 296. Price, \$1 50. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

This is the first effort of this gifted lady at story writing in America. She is engaged on a more weighty work which will, ere long, be brought out in London. We met Mrs. Yelverton some years ago in England, and more recently in the Yo-Semite valley, where she spent the summer drinking in inspiration from those sublime scenes—the grand old El-Capetan and his neighboring senti-

nels, together with the graceful Bridal Veil, Yosemite, Vernal, and other waterfalls. She luxuriated on fresh trout from mountain streams; on venison, quail, and other game; and wrote ZANITA. The plot is well worked out, in which Indians and whites play their parts, and much information is communicated in the pleasant story. Mrs. Yelverton is a mistress of the English language.

MESSRS DODD & MEAD have in press "The Sciences of Nature versus The Science of Man." By Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D., President of Yale College. "Corals and Coral Islands." By James D. Dana, Professor of Geology in Yale. "The Theology of the New Testament." Translated from the Dutch of J. J. Van Oosterzee, Professor in the University at Utrecht, and better known to American readers as one of the authors of "Lange's Commentaries." "A Comparative History of Religions." By James C. Moffatt, D.D., Professor of Church History in Princeton College. "August and Elvie," "Hunter and Tom," "The Schooner Mary Ann," and one additional in preparation. By Jacob Abbott. "Bede's Charity," a new story by Hesba Stretton, and new editions at reduced prices of "Max Kromer" and "Nelly's Dark Days," by the same author. "The Old Back Room." By Jennie Harrison; illustrated by Miss Ledyard. "Heroes of Puritan Times." By John Stoughton. "Gems from the Poets, for Youthful Readers." These works will be further noticed, with prices, when ready.

MR. ANDREW H. GREEN, formerly Treasurer of the Board of Central Park Commissioners, and now Deputy Controller of New York city, has issued the Fourteenth and final Report of the original Commissioners, after nearly thirteen years' service. In no other department of our city has such satisfaction been expressed as in the management of this. Men were selected for their fitness, and they have discharged their duties in such a manner as to merit the thanks of the people, the encomiums of the press, and the gratitude of the State. The idea of supplanting these well-tried and trusty men, and substituting ambitious, corrupt, swindling Ring politicians, was most repugnant to all good citizens. Let Mr. Green be reinstated in the place he honored and filled so well.

CHRISTINE (from the French of Louis Eliault). 12mo; pp. 171. Price, 50 cents. New York: J. S. Redfield.

One of the better class of French stories, and will please those of tender emotions.

THE REVOLUTION, a weekly newspaper, started, and for a time edited and published, by Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony, has passed into the hands of J. N. Hallock, a New York publisher. It is devoted to the interest of Woman and Home Culture. The editor says, "It has no sympathy with the lax notions of marriage which have been lately ventilated in certain quarters. It is a paper

for all women and for all homes." Edited by W. T. Clarke, a well-known and popular journalist of New York. Those who may wish to see it under its new management should send a dime for a specimen number.

THE CADET is the title of a monthly magazine published at the University of Nashville, Tennessee, at \$2 50 a term, of ten months. Specimen numbers 25 cents. A worthy effort in the interest of literature and a higher education.

THE COLORADO MONTHLY, devoted to the resources, industries, and wants of Colorado. Published at \$2 a year, 25 cents a number, by J. H. Wilhelm, Denver, Colorado. Music, literature, business advertising, and "a variety of good objects" are among its contents.

THE ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE EAST, by Philip Smith—Harper Brothers—is the best student's manual of ancient history yet produced. It is a 12mo volume, with 650 pages, amply illustrated with striking woodcuts, and the price is \$2. We commend the work to all lovers of classical literature, of which this is one of the best exponents.

JOSHUA MARVEL, by B. L. Farjeon, is No. 368 of Harper's Library of Select Novels. Price, 40 cents.

MISS COLUMBIA'S PUBLIC SCHOOL; or, "Will it Blow Over?" is No. 2 of the Nast Series, and is full of funny pictures by Thomas Nast. Published by F. B. Felt & Co., New York. Price, 50 cents. Ring politicians and others come in for a good "notice."

THE SEYMOURS, is one of the new publications of the National Temperance Society, 58 Reade Street, New York. It is handsomely illustrated, and is worthy a place in every family library. Price, \$1.

MR. J. S. REDFIELD, 149 Fulton St., New York, has published a Traveler's Guide to the City of New York, with a map. Price, 25 cents. All strangers who intend to visit the city should secure a copy in advance, and study up the subject.

MRS. S. O. JOHNSON has written—Henry T. Williams, New York, publishes—"Every Woman Her Own Flower Gardener," which is cheap at 50 cents. Here are the names, scientific, of nearly all the varieties, with directions for planting, cultivating, fertilizing, and pressing beautiful flowers,—silent civilizers.

AGATHA'S HUSBAND is a late novel by the author of "John Halifax,"—Harpers; price, \$1 25,—and is put up in handsome green muslin to match a complete series now running through the press.

MESSRS. MUNN & Co., of this city, have published a capital little manual for inventors who may wish to secure patents at home or abroad. It is entitled "The United States Patent Law." Price, 50 cents.